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BURLINGAME
JUN 20 1967

magazine

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John Gunther INSIDE LONDON



The Shrewdest Man in the Money Market

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Love, Life, and Selling Out in Poland

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Minneapolis Is Mega-town

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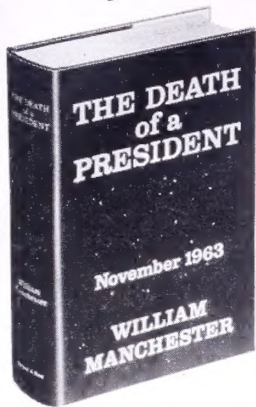
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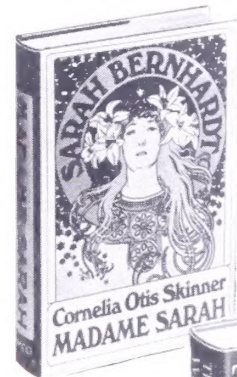
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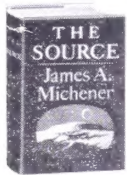
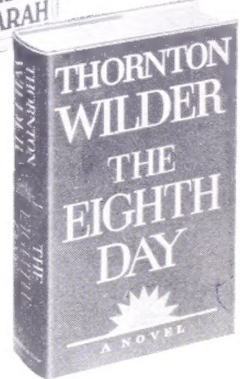
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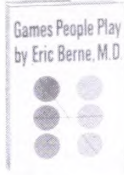
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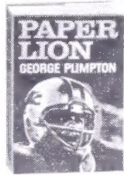
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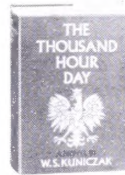
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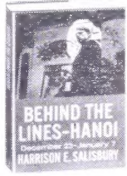
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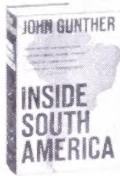
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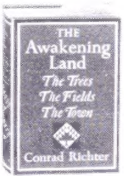
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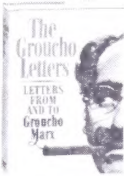
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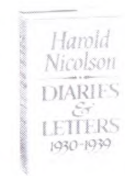
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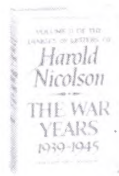
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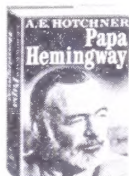
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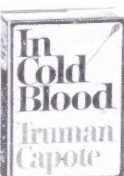
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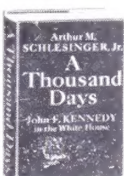
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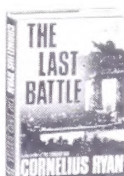
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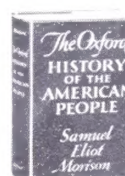
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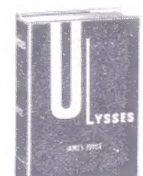
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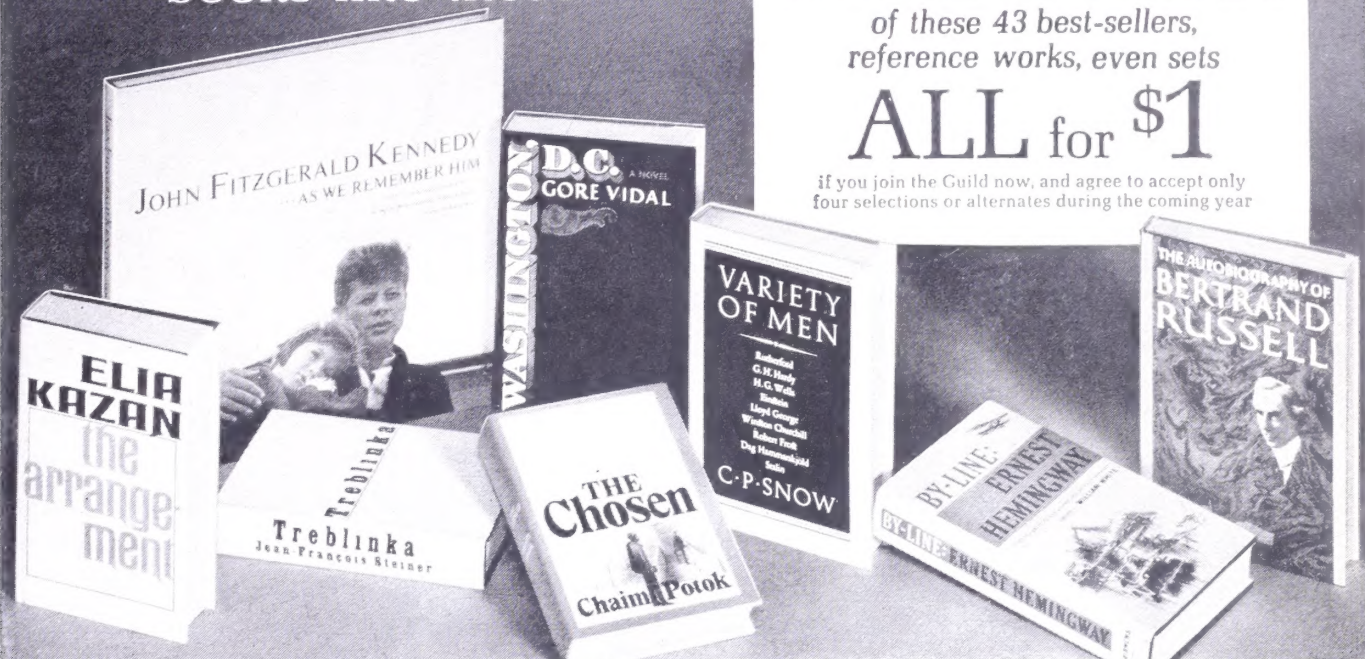
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Letters

NO APOLOGIES

Because of the special nature of this exchange between Ralph Ellison and Norman Podhoretz, we have devoted the entire July Letters column to it. "Harper's" continues, however, to welcome readers' comments. In general, short letters stand the best chance of publication; and all letters may be cut to some extent. Comments on articles in this issue will appear in the September "Harper's."

MR. ELLISON WRITES:

What can I say to Mr. Podhoretz? He's so hair-triggered of tongue, so ubiquitous, so avid of controversy, short of memory, and disingenuously obtuse; so frequently up in somebody's face demanding apologies, creating sad feelings of needless abhorrence; putting down the down and buttering up the up. So what ever can I reply to Mr. Podhoretz when he says that "not a single word has appeared in [*Commentary*] that any remotely responsible reader could characterize as an apology for segregation"? Either he thinks that the record will disappear beneath the sheer pitch and boldness of his outcry, or that I'd be too intimidated to use it. He should live so long!

My memory being not so short as his (and my idea of responsibility somewhat different), I am reminded that back in 1963 Podhoretz relieved himself in *Commentary* of a rather flamboyant essay entitled "My Negro

Problem—And Ours." Examining some of the emotional elements in the civil-rights movement—and his relationship to it—he evoked the Brooklyn of his childhood and his conflicts with certain Negro boys whom he'd encountered there.

Addressed broadly to white intellectuals, the piece carried a note explaining that the views expressed therein were "strictly" Podhoretz's own and were not to be identified with *Commentary* nor with the American Jewish Committee, its sponsoring organization. This, since Podhoretz was the editor of the magazine, I read as a cue to gird myself for a rigorous bout of psychological and emotional dissociation, and I tried, more or less successfully, to comply. So much so that even today I try to distinguish between *Commentary*, the views of its editor, and those of its contributors; and here I must beg my readers to do likewise.

Under the aegis of a quotation from James Baldwin on love, hate, duty, and the "racial nightmare," Podhoretz described the Negro boys as graceful athletes, dirty fighters, terrorists, robbers, poor students, and haters and humiliators of the little Norman. He saw them as a major source of the ambivalent, hate-envy-fear snarl of emotions which so colored his adult attitude toward Negroes as to make him "despair of the present push toward integration." Widely discussed in certain intellectual circles, his essay survives as a frequently advertised "Commentary Report."

At the time I questioned Podhoretz's framing of his case, especially the motivational role of the Negro boys. For as I saw such affairs, it is usually some member of his own group who gives a boy his first lumps, not an outsider. Thus it was probably some forgotten Jewish kid who initiated

Norman into the harsh arts of street and schoolyard violence. Just as it was probably a Negro kid, not some white boy, who knocked the first hickey on the sensitive head of James Baldwin, whose vehement statements and eloquent writings sparked Norman's eruption into public confession and self-probing, and to whose questionable proposition, "all Negroes hate whites," Podhoretz added his own equally dubious corollary, "All American whites . . . are sick in their feelings about Negroes."

It was baffling that one so sensitive to the implications of the obscene outrages in Germany should use Baldwin as his "authority" on such a delicate matter involving other millions of people, but I viewed it as yet another instance of that gross overestimation of the powers of eloquence of which literary intellectuals are sometimes guilty. I myself could no more believe that "all" Negroes hated whites than I could believe that all Jews hated Negroes simply because Norman wished to give voice to his personal ambivalence. Nor could I accept the facile inflation of his subjective emotions into the inclusive "Ours" of his title.

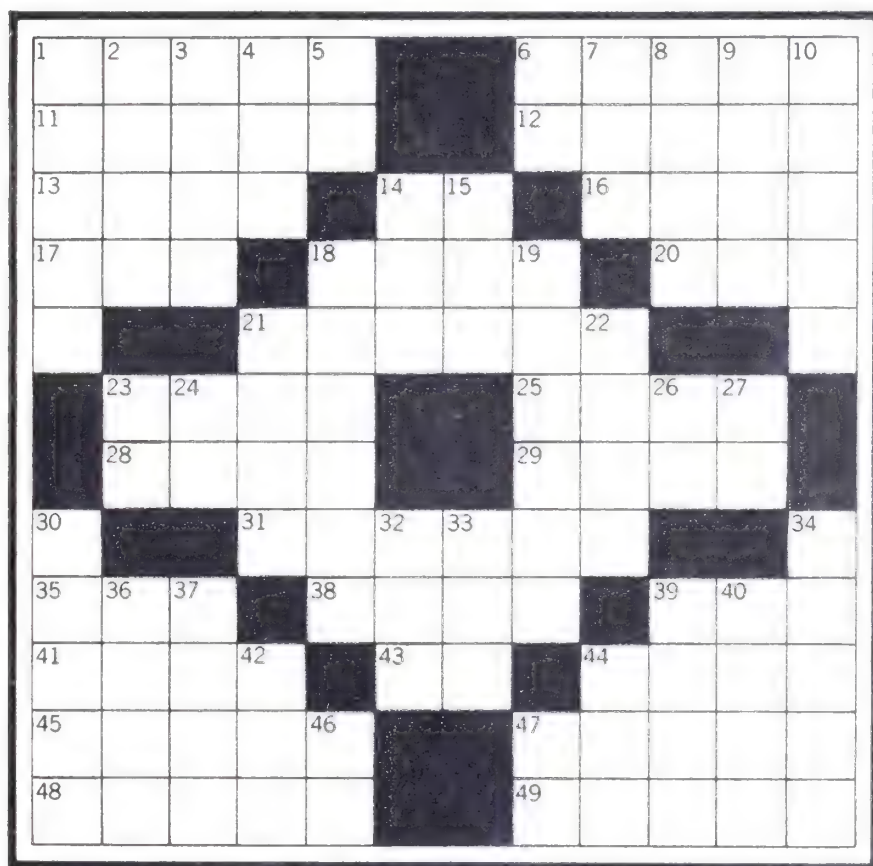
But granting Norman his account of his childhood and early sorrows, it seemed possible, nevertheless, that the Negro lads (like Baldwin's whites) had felt a more personal motivation than that of engaging in random acts of racial violence. For instance, nothing provokes an inarticulate boy to wrath so quickly as a little fellow who is a bit too quick and clever with his tongue, and here Norman certainly qualified. But even if I were mistaken, it was possible that the boys had rendered, unwittingly, a service to letters which, unfortunately, is seldom accomplished by the type of *intellectual* violence in which Norman seemed passionately engaged. Perhaps viewed philosophically those cruel lads might even have punched Norman and Jimmy toward an accelerated development of their verbal powers, and if those early head-whippings did indeed contribute to their celebrated eloquence I, for one, was glad.

Considering the delicate intricacy of Negro American-Jewish relationships, however, it was unfortunate that those young Negroes hadn't considered the possibility that in roughing up a young Brooklyn intellectual-

*See the letter by Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, in *Harper's* (May 1967), discussing an interview with Ralph Ellison ("A Very Stern Discipline," *Harper's*, March). Mr. Podhoretz wrote:

"Ralph Ellison's statement that 'some of the *Commentary* writers' are among the 'new apologists for segregation' is a calumnious falsehood. In the past few years, *Commentary* has published many articles expressing various points of view on the problems, strategies, and prospects of the civil-rights movement. But not a single word has appeared in the magazine that any remotely responsible reader could characterize as an apology for segregation. There is only one apology relevant here: the one Mr. Ellison owes to the many contributors to *Commentary* who have struggled to engage in serious critical discourse on issues which have so often been blurred by just such irresponsible statements as Mr. Ellison has now allowed himself."

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ACROSS

1. Rabbit or knockout
6. Florida city
11. Hollywood statue
12. Command
13. Man's first name, Ponce's last name
14. The spirit of ____.
16. Kiss Me ____.
17. Printed persuaders
18. Couples

20. Non-women
21. Railway stations
23. Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28. How many Arabian nights?
29. Metal
31. Bends over
35. A limb
38. Hurt
39. Female deer

41. To judge
43. LXX
44. The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45. Mr. Stevenson
47. A flat cap for men or women
48. Cowboy circus
49. Baked, lima, or jelly ____.

DOWN

1. White bear
2. Second-hand
3. Sergeants
4. Tin container
5. Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6. U. S. State (Abbr.)
7. Annoy
8. First man
9. To allot
10. Girl's name
14. Soft drink
15. Into the valley of death rode the ____.
18. Entries of debt
19. Privates have one
21. God (Spanish)
22. Gentlemen
23. Voting age
24. XX
26. Preposition
27. In grammar, an article
30. Electronic eye
32. Killer's license number
33. Gold (Spanish)
34. Lies down
36. Do over
37. Canasta term
39. The dumb girl
40. A portent
42. Girl's name
44. Golf term
46. Downing St. address
47. Ammunition for toy gun

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LETTERS

to-be they were guaranteeing his growing up to balance the score by throwing his typewriter at the whole unsuspecting Negro people. Yes, but what would be *their* reaction if as adults they, perchance, had become readers of *Commentary*? If as in the old days they were moved to wrath, I hoped, truly, that they'd throw whatever it was they might be throwing—counter-confessions, epithets, or just plain junk—not at a whole people, but at dear Norman.

So that now I find it downright exasperating that today's editor of a respected journal of opinion, a journal noted for its controversies and sponsored by a group justly proud of its tradition of dissent, should make such phony demands of another writer. Indeed, Podhoretz has comported himself with such princely imperiousness that if I weren't an old Norman watcher, I'd swear he was William F. Buckley, Jr.! I make a passing reference to "some contributors" to *Commentary* (I kindly refrained from mentioning names) and he attacks me as having stated a "calumnious falsehood," then he proceeds to demand an apology!

And for what?

For having a negative opinion!

And to whom apologize?

Why, to the "many contributors" to *Commentary* who have done so forth and so on! What a proprietary attitude to exhibit toward writers who are not only published elsewhere, but many of whom are authors of books. Norman could have at least waited until those—if any—whose hats were made hot had done their own yelling. But then, perhaps, it's *his* own hat that's on fire.

When Podhoretz's confession of his near-compulsive hatred for Negroes appeared, I didn't like it. Worse, I suspected that much of it was mere titillation, an effort to outposture Baldwin; the histrionics of one suddenly made bold enough, and safe enough, to express attitudes which he felt he had "earned the right as a child to feel." Yet, since I had known at first hand the deadly racial hatred of those who maim and kill and castrate, I felt that until old Norman got around to advocating such measures, I'd have to keep an eye on him but had no cause for undue alarm. Indeed, it was useful to have his confession on record.

Despite my displeasure, however, it never occurred to me to ask him to apologize. Nor did I scream out at his insistence that the Negro American's past is "a stigma, his color . . . a stigma, and his vision of the future is the hope of erasing the stigma by making it disappear as a fact of consciousness"—even though I saw these statements as essentially racist in their assumptions. (If these be the convictions of a friendly liberal intellectual, how then do we Negroes identify our enemies?) Regretfully, I didn't yell even at his proposal that the solution to the religio-racial-cultural conflict involving white Protestant and Catholic Americans, Protestant and Catholic Negro Americans, and black and white Jewish Americans, lay in the "assimilation" of my own people. Yet I find this more than enough to justify my reference to segregationist apologetics. For to my thinking it is the most segregationist nonsolution of all—as anyone can testify who knows something of the fate of babies born to Jewish girls of Negro youths, even though many who speak so fulsomely of the state of the Negro family seldom speak or write of it. Perhaps there is a fate worse than being born into a Negro family after all; or than being born the child of a Negro mother by a Jewish father, for here at least the patterns of the Negro family make a place for the offspring of the unwed mother.

But no, I said not a word. I felt that Norman's essay was most intimately a matter of one Jewish intellectual addressing himself to others, and that the piece had the virtue of bringing to the surface attitudes that were chronically in need of public scrutiny. Therefore, I was grateful to discover in the three sections of reader response which followed enough dissenting opinions to reassure me that not all *Commentary* readers were taken in, either by Norman's histrionics or his thinking.

Since Podhoretz has characterized me as "irresponsible," let me be, henceforth, responsible by informing him that as the editor of a leading magazine of intellectual opinion he operates, insofar as Negro Americans are concerned, from a position of privileged sanctuary.

Sanctuary, in that he holds sway within an intellectually powerful sub-community from which theories and

opinions concerning Negro Americans are ceaselessly projected into the larger communities of government and education—usually without benefit of those necessary modifications, correctives, and dissents (other than when the subject is anti-Semitism among Negroes) which Negro Americans might have to offer.

Privileged, because such ideas, theories, opinions as are fomented there are accepted by many whites as authoritative; while the Negro community has, for the most part, neither knowledge of those who elect themselves interpreters of the Negro predicament, nor of the source from whence many of the opinions affecting Negro welfare issue forth. It is further privileged because most Negro intellectuals are extremely reluctant to offend their Jewish allies and so keep silent. Nevertheless, Negroes do feel the effects of those interpretations and misinterpretations and the young men who inspired my *Harper's* interview were no less interested in the makers of Jewish opinion than in the lessons which they might hope to learn from the examples of Jewish American writers. (Incidentally, it will be noted that in answering them I referred to "Northern liberals" and that as a constant reader I know that not all contributors to *Commentary* are Jews.)

In Podhoretz's eyes I am irresponsible for seeing segregationist apologetics in the writing of some of his contributors; in my own I am irresponsible in failing to give my young interviewers a detailed account of why they should keep Norman's sector of the intellectual community under constant and vigilant surveillance. Nor did I point out that as Negro American intellectuals they have the responsibility of insisting that our complex reality be recognized whenever and wherever intellectuals engage in those heady and reductive abstractions which not only do it violence but also betray the broader struggle for a just society.

Moreover, I should have reminded my interviewers that they have few responsibilities greater than that of stirring up the oft-times stale atmosphere of self-congratulation in which many white intellectuals carry on their discussion of the Negroes' relationship to the larger society. Extremes of opinion are most likely to collide—

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A SKY NOISE THAT GAVE BIRTH TO A NEW SCIENCE

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of Washington. Photograph by 200" Hale Telescope at Palomar Observatory.

Man has always studied the heavens. He has photographed, measured, and recorded. Yet, for all his efforts, his knowledge was limited to what he could learn from beams of light.

Then, in 1931, a researcher at Bell Telephone Laboratories caught a glimpse of something more.

He was Karl G. Jansky, a young engineer fresh out of the University of Wisconsin. His first assignment—in 1928—was to track down the sources of radio noises which interfere with overseas and ship-to-shore communications.

Jansky began listening for these noises with the finest equipment then available. He modified a standard low-noise receiver and designed some additional pieces himself. The "ear" of his rig—erected at Holmdel, New Jersey—was a 100-foot-long rotatable directional antenna adapted from a Bell System design then used in Long Distance telephone service.

Discovers Strange Noise

Jansky swung his antenna through a complete circle every 20 minutes. Gradually he realized that the "noise" he had been studying was really three noises: one from local thunderstorms, another from distant thunderstorms, and a mysterious "steady hiss static."

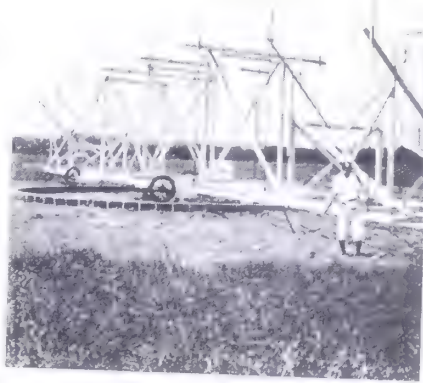
Jansky concentrated on this hiss. He found that its source drifted across the sky, that it came from the direction of Sagittarius, part of which is shown in the picture to the left. In this direction, too, lay the center of the Milky Way, our galaxy. After several years of work, Jansky was able to confirm that the galactic center was indeed the source of the hiss.

He thus gave the world a new view of the skies and a whole new science: *radio astronomy*.

Radio Versus Light

Light—a kind of radio signal, but at extremely high frequencies—has certain limitations. It is obscured by clouds and the sun is so bright that little else is seen in the daytime sky. Radio astronomy knows no such problems.

It was World War II that sparked today's widespread interest in radio astronomy. Radio communications, detection, and guidance mushroomed. When cosmic noises interfered, scientists remembered Jansky's findings and became familiar with his concepts. After the war, newly developed sensitive antennas and receivers became available and radio astronomy became a major science.



Karl Jansky with an early antenna. When he aimed it at the center of the Milky Way, he heard a peculiar kind of hissing static.

Now there are well-equipped centers throughout the world. In the United States they number in the dozens; the largest is the National

Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia.

Earth's Galaxy Now Visible

Radio astronomy allows us to "see" for the first time the major portion of our own galaxy... once obscured by interstellar dust and gas. It has led to the identification of a new class of galaxy-like objects called "Quasars" (quasi-stellar radio sources) by the powerful radio signals they emit. (True stars—other than our own sun—are too distant to be detected in their normal state by radio.) And it has enabled us to make a radio map of the skies much as the ancients did for visible celestial bodies.

Radio astronomy may have provided a clue to the history of the universe by discovering Cassiopeia A, an exploded star shrouded in tumorous gas. Bell Laboratories scientists, receiving its noise in 1964, found—as had Jansky—an unexpected signal. Princeton University physicists had predicted such a signal; they suspect it is a remnant of ten-billion-year-old heat. If so, this means that the universe was once a vastly smaller "fireball."

A Classic Discovery

The story of Karl Jansky's discovery is a classic example of an important aspect of science. Jansky did not set out to "invent" radio astronomy. His real problem was to investigate and try to overcome the static that often interfered with long distance radio communication.

But his inquiring mind perceived a new and unexplained phenomenon hidden in a mass of data. By recognizing its importance, Jansky made a significant contribution to man's store of knowledge, quite apart from the solution to his original problem.



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and most disastrously in just such intellectual vacuums as are created when issues of democracy are discussed in the absence of Negro American opinion, or in disregard of possible Negro dissent.

It is amazing how often white liberals, possessing little firsthand knowledge of any area of the society other than their own, eagerly presume to interpret Negro life while ignoring their primary obligation as intellectuals—which is to know what they are talking about. Evoke “the Negro” and, *presto!* provincial boys, who are far less knowledgeable or worldly than Negro waiters or Jazz musicians, suddenly become men of high culture and profound insight. Through some mystique of whiteness they are endowed with an instant knowledge and claim an objectivity and completeness of vision which they’ve neither earned nor been intellectually honest enough to admit they don’t possess. Instead, like absentee owners of tenement buildings, they exploit the abstract sociological “Negro” as a facile means of getting ahead in the world. Worse, when decked out in the trimmings of social science, their nonsense sometimes catches the eye of powerful politicians seeking accurate data on social reality, and then the whole nation suffers.

My own Negro American experience has taught me to acknowledge the sacredness and inwardness of the experience of other groups as they define it, and I insist that members of those groups respect the sacredness and inwardness of my own, and that they recognize my right to define it, glorify it, affirm it, criticize it—even though to them it seems wrapped in the blackest of mysteries. I must insist, because such regard for others is seldom reciprocated when the Negro American’s sense of his own reality is in question. Charity fails and empathy is wanting and contempt shows through the most benevolent gestures. As can be seen most dramatically in the defensive reaction to the Negro response to the subject of a recent *Commentary* article, “The Moynihan Report.”

Much hand-wringing was occasioned by Negro rejection of Moynihan’s theory that the major source of Negro social difficulty is the Negro family. But it seems to me futile (and arrogant) to blame Negroes for re-

jecting a solution based on what they consider derogatory assumptions about themselves. For not only do they know that the American family as a whole is in grave trouble; it was as though they were being told that their social salvation depended upon their accepting Mr. Moynihan’s theory. Thus many Negroes felt that they were being bribed to accept a negative and damaging image of themselves which in terms of self-regard it was their triumph to have rejected *even under the repression of slavery*. They also found it intriguing that before the report was released it was leaked to various reporters and conjured with in an effort to elect Mr. Moynihan to the New York City Council. So now, having refused further to burden their children with this money-baited psychological handicap, they are criticized for not being materialistic enough—while Pat Moynihan is regarded as a rejected savior who but for the wrong-headedness of Negro leaders (many of whom come from just such broken families that were the focus of his theory) could have brought about the social millennium.

Fortunately, while the hand-wringing proceeds the politicians have gotten the message. They see, despite Mr. Moynihan’s worthy intentions, that there is no better evidence of the fatal *political* flaw in the report than the very fact that Negroes rejected it so resoundingly.

It would seem that negative assumptions concerning Negroes lead inevitably to segregationist apologetics. Bar Negroes from the full play of the intellect and imagination and from the charity of the heart and you end up like Podhoretz, disturbed over the possibility that a Negro might move next door and then into your daughter’s bed—whether he finds her attractive or not, or whether *she* finds him acceptable or not. Or, if you are a social scientist like Mr. Nathan Glazer, you end up using the putative “objectivity” of social science to argue against democratic integration in the name of subcommunity exclusiveness. Here Podhoretz might look at a *Commentary* offering entitled “Negroes and Jews: The New Challenge to Pluralism” (December 1964).

According to Mr. Glazer, the crisis in Negro-Jewish relations was the fault of Negro leaders. For while the

Jews had “always assumed that disadvantaged groups . . . should advance without disturbing the group patterns of American life,” Negro leaders believed that ethnic and religious subcommunities so “protected privilege or created inequality” that Negroes could not advance without modifying those patterns. Hence the Negro challenge and the Jewish resistance; hence the Negro anger and the torture of Jewish liberalism; hence the crisis. And while I accepted with minor reservations his description of the *Jewish* side of the crisis, his apocalyptic framing of Negro demands bewildered me. I simply couldn’t see the Negro for the Glazer.

And then, slipping momentarily into black face (if Al Jolson could do it, why shouldn’t a social scientist?) he allowed that Negroes saw “nothing in the Negro group whose preservation requires separate institutions [not even a chitt’ling supper?], residential concentration, or ban on intermarriages, or rather, the only thing that might justify such group solidarity is the political struggle itself . . . What other groups see as a value, Negroes see as a strategy in the fight for equal rights. . . .”

I doubted it, but it didn’t seem to occur to Mr. Glazer that a number of the things which he sees as values, Negroes have been forced to see as vain conceits, which, though in some ways harmless and even enriching to cultural diversity, are in other ways destructive to the Negroes’ desire to claim their fair share of democracy and assert their *own* sense of value. This calls for a conscientious commitment to equal rights, reciprocity, and conscious adjustments, not distortion of the Negroes’ goals.

Mr. Glazer was writing as a member of a group who had, as he says, recently “arrived.” Here, by contrast, are the words of one whose group “arrived” long ago:

I would say that the Negro doesn’t want to mix with white people any more than white people want to mix with the Negro. [He] simply wants the right to decide not to mix . . . what he wants is mainly the chance himself to decide to be segregated. . . .

So spoke white Anglo-Saxon Protestant Mississippi aristocrat, William Faulkner. I suppose, however, that those words have little meaning for



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Mr. Glazer, since they are the opinion of a mere novelist, who identified with humanity so broadly and who knew his society so thoroughly that several of his more heroic characters were culturally, if not racially, Negroes.

Burnt cork or no, I'm afraid that Mr. Glazer makes a pretty sorry Negro. He ignores the fact that we love our Harlems, love to be with other Negroes, marry mostly Negroes, and would consider the loss of such churches as Harlem's Abyssinia a national calamity, just as we consider the destruction of the Savoy Ballroom a cultural disaster of international dimensions. Obviously he's never heard of such old social clubs as the United Sons of Georgia or the Gay Northeasterners, nor of Negro lodges which go back to Reconstruction. As for bans on intermarriage—well, our very history, skins, and features tell us the futility of all that. Still, as Americans we believe that individuals should have the right of personal choice. There are, however, Negro fathers with adolescent daughters who, like Podhoretz, would view intermarriage as a disaster.

Negroes, Mr. Glazer asserted, were threatening "a major means by which group identities maintain themselves" by demanding "entry into every church"—a demand of which I doubt most Negroes ever heard. I got the impression that Mr. Glazer thinks that Negroes possess no church-based religious identities of their own, and that he considers the U. S. as less a federation of democratic states than a system of theocracies. But then, since the "special character of the Jewish church" protects it against Negro invasion, it was really the Jewish union, business, neighborhood, and school which, he felt, Negroes endangered. Consequently, Jews were finding "*their interests and those of formally less liberal neighbors becoming similar: they both have an interest in maintaining an area restricted to their own kind. . . .*" (My italics, R.E.)

Mr. Glazer concluded that

The Negro demands entry into a world, a society, that does not exist, except in ideology. In that world, heritage, ethnicity, religion, race are only incidental and accidental personal characteristics. There may be reasons for such a world to come into existence—among them the fact that

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PRONOUNCE IT
"TANKER-RAY"


LETTERS

it may be necessary in order to provide full equality for the Negro. But if we do move in this direction we will have to create communities very different from the kinds in which most of us who have already arrived—Protestants, Catholics, Jews—now live.

As a Negro, I have no doubt as to where Mr. Glazer stands, for if his position isn't an apology for segregation, I never saw a Jim Crow waiting room. There is little difference between his argument and that of white Southern segregationists. Both exaggerate and distort the Negro American thrust for an equal share of the prizes of democracy. Both completely ignore the obvious fact that Negroes find their own variant of the American culture (which variant he has insisted elsewhere is nonexistent) and their own communities just as dear to them as other groups find theirs. Negroes have *not* attacked exclusiveness in the abstract, but they *do* recognize that most privilege in this society has been supported by the inequality of opportunity of some groups of outsiders, including the Jews. They know also that Negroes have paid even more than others because they've been ruled out of fair competition for the higher rewards of the society—even, until recently, on the battlefield. And to that extent Negroes have subsidized those groups who arrived later and passed them by.

Even so, the Negro American's insistence upon a fairer share of what has been created by their suppression and exploitation does not mean that they wish to destroy the group life of those who have thrived within the undemocratic framework of opportunity created by Negro exclusion—beyond the point of stopping that suppression and exploitation.

Perhaps Mr. Glazer felt so convinced of his ethnic and/or religious superiority that he didn't recognize that Negroes reject much of what other groups consider the good life and would resist having what he considers desirable in the religion, customs, folkways, values, and goals of others imposed upon them. Though Negroes do frequently copy much of what they admire, what they appropriate of style and custom is quickly given the imprint of their own unique Negro American style, just as our slave forefathers made



BLACKOUTS ARE NOT NECESSARY

You don't have to be in the dark about blackouts.

They don't have to happen.

And the nearly 1,000 electric cooperatives across the nation are planning ahead to avoid them . . . at least in rural areas.

To meet the growing power demands in the countryside, rural electrics will have to nearly triple their capacity by 1980. That means heavying-up lines and equipment.

And it means heavying-up our financial resources, too—by about nine billion dollars in the next 15 years.

To meet the load on our lines and on our books, we've come up with a plan for a Rural Electric Credit System that we're asking Congress to approve.

Our proposal is patterned after the highly successful Farm Credit System which has been instrumental in assuring an abundance of food and fiber for the entire nation.

Under our plan we will be able to go to the private money market for some of our

financial needs. We can begin to move away from total dependence on the Federal government. We can continue to meet our service responsibilities to our consumer-members.

And the more we do to help stimulate rural progress and prosperity, the more all America benefits.

Already we've created a billion dollar market per year in rural America for appliances and equipment alone. We're moving in a number of ways to develop job opportunities for our rural young people, to encourage the development of schools, roads, and community resources, and to reverse the migration from the rural areas to the over-crowded cities.

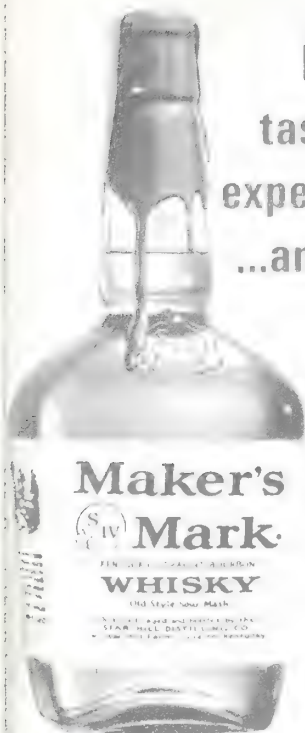
We want to continue as an important segment of our nation's power industry. If Congress makes it possible for us to obtain some of our capital from private sources, we believe we can prove that blackouts are not necessary. And we think this is in the interest of all Americans.

*Everybody
benefits*



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ancestral figures of the Hebrew children of the Old Testament and made poetry and music of their utterances.

Negroes know that segregation and secessionism are old American impulses, which are likely to be with us for many years. Negroes are also *American* enough to understand the motives and fears underlying these impulses; what they are fighting against is a secessionism and segregation that are achieved at their and their children's expense. Let secessionism and segregation be cultural, let them be inspired by religion, let them be the results of agreements between groups and individuals as to matters of taste—but do *not* support them with public funds at the expense of our exclusion from the equal processes of democracy.

In reply to Mr. Glazer's fear that Negroes are a danger to "every" white church, I should perhaps have reminded him that while few Negro Americans are Jews, the overwhelming number *are* Protestant. In fact the Negro churches in this country are the result of a split, occasioned by the act of racially segregating the religious institution in which their forefathers first underwent the rite of Christian baptism. Thus it is amazing that one so insightful failed to grasp the logic behind the strategy of those Negroes who attacked discrimination in white Protestant churches. For in the Bible Belt the political, economic, and educational consequence of discrimination is abetted in segregated churches by their fellow Christians. Determined to change this condition, they assume that the moral and social conscience of their white brothers-in-Christ would be most available to persuasion within those religious institutions that are supposed to be living embodiments of the rite of Christian communion. Why *shouldn't* they break the bread and sip the wine together? Hence the socio-religious ritual drama of black Christians knocking on white church-house doors crying, "Honor! Honor! Unto the dying Lamb!" It should be noted, however, that they said nothing of abolishing their own churches.

Finally, what was disturbing about Mr. Glazer's position was its implication that since Jews had reached, in his eyes, a satisfactory accommodation with the larger white society, he

felt that a cutoff point had been reached in the struggle to achieve the American democratic ideal. He set himself up to tell the larger white community that no such accommodation with Negroes was possible—despite the fact that their experience has made Negroes the most accommodating of all Americans. By misinterpreting the goals of Negro leaders, he appointed himself the watchdog for keeping Negroes in their place. By evoking absolute goals based on his own negative opinion of Negro self-regard, he put himself implicitly in the position of charging Negroes with the crime of actually believing that the Constitution and Bill of Rights mean what they say.

Our nation thus far has been fortunate in that anti-Negro racism has been relatively crude, and has found its most active expression among white Southerners who had some actual knowledge of those whom they feared. It has not had the support of sophisticated, closely structured, post-Marxist, sociology-oriented apologetics. Instead it relied upon the rhetoric of raw violence. Today the force of such Southern argument is becoming more muted, while the more rancorous anti-Negro feeling is revealing itself in Northern cities where it was once assumed that the adjustment between racial and religious groups would be achieved by nonviolent means. It would be tragically ironic if the violent anti-Negro racists were handed such ideological justification by intellectuals, who themselves could only reap chaos from supplying such a dangerous weapon. I believe, nevertheless, that such danger exists, and that it might well be being created in the form of just such apologetics as those to which I referred in my *Harper's* interview. Let Mr. Podhoretz think on that the next time he starts throwing around charges of irresponsibility. I do not apologize.

MR. PODHORETZ REPLIES:

In his marathon reply to my letter, Ralph Ellison scampers into so many different pastures, and is so carried away by a suspicious need to even some score with me, that the point at issue between us in this controversy gets conveniently lost in irrelevancies and vicious personal abuse.

That point—which is all I have the space here to discuss—is simply



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LETTERS

whether a single word has ever appeared in *Commentary* that a responsible reader could characterize as an apology for segregation. Mr. Ellison seems to think that I demanded an apology from him "for having a negative opinion" of the work of certain contributors to the magazine I edit. He ought to, and of course does, know that to accuse a magazine like *Commentary*—one of whose stated aims is "to fight bigotry and protect human rights"—of lending its pages to segregationist apologetics amounts to a kind of name-calling that so gifted a rhetorician as Mr. Ellison might well have been expected to describe by some more felicitous epithet than "negative." I myself proposed "calumnious," and there is nothing in Mr. Ellison's reply that would incline me to seek for a weaker term.

In support, then, of his calumnious charge, Mr. Ellison goes to what he portentously calls "the record." The record in this case consists of many dozens of *Commentary* articles dealing with the civil-rights movement and all the problems associated with it. Having combed the back files of *Commentary*, Mr. Ellison can do no better than come up with three items of putative evidence. One of them, Daniel P. Moynihan's "The President and the Negro," could not possibly have been in his mind when he made the statement for which he refuses to apologize—the reason being that the article had not yet been published. (Given this interesting little fact, I can only agree with Mr. Ellison when he says that his "idea of responsibility [is] somewhat different" from mine.) If it was the Moynihan Report itself he meant—which, I need hardly emphasize, did not appear in *Commentary* and which, indeed, was severely criticized in *Commentary* by Bayard Rustin—then I can only express my amazement at Mr. Ellison's praise of President Johnson's Howard University speech, cited by him in the original interview in an invidious comparison with the "*Commentary* writers." For it is no secret that that speech was directly inspired by the Moynihan Report and that Moynihan himself helped to write it.

The other two items Mr. Ellison digs out of "the record" are an article by Nathan Glazer on Negro-Jewish relations and an essay by me entitled "My Negro Problem—And Ours." Mr. Glazer can speak for himself, so I will

say nothing about his article beyond noting that to represent it as a piece of segregationist apologetics is to peddle a distorted interpretation positively demagogic in its proportions. Glazer's analysis of the thrust of the integrationist strategy, as it was then (in 1964) concretely articulated by most civil-rights leaders, may have been right or wrong. I happen to think it was a little of both, but it is beyond me how Mr. Ellison can detect an apology for segregation in an article which concludes by declaring that if the pluralistic organization of American society cannot be reconciled with the aim of "full equality for the Negro," then a new, assimilationist, organization will have to be developed.

Similarly with my own essay. Mr. Ellison is fully entitled to the "negative opinion" he holds of it, and apparently of me and all my works. Still, only under the aegis of a very strange idea of intellectual responsibility indeed could a writer who says, as I did in that essay, "... I believe that the wholesale merger of the two races is the most desirable alternative for everyone concerned" be accused of engaging in segregationist apologetics. If Mr. Ellison had called me crazy, or misguided, or hysterical, I would not in turn have called him irresponsible. (I even think he scores a good critical point against me when he mentions "the fate of babies born to Jewish girls of Negro youths.") But the fact remains that whatever nasty names can appropriately be thrown at someone who believes in the moral desirability of Negro-white marriage on a large scale, "segregationist" would hardly seem to be one of them. At least not to anyone who uses words responsibly.

Ralph Ellison is one of the best writers in America and he usually does use words responsibly. That is why I said in my original letter that he had "allowed himself" an irresponsible statement about *Commentary* on the occasion of his *Harper's* interview. Having thus played briefly at being LeRoi Jones or Stokely Carmichael, he might have stripped off that ill-fitting mask and started acting like Ralph Ellison again, instead of repeating the calumny while making a great show of documenting a charge for which no documentation exists.

More letters on this subject will be published in the August issue.

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Submarines at Work: A report from General Dynamics

For sale: Choice 400-acre plot west of Bermuda. Lat. 32° 06' N., long. 64° 04' W. 250 fathoms down. Ideal for algae farming, fish grazing. Includes all water rights to surface and bottom mineral rights.

A farm at the bottom of the ocean?

Before this century is over, man will undoubtedly be farming, mining and manufacturing under the sea. With the world population growing and our natural resources shrinking, we will have to exploit the oceans for necessary food supplies and raw materials.

But before it happens, we must learn how to live and work in the strange and hostile marine environment.

Blue collar submarines:

A new breed of fish—the research submarine—has already begun the job of exploring and working in the depths of the ocean.

Unlike World War II submarines, which could dive to only a few hundred feet, research submarines will have to descend *thousands* of feet. And unlike bathyscaphs, which are essentially underwater elevators, research submarines move and maneuver under their own power and can perform a variety of jobs. In fact, "research" is a misnomer; they are really *working* submarines.

General Dynamics, which delivered the first submarine to the United States Navy in 1900, has already built five operational research submarines and is currently building three more. One of them, *Aluminaut*, an aluminum-hulled submarine built for Reynolds International, went mineral prospecting in 1966.

The boat searched for deposits of ore along the Blake Plateau, a section of the Continental Shelf stretching from Virginia to Florida. As *Aluminaut*

travelled along the bottom, it scooped up samples of sediment and brought them up to the surface escort ship.

Doing the impossible:

Last year, two other research submarines built by General Dynamics—*Star II* and *Asherah*—performed jobs that had not been possible before. They inspected underwater cables, diving to depths and carrying photographic equipment that puts the job well beyond the capabilities of skin divers.

A cable does not always lie undisturbed on the bottom once it has been laid. It can be dragged by fishing nets and tidal currents; abraded and strained by rocks or sunken wreckage; and corroded by salt water and chewed on by sea life.

Star II, diving to depths of 1,050 feet, inspected and took more than 3,000 still photographs of 42 miles of underwater cable.

Asherah's assignment was to inspect a six-inch power cable that ran for seven miles along the bottom of Rosario Strait in the state of Washington. Before throwing the switch that would send electricity through the cable, officials of the Bonneville Power Administration wanted to know how the cable was oriented on the bottom.

Fitted with externally mounted strobe lights and floodlights, a 35mm. still camera and a television camera, *Asherah* followed the seven miles of cable, making a complete record of it on video tape and in still photographs.

Hunting the aku:

The aku, or skipjack tuna, is one of the mainstays of Hawaii's fishing industry. The annual catch of tuna in Hawaiian waters averages 5,000 tons—largely from netting fish near the sur-

face. Some experts believe the yield could be as high as 200,000 tons a year if a key question could be answered: how deep do schools of tuna live?

In 1965, the research submarine *Asherah*, on loan to the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, found the answer. In the course of diving to depths of 600 feet off Oahu, *Asherah's* observers discovered tuna much further down than anyone had expected. On the basis of this evidence, the Bureau outfitted a surface ship with sonar to locate and track deep-swimming schools of tuna. A General Dynamics study showed the feasibility of a research submarine fast enough and with sufficient endurance to follow oceanic fish and to discover their migratory habits and spawning and feeding grounds.

Fish talk:

Research submarines have already extended our knowledge of rock and coral formations, the marine phenomenon known as plankton, and the habits—even the conversation—of fish.

Far from being silent, fish talk a great deal. During its dives off Hawaii, *Asherah* was able to record fish conversing in their cave homes. Fish talk has an immediate application to underwater telephone communication; the "chattering" of fish can be picked up, and distort human conversation.

In the summer of 1966, General Dynamics' *Star III*, diving off Bermuda, investigated an ocean phenomenon that sometimes plays havoc with sonar listening results: the deep scattering layer. This is a layer of plankton—organic and plant particles that small fish feed on.

Research submarines have also inspected the understructures and footings of offshore oil wells. There is a

STAR III, built for the Navy, has a 1,500 pound payload, including scientific equipment, to depths of 2,000 feet for up to 12 hours. Its manipulator can perform a variety of jobs.

ASHERAH was designed and built by General Dynamics for the use of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

ALUMINAUT, built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International, has first all-aluminum hull and is the deepest diving submarine.



large market for submersibles capable of this kind of work.

And in 1964, *Asherah*, diving in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Turkey, photographed the hull and cargo of a sunken 5th century Byzantine galley on the sea floor. The submarine accomplished in one hour what would have taken skin divers weeks to do.

Ambidexterity:

Many first-generation research submarines have a single external manipulator, or "arm," enabling them to scoop up sediment or pick up objects from the ocean floor.

Second-generation submarines now under construction at General Dynamics will have considerably greater work and repair capacities.

These new submarines will have two manipulators, rather than one—each analogous to the human arm. That is, it has shoulder, elbow and wrist joints (see illustration at right). Fully extended, the manipulators have an 82-inch reach; when not in use they can be folded back against the hull of the submarine to improve its hydrodynamic motion through the water.

Interchangeable claw "hands" will allow new submarines to pick up objects as heavy as 100 pounds—or as delicate as an egg. Clamshell scoops enable them to collect mineral and marine specimens.

But their greatest advance over present manipulators is their power tool capacity. Detachable snap-on tools will enable them to cut cables, drill holes, install or remove nuts on equipment—and do a variety of other deep-sea construction and repair work.

Manipulators may be operated independently of each other or together, depending on the nature of the job.

With manipulators that approach the human arm in dexterity and control—and exceed it in reach, strength and versatility—the ability of research submarines to perform meaningful work will be dramatically advanced.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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The Editor's Easy Chair by John Fischer

ANNOUNCING SOME CHANGES

When I became editor of *Harper's* fourteen years ago, I hoped to do a good deal of writing, both articles for the magazine and an occasional book. Writing is an addictive habit. I picked it up in high school, when I discovered that I could earn some pocket money by part-time reporting for the local newspapers; and soon it became an almost physical necessity, as barking is for a dog.

In the beginning I wasn't altogether surprised to find that running a magazine left little time for anything else. But I kept telling myself that one day—next month, next year—I would get things organized so that I could spend a few unbroken hours at the typewriter every week. It never happened. New problems always came up, so that even this column had to be written in scraps of time stolen from something else—usually, of course, my family—and often it didn't get written at all. Belatedly I realized that anyone who is responsible for an enterprise (especially if it is in one of the world's most competitive industries) is never likely to have any spare time. Such a job almost inevitably absorbs every erg of available energy, not only through the working day but also most evenings, weekends, and insomnia periods at night. So it was clear that the two books for which I had been collecting material would have to wait.

About five years ago, however, I began to feel that they had waited long enough. For one thing, friends of my generation were dropping off with increasing frequency—prematurely, as I told myself, but nevertheless a reminder that the future might not be unlimited. For another, the administrative part of my job—essential, but inescapably repetitive—was growing a little irksome. I noted that some of my friends, such as James Reston of the

New York Times, were able to change the mix of their work, so as to spend less time on management and more on writing; and I thought I ought to try the same thing. For various reasons, including a corporate reorganization and some unexpected staff changes, this took longer than I had anticipated—but the new arrangement is now ready to go into effect.

Accordingly, on July 1 Willie Morris, now our executive editor, will take over as editor in chief, and I shall become a contributing editor. Russell Lynes, managing editor for many years, also will become a contributing editor, to be succeeded by Robert Kottlowitz. Both Mr. Lynes and I expect to keep writing for *Harper's*; to this column, especially, I hope to devote more time than I have been able to do in recent years. We shall both be available for editorial consultation as needed. But the primary responsibility for editorial direction of the magazine passes into younger hands.

At the same time two additional contributing editors are joining the staff: David Halberstam, formerly of the *New York Times*, a Pulitzer Prize-winning foreign correspondent; and Larry L. King, novelist, onetime Congressional administrative assistant, and frequent contributor to *Harper's*. Mr. Halberstam will be based in New York, Mr. King in Washington, but both will spend much of their time traveling in this country and abroad. In their very different styles, both are first-class reporters.

Mr. Morris wrote his first article for *Harper's* in 1961. His most recent appears in this issue. It is taken from a book, *North Toward Home*—a memoir of life in Mississippi, Texas, and New York—which won the Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Award and will be published by that firm in October. This

article, and its companion in our June issue, are an account of the arrival of a provincial (as he calls himself) in New York City and his first nervous ventures into its literary world. As I remember it, Willie was neither as provincial nor as nervous as his book makes out. From the day he joined the staff in 1963 he was a confident and resourceful editor, ready to carry his full share of responsibility. That surprised nobody, since he had already edited two publications—the *Daily Texan*, student newspaper of the University of Texas, and *The Texas Observer*, a statewide political and literary journal—under circumstances of remarkable turbulence and difficulty. (For the details, see his forthcoming book.) In 1965 he became executive editor of *Harper's*.

His earlier education might have been designed specifically for a magazine editor: i.e., it was rough, varied, and spread over a lot of landscape. It began in the public schools of Yazoo City, Mississippi, where he was born in 1934. Besides editing the high-school paper, he played basketball and baseball. At the University of Texas he graduated with honors, in spite of a journalistic war with the administration, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and chosen the university's outstanding senior. He also was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. While studying history at Oxford, he served as president of the American students' asso-

John Fischer sent his first contribution to "Harper's" from Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, in 1935; it was "England's Pink Party." He has written most of the Easy Chairs since February 1955, when he led off with "Intellectual with a Gun." Many of his articles and columns have been collected in his book, "The Stupidity Problem, and other Harassments."



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A lot of Americans will be taking off for the first time this year. For those first-timers going to Britain, Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica, Freeport or Lima, BOAC has something very special.

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The VC 10 flies from New York to Manchester, Glasgow, Bermuda, Nassau, Freeport, Jamaica and Lima; from Chicago to Montreal and London; also from Detroit and Boston to London; and from London to Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Orient. For more details, contact British Overseas Airways Corporation, which has offices in principal cities.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ciation and played on the varsity basketball team, which won the British national championship. His articles, essays, and short stories have been published in *The New Yorker*, *Commentary*, and a number of other magazines as well as *Harper's*.

Mr. Kotlowitz brings to his new assignment a different and complementary range of editorial experience. His education also began in the public schools, this time in Baltimore (see his "Baltimore Boy" in *Harper's* for December 1965). It continued through the Peabody Conservatory of Music, where he studied piano, musical theory, and composition; Johns Hopkins University; and the infantry in France during World War II.

He came to *Harper's* as an editor in 1965 and soon began to write a monthly column on the performing arts which has attracted wide attention in the theatrical and musical worlds. Previously he had been a senior editor of *Show*; an associate editor of Pocket Books, Inc., and of *Discovery*, a biennial anthology of new writing; and an executive of RCA Victor Records. He too has been a frequent contributor to this and other magazines.

David Halberstam will add still another array of specialized knowledge: a fresh and intimate acquaintance with Southeast Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe. He won his Pulitzer Prize in 1964 for his dispatches to the *Times* from Vietnam; two years earlier he had received a Newspaper Guild award for his coverage of the troubles in the Congo. In 1965 he was expelled from Poland for writ-

ing "slanderous articles"—a standard phrase in Communist officialese which means that he was finding out far too much about the life of the country. One way he learned was by marrying—despite the disapproval of the government and several million Polish males—the country's leading film actress, Elzbieta Tchizevska. His article in this issue is largely based upon his experience in Poland; and he has just completed a novel set in Vietnam.

Mr. Halberstam is a graduate of Harvard, where he was managing editor of the *Crimson*. He worked on the *Nashville Tennessean* and in the *New York Times* Washington bureau as preparation for his career as a foreign correspondent. His earlier books are *The Making of a Quagmire*, about Vietnam, and a novel, *The Noblest Roman*.

Larry L. King, our other new contributing editor, has been virtually a member of the editorial family for the last two years. He has an asset rare among contemporary writers—a sense of comedy. Some of our readers have conjectured that he developed his prose style from such models as H. L. Mencken and Mark Twain. I suspect he may owe as much—perhaps unconsciously—to one of his fellow Texans, W. C. Brann, a wondrously uproarious editor of the last century who got shot to death as the result of a journalistic feud. Mr. King's work has appeared in many magazines, including *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Esquire*, and *Sports Illustrated*. His novel *The One-Eyed Man* was published by New American Library last year.

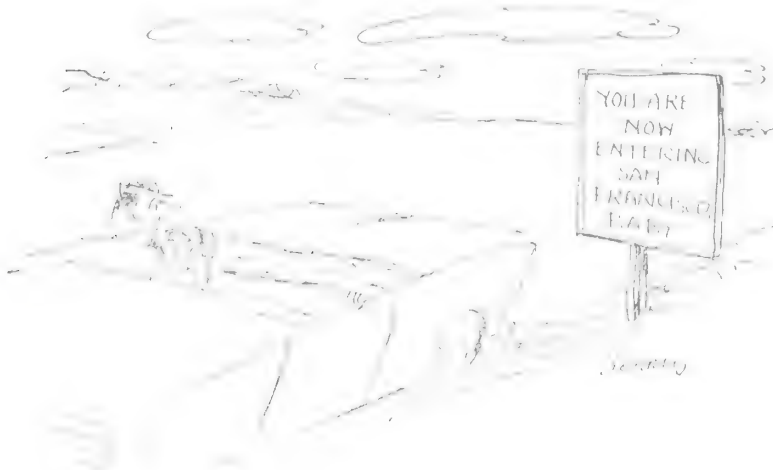
These additions and changes will give *Harper's* the best-balanced, and

youngest, editorial staff in its 111 years. The new people are joining a group of editors which already is remarkably able and conscientious—at least to my possibly biased eye—and which is supported by a strong and youthful management, under John Cowles, Jr., president of the firm, and Daniel J. Brooks, publisher. I step down from the editorship in good conscience, knowing that the enterprise (in which I have a considerable emotional investment) is in good hands.

The content, appearance, and editorial techniques of the magazine will of course change in the years ahead, as they have been changing constantly ever since it was founded in 1850. The basic character of *Harper's*, however, is likely to remain much the same. That character was largely established by its first editor, a young man named Henry J. Raymond. (He also founded the *New York Times*, a little later on, and for five years edited it in what time he had left over from the magazine.) His successors—Willie Morris will be only the eighth—each put his own stamp on the publication, but continued to aim at the same kind of audience and purpose. They might be summed up something like this:

1. It is a selective magazine, edited specifically for a relatively small group of men and women—perhaps 2 per cent of the population—who are especially interested in public affairs, the arts, and the health of our society. As our readership surveys have repeatedly shown, these are the people who devote a good part of their time to voluntary organizations—ranging from school boards to arts councils—and who provide a heavy share of the leadership of professional organizations, corporations, political parties, and government agencies, local and national.

2. It is an independent publication, owing allegiance to no party or pressure group, grinding no axes, preaching no ideological line. Its editors try to set their compass on the public interest, as they see it, and to be constantly wary against any defection by special interests—including their own. At the same time, they undertake to reflect a wide spectrum of responsible opinion; recent issues, for example, have included articles by Michael Harrington, a leading Socialist, and by Dr. Milton Friedman, economic ad-



THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

iser to Barry Goldwater in the last residential campaign.

3. It carries on a running appraisal of American life and institutions—serving, as Bernard DeVoto once put it, as “a critic of our culture, in the largest sense of that term.” It believes that men in power need watching—not because they are any more wicked than the rest of us, but because what they do affects all of us. (This is true of private as well as public power. An ill-conceived skyscraper can blight a city just as surely as a neglected museum.) It believes that every institution—whether a university, a museum, a trade union, or a literary clique—is likely to grow sluggish and complacent unless it is subjected to a sharp and irreverent scrutiny.

4. Consequently, the magazine offers a platform (in the words of Frederick Lewis Allen, my predecessor) for original and inventive thinkers, for voices crying in the wilderness, for really creative ideas wherever they may be found. . . . We are looking for the seminal idea, the objective judgment on the trend of things, the fire-clearing burst of indignation which will suddenly throw everything about us into a new perspective—and which is as likely as not to come from some individual who sits all by himself, unorganized, unrecognized, unorthodox, and unfettered.” It welcomes controversy, not just for the joy of combat, but because that often is the only way to get at the truth.

5. The best instrument for doing all these things is writing of high quality. Consequently, *Harper's* tries to discover and develop authors of notable talent—working in fiction, the essay, verse, or in any new forms they may invent. In recent years, for instance, it has helped encourage a peculiarly American literary form of growing importance: the reportorial article, solidly based on fact but written with all the skill, care, and range of techniques which once were found only in first-class fiction.

The audience for such a magazine seems to be growing rapidly—partly because more Americans are going to college, partly because the increasing rate of change and ferment in American life makes independent appraisal more urgent than ever. We are confident that *Harper's* will continue to grow in step with its selected audience. []

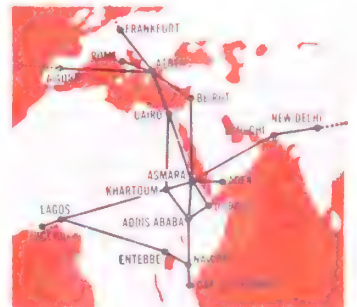
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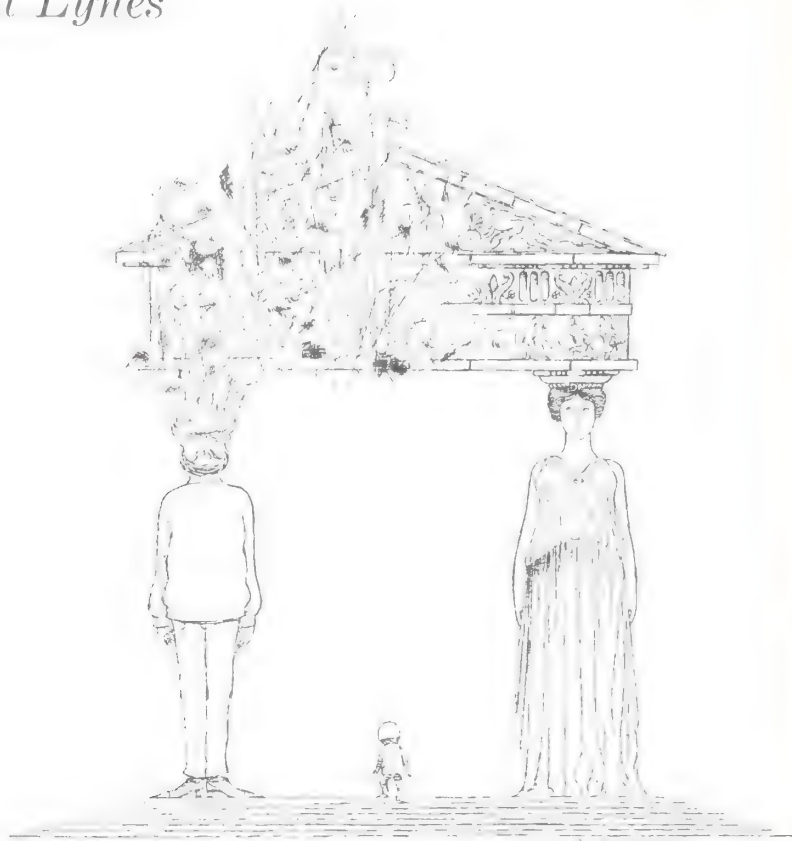


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After Hours by Russell Lynes

MINNEAPOLIS IS MEGA-TOWN



Minneapolis has most of the characteristics of an American city: it has some tall buildings, a downtown section of shops and offices and hotels, some rather grand warehouses characteristically dark red in the manner of the last century, and a building by Yamasaki. It has a modicum of smog as though, to be up to date, it had to. (When I saw it on a spring evening from a distance it wore a light but dusty lavender mantle.) It has, I was told, a skid row, and I saw for myself a host of cultural institutions. And yet one of its principal assets seemed to me that in many respects it is not like a city.

"Minneapolis is an everything town for the arts," the manager of the local symphony said to me. "It's very poor for night clubs."

Another man, a city editor, said, "Minneapolis is mostly a headquarters town."

Another man, a city planner, called it "a brain town."

The managing director of the Guthrie Theatre said, "I'm a complete Midwesterner. It's seven years since I left New York and I wouldn't go

back there to live for anything. It's the feeling of openness here."

Openness and cities, unfortunately, are a contradiction in terms. Minneapolis is a Mega-town, if you'll forgive the expression, and this seems to be true not only of its physical aspect but of the manner in which it fits together socially and intellectually. Physically it is a scattering of lakes with men fishing for panfish on their banks. Around the lakes some farsighted genius saw to it that there was protected parkland. (When I was there in the spring it was too soon for the lakes to be alive with sailboats and too late for the fires and tents of the ice-fishermen, though one evening I saw a man, who couldn't wait, on water skis when the temperature was in the forties.) Most Minneapolitans, as they seem to call themselves in print, though I heard no one use the word while I was there, prefer to live in houses of whatever size, and there are very few apartment buildings. "Gently rolling" is the cliché for the terrain, and "there are three months when the skiing isn't good" is a cliché used there to define the climate. Min-

neapolis had ninety inches of snow last winter, and the natives want visitors to be impressed with this fact. As a New Englander I was not.

As a native New Englander turned New Yorker, however, I was impressed with a quite different climate, the one I wanted particularly to be exposed to . . . the cultural climate, which I found, what I saw of it, to be both warm and invigorating. I was met at the airport on a cloudy Sunday afternoon by Charles Savage, the dark-haired young director of the University of Minnesota Art Gallery.

"When I was being looked over for the job," he said, "they told me that the University would have a brand-new gallery in two years, but you know how those things are; it will probably be more like eight."

Mr. Lynes's first article for "Harper's" was "Architects in Glass Houses" in 1945. He has contributed many widely discussed articles since then, including "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" (1949) and a host of "After Hours." His latest book is "Confessions of a Dilettante."

The present University Gallery, a teaching tool primarily, is fitted in and around the Northrop Auditorium, a vast plush and gilt hall that seats 1,822 and is the home of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, the commencement exercises of the University, the Metropolitan Opera Company, when it comes to town, and any number of other cultural explosives.

"We're on the third and fourth floors," Savage said. "There are no elevators and when we have heavy sculpture or big paintings to show, it's rough to get them up there."

Outside Savage's little office, plastered with exhibition posters and a large painting by the currently unfashionable painter, A. H. Maurer (he richly deserves reviving, especially for his early work), was a corridor in which were hung prints for reference in art-history courses, and beyond them a small storage room filled with paintings in the racks.

"That's our 'Titian,'" Savage said, pointing to an obvious but not recent copy, and then he began pulling pictures out of the rack so that I could see them—Marsden Hartleys, Maurers, B. J. O. Nordfeldts, O'Keeffes, a Jacob Lawrence, abstractions by Cameron Booth, a Rice Pereira, Ben Benn's portraits of Hartley and several dozen others. A good many of the pictures were on loan from Hudson Walker, who had been the Gallery's first curator, and from his sister, Mrs. Malcolm McCannel, or they had been given to the Gallery by them. The Walker family, I was to learn, is and has been for three generations a rigorous and generous moving force in many facets of Minneapolis' cultural life.

The Gallery's permanent collection is a small one, but it has gathered a number of distinguished loan exhibitions that have been exported to the Guggenheim in New York and the Fogg Museum at Harvard. The exhibition I saw in the main gallery, a long room painted blinding white in the currently fashionable manner, was of photographs by Michael Dean, who is teaching at the University this year, but I gathered that its usual contents are traveling shows such as those assembled by the American Federation of Arts. Last fall there was a big AFA Hartley show which the Gallery was simply able to supplement from its own collections.

College and university art galleries rarely have budgets that let them compete with municipal museums, and there is no reason why they should. The University Gallery, young as it is, is not in the same class with Minneapolis' other two public art collections.

As an "everything town for the arts" Minneapolis has, of course, a most proper museum, the Institute of Arts, suitably housed in a gray-stone classical-revival pile by the entirely suitable architects, McKim, Mead, and White, and erected just before America entered the first world war. It also has the Walker Art Center, which is 1920s modern with a sculpture by Lipchitz, of course, on its front porch; it fairly percolates and bubbles with new art, new ideas, and new plans. There exists between these two institutions, I sensed, a certain respectful coolness, much like that which exists in New York between the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art. There is no hostility that I could detect, but each is a little snobbish about the other.

This, I believe, is as it should be. If they saw entirely eye to eye then why have two institutions? And, of course, the community is far richer because of the interests in which they inevitably overlap and compete.

Unlike most such organizations, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts is part of what might be called a cultural holding company. Its parent corporation is the Minneapolis Society of the Fine Arts and is presided over by Walter G. Robinson as president. The Institute, whose director is Anthony M. Clark, is the showier half of the Society's holdings. The other half is the Minneapolis School of Art, a four-year, degree-granting college of painting, sculpture, graphics, and industrial design, in the backyard, so to speak, of the Institute. It is presided over by Arnold Herstand, a painter in his forties who believes passionately in the young men and women who work like navvies in his overcrowded but, it seemed to me, cheerfully disorderly and efficient premises.

Mr. Robinson invited me to have lunch with him, and the others at lunch were the director of the museum and the director of the school. On one wall of the office was a series of photographs of a model of the Institute as

it is now and how it might develop physically in the future. "We don't like to talk about this," Mr. Robinson said. And so I will not talk about it except to say that the Institute is eager to plan for its orderly future. There is a tendency, as everyone knows, for institutions to find that their resources are overtaxed before they are realized, or to overplan, as so many cities have, and find their extravagant cultural enclaves underprogrammed and underused, one of the sour lessons of the current cultural-center syndrome.

Upstairs in the hall of the gallery I was later shown the model of the museum as it was originally planned, an elaborate plaster construction. "Bigger than the Art Institute in Chicago," Mr. Clark observed, lifting off a piece of the roof to expose an auditorium. The Institute was fortunate not to have been able to afford the total McKim, Mead, and White scheme. It is a far cry from the kinds of museum buildings needed to meet today's concept of museum functions. It is this that Mr. Robinson and his colleagues want to avoid in thinking of the Institute's future.

Mr. Clark took me and Mr. Herstand on a quick tour of the Institute's collection; its general level is not just high, it is very distinguished. The Rembrandt "Lucretia" seems to me a match any day for the "Titus" for which Norton Simon recently paid \$2.2 million, and the Poussin "Death of Germanicus" and the Goya "Self-portrait with Dr. Arrieta" are of commanding importance and quality by any standards. The collection ranges in somewhat varying quality from gold-background Early Renaissance, through the Low Countries (where it sags a bit as it does in the High Renaissance), to pictures painted just yesterday. On the way it takes in an excellent early Greco, a splendid Rubens sketch, a first-rate Chardin still life, Corot, Delacroix, Daumier, a Bonnard of the mellowest sort next to an excellent Vuillard, Renoir, Gauguin, Seurat, and so on. I have skimmed the surface, and I do not do the collection anywhere near the justice it deserves. There is, of course, sculpture, furniture, primitive arts, and an excellent, brand-new print gallery.

"Do you want to look at the Chinese collection?" Mr. Clark asked.

I ducked in and ducked out.

AFTER HOURS

"Anyway, you've seen the bronze owl," he said. It is one of the most popular objects, I gathered, in the Institute.

It was getting on toward time for my next appointment, and I wanted to see the art school and Mr. Herstand seemed to want to show it to me. We walked through a tunnel which joined the museum to the school.

"You can see we don't waste any space," Mr. Herstand said. The tunnel was half-filled with steel lockers. At the end of it we came to a room that looked like a torture chamber.

"Bronze casting in here," he said. Over in a corner a sculptor in goggles was working with an acetylene torch. "Sorry there's no casting going on. It's fun to watch."

We wandered through the studio building, sticking our heads into several classes at work, several large empty studios (it was late afternoon), and into the admissions office, which was decorated with a large poster of W. C. Fields. Every sort of contemporary style was being experimented with by the students—hard-edge abstraction next to three-dimensional constructions next to "Pop" and "Op" next to rather old-fashioned figure painting. There was no hint here of anyone trying to impose a style on the students, but there was a strong hint of the professionalism demanded of them. Out of last year's graduating class of forty-nine, I was told, twenty-one had been accepted for graduate study at "leading schools" and most of those had been granted fellowships.

It may be that the phrase has just come into general use everywhere (like *dialogue* and *charisma*), but I have not been anywhere where I have heard The Establishment mentioned as frequently as I did in Minneapolis. The Establishment seems not to be a single solid block of solid citizens but a Conservative Establishment, on the one hand, and an Experimental one on the other. They also appear to overlap somewhat, though I did not have a chance to examine these subtleties during my brief visit. The Conservative Establishment is the backbone of the Institute of Arts and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (which has a whopping budget of more than a million and a half dollars a year); and the spine of the Walker Art Center and the Guthrie Theatre

(which sits in the Center's backyard with its architectural ears flapping) is the Experimental Establishment. Whether these boards overlap and interlock as many of their interests surely do, their bloodlines, I was told, frequently coincide. The division appears to be drawn vaguely on generation lines.

But the remarkable fact of the matter is that there is so much energy expended—so much thought and imagination and money brought to bear with so much determination and so little self-consciousness. Culture in Minneapolis does not seem to be either a public duty or, in the *noblesse oblige* sense, a social necessity but a fact of life taken for granted by the Establishment and its many constituents and helpers, in much the same way that the support of the local parish church is a normal responsibility for a certain group of citizens in a New England village. And the methods of paying the symphony conductor's salary, for example, are not far from those of paying the rector. Instead of a Ladies' Altar Guild cake sale held in the parish house, the Women's Association of the Symphony Orchestra (it calls itself WAMSO) holds a Director's Choice Art Show in connection with a Symphony Ball; it sells works of art selected largely from commercial galleries by the directors of the several local art institutions.

Martin Friedman, the director of the Walker Art Center, said, "These are the most unaffected people brought up with a responsibility of public service. They have no self-consciousness and a fantastic pride in the area."

Fantastic is a word Friedman likes and uses frequently, and it characterizes his own explosive enthusiasm, imagination, and dedication to the arts.

"St. Paul," he said, "is far more conservative than Minneapolis."

I heard this comment elsewhere during my visit. "St. Paul is the backward one," a newspaperman said. "It's older." I was told that one of the reasons why St. Paul has not supported the arts to the same degree that Minneapolis has is a reason quite similar to one at work in San Francisco. The fortunes in St. Paul are comparatively old ones; those who have their wealth are not adding to it but living off its income. They have not, therefore,

been easily parted from their capital. However there is evidence that this is changing—most notably, the generous support they have given to the new St. Paul Center of Arts and Sciences. Both St. Paul and Minneapolis are booming, not with manufacturing primarily but with the headquarters of industries, with Honeywell and Pillsbury, with the Univac Division of Sperry Rand, with the Control Data Corporation and a dozen or so others. A "brain town" is likely to be interested in its cultural assets, but that is not to say that Mega-town is Athens. I was told by a newspaperman that the Minneapolis school system is "anti-quoted and lousy," and that a recent attempt to float a bond issue to improve the schools was trounced.

Between them the Walker Art Center and the Guthrie Theatre represent the official new blood in the town's cultural complex, but they are not by any means the only manifestations in Mega-town of an eagerness to expose and perform the new and vigorous along with the old that is still vigorous. There are, I was told by a local theater critic, thirty-six organized theatrical groups in the county (Hennepin), encompassing an "Off-Broadway" kind of institution called Firehouse Theater, a Community Theater of "semi-pros with hired outside directors," a Theater-in-the-Round, an Eastside Theater, and a theater at the university which also has what is called an "Advanced Drama Research Program" working with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to discover promising new playwrights. I saw performances at none of the theaters and I cannot comment on the quality of any of them. Neither did I hear any musical performances, though I was told that in addition to a thirty-nine-week season of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and an annual visit from the Metropolitan Opera Company, there is also a Chamber Orchestra series at the Walker and a Center Opera Company devoted to modern works and modern versions of old works which performs at the Guthrie. Its prime mover and stoutest supporter is Norton Hintz, a professor of physics at the University.

If nothing was going on at the Guthrie for me to see, the Walker was fairly jumping with an exhibition called "Light, Motion, Space" that was precisely what its name said.

"This is the future," Friedman said, as we went up the wide stairs from the main hall to the second-floor galleries. "The attendance is fantastic. The electricians who installed the exhibits bring their wives and children and their buddies. At the opening the things people wore were crazy, costumes with lightbulbs on them and women with batteries slung on their backs."

The exhibit was swarming with school children. It filled five or six galleries (and one room lined with what might have been crinkled aluminum foil in which a strobe light flashed on and off at varying high speeds). Friedman said it was the most comprehensive show of the relatively new light, color, and movement techniques held anywhere, an extraordinary display of ingenuity, subtlety, and excitement. We walked through the permanent collection, which ranged from a room of distinguished jades collected by the original, so to speak, Mr. Walker, a lumberman, out of whose collection and enthusiasm the Art Center grew, through standard examples of late-nineteenth-century taste (Asher Durand, Innes, Daubigny, for instance). Mr. Walker also collected pictures of American Indians and of Napoleon. Mr. Friedman told me, but these are now stowed away. Most of the museum is given over to the exhibition of modern and relatively modern works of sculpture and painting with special emphasis on Americans.

"I see the function of the Center," Mr. Friedman said, as we walked, first, as exhibition, second as the collections, and third as publications; and our programs as education, design, and performing arts."

Before I left the Center Mr. Friedman, who has been its director since 1961, gave me a batch of catalogues of special exhibitions that had been held there in the last few years—they ranged from one-man shows (Rauschenberg, for instance, and Gottlieb) to very ambitious exhibitions like "London: The New Scene," which Friedman had gone to England to assemble. The publications are at the same time handsome, meticulously organized for scholarly purposes, and readable. But this is not the only kind of publishing the Center engages in; it issues a periodical called *Design Quarterly*.

Like the Institute of Arts the Walker Art Center is planning for its future and like the Institute's president, the Walker's director is rather reluctant to talk about it lest the plans seem to be premature or misunderstood. There is, however, an architect studying the needs of the Center and suggesting plans which, hopefully, will not only greatly increase the Center's exhibition space, but provide it with a design gallery, "a junior gallery of interpretive exhibitions for workshops in materials, line, color with knobs and buttons for the kids to push," and a "performing-arts area" ("that phrase numbs me," Friedman said). He plans to bring dancers like Merce Cunningham and musicians like John Cage to work for several weeks at a time with talented local people. "I want a kind of experimental space, a space stage, with bleachers that can be moved to accommodate different uses." The expansion (when and if) will include teaching space for the Guthrie Theatre, which its managing director, Peter Zeisler, told me, wants to become more and more a

school for the very rigorous training of actors and others connected with the theater.

I barely scratched the surface of Mega-town's cultural resources and heard scarcely more than a hint of its cultural ambitions and plans. Even so, I have reported here on only a sliver of the stout plank that I walked with the help of friends and new acquaintances while I was there. At the moment the center of the city (town) is a shambles because of bulldozers tearing up its streets to make a pedestrian mall, and its edges are made hideous, some of them, because freeways are being built. Its problems seem to be every town's problems: the contest between "progress" and preserving the past, downtown encroachment by business parklands, run-down areas ripe for rehabilitation, welfare budgets, school bonds—the normal fare. My impression, however, was of a town with a sense of humor about itself, with tremendous optimism about its future, and a kind of self-confidence which is engaging rather than oppressive.

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Washington Insight by Clayton Fritchey



CLAYTON FRITCHEY

PUERTO RICO: YES OR NO

A plebiscite to "settle" the status of nearly three million Americans in the Caribbean may settle nothing and turn out to be a big, and embarrassing, issue for the U. S.

To Fidel Castro, Puerto Rico is just "a perfumed colony" of the United States, but to a somewhat surprised Washington the island is beginning to smell like future trouble: the kind of lingering, nagging, exasperating trouble that the government and Congress thought it finally was rid of when statehood was at last conferred on Alaska and Hawaii, and independence on the Philippines.

At this writing, Puerto Rico, encouraged if not prodded by the United States, is preparing to hold its first status plebiscite on July 23. The stated object of this election is to poll the 2.6 million people on what kind of government they want for the future: (1) continuation of the present Commonwealth relationship with the United States; (2) full statehood; or (3) full independence. Six months ago when the dominant Popular Democratic party rammed the plebiscite law through the island legislature against the protests of the other parties, the expectation was that Commonwealth would win overwhelmingly since it had the strong backing of the copyright owner, former Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, who even in retirement is still the real leader of the party (PDP) which runs the country, and always has since it became a so-called "free associated state" in 1952.

The further expectation was that a landslide for Commonwealth would, first of all, settle the status controversy for many years to come and also leave the Muñoz Marín machine indefinitely in political control. At the same time, Washington hoped the vote would make it difficult if not impossible for the United Nations to intrude itself into the situation on the grounds that Puerto Rico constituted a colonial problem. But as the plebiscite approaches, there is no certainty that any of these ends will be achieved, for there have been countless unforeseen developments so far this year, and there may be still more to come.

It now seems certain that the plebiscite, which is being boycotted by the Republican Statehood party (RSP) and the Independence party (PIP), will settle little or nothing permanently either in Puerto Rico or in its relations with the United States and the United Nations. It is the U. N. angle that momentarily has been most annoying to the U. S., for, as a power that boasts of being anticolonial, it is sensitive to charges of practicing colonialism itself. Up to this time, the U. S. has successfully kept Puerto Rico off the U. N. agenda on the grounds that free elections have been held in the island for years, and that the people strongly supported the Governor (Muñoz Marín) and the party that stood for the special relationship with the U. S. known as Commonwealth.

That, however, is not quite the whole story, for Muñoz Marín in running for Governor always insisted

that status was *not* an issue. Further doubts have been created by the steady growth of the Statehood party in the last three elections. Even though its main cause was not a direct issue, the Statehooders won about 35 per cent of the vote in 1964, increasing their support from 85,172 votes in 1952 to 284,627 three years ago. In a plebiscite confined strictly to the question of status, the Statehooders might do considerably better, and, were it not for the George Washington-like figure of Muñoz Marín, might even win a majority. The ex-Governor personally thinks the people would back the Commonwealth idea even if he were dead, although, as he says, "I do not intend to take my life to prove it." In short, whatever the outcome of the plebiscite, it appears that Washington is in for years of wrangling and lobbying that may be worse than the protracted agitation that preceded the admission of Alaska and Hawaii.

One reason the United Nations finds the situation baffling is that there is no other postcolonial relationship in the world quite like that which exists between the U. S. and its former Caribbean territory. Like some Americans who predict that even if we won in Vietnam next week, we would find ourselves involved there for years to come, those people who

Mr. Fritchey recently returned from a visit in Puerto Rico to Washington, where he writes a syndicated column for "Newsday" and this monthly report. He was formerly special assistant to President Truman and to Adlai E. Stevenson at the U.N.

opposed the Spanish-American War also warned it would be easier to get in than get out. How right they were. The U. S. ended up with Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines on its hands, and a chronic headache that has lasted for seventy years so far, and the end is not in sight.

Interim Success

There have been some unhappy chapters in Puerto Rico's long evolution from a non-self-governing colony to its present relatively stable and improved position. In 1950 extremists of the independence movement tried to assassinate President Truman, and four years later they wounded five Congressmen in a wild shooting spree at the Capitol. The first organic change had come with the passage of the Jones Act in 1917, which conferred U. S. citizenship on all Puerto Ricans who desired it. Nearly all did. But the Governor and other key officials were still appointed by the American President. The real rise of the island began with the rise of Muñoz Marín and his Popular Democratic party, which concentrated on economic progress more than status. The Puerto Rico New Dealers cooperated closely with the Washington New Dealers, and in 1947 Congress granted the islanders the right to elect their own Governor. In 1948 Muñoz Marín became the first elected Puerto Rican to head the government; he has been in the saddle ever since, although he retired in 1964, when he handpicked a lieutenant, Roberto Sánchez Vilella, to succeed him as Governor. Under Muñoz Marín the present Commonwealth relationship (permitting Puerto Rico to have its own constitution) was developed and made effective on July 25, 1952. It was established through bilateral agreement between the people of Puerto Rico and the American Congress. The procedure was the same as that of admitting a state, except in this case a federal state was not created, and the relationship could be changed or continued indefinitely. It was understood that the new posture was not to be regarded as being a transition step toward any other status. This did not bar a later decision by the people of Puerto Rico and the U. S. Congress, but Commonwealth was considered as a status valid in itself. On August 5,

1966, a special United States-Puerto Rico Commission on the Status of Puerto Rico (STACOM) said,

Although the Commonwealth relationship has operated successfully for over fourteen years, it has inevitably, as in the evolving Federal-State relationship, revealed some undefined legal, political, and economic boundaries. For this reason, as well as because of strong opposition from the proponents of statehood and independence, the Commonwealth has been the subject of continuous debate from the time it was inaugurated. The debate has often produced misunderstanding and confusion.

It has indeed.

Nevertheless Commonwealth has in many ways been at least an interim success. Under the popular, peasant-minded Muñoz Marín, there has been steady and widespread economic reform and improvement, although the opposition naturally contends there would have been even more under statehood or independence. This small, overpopulated island, with limited natural resources, has achieved advances beyond all expectations. In recent years it has been among the four most rapidly growing communities in the world. Moreover, as the STACOM report notes, "In Puerto Rico a peaceful revolution has produced a more stable democracy, an achievement that stands in sober contrast to almost all of Latin America, where only four countries have been able to hold regular elections since 1948." There has also been marked progress in public-administration skills and organization. The social advances in health and education are equally impressive. If this is the record of Commonwealth, and it is, why not leave well enough alone?

Another Cuba?

The answer of the Republican Statehood party is that the island would have done as well, if not better, as the fifty-first state of the Union. It points out, for instance, that Puerto Rico's average per capita income even now is still 40 per cent below that of the poorest state. It notes, too, that in the first five years after attaining statehood the value of manufacturing in Hawaii rose from \$104 million in 1958 to \$255 million in 1963, an increase of 145 per cent. The real appeal of

statehood, however, is to the pride of the people. Commonwealth with all of its "flexibility" remains an ambiguous relationship. The islanders do not vote in the Presidential election, nor do they have a voting representation in Congress. In the case of Vietnam or any other national war, they are subject to the draft but they have no voice in making or settling the war. The Statehooders are not impressed by the warnings of Muñoz Marín that if the people give up Commonwealth they also will be giving up the privilege of not paying federal income taxes. The Statehooders answer that they are already paying huge Puerto Rican income taxes.

Another complaint is that, under the Popular Democratic party, there has been no new registration of voters for decades, and that no true reflection of public opinion is possible as long as the PDP can count on the votes of dead citizens and thousands of live bureaucrats who owe their jobs to the PDP machine. Finally, Commonwealth (as the PDP promises) will actually mean ever-broader sovereignty for Puerto Rico, driving the island and the mainland "farther apart" and ending up with at least de facto independence. Luis E. Julia, an officer of the Statehood party, went so far as to warn the Status Commission that:

The proposed perfected permanent Commonwealth would make Puerto Rico a tiny, defenseless nation living in the lengthening shadow of Caribbean communism. It would constitute an invitation for communist and nationalistic forces already striving to divide our people, to step up their efforts, with high hopes and excellent prospects of ultimately separating Puerto Rico from American government assistance and protection.

This would seem to be an excessively alarmist view, but the Statehooders are convinced that many in the Commonwealth ranks are really crypto-*Independentistas*, which is something that remains to be seen.

In any event it gives rise to talk about Puerto Rico becoming another Cuba someday. That is, another independent, leftist, possibly unfriendly, island. This may seem far-fetched (as it probably is) but it is nevertheless part of the inflamed dialogue over the coming plebiscite. In recent elections, the *Independentistas* have

polled only a small fraction of the vote, but their patriotic, emotional appeal is directed to voters who, for the time being at least, can express their nationalistic feelings by supporting Commonwealth, which is nationalism of a sort. Hence the long-range bet of the *Independentistas* is that Commonwealth will prove only to be a transition stage, and that the ultimate struggle will be between the forces of statehood and independence. And if statehood should then lose out, some fear that a wholly sovereign Puerto Rico, under radical leadership, might be very independent indeed. But all that is in the future, if it ever is at all. Meanwhile there is the uncertain present.

The U. S.-Puerto Rico Commission, composed of leaders of all the island's major parties, plus U. S. Presidential appointees, plus representatives of the House and Senate, studied all aspects of the situation for two years before issuing a unanimous report last year, in which the major conclusion was "That all three forms of political status—the Commonwealth, statehood, and independence—are valid and confer upon the people of Puerto Rico equal dignity with equality of status and of national citizenship." The final choice, it said, must be made by the Puerto Rican people. A popular vote on the question, it added, "would be helpful." The Commission warned that "an immediate or abrupt change in political status would involve serious economic risks and dislocations." In the event of change, therefore, it said a "carefully designed plan of transition (fifteen years or longer) would be necessary." In conclusion, the Commission pointedly observed that the island "is at a stage in its history when the question of status should be elevated above partisanship"—but the plebiscite has, in fact, elevated partisanship above all else. The three parties are not only fighting each other, with no holds barred, but each has developed internal difficulties.

In-party Splits

Roberto Sánchez Vilella, who succeeded Muñoz Marín as Governor and therefore as leader of the Commonwealth forces, split his following wide open by suddenly announcing that he had separated from his wife, that he

would seek a divorce, and that he would not run for reelection next year. It is reported that the fifty-two-year-old Governor wants to marry Mrs. Jeanette Ramos Buonomo, a handsome thirty-two-year-old brunette whose father was one of the founders of the PDP. She acted as one of the Governor's chief aides at Fortaleza, the executive mansion. Up to now Mrs. Sánchez has refused to consider a divorce. Instead she has been actively rallying public support for herself in this very Catholic country where divorce is still frowned upon. Fear that Governor Sánchez's personal conduct may jeopardize the Commonwealth cause in the plebiscite has inspired demands that he quit now, but he insists on filling out his term.

This turn of events would have greatly cheered the Statehood Republican party, but it, too, has suffered a serious schism. The SRP is headed by two of the wealthiest and most brilliant men in Puerto Rico, Miguel García Méndez, the party chairman, and Luis Ferré, the party's three-time candidate for Governor. They are not only close politically, but are brothers-in-law. Nevertheless, they parted ways at a dramatic convention of the SRP when García Méndez prevailed on the party to boycott the plebiscite. Ferré, who deeply feels the SRP cannot duck the plebiscite, has organized an *ad hoc* movement, United Statehooders (U. S.) to compete in the election. Meanwhile, García Méndez is campaigning against the plebiscite on the grounds that Commonwealth is not a "permanent" status, but a sort of limbo between independence and statehood, and hence should not be one of the plebiscite alternatives. He thinks a referendum should be confined to one question: "Do you want statehood? Yes or no."

Where SNCC Comes In

Just to make it unanimous, the Independence party also is split. The main section, headed by Dr. Gilberto Concepción de Gracia, is boycotting the plebiscite for some of the same reasons advanced by García Méndez, but other *Independentistas* have entered the lists, so one way or another all three factions will be on the ballot. Some of the *Independentistas*, incidentally, have accused the CIA of in-

citing attacks in San Juan against Puerto Rican students who are campaigning for independence. Juan Mari Bras, a successful lawyer who is secretary-general of the Pro Independence Movement (PIM), charges that the Association of University Students for Statehood (AUPE) is really an "instrument" of the CIA, and that AUPE is responsible for a rock-throwing assault on other youths demonstrating for independence. "We do not have the slightest doubt," said Mari Bras, "that in back of all this is the infamous CIA, which has been trying through its San Juan office to attack the PIM and the independence struggle in general." His charges against the CIA were not taken seriously by most Puerto Ricans, but they nevertheless served his purpose of attracting attention to the political struggle. Mari Bras has a sensational ally in Stokely Carmichael of the Students Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Carmichael and Mari Bras have issued a joint communiqué saying they will work together against the war in Vietnam, the draft, and "police brutality," and for better housing, education, and living conditions in urban slums. The PIM and SNCC alliance intends to try to bring questions of Puerto Rican independence and Negro "oppression" in the U. S. before the United Nations.

A Lively Issue

The United Nations is also being invoked by the Anti-Colonialist Congress of Puerto Rico, which charges that the U. S. is "trying to impose a colonial plebiscite on Puerto Rico . . . in order to avoid a United Nations inquiry." The Congress insists that only a plebiscite "directed and supervised by the United Nations" would be "true and valid."

Out of all this welter of conflicting views, only one thing seems certain, and that is that we have probably not heard the last of statehood, plebiscite or not. Unlike Alaska and Hawaii, Puerto Rico is not thousands of miles away. Its population is three times the size of the 49th and 50th states combined, and well over a million of its people now live in the continental U. S., mostly in and around New York. All of which suggests to Washington that a lively new issue may be in the making. []

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The Ocean Depths: Solution to Many of Man's Problems

by C. O'D. ISELIN

Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

undoubtedly originated in the sea. As population increases, it will become increasingly important in sustaining human life. The oceans exchange energy with the air above in many subtle and interesting ways. As we learn more about them, we should be able to harness their vast potential for our own uses.

The expanding population of the world is expending the non-renewable resources of the land at an ever-increasing rate. The biological and chemical resources of the ocean, on the other hand, renew themselves naturally. It is the management of these potential resources that is the challenge of the young science of oceanography. Already oceanography is on the verge of solving at least some of the more immediate problems facing mankind.

Perhaps the first real breakthrough will be in tying oceanography and meteorology together in such a way as to provide useful world-wide weather forecasts. Large electronic computers and modern communication systems make such a thing possible. To what benefit? Almost every form of human activity, particularly agriculture, would profit through better and longer range weather predictions.

The next logical step would be actually to manipulate the oceans so as to "make" weather. Hopefully we could even distribute rainfall more evenly or more abundantly on the land. This step alone would relieve the present food shortage in many parts of the world and permit farming over vast land areas now left unused.

The biological management of the

oceans themselves so as to produce the maximum sustained yield of food presents a more formidable problem, both politically and scientifically. But it is a problem, I believe, that can be solved.

The total yield of the ocean fisheries has been increasing very rapidly, doubling about every ten years. This trend can be expected to continue. Nevertheless, the potential biological yield is very much greater. Traditionally man has taken only a small percent of his diet from the sea. There are a number of reasons for this—simply, in some cases, because people don't like fish—but perhaps the most important is that fish are not easily or cheaply preserved. Chemical engineering has advanced to the point where this no longer need be an obstacle.

Strangely, the efficient management of the natural biological productivity of the sea is more of a political and social problem than a scientific one. There is the distinct possibility of the marine equivalent of agriculture. Yet until now, except for some specialized cases of shellfish production, we almost completely lack practical experience in this field. Especially we lack the equivalent of cheap fencing on land. Even now, however, there has been some experimentation with acoustical fences, and Maine sardine fishermen are using "bubble" fences—simple pipe with holes through which compressed air is forced. Fish are not inclined to pass these bubble fences. Not until such fencing is in universal use will fishermen become farmers.

Politically the barriers to aquaculture are even more formidable. The tradi-

tional lack of ownership of existing or potential resources of the salt water environment impedes practical experimentation. The concept of freedom of the seas, which developed gradually because the waters were considered almost worthless except for transportation and naval warfare, is diametrically opposed to their wise utilization. Even pilot plant operations are not practical under current law or local customs.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that for the most part scientists interested in the oceans have had to limit their efforts to understanding the marine environment rather than turning it to our use. While it cannot be claimed that this has yet been fully achieved, a vast store of mostly unused knowledge has been accumulated.

Very recently agreement has been reached as to the ownership of the sub-bottom resources of the North Sea; similar explorations by commercial companies are beginning in other areas, and there is every hope that similar agreements will be reached. These particular resources, oil and gas, are not renewable. The real challenge for the future is to solve the political as well as scientific problems and tap the many marine resources that cannot be destroyed by man. Solving these problems could well be a key to survival for millions.

C. O'D. Iselin

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Harper's

magazine

William S. Burroughs

KICKING DRUGS: A VERY PERSONAL STORY

After fifteen years of junk and ten attempts at "cures," one finally worked. A novelist recalls his own experience in the depths of addiction and his escape.

There is a general feeling in America that the official narcotics agencies must be doing the right thing, a feeling that the officials in question take great pains to foster. Why they should be listened to when what they say adds up neither to good sense nor good intentions is difficult to understand. The official agencies have failed to solve the narcotics problem or to state it honestly. And the nonofficial agencies have done little better. Recently centers of treatment have sprung up where the addicts receive no other medication than prayer. This inspirational and quasi-religious approach to a metabolic illness is ill-advised. It would be equally logical to prescribe prayer for malaria.

In New York many doctors currently prescribe methadone for heroin addicts. They say addicts lose the desire for heroin in the course of this

treatment. Over a period of five years they hope to reduce the dosage of methadone, which is an opiate stronger than morphine and quite as addictive. To say that addicts have been cured of heroin by the use of methadone is like saying an alcoholic has been cured of whiskey by the use of gin. If the addicts lose their desire for heroin it is because the methadone dosage is stronger than the diluted heroin they receive from pushers.

Junk is a generic term for all habit-forming preparations and derivatives of opium including the synthetics; any form of junk can cause addiction. Nor does it make much difference whether it is injected, sniffed, or taken orally. The result is always the same—addiction. The addict depends on his junk, just as a diver depends on his air line. When his junk is cut off he suffers agonizing withdrawal symptoms: watering, burning eyes, light

fever, hot and cold flashes, leg and stomach cramps, diarrhea, insomnia, prostration; in some cases death from circulatory collapse and shock. Withdrawal symptoms differ from any syndrome of comparable severity in that they are immediately relieved by administering a sufficient quantity of opiates. The withdrawal symptoms reach their peak on the fourth day then gradually disappear over a period of three to six weeks. The later stages of withdrawal are marked by profound depression.

Addiction is an illness of exposure. By and large those who have access to junk become addicts. In Iran, when opium was sold openly in shops there were three million addicts. But there is no pre-addict personality any more than there is a pre-malarial personality, all the hogwash of psychiatry to the contrary. (Parenthetically it is my opinion that nine out of ten psychiatrists should be broken down to veterinarians and their books called in for pulping.) To say it country-simple, most folks enjoy junk. Having once experienced this pleasure the human organism will tend to repeat it and repeat it and repeat it. The addict's illness *is* junk.

Knock on any door. Whatever answers, give it four half-grain shots of God's Own Medicine every day for six months and the so-called "addict personality" is there . . . an old junky selling Christmas seals on North Clark Street—the "Priest" they called him, seedy and with furtive, cold fish eyes that seem to be looking at something other folks can't see. That something he is looking at is junk. The whole addict personality can be summed up in one sentence: *The addict needs junk*. He will do a lot to get junk just as you would do a lot for water if you were thirsty enough.

You see junk *is* a personality—a seedy gray man; a rooming house; a shabby street; a room on the top floor; stairs; cough; the "Priest" pulling himself up along the banister; bathroom with yellow wood panels, dripping toilet, works stashed under the wash basin; back in his room now cooking up. A gray shadow on a distant wall—that used to be me, mister.

I was on junk for almost fifteen years. In that

William S. Burroughs is known here and abroad as the author of "Naked Lunch" and "The Soft Machine." His latest book to be published in the U. S. by Grove Press is "The Ticket That Exploded," and one of his earliest was "Junkie: Confessions of an Unredeemed Drug Addict" (1953). He was born in St. Louis in 1914, graduated from Harvard, and has lived in Tangier, London, and Paris.

time I took ten cures. I have been to Lexington and have taken the reduction treatment. I have taken abrupt withdrawal treatments and prolonged withdrawal treatments; cortisone, tranquilizers, antihistamines and the prolonged sleep cure. In every case I relapsed at the first opportunity.

Why do addicts voluntarily take a cure and then relapse? I think on a deep biological level most addicts want to be cured. Junk *is* death and your body knows it. I relapsed because I was never physiologically cured until 1957. Then I took the apomorphine treatment under the care of a British physician, the late Dr. John Yerbury Dent. Apomorphine is the only agent I know that evicts the "addict personality," an old friend who used to inhabit my body. I called him Opium Jones. We were mighty close in Tangier in 1957, shooting 15 grains of methadone every hour, which equals 30 grains of morphine and that's a lot of junk. I never changed my clothes. Jones likes his clothes to season in stale rooming-house flesh until you can tell by a hat on the table, a coat hung over a chair, that Jones lives there. I never took a bath. Old Jones don't like the feel of water on his skin. I spent whole days looking at the end of my shoe just communing with Jones.

Then one day I saw that Jones was not a real friend, that our interests were in fact divergent. So I took a plane to London and found Dr. Dent, with a charcoal fire in the grate, Scottish terrier, cup of tea. He told me about the treatment and I entered the nursing home the following day. It was one of those four-story buildings on Cromwell Road; my room with rose wallpaper was on the third floor. I had a day nurse and a night nurse and received an injection of apomorphine—one twentieth grain—every two hours.

One's Own Special Symptom

Now every addict has his special symptom, the one that hits him hardest when his junk is cut off. Listen to the old-timers in Lexington talking:

"Now with me it's puking is the worst."

"I never puke. It's this cold burn on my skin drives me up the wall."

"My trouble is sneezing."

With me it's feeling the slow painful death of Mr. Jones. I feel myself encased in his old gray corpse. Not another person in this world I want to see. Not a thing I want to do except revive Mr. Jones.

The third day with my cup of tea at dawn the calm miracle of apomorphine began. I was learn-

antianxiety drug. I have witnessed in others and experienced myself dramatic relief from anxiety caused by mescaline after a dose of apomorphine where tranquilizers were quite ineffective.

A number of addicts have taken the apomorphine treatment at my suggestion. All agree that it is the only treatment that works and also the least painful form of treatment. Yet most American doctors are completely ignorant of its use in treating addictions. Apomorphine is listed as a

narcotic in the United States and subject to the same regulations as morphine and heroin. In both France and England apomorphine is not on the dangerous drug list. A doctor's prescription is required but the prescription can be refilled any number of times. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a deliberate attempt has been made in the United States to mislead medical opinion and minimize the value of the apomorphine treatment.

UNCHARTED TERRAIN

It is good news when any addict kicks the habit. This was the unanimous reaction of medical specialists who read William Burroughs' memoir before *Harper's* decided to publish it. None questioned the authenticity of his report.

Why then have researchers in this country virtually ignored apomorphine, to which Mr. Burroughs attributes his cure? Here is the doctors' answer:

A research project is costly and involves a heavy commitment of the investigator's time and effort. What avenue to pursue is a matter of scientific judgment. American experts see little promise in a drug which has been successfully used only by one uniquely skilled psychotherapist. They feel their limited resources can be more fruitfully invested in other approaches, chiefly these:

Maintenance therapy. Over the past three years, more than three hundred heroin addicts in New York City have been treated with methadone, a synthetic opiate, in a research program directed by Dr. Vincent P. Dole and Dr. Marie Nyswander of Rockefeller University. After a period of hospitalization, each patient calls daily at the clinic and there drinks his dose of methadone in fruit juice. In effect, he becomes dependent on methadone instead of heroin. He also is likely to become a responsible citizen—two-thirds of the patients so treated are now working or at school.

Critics of this approach feel it is wrong to substitute one narcotic for another. Proponents, on the other hand, say it is absurd to consider all drugs equally evil and unrealistic to expect all—or even most—addicts to become total abstainers.

Narcotic-antagonists. Dr. Jerome H. Jaffe, a psychiatrist of the University of Chicago Medical School, and other investigators have been experimenting since 1965 with a drug called cyclazocine, which is not a narcotic. Its effect is to prevent heroin or morphine from acting on the nervous

system. Thus the patient on cyclazocine may continue taking drugs but he will not get high. Whether this experience will, in due course, liberate him from his habit must still be proved. But the cyclazocine researchers are cautiously optimistic.

Self-help programs. The best-known of these are the Synanon establishments, located chiefly on the West Coast, which are run almost entirely by rehabilitated ex-addicts. Similar enterprises are Daytop Village and Daytop Lodge in New York State. Some remarkable results have been achieved after several years of residence within tightly controlled communities where a rigorous brand of group therapy is practiced. However, a good many addicts leave uncured and only a small number have been able to return to society permanently free of their addiction.

Civil commitment. California and New York have passed laws requiring known addicts to be confined in institutions for treatment, which includes enforced abstinence from drugs, vocational training, and remedial education. The twin goals are to "get the addicts off the streets" as a public-safety measure—and to cure them. Some critics consider these goals incompatible and also charge that compulsory programs violate the addicts' civil liberties. The results remain to be seen.

Meanwhile, the experts continue to debate the cause of addiction. Is it due to metabolic or physiological changes brought about by the constant use of drugs? Are addicts basically irresponsible hedonists in pursuit of pleasure? Or are they deeply troubled people seeking escape from emotional difficulties or a tormenting environment?

Since any or all of these explanations may be true, no serious investigator pins his hopes on a single solution to a complex and fearsome problem whose nature is, as yet, only dimly understood.

—Marion K. Sanders

Gerald Krefetz and Ruth Marossi

THE SHREWDEST MAN IN THE MONEY MARKET

Dr. Franz Pick demands \$12,000 a day to tell millionaires, executives, and government officials what to do with their money. And this gifted maverick gets his price.

Americans are used to thinking in dollars. After all, this is the only currency used across 3,000 miles. But pragmatism, where money is concerned, can be a distinct disadvantage. American companies are increasingly involved in international deals, and too often executives find themselves unable to handle currency conversion, blocked currencies, international merger and financing, hedging foreign investment, and generally doing business abroad. For help, they have turned to a small group of consultants.

Most areas of business advice are dominated by large institutions: banks, trust companies, investment counseling firms, management consultants, Wall Street law firms. But advice on international money matters is the province of a surprising number of individual experts. Each tends to be a man of broad experience, wide contacts here and abroad, and a hard-driving energy. By temperament, they are not commitment men.

Perhaps the leading specialist in the field is Dr. Franz Pick, a volatile and opinionated man, fond of boozing and intrigue. Born in Europe, he is now an American citizen, fluent in many languages, and deeply immersed in European customs. His conversation abounds with Yiddish, French, and German expressions and, in any tongue, he mixes no words. He rather prides himself on having enemies and he is extremely and openly critical of official American monetary policy. His strictures come from the right rather than from the left, but he is far from being ultra-conservative or isolationist. Old-fashioned liberal, in the Manchester school, with the belief in enlightened self-interest, self-help, laissez faire,

and free trade come close to some of his main precepts. His price has earned him a good deal of criticism, but performing as paid consultant, he couldn't care less.

As a consultant, Pick is a price-sought after by both individuals and corporations in many countries. It is to be expected, in a field respected though little tested by the world's regulatory establishments, his "prices" are frequently high. Offers of bank, international companies, and government agencies have been refused. As a writer, public here he is read by the most influential men in world finance.

Money, Money, Money

Pick's demand is both exorbitant and immensely profitable money, and determines the state of the currency, devaluations, and what should be done by the suffering foreign exchange trader.

His seminal 1964 document, *The Currency Revolution*, summarizes all the high rises and crashes in the international currency designs during the past decade. It has made one feature inseparable part of a good deal of attention. Pick's book is a record of the year. In 1969, the last year, according to Pick, "our money is dangerously deflated (about 10 to 15 percent down and especially Old Masters' and previous price and income) make the 1969 year after year. Compared to at least those measured by the Dow Jones Industrial Average, are far from the last month. In 1969, the Dow index fell 15 percent. This according to Pick, 60 percent of most large

fortunes are invested in precious metals, 20 per cent in blue-chip securities, and 20 per cent in antiques.

As Pick's business card bluntly states: "Pick's World Currency Report is a service organization which sells only information and know-how. It does not deal in currencies, art, or precious metals. . . . It does not accept commissions, kickbacks or contingency fees." Pick himself puts in a seventy-hour week. His organization, formally known as the Pick Publishing Corporation, consists of six souls, who work atop the New York *Post* newspaper building, a stone's throw from Wall Street. Pick's business does not, however, come predominantly from the financial area; in fact, he has little regard for most securities and outright contempt for all bonds.

His private office is austere and workmanlike, a study in black and white. A black wall separates him from his staff, while his desk, a shiny slab of black marble, faces a white wall. Books provide the only touch of color, and a small map indicates the local time all over the world. Behind him, a curious, custom-made black-and-white wallpaper of defunct currencies (the American Continental dollar, assignats issued during the French Revolution, reichsmarks, *et al*) teaches a visual object lesson: "The end of all currencies is always bad," he dourly tells his visitors, with a backward flick of his head.

Besides black and white, Pick's favorite color, symbolically enough, is gold. He has a replica of a small gold bar (it is illegal for U. S. citizens to hold the real thing) and two small gold globes on his desk, wears only gold jewelry, and binds his *Currency Yearbook* in gold cloth. A small embroidered spade adorns his shirts. This *as de pique* is a good luck emblem, according to French tradition, as well as a play on his name. It is also the name on his yacht, a racing sloop which provides his chief means of relaxation. He has a valuable stamp collection, and is an expert on art as an investment, but he has no paintings in the office, since he feels that they would detract from his wallpaper. At home he has a Brueghel, a Holbein and a Dürer—"nice conservative paintings"—plus a Jackson Pollock.

Early Earnings

Franz Pick was born on July 6, 1898, in Czechoslovakia in a small town north of Prague, of an impoverished family. His early schooling was ecumenical in nature, a few years of Hebrew *cheder*, a few years in a Jesuit school. His father

never went to high school, but managed to leave his son an endowment policy to pay for his education at the university. By the time Pick wanted to use the money, however, the hyper-inflation that followed World War I had made it virtually worthless—this experience was undoubtedly the foundation for Dr. Pick's skepticism of "loose" monetary policies.

Subsequently Pick earned an LL.D from Leipzig University, a Ph.D. from Hamburg University, and is an *agrégé* of the Sorbonne. Having studied under John Maynard Keynes at Cambridge and Charles Rist at the Sorbonne, he was apprenticed in an old-line Paris financial house in the early 1930s. An article he wrote predicting that the French franc, then one of the hardest currencies, would fall from its strong position, got him fired, but the franc did fall and Pick profited. His first long published work, in 1931, was a joint effort with Richard Lewinsohn, *The Psychology of Gambling*, essentially a guide to speculating on the French Bourse.

In 1941, after several years of anti-Nazi activity, as a paymaster for the resistance movements, Pick arrived in the United States and got a job with *Barrons*, the weekly financial magazine of Dow Jones & Company. He left after some months to establish his own business, and started the monthly *World Currency Report*—almost by accident. A Boston stamp dealer asked Pick for the black-market values of various currencies. His two-page reply soon became a regular feature for a small group of philatelists and coin dealers, and before long coverage was expanded to include money-market exchange rates, the markets for precious gems and rare metals, and general financial comments. Today the *Report* numbers several hundred subscribers—at \$25 per monthly copy—a limited but highly influential readership.

Pick's work as a currency consultant started about the same time, when the head of a Chicago bank's foreign-exchange department approached him with a typical problem. One of the bank's clients—the old Press Wireless news agency in Paris—needed funds but couldn't import money because of government regulations. Pick found a fur dealer who had blocked francs which he could not convert to dollars and arranged a marriage of convenience to satisfy both parties. Colonel Robert McCormick of the *Tribune* heard of the arrange-

Gerald Krefetz and Ruth Marossi, financial writers and consultants, are the authors of "Investing Abroad: A Guide to Financial Europe." This article is adapted from a chapter of their next book, on the domestic scene, "The Money Managers," to be published by Harper & Row.

ment and became one of Pick's first clients in the United States.

Today he has clients from all over the globe. His business requires him to be abreast of what is happening in the monetary centers of the world. Thus he logs over 100,000 miles, visiting thirty or forty countries annually, he flies to Europe at least four times a year, Asia twice a year, and Africa or South America about once a year. The Russians have frequently invited him to Moscow to discuss problems of ruble convertibility, and he boasts that "there is not a central banker in the world who will not see me." This familiarity has made it easy for him to collect samples of foreign currencies; all his specimens bear an original ink signature over the government's printed one which validates the bill.

In the course of his work Pick may be faced with problem like these: A religious organization is acquiring property in the Congo for missionary work: where can it buy cheap Congolese francs? A textile exporter to England wants to find out whether he should hedge sterling. A prominent European working through a Swiss holding company wants to buy some Mexican railroad bonds which yield 10.5 per cent: with whom should he deal in order to be sure of secrecy and honesty? A large oil company wishes an evaluation of real estate in currency over a period of years. The Public Administrator of New York City requests Pick's testimony in Surrogate's Court; he wants to block the transfer of an estate to Czechoslovakia because of black market and official market rate differences. A Swiss insurance company has frozen money in Burundi: can it be freed? A Viennese brewer wants Pick to find out the value of his prewar malt holdings for reparations purposes.

Smuggling in the Men's Room

Chasing down gold leaks is one of the constant in Pick's detective work. The Pakistani government, for example, was aware that gold was being smuggled into the country, but it was unable to find the source. Pick traced the entrance point to the Karachi airport. Further investigation disclosed that some pilots from one of the international airlines always visited the lavatory upon arrival but used only certain toilets. The bathroom attendant finally admitted that the selected toilets were especially constructed without floor drains to trap so that they would easily pass the \$132 gold bars thrown into them.

"I advise everyone and anyone," said Pick's doctor, "Pick is fond of nitroglycerine. He compares cur-

rency problems to an appendectomy, saying that the operation is performed the same way in Morocco as it is in New York. Take it or leave it," Pick's fees tend to be substantial. Rates are based strictly on time: \$200 for the first half hour and \$100 for each succeeding half hour for consultation or research. On assignments out of the country for foreign governments, he gets \$1,000 per diem. Only one person has ever bounced a check on him, and his loss through nonpayment of fees is negligible.

During the course of a year Pick holds about a dozen seminars in various financial centers, such as New York, London, and Paris. They are one, two, or three days in length and cost from \$95 to \$225 to attend; a full house means \$12,000 a day. The students are usually highly placed executive, successful speculator, wealthy individuals, and on occasion even government officials. Pick finds most of them totally ignorant of currency theory because even university in the United States teaches economics without reference to the operation of currency. "Pick charges," most teachers of finance are aghast, "it is possible."

Dr. Pick's passion for currency theory is essentially a demand for monetary discipline. He belongs to the old school of economics, and has little regard for the teachings of Lord Keynes. In Pick's message, gold is the center of the universe and he believes that attempts by political regimes to banish gold, substitute an ersatz metal for it, dilute it or deflate it, or forbid their citizens to hold it, can only end in public tragedy.

At first appearance Pick seems unimposing and slight, almost effeminate. With his gentle-tailored look, graying head, and courtly air everyone is addressed as either sir or *madame*; he might easily pass as a mild-mannered, middle-aged professional. But as soon as he starts to discuss currency matters, his face narrows, furrows his eyes, glances his features tense, and the voice rises to clinch the case's monetary arguments.

Probably the greatest hope provided the free world, according to Pick, was to abandon the gold standard, which did indeed stabilize exchange rates and currency value. Before 1914 the French franc sold for 16 francs for a British pound sterling for ninety-three years, and the German mark for thirty-nine. Today, according to Pick, the average life expectancy of a major world currency is about six to eight years. The thirty-three year old dollar, though in reality it is worth less than a third of its 1914 value, is a veritable Mesopotamia of the money world.

When a country abandons gold, the gold standard

spent too much abroad, the amount of domestic currency would fall proportionately as gold was shipped abroad for payment. This in turn would deflate the economy, increase unemployment, lower prices so that they would be competitive with foreign ones, reduce the availability of funds for imports, and finally bring the economy into balance so that exports covered imports. Conversely, an excess of exports would bring additional gold into the country, reverse the above events, and cause an inflation until the nation again sent too much gold overseas. The system, in the words of one economist, "functioned with tolerable efficiency." Many modern economists point out, however, that the gold standard made expansion and contraction of money and credit dependent more on chance than on design. The money supply varied not with the needs of commerce, but with the amount of gold in the world, and the amount of gold depended on new mining finds—a rather unpredictable factor.

United States citizens today must be satisfied with dollar bills, the invention, according to Pick, of "an unemployed printer" named Benjamin Franklin. But in this age of inflation, paper money

continually loses its value; the 1940 dollar is now worth less than 42 cents and it continues to depreciate at a rate of over 3 per cent annually.

Paper moneys used to be fully backed by gold. Today gold is still at the base of our money supply, and the Federal Reserve's power to expand money and credit is limited by law to four times the amount of gold in the Treasury's possession. But the problem of gold assumes more complex proportions because of America's international commitments. Foreign countries holding dollars can redeem them for gold at any time and America's extensive foreign aid, as well as her large military expenditures abroad, have led to an unfavorable balance-of-payments position. As dollar holdings by foreigners increase, there is an ever accelerating drain of gold from the U. S.

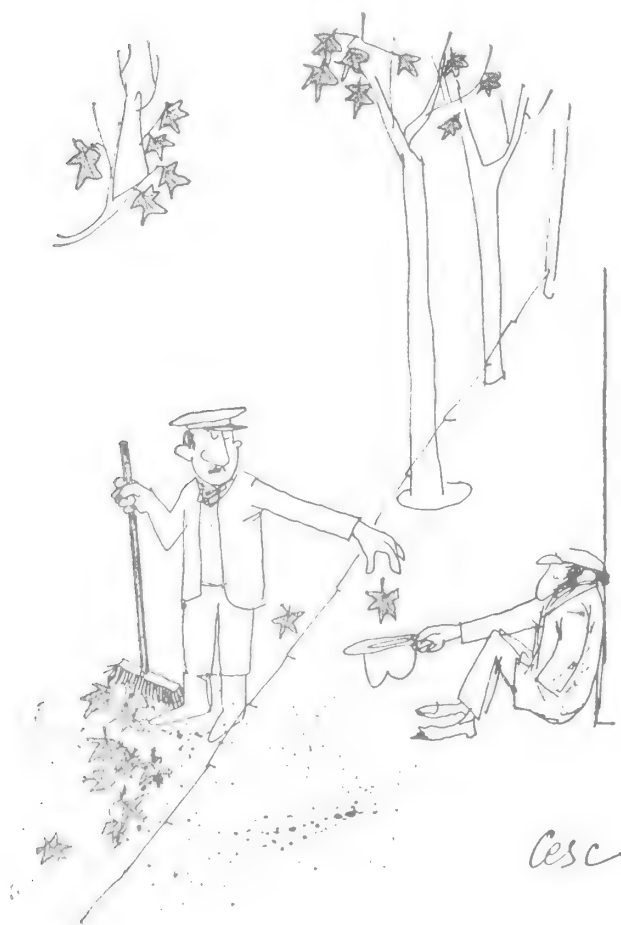
A Drastic Remedy

Since our gold supply cannot continue to dwindle indefinitely, Pick suggests that we consider the "reasonable proposition of France's Jacques Rueff for a worldwide and general devaluation in the form of a simple increase of the gold price by 100 per cent, or from \$35 to \$70 per ounce with conservation of the present par value relationships among various currencies."

All of the thirty-eight books Pick has written deal directly or indirectly with the dollar's health or lack of it. His best-selling study is *The Numbered Account*, which discusses the pros and cons of a secret Swiss bank account in great detail. Another one of his best sellers is *Gold: How and Where to Buy and Hold It*. He publishes all his own works and sells them for substantial sums—usually "30 paper dollars" per copy.

In a series of booklets on the dollar, Pick spells out what steps to take to save the currency from further mismanagement ("we have committed every monetary mistake that can be made") and what he believes to be imminent catastrophe. The first problem is to end the debasement of purchasing power. There are several ways of doing this, but Pick is convinced that deflation is best. (He favors deflation rather than devaluation by the U. S. alone, on the grounds that "in every legal analysis the latter [equals a fraudulent state bankruptcy].") Deflation is a drastic remedy, and one which no politician would willingly advocate if he wanted to be re-elected. Dr. Pick is no politician.

His first step would be to raise the federal discount rate to at least 6 per cent, making the *de facto* bank lending rate 8.5 or 9 per cent. With credit so tight, domestic industrial expansion



would come to a grinding standstill, industry would cut back production, prices would drop sharply in both raw materials and finished goods. Unemployment might well climb to ten or twelve million; the stock market would "run into sharp liquidations" as corporate profits "would be turned into considerable losses." Imports would be cut back sharply, but our export prices would be more competitive with world prices as a whole. Tourism and other travel abroad—a large drain of dollars—would be cut almost to nil as people found that they did not have disposable income. The foreign expansion of U.S. companies, another factor in the dollar drain, would halt, or be cut. Thus "all dangers of new gold losses would be automatically removed."

What about the hardships deflation would entail for the ten or twelve million or more unemployed and their families? "All these hardships if contemplated a few years after . . . [would be] one of the cheapest prices for the . . . return to monetary stability of durable character."

Pick argues for immediate action "because confidence represents nothing more than dormant distrust. And we do not have enough gold sleeping pills to keep it latent much longer." He points at the alarming "disharding" of dollars abroad and the consequent drain on American gold reserves as foreigners pull gold out of the U.S. at an alarming rate. With American gold reserves down to the lowest levels since the 'thirties, and the ratio of gold to currency at 32 per cent—barely above the statutory 25 per cent minimum—Pick's observations have won increased attention from the financial world.

The U.S. Treasury and the Federal Reserve are more than a little aroused by Pick's analyses. A series of Treasury and Commerce Secretaries have praised the strength of the dollar and forecast solutions to its immediate problems. Nevertheless, the deficit in the balance of payments grows inexorably year by year and the dollar continues to lose both strength and respect in the world's markets. Thus Pick accuses Washington of "economic illusions of grandeur." (France, on the other hand, is pursuing grandeur, realistically, by hoarding gold—mostly at the expense of American reserves). Pick further argues that the destiny of every country is tied to its currency. The downfall of each civilization back to Alexander the Great can be traced to the inability of its statesmen to untangle its monetary affairs.

Federal agencies get barbs, arrows, and unsolicited invective from Pick, but individual clients get immensely valuable advice. Because of currency control, inflation, and ill-conceived policies, it is almost impossible, if not illegal, for an Ameri-

can to practice what Pick considers the most difficult of all arts: the conservation of assets. One is faced with a series of options ranging from ineffectual steps totally within the law to incontestable safeguards which contravene the law.

How to Avoid Losing Money

Pick does not advocate breaking the law—he only indicates what one must do to avoid losing money. Those individuals who own gold or propose to buy it will "have to analyze their own ethical backgrounds" for answers, or find them in the "works of St. Thomas Aquinas or a good psychiatrist."

Pick's rationale for his work is straightforward: as long as governments act immorally and hypocritically, he feels ethically obliged to follow his calling. As far back as 1951 he dedicated one of his books "to the more than two billion victims of inflation, who, for obeying the law, have been punished by the law."

As a historian, Pick takes a global view of currencies, examining the ebb and flow of monetary policies throughout the centuries. As a European, his views are certainly colored by that Continent's modern monetary instability, by wild inflations followed by drastic devaluations, by the nationalization of industries which often left shareholders neatly expropriated, and by outright governmental confiscations of savings.

To anyone who has experienced these flights of instability, money seems a much more ephemeral commodity than it does to Americans; America has had its share of economic booms and busts, but in recent years they have been infrequent. To a European, and to many other nationals of countries faced with constant governmental instability, flight capital—gold, diamonds, and perhaps easily portable works of art—gives a measure of security which no paper currency can match. These tangible objects are always redeemable, and more important, they are redeemable anywhere in the civilized world where their owner might suddenly find himself.

Dr. Pick's point of view runs clearly contrary to much of the prevailing economic thinking. But as long as revolution, political upheaval, or general atmospheric disturbance in the monetary cosmos threaten, his advice on the "conservation of assets" will continue to be sought after and followed. It will also no doubt continue to grow more expensive, as the erosion of monetary values forces him to raise prices. His present fees, Pick says, have made him only "medium wealthy."

John Gunther

INSIDE LONDON

*"This stupendous capital is, to my mind,
the greatest city in the world."
Here are the reasons why.*



I fell in love with London at about 4:00 P.M. on a gray silken day in the late spring of 1922, and have been in love with it ever since. I was a student at the University of Chicago at the time, taking my first trip to Europe on a cattle boat. During the long procession of later years I have lived in London for several periods, visited it countless times, and seen it in a good many different moods and stances—during the bleak agony of unemployment in the 'thirties, the prewar interval of national dilemma and hesitation, the heroic war years themselves, and alternating times of depression and exaltation ever since.

The first series of articles I ever wrote for the *Chicago Daily News*, when I was its assistant and extremely junior—London correspondent in 1924, was on the subject "Is London Finished?" This had been ordered by our Chicago editors as a result of some pessimistic remarks on the future of England by an American ambassador of the time. People ask the same kind of silly question today. But London is still there.

This stupendous capital is, to my mind, the greatest city in the world. It isn't as old as Rome, as luminous as Paris, as spectacular as New York, or as big as Tokyo. It has all manner of negative qualities, like the weather (ever seen a true West End Londoner without an umbrella?), its provincialisms (like the licensing hours in pubs), and its archaic preoccupation with class, even in the "lower" classes; nobody can be more of a snob than a true Cockney. Nevertheless, it has grace, durability, style and, above all, formidable weight. It knows what true satisfactions are.

London has changed a good deal in the past few years—in architecture, street scenes, the attitude to Queen and country, food, the look of the people

(it's better, particularly their teeth), political and social structure, urban development, clothes, and youthful folkways. This huge conurbation (a fashionable new British word meaning "the coming together of built-up areas") is not standpat, but distinguished by a lot of taut experimentation. The mood is up.

But first let us glance at this magnificent and copious city in the large, before describing details of what's going on.

London, a triple capital (of England, the United Kingdom, and, in a manner of speaking, the British Commonwealth), has a population slightly over eight million, which puts it second among the world's cities, a bit ahead of New York, but behind Tokyo. The area of Greater London is 620 square miles, almost twice that of New York City (319.8 square miles). The Thames bisects it in a series of loops like an intestine. It contains roughly a third of all taxable value in the British Isles, and holds one-sixth of the total population of Great Britain. One startling statistic is that about 10 per cent of all London births are illegitimate.

I don't know any city which gives such an impact on being approached from the air. The spectacle is solid, immense, and seemingly continuous, particularly at night. Orange beacons, like illuminated pumpkins, mark the long roads and avenues, and smaller lights flash on thousands of lesser streets, and scarcely one is straight. Even the shortest lane seems to have a curve, bend, bow, arc, hook, or jog. This is a city built in the pattern of ellipses, horseshoes, crescents, and parabolas. No rectilinear gridiron encases it.

Nobody knows for sure what the word "London" means. Its earliest inhabitants were Celts. "Llyn-din," a word in the old Celtic language, means "a

fort adjacent to water"; this may have been the origin of Londinium, the Roman name, but most contemporary authorities think not, without being able to offer a better explanation. The city rose where it did, on the banks of the Thames forty miles from its estuary, because this was a convenient strategic location. The site was dominated by two small hills, and here was the first point where the river, which has been nicely described as "liquid history," was narrow enough to be forded or bridged. And the sea, with its pregnant opportunities for trade, was close.

Today this colossus of cities is the third port in the world (after New York and Rotterdam), as well as one of the greatest financial, industrial, mercantile, and trading centers. But it is rich in a good many other respects as well. Few other cities have given so many geographical metaphors to the language—Downing Street, Rotten Row, Fleet Street (which was once a river), Whitehall, Harley Street, Petticoat Lane, Savile Row, and London Bridge, which today is actually falling down—more precisely, slipping further into the muck of the Thames a few inches every year. Names grow into abstractions and become fixed in common speech all over the world—like Sherlock Holmes, Old Vic, Mother of Parliaments, Wimbledon, Mr. Pickwick, Covent (originally "Convent") Garden, Big Ben, Greenwich Time, Scotland Yard.

Then too London folklore is voluminous and is sedulously kept alive. Every night an armed detail, known as a "picquet," of the Guards marches to stand duty at the Bank of England, preceded by a lantern carrier, because this is the way it was in days gone by. Yeomen of the Guard still search ceremoniously for a modern equivalent of Guy Fawkes in the cellars of the House of Lords every time Parliament is convened; this tradition dates from the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. Six pinioned ravens still prowl near the Tower of London, because a medieval legend said that the British imperium would cease to be if the ravens who clung customarily to the Tower ever flew away. The tradition of the ravens has, it turns out, outlived the empire.

London was a socialist metropolis for many

John Gunther's books on continents, countries, and peoples (for example, "Inside Africa" and, the newest, "Inside South America") have been translated into 33 languages. Now he is working on a new series of articles on the great cities of the world (including this report on London). Mr. Gunther's association with this magazine began in October 1929 with an article on "The High Cost of Hoodlums."

years, run by a Labour majority in the municipal administration, although several of the individual boroughs have usually had Conservative governments and the impregnable inner section known as "the City" is an entity strictly on its own. An election in April 1967 brought a Conservative majority to the Greater London Council, a big upset. But, even while the government was socialist, London stood out as one of the world's most indestructible symbols of the power of private commercial interests, private wealth, and private property. Who owns London? This is a vastly complicated subject but it is clear that very large agglutinations of London property are still concentrated in a few individual holdings. The Duke of Westminster owns 300 acres in the Piccadilly area and near Grosvenor Square. Lord Howard of Walden is the owner of 100 acres near Regent's Park. The Bishopric of Ely owns the area near Hatton Gardens, the celebrated diamond market. The City has large properties on Bond Street and elsewhere, and one big businessman is said to own 7,000 apartment houses. Several Oxford Colleges, notably All Souls, derive handsome revenues from their London land. And the Greater London Council's properties make this body the largest landlord in the world.

How to Be Civilized

In today's insufferably crowded and complex world London offers virtually every service. You can buy anything from a secondhand bus to witchballs or, so I have been told, a knife with 1,851 blades. All children are entitled to free milk every day, and about 80 per cent of them take advantage of this. The telephone operator will wake you in the morning if your alarm clock isn't working; and if you are out of change (but possessed of a post-office telephone credit card—issued free to anyone with a phone in his own name), you can telephone on credit from any call box. An exchange called "ASK" is prepared to answer various questions, and by dialing "CHICKEN" you can have a hot meal sent over. Mail is delivered in metropolitan London twice a day, and the efficiency of the postal service puts ours to shame. Ash cans are padded so that they are less noisy.

London fosters the amenities: people take pleasure in the art of living, and men and women of station are expected to be civilized. Theaters open early, so that there is ample time for dinner afterward. You can get into a taxi without breaking your neck, and the back windows of most have a bluish glaze, which blocks the view of peeping

toms. (But, for all its addiction to discretion, London has more publicly known amatory scandals than any comparable city in the world.) Whiskey and gin are only 72 proof, which makes for moderation. (But I have seen plenty of wild London drunks.) London has incredibly vexing confusions as well. Kensington lies on the north side of the river, but is in the districts called Southwest One, Southwest Seven, and West Eight. And there are plenty of non-amenities, such as that the buses and tubes don't run all night, and that people are obliged to stand eternally in queues even for staple foods. Central heat, where it exists, is virtually a joke, and most Londoners have chilblains and suffer actively from the wettish cold during long periods of the year.

London has a splendid patina, respect for law, resolution (recall the Blitz), and good talk at dinner parties, even the stiffest ones. Guests are astonishingly mixed; bitter political opponents may sit side by side. An accomplished hostess will do her best to collar an antediluvian bishop and an avant-garde sculptor at the same party. But—something I don't like—guests are seldom identified or even introduced. Some things I do like are the Londoner's intense regard for punctuality, a hallmark of good manners, and his sense of humor.

Another remarkable distinction of the London area is the Green Belt, which completely encircles the metropolis. This came into being in the late 1930s, and has been zealously maintained ever since. Uniquely among the world's great capitals, London has a surrounding protective *glacis* of green open country, 20 miles wide on the average—no mere ribbon—and covering 842 square miles in all. This has more than 10,000 acres of farmland and is dotted with small country estates; hundreds of tenants have properties ranging from an acre up, all within a metaphorical stone's throw of the urban congestion of the city proper.

Until a few years ago, except for its constellation of majestic public buildings in a limited area, London stood from two to four stories high. This is still true of the metropolis in bulk, but there has been a sharp change in the central regions. St. Paul's, no less, has become encased on three sides by large glass office buildings, and a new concrete skyscraper stands next to Westminster Palace, surging it. Milbank Tower, a new office "tower" classed; new Thames, rises thirty-two sheer than a true Cockney. Never, Victoria Street has been durability, style and, above all, for blocks.

It knows what true satisfactions are, thousands of chimneys flue in a house. London has changed a good deal in the years in architecture, street scenes, the n had extensive to Queen and country, food, the look of the end. These were

mostly blitzed out, but plenty of abominably depressed—and depressing—areas remain, smeary blots on the cityscape. Renovation of these is, however, being pushed hard.

Another change obvious at a glance is what might be called continentalization. The town is full of French, Italians, Spaniards, and you overhear strange accents on the streets—whiffs of exotic languages. Many Central European Jews settled in London after the war. Soon after came a wave of West Indians, and mixed neighborhoods rose in slovenly districts like Notting Hill; London had its first race riot in 1958; there have been none since, but racial tension is a rising problem. Later a new invading swarm arrived—the Cypriotes, who, among other things, have taken over innumerable restaurants usually called Greek.

Food has changed. Gay small restaurants with checkered tablecloths in the French manner have sprung up almost everywhere, and serve exciting continental fare. Hidden in alleys, some look, from the outside, like dungeons; but they gleam within. Waiters are not of the waiter "class"; they wear blue jeans and long hair, and act as if they were sons of the proprietor—maybe they are. Then too coffee shops, "Wimpy Bars," and steak houses have cropped up all over the place. One chain of restaurants is called "Old Kentucky"—a minor instance of the Americanization of London which, in certain spheres, goes on steadily.

Night life has expanded too. London is not a wide-open town and never will be, and the prostitutes have been chased off the streets. But I visited a "club"—in dear old London!—where a girl stripped in the company of a live cheetah.

What are known as "betting" shops have been legal since 1960. Londoners love the horses, and there are more than 16,000 such shops in England now. More than a billion pounds (almost three billion dollars) were spent last year in gambling on football (as in the pools, with fixed odds), greyhounds, and the track.

Even the weather has changed. London has plenty of bad weather still, but real pea-soupers, with the city dead and blind for days on end under greasy yellow billows of acrid fog, seldom occur now. This is largely because of the mandatory use of smokeless fuel, not only by industry but in the city's millions of fireplaces. Of course it still does rain a lot (though not much more than in New York, as a matter of blunt fact). But rain in London doesn't come down in sudden torrential spurts; it makes a steady drizzle that seemingly never stops. The eternal grayness is what makes the city so depressing to many—that and its chill.

There are any number of changes in minor

realms. The best thing to read in London, the personal or "agony" column of the *Times*, appears on the last page instead of the first now that the *Times* has sacrificed page one to news. Decimal currency is on the way, which will necessitate a vastly complicated metamorphosis in vending machines and parking meters. Scarcely anybody wears white tie anymore except at the most rigidly formal functions. You can buy bottled liquor nowadays outside licensing hours. But a good many traditional characteristics have *not* changed. A shirt from a good shop will still last five, six, seven years, and not show a sign of wear. In another field hostesses still proudly display on the mantelpiece the cards of invitation they have received for coming events, even though this is supposed to be a reticent city.

Servants are becoming almost as hard to find as in New York, and taxis are maddeningly scarce in certain districts at certain hours, as they now seem to be everywhere else in the known world. This comes, awkwardly enough, at a period when more and more middle-class Londoners are, for the first time in their lives, able to afford such luxuries as servants and taxicabs. England as a whole is, as everybody knows, in the grip of a severe economic freeze, but—a strange paradox—London gives a good many external signs of being prosperous. Partly this is because unemployment is being held at a minimum.

Loosening the Old School Tie

Coupled with a substantial and perhaps ill-based euphoria is a certain amount of spiritual malaise, particularly among the middle-aged. Indirectly this may be due to the loss of Empire, the departure of the old imperial hegemony, and the blurring of class distinctions. The aristocracy can't afford to live as it once did, which tends to level society off. Young men in fashionable regiments were—only yesterday—subject to stringent rebuke or even dismissal if, after hours, they were caught wearing anything but a bowler hat and stiff white collar, or were seen on a street smoking a cigarette or carrying a bundle. But now the whole social structure has, as a friend of mine put it nicely, "loosened down."

Talent is what counts these days. Nobody gives a damn if you are a "gentleman" or not or what kind of English you speak if you become a success. One indication of all this is that a whole new set of folk heroes has emerged, like the Beatles and the present generation of movie people. Peeresses caught in adulterous beds still get lively headlines,

but the emphasis is on new plebeian talent, which is vigorous and omnipresent.

Finally, more than ever before, London is being constantly fructified by outsiders, particularly from the North—Prime Minister Wilson is a Yorkshireman, and most of today's style specialists, TV executives, newspaper owners, industrial tycoons, and particularly movie stars, come from the outside. Liverpool is the chief spawning ground for this new talent.

We come now to "Swinging London." This is a misnomer, because only a small element of youthful London swings. Most Londoners profess to be bored by the subject, and tend to dismiss it as an aberration. But they cannot deny that the youngsters have given parts of the metropolis a new look, and that London is, as a result, the brightest city in Europe at the moment.

Young people swarm into the pubs and discotheques, dance with mechanical frenzy, and make a place fashionable for a week—then move on to another. They have little interest in public affairs, think that the "angry young men" of the John Osborne epoch are as dated as Moses, and never talk politics, as one said to me, "except to a new acquaintance." They have washed their hands of taking care of the world, or of being the world's bellwether or watchdog. Some who do not live at home have no regular place to sleep and go about with three possessions—a bedroll, a toothbrush, and a guitar—with which they camp on any friend's doorstep.

What mostly distinguishes them is their dress, as a walk down King's Road in Chelsea will amply show. I saw one young man who, I thought, must be an actor who had arrived from some Shakespeare performance without changing his costume—a peach-colored velvet jacket with lace cuffs and sequined pants. But no; this was his "ordinary" wear.

How can the London youngsters afford their evening forays? For one thing, most—both boys and girls—earn quite good salaries for Europe, as much as £18 a week, and, since they are young enough still to be living at home when they "live" anywhere, they have no rent to pay. Girls usually pay their share on a date. Clothes are relatively cheap at the bright new boutiques which are a madly flourishing business all over the place. It is not fashionable to drink much, or to gamble, and this too saves money.

At least four main reasons help account for the rise of the swingers: (1) reaction against the conservatism and conventionality of their parents; (2) an impulse to release after long years of austerity; (3) more earning power; (4) a sense that

the world is doomed and that they might as well have a fling while they can. The whole movement is rooted in protest.

Frightened elders, particularly emigrants from the Continent, are much shocked by this ball-before-Waterloo atmosphere, and even go so far as to say that London today reminds them of Berlin before Hitler, with its insane vortex of corruption. But today's high jinks in London are mild—almost innocent—by comparison. Berlin was vicious, which London is not, and the swingers in their plumage are a sign of vitality, in their own peculiar British way, rather than of decay.

Politics, Not Politicking

Politically, London is of course a creature of the national government. It provides more than a sixth of the total membership of the House of Commons. And the real decision-makers in London are the Home Secretary and the Ministers of Housing and Local Government, Transport, Labour, Power, Social Security, Health, and Public Buildings and Works, responsible to the people of Britain as a whole. But the city also has an extraordinarily complex and elaborate governmental structure of its own.

In the mid-nineteenth century hundreds of London streets had no names; thousands of houses had no numbers. There was no main drainage system, no Thames Embankment to prevent floods. Sewage ran openly into the Serpentine in Hyde Park; noxious gases came out, and London had a serious cholera epidemic as recently as 1860. A makeshift governing body was set up in 1855, however, and in 1888-89 the historic London County Council (LCC) was formed. It administered the metropolis (except for "the City") until 1965. Under the LCC, London became a new entity. A rough analogy would be the transformation of New York City into a new "state" comprising sections of New York State, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

The mood of the advancing LCC was radical and reformist, strongly influenced by the Webbs, Bernard Shaw, and the Fabians. Its second-generation leader, Herbert Morrison, was boss of London virtually single-handed from around 1933 to 1940. A remarkable Cockney, he went on later to hold various high offices of state, including the Foreign Office, and eventually was elevated to the House of Lords as Lord Morrison of Lambeth.

After World War II it became clear that London was growing so fast that it would have to be reorganized. So, following prolonged study, a new

body, the Greater London Council (GLC) was created to replace the LCC in 1964-65. The frontiers of the metropolis were pushed out to an average radius of roughly 20 miles from Charing Cross, instead of five, so that "Greater London" grew to cover 620 square miles as against 117 under the LCC, with a population of more than eight million as against three and a quarter million. New frontiers were drawn, with the whole immense megalopolis divided into 32 new boroughs (there had been 28); since the area was greater, the new boroughs were much larger than the old. But the number of local authorities was cut from 90 to 34 to increase efficiency.

Politics—good old-fashioned party politics—played a considerable role in all this. The transfer from LCC to GLC was worked out during the dying years of the last Conservative government, and Labour spokesmen denounced the process as a Tory plot. Many suburban areas were traditional Conservative strongholds, and adding their votes to metropolitan elections for the new GLC would inevitably dilute the overall Labour vote—so it was assumed. But the first elections for the new GLC were held in 1964, and Labour won.

As extraordinary as anything about London is the fact that scarcely anybody knows the name of its titular head of government. In a manner of speaking he is the equivalent of John Lindsay in New York or Richard J. Daley in Chicago, but officially his title is Chairman of the Greater London Council. His term of office is restricted to a year, and his functions are largely ceremonial—with no politics permitted—a big difference from the practice of most other great cities of the world.

The incumbent when I was in London this spring was the Rt. Hon. Herbert Ferguson, aged sixty-two, who was born in Croydon and is a chartered accountant by profession. Since 1927 he has been associated with a civil-engineering and contracting company—no fancy heritage here, no thought of class. Having joined the Labour party in 1945, he has devoted many years to municipal affairs. Tall, lean, with silver hair, the ruddy cheeks that are a London trademark, and a people's accent, Mr. Ferguson is alert, amiable, and worthy. He took my wife and me to lunch at Royal Festival Hall, the superb concert house which is a proud monument to the municipality. With us came Sir William Hart, formerly an Oxford don and now clerk to the GLC, another tall lean man in his early sixties, with steel-colored hair, an unlined face, and a literate and sophisticated background. He is the permanent administrative arm of the London government under the titular leadership of Mr. Ferguson. They told us that traffic and

housing were their principal preoccupations.

These men—and some 7,000 others—work in County Hall, which squats with solid immensity on the south side of the Thames opposite the Houses of Parliament. The Greater London Council is a kind of Parliament in miniature. Elections held every third year put a hundred councillors and sixteen aldermen into office; the former serve three years, the latter six. The chairman is selected by the council each year from among the aldermen, and represents the majority party, as does the vice chairman. The deputy chairman represents the minority. Together with the clerk, these men are known collectively as the Dais, and—such a contrast to procedures in American cities!—they are *required* to be nonpolitical.

Under the Dais the GLC is, however, conventionally organized, and politics play their traditional role. Municipal legislation is debated and passed much as national legislation is across the river, but normally the council does not meet more than once a fortnight, and an adverse vote cannot force a council government to resign, as is the case in the House of Commons. Another striking difference is that London councillors and aldermen *are not paid*. Only civil servants and administrators receive salaries. The *elected* representatives work for nothing. This is one reason why London politics have always been so clean. There is absolutely no corruption here, if only because the legislators make no money on their jobs.

The GLC has a broad spectrum of functions, from planning on the highest strategic level under the blueprint of the Greater London Development Plan to planting bulbs in 160 parks—a million and a half of these last year. Its annual budget, including education, is £245 million, almost that of Brazil. More than a hundred thousand employees serve it. It maintains 1,127 schools, supervises the main metropolitan water courses, disposes of 470,000,000 gallons of sewage daily, which is a lot of sewage, and censors the movies. Censorship of stage productions is, however, still in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain, an official of the Queen's Household—another example of the extraordinary number of fish in the London fry.

Government in London is, as we should have grasped by now, a multiple and complicated process. It has two main tiers of authority: the GLC and the boroughs. The boroughs, a series of separate "cities," are the constituent parts of the metropolis as Brooklyn and the Bronx are parts of New York City. Altogether autonomous, they maintain a staff almost twice as big as that of the GLC—around 200,000 people. Of course they cooperate with the GLC, and liaison is close.

ANNUAL CHECKUP

by Larry Rubin

And I tire so easily, Doctor. Just reading
A few term papers, or two paltry
Hours telling what I know about
Life and art, God and man, and how
Each is a mirror of the other, or even
A simple spasm of my celibate
Canals, when I have glimpsed the dark side
Of the moon and questioned the chastity I once
Cherished—it's enough to break my back,
Almost; oh yes I've tried the iron shots
And also vitamins, but this anemia
Is so pernicious, nothing seems to help;
Some precious vial of the spirit (a vile
Cliché—forgive me) has been spilled somewhere,
And prayers do seem so pointless. I mean, God
Is dead, and all (I read that somewhere), and all
My mirrors lie—I'm not that gray. The moon
Is coarse and crusted, Luna says, and this
I find depressing. Sometimes my students call
Me "Sir" as if they mean it—is that a sign?
I scribble a little, but who reads poetry
These days? A protein diet—a little sun?
I'll try, but I have dozed in whitest light,
Dreaming of pregnant virgins, the groins of gods.

Some boroughs are very large units—Lambeth has 340,000 people, Wandsworth 335,000. Several are enormously rich, like the "City" of Westminster. Each has its own mayor, aldermen, councillors, and a town clerk, who is the chief administrative officer. He is a permanent official, appointed by the borough council, and he receives a salary. But the mayor, like the chairman of the GLC, gets no pay at all; he serves for a year, and is largely a ceremonial official. The aldermen and councillors, elected for three-year terms, also serve without pay. They volunteer their services, are often dirt-poor, and work for the city in spare time from their regular jobs.

The town clerk of Westminster is a competent, articulate fifty-one-year old Yorkshireman named A. D. Dawtry. I went to see him in his offices in Westminster City Hall, a large smart building on Victoria Street built in the most contemporary glass-and-steel manner. Mr. Dawtry, who is also Secretary of the London Boroughs Association, showed me the expansive brilliant view from his eighteenth-floor windows, and talked about the large scope and range of Westminster's problems, like traffic. The authorities could alleviate the

situation by setting up parking space for 10,000 cars in parks and squares, but they will not give up their precious open spaces. In the race between the man and the machine, man must be served first.

We went up to the twentieth floor—it's still a comparatively novel experience in London to climb so high—and waited in the Lord Mayor's "parlour" (an authentic old London touch) to be received by the Lord Mayor of Westminster. This vigorous personage is A. L. Burton, forty-seven, a Londoner who has been in the furniture business for many years—a middle-class citizen who has risen through merit and represents the modern attitude.

Ports, Parks, and Scotland Yard

Several other instrumentalities play a large role in London, some of which have no direct connection with the GLC or the boroughs at all. London is an extremely abstruse organism—to understate the case.

Consider in passing such bodies as the Port of London, which has jurisdiction over 90 miles of Thameside and operates five huge docking systems, and the London Transport Executive, which handles the movement of millions of citizens daily by bus and underground. Its vast net covers 2,000 square miles. Then there are the Metropolitan Water Board, the Post Office, four different electricity boards, three gas boards, and four metropolitan Regional Hospital Boards. Parks come in four different categories: those most famous, like Hyde Park and Regent's Park, are not run by the municipality at all but by the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works. The Zoo, one of the finest in the world, is operated by a private society. The Crown is represented ceremonially by the Lord Lieutenant of Greater London.

London is probably the only major capital where the municipal authorities have no jurisdiction whatever over the police, an astonishing situation. The Metropolitan Police District, known universally as Scotland Yard, derives its authority from the Home Office, a department of the national government, not the city. The district covers 780 square miles, an area substantially larger than Greater London, and has a personnel of 18,303. Its Criminal Investigation Department operates on national and international levels as well.

I called on Sir Joseph Simpson, the Commissioner and head of the Metropolitan Police Force, in his office at New Scotland Yard, close to Parliament and the river. He is bluff, courteous, and expert.

I can't imagine that anybody can walk into Scotland Yard without a *frisson*. Sir Joseph sat calmly at a big oval desk smoking a pipe. He conveys not merely a note of power and application but of kindness, decency, decorum. A large man with large hands, he stands about six foot three, and has wavy silver hair and a strongly jutting chin and nose—every inch a cop.

I asked him about his career, and he told me that, born in Shropshire, he had joined the police force there in 1931, when he was twenty-one. He has been a policeman ever since and is, with one exception, the first ordinary policeman in the Yard's history to rise to be Commissioner.

The Metropolitan Police District operates on a budget of roughly £45 million a year, half of which is paid by the national Exchequer, half by local taxes. Corruption is unknown. In eight and a half years as Commissioner, Simpson has had to deal with only one minor case of bribery. The crime rate is going up, but it does not reach anything like the level in several American cities. Murders in London have held steady at about 35 a year for a decade. In New York there were 549 murders in 1963, 637 in 1964. But indictable crimes as a whole have increased three and a half times in London in the last few years, and robbery with violence, which Sir Joseph calls "the crime of the day," has gone up 450 per cent. "Violence" does not, however, necessarily mean *armed violence* in British terminology.

Drugs are a mounting problem. A good many youngsters smoke marijuana or take LSD, but, since these drugs are held not to be habit-forming, they are of comparatively small concern. Heroin is another matter. The Commissioner conceded that heroin addiction among the youth has increased alarmingly in recent years, but the number of addicts is minuscule compared to New York. Addicts in London are permitted to buy heroin with a doctor's prescription—this is to keep it off the black market, which induces crime.

The London police, as is well known, do not carry arms except in special circumstances. This has provoked a bitter controversy since the wanton murder of three unarmed policemen by thugs in a London street last year. Scotland Yard authorities in general seem to feel that the old tradition against carrying firearms should be maintained for two reasons: first, if the police carried guns this would encourage criminals to do the same; second, police power should rest on the basis of complete, friendly cooperation with the people.

This is the first of two articles on London by Mr. Gunther. Part II will appear next month.

Harper's Magazine, July 1967

THE YARD

A Story by Charlton Ogburn, Jr.

The men were straggling in through the gate beneath a sky the color of the gray flocs remaining from winter in the river. Estes, the personnel manager, watched from the window beside his desk. He watched impassively and not from interest but to put off the moment when he would take up the day's work. If an expression had crossed his face it would have been one of revulsion. He knew all the men by sight, many of them by name, and a good deal about those who had been on the payroll for any length of time. Part of his job was keeping his eyes and ears open. Increasingly his job seemed to him only a drain down which he was pouring his life, but he did it conscientiously. Where would he be without it?

That hulking figure now going by in the trousers and jacket slick with dirt—that was Worack, John P., he of the scar above the lip, which lifted the corner of his mouth in a fixed, stupid sneer. Recently he had slugged his wife and brought on a miscarriage, but the police, to whom the intern on the case had reported, had had to let him go, in default of charges. Estes, who had called at the house by way of giving the husband a warning, had expected to be hard hit by sympathy for the stricken wife—he should have known better by now—but, sitting up in a sagging bed with her gray-haired hair disheveled and a gray, man's sweater over her nightgown, malevolent little eyes set in a puffy face, she had proved to be every inch a slattern. Her grievances, and they were far-reaching, were not against her lord, who was standing sullenly and uneasily by, but against the Company for not doing right by that dim-witted brute and barely competent welder.

Cassiny, Michael J., who now was passing, was a drinker. Master steam fitter he might be, but his days were numbered. He was acquiring the perpetually flushed complexion and the glistening, slightly bloodshot eyes of the Drunkard, with the capital letter—what today they called an alcoholic. He could not wait till the five o'clock whistle anymore but had to have his nips on the job, beginning in the morning. Estes had given him two warnings and one fine day now would have to knock the chocks out from under him, as he had from under several before him in whom even the union took no interest. That would send him down



the slippery slope that gave no foothold, up which there was no crawling.

Two coming along side by side were Ronney, Arthur L., and Salvan, Joseph Leonard, both electricians. The former was talking, of course, but it was impossible to say whether he was being listened to. Salvan, who was short, held himself tightly together and erect, and seemingly aloof. He was a dresser. Even now, reporting for work, he wore a close-fitting black overcoat, pearl felt hat, and shined shoes. Electricians made good money, but Salvan bore himself with an air of prosperity and authority that his wages would hardly have accounted for. He had been in trouble with the law and even done a six-months' hitch before he came to work for the yard; it had all been a matter of being deceived by some neighbors he had been trying to help, he had explained. Estes, watching from his window or passing between buildings, had seen him in brief colloquy at lunch hour with rather more men, one after another, than the most social disposition would have led him to seek out—and these encounters were so underplayed as to seem hardly to be taking place. There was little question but that the swarthy electrician with his built-up shoes had some kind of gambling operation going on. Estes reflected that he had better crack down before he was called in on it by the Owner, who never missed anything discreditable to anyone. He wondered if he would be asking for trouble—if there were a mob behind the operation.

Ronney, who had the air of a street Arab trying to sell obscene pictures, was a woman chaser. Estes knew his reputation, and with this the sleek softness he had about him was in keeping. He had even features, though with rather much curve of the nostrils, and his small teeth, which he was constantly displaying, were as alike as kernels in an ear of corn. He might have been reared in a harem, and Estes wondered whether his want of aggressive manliness might not explain the success he evidently enjoyed with the objects of his insatiable advances; they might have felt that the liberties he took hardly counted, not much more than the ministrations of a hairdresser.

Once at lunchtime when he was walking by a knot of men to whom Ronney was holding forth one of the listeners had called out to him, "Hey, Mister, get a load of this!" All had looked at him expectantly to see how he would take this forwardness. They treated him with a show of deference in which a touch of mockery was not difficult to discern. Their object was to come as close to impudence as possible without requiring him to take overt cognizance of it. They were like chil-

dren. So, challenged to stay for Ronney's lubricious recital, he stood by, half-waiting to resume his progress across the yard, neither one with the men nor altogether apart, a fixed, faint smile on his lips. If the men had a tightrope to walk in testing him, he had one to walk in responding; he must be neither above himself nor below. Ronney had inched himself forward, as if he would seduce his audience as he did his other prey. The feature of the conquest he described was that it involved sisters whose favors, if he was to be believed, he enjoyed more or less concurrently during an evening of carousal. Estes left with a remark as near noncommittal as he could make it without delivering a snub. He was disgusted, not so much by the facts—part of him was actually envious, which compounded his disgust—as by the graphic detail in which they were served up. What a commentary on human nature that there should be anyone for whom the passing favor of an audience like this should be compensation for the sellout of all reticence and self-respect!

Stedman, Henry, another welder, had the gait—the way of placing the feet, of holding the arms slightly akimbo—of the fastest draw in the West crossing a saloon, conscious of all eyes on him but not deigning to look to either side. Maybe some such fantasy governed his life. But there was nothing in the realm of fantasy about his ugly temper; it smoldered visibly in his clotted face. His fists were real, too. He was dangerous. The other men—and who was he, Estes, to call them cowards?—treated him with a falsely genial and respectful circumspection. Well, someday, and that probably soon, a piece of machinery would fall on our Harry and there would be an end of it.

Dragging along, the last to get in under the bell, was Cuffin, P. G.—he had no first or middle name, only initials. Though a passable painter, he was probably classifiable as a moron. His jaw was unnaturally long, his mouth generally ajar. Estes retained a vivid recollection of having been at a table adjoining his in the cafeteria across the street and having had to move off because of the noise he made as, his face only a few inches above his plate, he had gulped in the stew.

Christ, what a collection!

"Up late again last night?" It was Mrs. Lorkin, personnel secretary, who raised the question. She had just come in.

"Do I look it?"

"You sure don't look very cheerful." She had taken a face towel from her desk and was on her way to the women's room. Pausing by the door, she asked, "Did you lose?"

"You can't win all the time." The stakes were

small and interested him only a little. Poker itself he could take or leave, but the meetings of the fivesome gave him an excuse for getting away from the apartment. There were other ways in which he would have preferred to spend evenings out but no others that would not have provoked Norma's suspicion and reproaches. "You don't care for anything but yourself! I think you despise me! I think you enjoy seeing me suffer!" When she was having one of these seizures she could not control herself. The angry passion in her face contrasted with the miserable twisting of the handkerchief in her hands. She tortured herself with thoughts of other women. He told himself it was some deep psychological insecurity complicated by their lack of children that led to these outbursts, but, if that was it, knowing it did not help much.

"Will we go on with the new pay records?"

Mrs. Lorkin, Estes guessed, was encased in her girdle like a sausage in its skin. Her dress he thought was probably inappropriate; it was short-sleeved (she was one of those women who do not get cold) and tight-fitting and the material had a sheen.

He said he thought they had better. Norma even imagined carryings-on between him and Pearl Lorkin. He wondered what excesses or deficiencies in temperamental makeup would give a man an appetite, as presumably Mr. Lorkin, while alive, had had an appetite, for a woman so devoid of femininity—a matter, he thought, of her rather large, insensitive features and matter-of-fact address. It had been a mistake to mention to Norma, however facetiously, his secretary's habit of edging forward in her chair, which caused her skirt to draw back and expose a section of gartered, mushroom-white thigh above the stocking-top. However, he grew desperate for things to talk to his wife about. She imagined that she hungered for details about his working day but really was not interested. . . . He wished Mrs. Lorkin would not chew gum, which she did audibly, with lips curled back. Any remark about the "tone" of the office would, however, have come with doubtful grace from him since, looking through his desk for a paper one day when he was at home sick, as there was no reason why she should not, she had found three or four salacious paperbacks in the rear of a drawer. "Say, you've got quite a taste in books," she had declared heartily. An economy of speech was characteristic of their communications but he was thrown off balance. "Yeah, I've been wanting to make sure this business is something generally practiced, not just something I dreamed up as a naughty boy."

It was one of his weaknesses, pornography was. One of a number. Another was that he smoked

much—as Norma did not neglect to remind him. He was, when it came down to it, not much of one to be hypercritical of the men—the louts! Maybe it was chronic sourness in the stomach that made him sour in outlook. Or maybe it was the other way around. Anyway, he was going to have to stop swilling so much coffee and cut down on cigarettes. . . . Could he be getting an ulcer, like the Owner? The Owner had reason for one, trying to hold on in a marginal industry while his wife spent whatever it took to keep her head up in society, which must be plenty. Photographs of her appeared in the paper from time to time showing her as a patroness or sponsor of this or that, her smile one of a person exchanging with a rival barbed remarks masked as civilities. The coming-out party for D2, as the plain-looking second daughter was called around the yard, must have cost five grand, Estes guessed.

In a way, he wished he could sympathize with his employer, as he could when he was away for any length of time. When they were together the man got his back up as he did everyone else's. Lean, a little stooped, thin-lipped and sharp-nosed, Mr. Emmett Vance Peabody was a relentless presence, driven, humorless, mistrustful of everyone. "If he wants to know why morale is so low in the yard, let him look to himself," Estes had exploded to the chief designer. "What a way for the head of a company to act—like an old-maid schoolteacher! Into everything, always *at* everybody. You wouldn't believe it if you hadn't seen it, and every day at that. 'I think the paint would take better if we dealt first with the rust spot.' 'If we're a little more careful with molten solder there won't be the danger of its dripping onto the insulation below.' What does he think we have foremen for? And if he wants to keep the foremen from quitting, why doesn't he stop setting them to rights in front of the men? It's not just his pettifogging interference, either. It's that pained, if-I-may-just-make-a-suggestion way of catching you up. 'I know you're busy, Mr. Estes, but on Sunday morning when I was here looking up some correspondence, I happened to notice on your desk a letter a week old with no notation on it of action taken.' He won't meet your eye when he's putting the needle to you. Have you noticed? Only just glances at

Charlton Ogburn, Jr. has written in many fields: for example, "The Marauders" (about an American guerrilla regiment in Burma in World War II), "The Gold of the River Sea" (a novel set in the Amazon valley), "The Winter Beach" (a travel narrative about the Atlantic shore). He is now working on a geological history of the United States for the Smithsonian Library.

you and away, while he's fiddling with something. If nothing wrong comes to his attention he'll keep hunting until he finds something. It kills two birds with one stone. By spending all his waking hours on the job he punishes himself—at bottom he must hate himself. And by ferreting out the lapses of others he demonstrates *their* culpability. He'd like for the world to be one big purgatory."

"Wants to have life an everlasting expiation, eh?" the other said good-humoredly. The chief designer was not one to become aroused over circumstances that gave rise among his fellows to the nursing of grievances or outbreaks of recrimination. He never seemed to consider himself involved—but then Peabody himself did not interfere in the drafting room. A tall man of rather heavily sculptured features and of wide and expressive mouth, Jacobsen neither sought nor rebuffed friendship. In conversation he was responsive, a good listener—sympathetic if on the whole giving little of himself in return. Estes liked to drop by the drafting room to stand for a little beside the table at which he worked. It was not to talk—inevitably he fell silent—but simply to be there as Jacobsen with precise and deliberate movements of his large hands maneuvered the calipers and T square and made his deft delineations. It was Jacobsen then who kept a broken conversation going, drawing his visitor out with questions that, unhurriedly spaced and framed without interruption of the speaker's work, were penetrating without seeming to be obtrusive. Estes fell under a kind of spell. His nerves tingled in response to the other's self-command and the authority of his least consequential actions. Jacobsen had come to terms with life, had achieved an equilibrium, Estes told himself. He did his work and did it well, with the admiration of the draftsmen, and when the day was done he set his hat upon his brow and helped himself into his overcoat as if these motions, like all his others, were in accord with natural laws and departed, for what private life no one knew beyond that he was a widower.

Why, Estes asked himself, did Jacobsen stay on with a second- or third-rate outfit like Peabody and Son (and it had been the son alone for some years now)? There was no scope for talent here; the product was for the most part stereotyped. It bothered Estes that a man like this, one who filled his need for someone to look up to, should have been so wanting in desire to improve his station. And it was at the heart of the magnetism he had for Estes that by appearing impervious to the sordidness of their surroundings he made one feel there was something somewhere, perhaps in a man himself, beyond them, beyond the stained

walls and dingy floors of the offices, the oil-soaked grounds around them, the ugly, corrugated-iron sheds, piles of rusting plate, papers accumulating among the weeds at the base of the link fencing, and pop bottles cast aside by men whose time was too valuable to expend a few seconds of it for a two-cent refund though they would stay out on a costly strike for a two-cent-an-hour wage differential.

Who would have suspected, Estes reflected bitterly, that among the assortment of toughs, debauchees, hoodlums, drunkards, weaklings, and neurotics that peopled the yard, the poised, superior, and self-possessed Walter Jacobsen bore the most malignant blemish of all? Along with horror it was with a stingingly resentful feeling of having been betrayed and abandoned that he heard the news that the chief designer had been found shot to death by his own hand. Why had he done it? The reason probably would never be known. No change had been observed in him. It seemed logical to conclude that with his last child, a daughter, having been married two months earlier he had simply found himself free at last to escape an existence for which he had discovered himself to be unfitted.

That had been only ten days ago, and Estes recoiled from the prospect of the afternoon's business. He needed no further demonstration, let alone an occasion-making one, of what the human race, or his part of it, added up to. But the whole force was to be assembled, to the very last man, and the crowd would have to be faced. R24 was to be sent down at 3:00 P.M. and Mrs. Lorkin had received word from the head office: his presence was required.

With Peabody and Son, a workaday yard, celebrations were the exception, but a movable platform was available when the purchaser wished to do the thing up in style. This was in place and the officiating party gathered on it when Estes made his appearance, hatless but with his coat collar turned up. Mrs. Peabody was there beside her husband in a pink hat and matching woolen coat—it was nominally spring—with her characteristic expression of having bitten into a lemon in circumstances that required her to conceal the fact. With her was a woman in a black caracul coat whose breadth of beam made her diamond-shaped. Presumably she was the wife of the purchaser, the stocky, florid man in the dark homburg whom Mr. Peabody was addressing ingratiatingly and nervously, darting glances at strategic points around them.

Yes, it was she to whom Mr. Peabody presented the pendant, corded bottle, which he had drawn

up to the railing by a string attached to it; she who, in the faint, childish voice her predecessors had taught Estes to expect, pronounced, "I christen thee *Belle Helene*," and then, with a silly throwing movement of her arm, sent the bottle to its foaming destruction against the iron plate of R24's prow.

Well, undeniably there was drama in it as the chocks were knocked free and the hull, looming massively above them, with the twanging snap of tautened cables and the grating wrench of the truck wheels, gave a small, awkward lurch and portentously, as if a portion of a landscape had detached itself and were sinking, began to recede. He had watched it many times before, had seen the towering shape, all at once transubstantiated into something inexplicable as the mere sum of its assembled parts and possessed of independent being, trundled down the ways to sunder the waters in a swirl of currents and, almost like a great bird taking wing, ride buoyantly, free of weight, in its foreordained medium.

He had seen it before, but never in the past with this tightening of the throat. Jacobsen's death had affected him beyond his feeling for Jacobsen—in any case a feeling for others, he reflected, was probably only a feeling for a part of oneself one identified with them. It had brought him into the presence of death itself and left him with a con-

valescent's heightened susceptibilities. For *dust thou art*. . . And then, against all chance, as R24—*Belle Helene*—came around broadside-to in the outgoing tide, straining at her moorings, a rift had opened in the clouds and the sun poured through to flood the glistening ship and the scene around her with the warm radiance of spring. A murmur had escaped the crowd, the assembled yard hands and the principals on the platform, who all stood self-forgetful and as motionless as in the photograph taken at that moment that was to preserve it.

There she stood, the product of the Woracks and Ronneys, Salvans and Cassinys, of Peabody and Jacobsen, and, it was not too much to say, Estes thought, of Mrs. Lorkin and himself. There she stood, already parting the waters at her bow, prosaic enough in her function, an oceangoing towboat and a mere hundred feet overall, yet with nobility in her lines and carriage, pride in her bearing, puzzling by her style and grace the men who had built her. Her head held high, she was stout of heart and conscious, you would have thought, of her destiny to render dauntless and incorruptible fidelity to a trust among the gray wastes of the empty and remorseless seas, responsive to a mysterious and inscrutable idealism. Until the last of the others had departed, Estes remained where he stood, marveling.



Willie Morris

THE BEAR ON MADISON AVENUE

A PROVINCIAL IN NEW YORK, PART II

After three months in New York City, my wife Celia and I were invited to our first full-fledged literary cocktail party, at a large apartment on the Upper West Side. The host, a fellow editor in a publishing house, warned me everyone was going to be there. I looked forward to the event with apprehension and curiosity, for I had heard from good authority that big literary gatherings in New York depended not merely on the wet goods available but on some subtle electric quality in the atmosphere. If this electric quality were present, the normally mean people would be nice, and the normally nice people would be mean, giving the evening the right touch of unexpectedness. I had met literary people before, two or three famous writers on lecture tours at the front lines, an editor or two, but I had never seen the legendary New York literary world *en masse*. During the week I reread *The Web and the Rock*, about literary evenings Esther Jack planned for Tom Wolfe of Asheville, and descriptions of Sherwood Anderson of Clyde, Ohio, in New York, and how Sinclair Lewis of Sauk Center behaved in his first days on the scene, and what Faulkner did on his visits from Lafayette County to the Big Cave. At such confrontations, I again noted, these four were respectively innocent, belligerent, drunk, and aloof.

On the morning of the party Malcolm McGregor, an old political friend from Texas, telephoned that he was unexpectedly in the city. I immediately got the host for the night's party to invite him. McGregor lived in El Paso and had gone to college at Texas Agriculture and Mechanical, where he had majored in animal husbandry. Somewhere during poultry science, however, he discovered books. This event came late in his career at Texas A&M, and he began reading history and literature with a passion that relegated the chickens and mules along these banks of the Brazos to a subsidiary academic role; he gave up the animals for the humanities. While a student in the University of Texas law school, McGregor had been elected

to the state legislature by his hometown banks and big businessmen; the more books he read, however, the more he moved to the left. When he lost his temper in the legislature he would move like a big bear to the front microphone, yelling "point of order" so suddenly and frequently that the parliamentarian actually suffered a heart attack, and in the hospital under sedation kept mumbling, "McGregor, point of order, McGregor, point of order." McGregor was one of the three or four intellectuals in Texas politics; he was a student of El Paso and its environs in much the way Maury Maverick, Jr. was a student of San Antonio. He had attained his knowledge of books and art, his love of ideas, with much difficulty—after an earlier commitment to other, more accessible values. He did not take the intellectual life for granted; he looked upon its various forms open-eyed and with a kind of naïve wonder, with a touch of sadness and of the absurd. When he read a work of fiction, *Invisible Man*, say, or *The Bear*, he read it for its human qualities, to illuminate the passions and the contradictions of his own unpretentious existence. He would talk about some especially marvelous passage with an innocent enthusiasm that would have made the novelist prouder by far of this response than he might have been of the brilliant analytical dissections of a dozen critics. McGregor realized that creativity and intellection extended only so far in this country, and that beyond these were the old rock-ribbed philistinism, the go-getting and the know-nothingism, the embittered boondocks self-righteousness that in the end could always ensnare by their sheer tenacity and pervasiveness the good, the beautiful, and the daring. Hence, he was a realist, a working politician who pursued his own idealism with an everyday wisdom and a very human knowledge of our limitations and his own. I was sure the literati of New York would find him not merely interesting, but a kind of soul mate in the trade.

It was a fine autumn evening, the air crisp and

The Literary Life—complete with Norman Mailer, ideologues, drunks, and bad manners—as perceived by an innocent eye from the Faulkner Country. The second of two excerpts from the author's forthcoming book, "North Toward Home," to be published in the fall by Houghton Mifflin.

clean, the Cave at its best. We drove up Park Avenue in a taxi, looking out at the rich—all furred and tuxedoed—as they emerged from the hotels and the high-rent apartments to begin their Friday evenings, waiting under the broad canopies while the doormen in their purple drum majors' suits blew whistles to attract the cabs and limousines. The leaves from the small trees in the middle of the avenue blew across the pavement, modest swirls and eddies, but nice, nonetheless, for the cultural capital on such an evening. "Hot-damned," McGregor said. "This is class." This was his second trip to New York, and the normal lights and window displays on Park Avenue, he said, were better than Juárez on Pancho Villa's birthday. "You think I'm going to embarrass you?" he asked. "Just don't throw your shoe at anyone," I said, for we had once been to a party in Texas where a politician had thrown his shoe at a political scientist and then, for good measure, dragged the host's refrigerator into the backyard.

The taxi stopped in front of the apartment house, one of those austere blockbuster buildings with brassy lobbies and sleepy doormen in frayed jackets—a Riverside Drive house. On the tenth floor we were warmly greeted by our host and escorted into a huge room, about three-quarters filled with people. Two bars were doing a brisk nine o'clock business. We were introduced in short order to two distinguished literary critics, a well-known editor, and an avant-garde playwright. We stared at each other uncomfortably. Should I try to talk to one of the critics about his *work*? About the great seminal study of his that I had read in 1954, at three in the morning in Brackenridge Hall at the University of Texas, before I knew what *criticism* was? I tried to talk with them, and so did my wife and McGregor, but they did not seem to hold much immediate value in our worth. The four of them talked among themselves, in a fleeting manner, and after a while turned into a semi-circle and ignored us altogether. We retreated to a corner, a little sheepishly, not looking at one another, and gazed out on the party.

After a few seconds I had the distinct impression that everyone was looking at everyone else. A few ideological discussions were taking place, but beyond these I noticed that people were bra-

zenly looking over other people's shoulders to see which groups were where and doing what. Across the room Norman Mailer, frizzly-haired and pugnacious, had launched into a filibuster against which no closure could have been invoked; he was plainly the top attraction of the evening and was holding forth to an assembly of about a dozen people down from Columbia. An *enfant terrible* of New York letters, a beautiful young lady of about thirty who had suddenly become the subject of many conversations in the Cave, wore a brilliant Chinese dress and conversed with a lean and tired-looking novelist, the winner of the National Book Award three years before. Sitting on the floor in front of a sofa, surrounded by several young admirers, a noted man of letters was speaking in a rapid monotone about the criticism of T. S. Eliot. I moved over next to the couch to eavesdrop on the seminar, and to look at the man's great mane of hair; I noticed that the tie he wore with his button-down shirt had not been tucked in, so that it came out over his collar rather than inside it; I would not tell him of this, however. The host, seeing our isolation, led us over to a famous art critic and a young editor of one of the literary quarterlies, a distinguished journal which had gone through more ideological contortions than Uncle Earl Long sipping whiskey from a Coca-Cola bottle while speaking to the joint session of the Louisiana Legislature. We were introduced as new arrivals from Texas, but much as we tried there were no courtesies, merely a frosty politeness. The art critic and the brilliant young editor, after a decent silence, went back to their conversation, recalling for me the time an American Rhodes Scholar on his first day in New College had walked up to an aristocratic English undergraduate and said, "I'm Dick Burtis from America," the Englishman saying, "Really?" There was a brief moment of common jubilation, when Jules Feiffer attempted to walk out onto the terrace, not realizing there was a glass door separating him from his destination. Then the gathering settled down again into its slightly drunken intensities.

I decided to go it alone. I wandered about the room listening in on the talk, recognizing some writer or professor or critic from photographs on book jackets or from the educational television

channel. A bomb in the center of the room. I knew, would wipe out the cream of Eastern letters. Occasionally I spotted some editor I had met previously in the city, in the line of work; he would nod, rather vaguely, I thought. Our indefatigable host again gathered my wife and me together, and took us by the arm to a well-known lady writer, one of the more caustic of the critics for one of the famous reviews just then getting started. I had "lunched" with her a couple of months before, and I noticed she was talking heatedly with an American historian, one of my true heroes. "Ah, yes," she said, looking away for a moment, "Mississippi . . . Texas . . . am I right?" I complimented her memory. "*Harper's*, isn't it? And how do you like it *there*?" with a curt edge on the word *there*. And when she and the historian started up again, once more my wife and I found ourselves moving toward a neutral corner. I waved across the room at an editor who had interviewed me my first day in New York; he looked me over closely and returned a faint gesture of the right hand, wiggling his little finger before turning away. "Let's go home," my wife said.

Suddenly, out of the cigarette mist, McGregor loomed, leaning against the wall by himself, drinking bourbon from a beer glass. We went over to him. "How're you doing, McGregor?" I asked.

"This is the first team," he said. "I feel like a stalk of green corn wavin' in the breeze."

"What do you mean?"

"I try to talk politics, and I've told two or three stories, but nothing happens. This man over here," he said, pointing to a figure in the middle of a scrimmage, "said to me, 'El Paso. *My God!*' We've been here forty-five minutes and I've pulled three faux pas. I even told Norman Mailer how much I liked *From Here to Eternity*."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'So does James Jones.'"

"Let's go home," my wife said.

We sneaked down the hall, out the door, and into the elevator.

"Well, what did you *expect*?" I asked, when we were outside on Riverside Drive, more to myself than to the others. McGregor said, hell, he didn't know what to expect, and so expected nothing. My wife said she expected a little more common *civility*. We had come from different backgrounds, from other and different places, but we did not exist except on their own terms. Such was their milieu, they were willing to have no surprises and to countenance none. She was getting angry. "It was the first team, all right," McGregor repeated. Then we were silent. The taxi sped down the long hill of upper Riverside in a smoggy evening's fog. From the Hudson there was the echo of a boat's horn, far away down the river. In our apartment we talked about people and places we knew and cared for and tried to dismiss the evening, but



"Oh look! More fun people!"

we were all, I knew, a little hurt. Then we ended up direct-dialing seven different people in Texas, Louisiana, and North Carolina.

II

One soon fell into the pattern of that most intransigent of the Big Cave's institutions, the "business lunch." Here all the aspects of one's trade were negotiated and refined. Sitting in some cramped restaurant in the East Thirties, you would mix the business and social amenities with a fine deliberation; it had taken me months to function in this institution. Worst of all were the days you were trapped with some hopeless bore or charlatan; the talk would run out, I would feel the sweat all over my face, and I would just gaze at the wall or the floor, embarrassed by the long and dreadful silences. Then I would start itching all over, and squirm around in my chair, and pray to some anthropomorphic Methodist deity that the next twenty minutes were over and done with.

One day my luncheon companion, a sociological writer from Washington, began the conversation by saying, "What I'd like to do in this article is explore the fluid contexts of the interrelations between the various power centers involved in some of the more pressing parallel concepts of public welfare."

"Could you be a little more specific?" I asked.

"Well, all these things are coming to fruition. There's a lot going on. But we haven't yet had the kind of public dialogue in depth which encourages all the interrelated interests, I mean *all* of them, toward some sort of genuine political fluidity."

"Fluidity of what?"

"Fluidity of *thought*—thought that mirrors the fluctuating bases of this generation. Up till now we've been positive without being futuristic, negative without being retrospective. Your publication would be doing a great service to provide real insights, both tangential and core insights, into the nature of these politico-social, if I may call them so, oscillations."

"What oscillations?" I asked. By now I was getting perturbed, and the clam chowder had not even arrived.

"Look," my companion said, "let me put it this way. A student of Confucius once pointed to a flag and said, 'See how the flag flaps in the breeze?' And Confucius said, 'Only the mind flaps.' The structural changes under the social surfaces in this country are not the realities that are flapping. It's *we*, and we must move on that assumption, theoretical or otherwise."

"It's obvious something's flapping," I said.

The man stared at me in dismay, and we ate the

clam chowder during an uneasy cease-fire. Then the talk started up again, in a great inevitable flow, over the corned-beef hash. Finally the happy moment came, and I staggered back to my office, to the wonderful isolation of silence and the sports pages of the *Times*. On other days after lunches such as this, I might reach for my copy of Marianne Moore and read:

Too stern an intellectual emphasis upon this
quality or that detracts from one's enjoyment.
It must not wish to disarm anything; nor may the
approved triumph easily be honored
that which is great because something else is
small.

It comes to this; of whatever sort it is,
it must be "lit with piercing glances into the
life of things";
it must acknowledge the spiritual forces which
have made it.

Sometimes I would have lunch alone, and sit in the same restaurants overhearing the business conversations at adjoining tables. On these days, when the conversations were audible, I would feel the sorriest for the human race, for there were lines of work people pursued, and pursued with an enthusiastic gratification, that confounded even the most dog-eared sensibilities. I once overheard a forty-five-minute dialogue among three executives who manufactured toilet-paper dispensers. Over their third martini one of them prognosticated, "Gentlemen, you may think I'm mad, but mark these words: *by 1970 Chicago is going to be our biggest market.*" On other occasions in the restaurants of the East Thirties I listened to executives engaged in the making of calendars, hair curlers, and peanut butter, and public-relations men representing thumbtack salesmen, roach-spray advertisers, and underarm-deodorant manufacturers. From these I came away feeling that with the proper philosophical commitment, and if the structural oscillations and interrelational fluidities were right, a man could sell anything in America.

Some days, after a business lunch in some dark and airless restaurant of the Cave, I would emerge coffee-logged into the smoggish glare and noise of Madison Avenue. On the walks back to my office I would be suddenly haunted by, of all the writers I had read, Faulkner, by his human beings, by the torrential flow of his prose, by the places he had written of that I had once known:

Soon now they would enter the Delta. The sensation was familiar to [him]. It had been renewed like this each last week in November for more than fifty years—the last hill, at the foot of which the rich unbroken alluvial flatness began as the sea began at the base of its cliffs,

dissolving away beneath the unhurried November rain as the sea itself would dissolve away.

*

"Old man," she said, "have you lived so long and forgotten so much that you don't remember anything you ever knew or felt or even heard about love?"

*

... for seven years now he had run his plow and harrow and planter within the very shadow of the levee on which he now stood, but this profound deep whisper which came from the further side of it he did not at once recognize. He stopped. . . .

"What's that?" the convict said. A Negro man squatting before the nearest fire answered him:

"Dat's him. Dat's de Ole Man."

... it did not emerge, appear: it was just there, immobile, fixed in the green and windless noon's hot dappling, not as big as he had dreamed it but as big as he had expected, bigger, dimensionless against the dappled obscurity, looking at him. Then it moved.

It was the old Bear who took hold of my fantasies as I walked down Madison Avenue, obliterating the business lunches and the dispenser salesmen. The terrible reduction in humanity, the narrow scope of this life whose words meant such senseless grasping for the race—or worse, nothing for it—brought back the image of the Bear for me—"solitary, indomitable, and alone; widowed, childless, and absolved of mortality," indestructible in the woods and swamps, too large and mythic for the mechanical terrors of Madison Avenue. I wanted to see him walking up the dead center of the street, flaying his crooked foot at an obnoxious truck driver, ripping down street signs, breaking restaurant windows, chasing the horrified junior executives and PR men straight up Madison and into Altman's, and then watch with the same admiration of young Ike McCaslin as the Bear "faded, sank back into the wilderness without motion as he had watched a fish, a huge old bass, sink back into the dark depths of its pool and vanish without even any movements of its fins." Such were one's daydreams after lunchtime in the Cave.

III

Most of all there were the visitations from my own past, my own *déjà vu*, for I found that the city in its frantic present thrust one backward into himself as no other place where I had lived. My son one day made fun of my Southern accent, and I knew some irretrievable geographic turn had been made. The city obsessed me with the unexpected memory of things I had long forgotten,

with old voices, with the indistinct faces of the dead, with the lazy angling motion my father used in batting an outfield fly, with the leafy smells of Jefferson Street in Jackson when I was a child, with the grind and sizzle of the red water truck in Yazoo a quarter of a century ago.

And always there were the Negroes, the white Southerner's awareness of them—their voices and expressions and gestures. I became attracted to the multiracial scene on upper Broadway, which recalled for me as no other street in America the Saturday nights on Main Street in Yazoo. Everywhere there was the sound of Southern Negro accents, the same words and inflections, the loose gestures and shouts of recognition—tangible reminders of the great migrations of our time northward. Standing on Broadway in the Nineties on some warm Saturday night a Southern boy could shut his eyes and, like a fragment in some crazy Fellini film, he would be home again, outside of Tommy Norman's or Nelson's Red Front Department Store, eavesdropping as he had as a child on the wild Delta talk.

Always the Negroes: and from the headlines the image of Meredith crawling across the highway south of Memphis, or the Negro child with the broken leg being beaten by the mob in front of the school in Grenada, or the deputy sheriffs cheering on the mob in Neshoba. Nothing could blur these images, not Watts nor Harlem, not even the realization that in the 1960s the assignation of regional guilt was each day becoming a more subtle and complex question; they remained with me not in righteousness, but in simple horror; they obsessed me not merely on their own terms but out of the agonies I had seen in my own past. *I had seen them all before on the River*, Twain had said; these images were a part of me; I could not say I was innocent of them.

There were many other things I had seen and known so often before—the virulent racism of the New York cab drivers, who might give the red-necks in Mississippi a lesson in hate. "I hate niggers," one of them told me. "I hate niggers so much I can't sleep good at night."

One rainy night my wild, uninhibited friend Larry L. King, the Texas novelist and political writer, and I were riding in a cab from Greenwich Village to the Upper West Side. The driver said, "It's good you're not niggers, or I wouldn't have stopped." My mind was elsewhere, but King listened solemnly as the driver launched into a broadside against "nigger brains, nigger noses, nigger character." He was engaging in a full-scale filibuster. "And I'll tell you something else," he said, "nigger men sleep with their daughters."

"You're full of bullshit," King said.

"What's that?" the driver asked, not expecting this from King's Southern accent.

"You don't know what you're talking about. You're full of shit."

This got me into the conversation. "What's your race and religion?" I asked.

"I'm Jewish," the driver said, "and I hate these black niggers."

King was getting mad. "Some people hate Jews the way you hate niggers," he shouted. "Why're you so full of hate, man?"

"Because they're taking over the goddamned city. They're taking over the *country*. That Martin Luther Coon is a demagogue."

"So are you, buddy," King said. By now he was shaking. When two converted Southern boys have right on their side and have a man cornered there are no limits to our rages; we are accustomed to being outnumbered.

"Coon is a Communist!" the driver yelled.

At this juncture I heard *myself* shouting. "We're Southern boys. We've lived with hate all our lives, and we're *goddamned* sick of it!"

Then King yelled, "And we're sick and goddamned tired of you Yankee cab drivers knockin' our colored people! I've known niggers smarter than you and three times as good lookin'. When you knock colored people, you're knockin' us too. We all come from the same place."

"And we're *related*," I added.

King leaned over and shook his fist in the driver's face. By now the man was in noticeable distress. He trembled with rage, but the sight of my companion's bedraggled beard and beady eye, and my own visible anger, subdued him considerably. When he let us out at our destination King stuck his head through the window, handed the man a penny tip, and whispered, "*Racist!*"

IV

Often, in the city, one encountered an *unexpected* racial madness—the ironies lurking under the epidermis, the old terrors leaping suddenly at the touch—so that even a Southerner accustomed to quick and passionate insanities might be taken by surprise, and respond unpredictably and without the code.

One evening my wife and I were at a small cocktail party. There was a book editor there whom we knew; he introduced us to his secretary, a handsome young German girl of about twenty-seven who spoke four languages and did translations. She had lived in the Cave for just over a year, she said; she had come full of excitement but she had been disappointed. No one gave a damn

for anyone else, she said. She was very lonely and without friends, and she had decided to return to Germany the following summer. This was the sort of anguish I understood, this loneliness and disaffection in the cultural capital, particularly since she spoke of them with such intelligence and cosmopolitan sophistication. She was a lovely girl who was homesick; had my heart not gone out to her I would likely have consulted a cardiologist. "Why don't you come and have dinner with us tonight?" I asked. She accepted.

We returned to our apartment, and we drank martinis and continued the conversation. She explored the subways and the noise and the violence, the transportation strike and the junkies and the night all the lights went out. We agreed with her, for perfunctory assent to such discouragement is one of the social formulas in the city. I sat there ruminating on these things, and my own curious experiences with them, only half-listening to her as she continued in her rich Teutonic accent.

"The Jews," she said, "the New York *Jews*, they aren't as bad as the Jews in Germany. German Jews are much dirtier. They're the worst people I ever saw. The New York Jews aren't as despicable. But they're more ambitious; I think they're *crueler*."

"What's that?" I asked.

"The Jews in New York. They're more ambitious and more cruel. They're more money-hungry. But I can still get along with them better than the Jews in Germany." She continued in much the same vein, citing an example here and there. "I suppose I feel uneasy around Jews," she said. "I've never cared for them, and I can't really trust them."

I paused for a moment, tempted to change the subject. I had never cared for lectures, or for sticky condescension, but I could not help myself.

"I think I've seen too many documentaries," I said. "It gets to me to hear talk like that in a German accent."

"Why does it?" she asked.

"It gives me a bad sensation."

"I'm sorry. It just happens to be the way I feel."

"I don't mean to be righteous. I come from the most brutal part of America. I know what racism is. But what Germany had done in the name of the things you're talking about makes the South a paradise by comparison."

"I didn't do them."

"I didn't do what the South has done, but I can't dismiss that they were done."

"So," she said, in a kind of whisper. "Where do we go from here?"

"I've never done this before in my life," I said.

"But I'm going to ask you to leave. I'm sorry."

"Do you mean it?" the girl asked. She fumbled for her gloves and looked down at the floor. From the kitchen my wife was listening.

"I'm afraid I do."

I helped her with her coat and went outside with her to hail a cab. We stood on the street corner in silence. "I'm sorry," I said again, as she got in the taxi. She looked away and said nothing.

It is a comment on the tenacity of regional stereotypes, of one's regional narcissisms, that I felt a terrible remorse. I worried that I had indulged in a horrible exercise in bad temper and prep-school self-righteousness. The act of my booting that girl out of my apartment haunted me for days, even after my friend and fellow Southern exile Bill Styron, on hearing my description of it, said, "You should have kicked her out on her ass and kept your shoe for a souvenir."

Shortly after this incident a friend and contemporary of mine from Mississippi, a gentlemanly young lawyer and politician with a Princeton degree, came to the Cave on a visit. I told him of the confrontation with the German girl. "You mean you invited her out of your house?" he exclaimed. I said yes. He sat on the edge of his chair for a moment and then, ponderously, he began shaking his head. "That's just not done. I never heard of such a thing. You did *wrong*." For an instant his judgment played on my own feelings of vulnerability. Then I got mad as hell—at false chivalry, at empty gentlemanliness, at the old ritualistic forms that I had grown up with and that still suffused me out of mere force of habit. "To hell with you and your good manners!" I shouted at my companion. "They're as hypocritical as the *Southern Baptist Church*." Then a cold and impenetrable Mississippi silence fell between us.

V

On the hundredth anniversary of Appomattox, *Harper's* published a special issue on the South of the 1960s. I had persuaded two of the contributors, C. Vann Woodward and William Styron, to come down from Connecticut to New York to appear with me on several radio interview programs.

There was no historian in America whose work I admired more than Vann Woodward's. He had come from a small town in Arkansas, and now he occupied a distinguished chair in American history at Yale. He had been mentor, guide, and spokesman for a whole generation of uprooted young Southern intellectuals. As a human being he was, in the most legitimate way, someone to emulate. The humanity and honesty of his point of view,

his humility before his own intelligence and before history, his lack of dogma and rhetoric, his great patience and tolerance of others both personally and intellectually—all these qualities in a man of strong conviction and intellectual courage contrasted sharply with much of the abrasiveness I had encountered in the East. He was a gentleman, in the deepest and best way. For myself, trying with considerable tribulation to remain true in the Big Cave to some honest sense of identity, his work had much in it that demanded heeding.

I had often suspected that, much as Faulkner had claimed to be a failed poet who had turned to the novel with the power of poetry in mind, Woodward was, in the best sense, a failed novelist, who brought to his brilliant histories—*The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, *Reunion and Reaction*, *Tom Watson*, *Origins of the New South*—the great narrative strength, the natural genius for the American language of the creative artist.

Woodward's essays, especially his collection *The Burden of Southern History*, were my favorites. In these, out of the "chaos and irony of history," he used more than the credentials of a great scholar and historian; in what I took to be both historical scholarship and acts of the creative imagination he addressed himself to many of the problems of consciousness besetting Americans of our day, especially but not exclusively Southern-Americans. He quoted Ellen Glasgow's posthumous autobiography, but I knew he was speaking also of himself: "I had been born with an intimate feeling for the spirit of the past, and the lingering poetry of time and place." He did not seek to overlook the old scars, the monuments of the South's distinctiveness that were now disappearing; far from it. To seek identity in our faults, he said, was always easiest, for whatever reservations the South's critics had about our virtues, they had not been reluctant in conceding us our vices. At the same time, while the myths of Southern distinctiveness had been on the wane, the national myths had been growing more powerful and appealing. The danger, he wrote, "in the wholesale rejection of the South by the modern Southerner bent on reaffirming his Americanism is the danger of reaffirming more than he bargains for."

He wrote of the national self-image of innocence and moral complacency. The Southerner's preoccupation, on the other hand, was not with innocence but with guilt, not with the ideal of perfection but with the reality of evil. The Southerner's experience with evil and tragedy are as impossible to reconcile with the national myth of innocence and social felicity as the experience of defeat and poverty are to reconcile with the American myths

of success and plenty. Amidst the "great assimilation" of modern America, two large minorities had remained as outsiders, the oldest and (with the exception of the Indians only) the most indigenously American minorities of all. Both were here before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock—the most durable of the "hyphenates"—"the Southern-Americans and their ancient contemporaries, the Negro-Americans." And a certain stigma was attached to being both.

The shattering of the South's dreams, the frustrations and failures of its history, the lessons of living for decades with a great human wrong, with a quite un-American poverty and submission, could not be fit into any theory of divine providence. To Woodward these realities had provided Southerners with a different point of view from which they might, if they would, "judge and understand their own history and American history, and from which to view the ironic plight of modern America."

I had also been an admirer of Styron's fiction, especially *Lie Down in Darkness*, which I had always considered the finest of the postwar American novels. This book had caused Malcolm McGregor such emotional pain that he could not finish the last fifty pages; another friend in Texas had bought thirty or forty copies just to give away to acquaintances; and still another member of the burgeoning Southwestern literati had tried, with the encouragement of several shots of Old Crow, to telephone the author long-distance on the occasion of Peyton Loftis' birthday. Styron was a Virginian, from Newport News; at Davidson College, North Carolina, he had a roommate who was destined to become Sheriff of Bolivar County, Mississippi. Later, yet another roommate—from Duke—was fated, in 1966, to be elected the first Republican Governor of Florida since 1872, on a platform almost as reactionary in spirit as the Reichstag fire.

Styron had been fired as a young man from a lowly position in a publishing firm in New York for blowing up balloons and letting them out the window, where they promptly blew back into the office window of a senior editor. He had strongly advised his firm, before the balloon scandal, to turn down *Kon-Tiki*. "Who wants to read about these scrubby Norwegians crossing the ocean in a dirty little boat?" he had argued. Later, at the age of twenty-four, he had written *Lie Down in Darkness* while living on government-surplus canned goods (marked "certified edible" on the labels) in an old brownstone in the West Eighties. His poet's sense of ruin, guilt, and tragedy, his extraordinary structural genius for the progres-

sion of time in a work of fiction, gave Styron his own particular vision as an artist.

Now he was living in Roxbury, Connecticut, with his wife Rose, a rare and beautiful girl from Baltimore, in a big house that had once headquartered the Russian government-in-exile. He was finishing his ambitious and deeply understanding novel based on the Nat Turner slave rebellion in 1831; this book would be a moral act, an act of courage, on Styron's part, for in dealing with Turner in the first person, on the level of his own artist's sensibility, Styron was taking one of the biggest risks in contemporary American fiction. The essay he had done for *Harper's*, a magnificent piece of writing called *This Quiet Dust*, was a description of his writer's obsession with Turner, "that dim and prodigious black man" who alone in the history of American slave uprisings achieved a certain triumph. He had gone back to Virginia to trace the landmarks of the rebellion. Driving around Southampton County with the Sheriff, who knew all the old back roads and was, of course, perfectly aware of Nat Turner's identity, Styron had listened with mounting disappointment as his host queried various citizens of the county, white and Negro, as to who Nat Turner was. The Sheriff found the country people's ignorance irresistible, and he kept asking slyly, "You heard about old Nat Turner, ain't you?" No one had, although an operator of a service station identified him as a celebrated old race-horse.

On the day of the radio interviews, Woodward, Styron, and I met at a big radio station near City Hall. Here we were interviewed about the South, about race, about guilt, about demagogues, about the civil-rights movement, and about ourselves. This was the pattern throughout the day, as we moved from one Manhattan radio station to another—to dissect, analyze, criticize, specify, defend, illuminate, and speculate upon our common region. We were interviewed by beatnik disk jockeys, news commentators, entertainers, and one announcer who sold tea. We were on the air citywide and coast-to-coast. We were piped into Canada and our servicemen may have heard us around the world. Why is the South the way it is? we were asked. Where does it head from here? Would you venture to make a prediction? What are your *true* feelings about the place? When an interviewer asked me, "How did you get liberated?" I was so taken by surprise that I replied, "I'm not. I'm still tryin'." Over martinis at lunch that day, Woodward told us stories about the March on Montgomery, which he had just participated in; at one point he and several fellow historians had gathered in a circle

and given three cheers for Martin Luther King. "There we were," Woodward said, "walking down that highway to Montgomery. I looked over to the side of the road, and I saw the rednecks lined up, hate all over their faces, distrust and misunderstanding in their eyes. And I'll have to admit something. A little part of me was there with 'em."

There were two interviews to go, and we got up from lunch to leave. "I'm tired of talking about the South," Styron said. "Let's talk about something else next time."

"Let's talk about the North," Woodward said.

"Let's talk about the New York subways," Styron said.

"I'd just as soon talk about Westchester County," I suggested.

As we walked up Park Avenue in the Fifties to the next engagement, the traffic was snarled, hopelessly and for miles. The sidewalks were crowded with office workers returning from the lunch hour; one practically had to stand in line before making any progress northward. I was in one of my Bear moods, and I thought of the haunting lines from Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial*, which were the inscription at the beginning of Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*. I had once memorized them and on this mild spring afternoon they came back in a great rush: "*And since death must be the Lucina*

of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes..." At that instant I was almost clipped by a taxicab, and the driver stuck his head out and yelled, "Aincha got eyes in that head, ya bum?" Woodward was caught on the traffic island in the middle of Park. "Come on, country boys!" he yelled. "Haven't you ever been in the big city before?" ... "*... since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.*" "What does that passage from *Urn Burial* mean?" I asked Styron, as we waited for the light. "I like the sound of the words, but I'm not sure what he means."

"Well, to me he means we're all in it together, and we're all in for a pretty tough time," Styron said.

"You're the slowest country boys I ever saw," Woodward said, when we joined him on the traffic island.

A few pedestrians, stranded there along with us, smiled among themselves, and two or three of them laughed, with a noticeable touch of condescension.

O THE NIGHT OF THE WEEPING CHILDREN!

by Nelly Sachs

O the night of the weeping children!
O the night of the children branded for death!
Sleep may not enter here.
Terrible nursemaids
Have usurped the place of mothers,
Have tautened their tendons with the false death,
Sow it on to the walls and into the beams—
Everywhere it is hatched in the nests of horror.
Instead of mother's milk panic suckles those little ones.

Yesterday Mother still drew
Sleep toward them like a white moon,
There was the doll with cheeks derouged by kisses
In one arm,
The stuffed pet, already
Brought to life by love,
In the other
Now blows the wind of dying,
Blows the shifts over the hair
That no one will comb again.

Translated by Michael Hamburger
From "O the Chimneys," *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, Fall 1967

Harper's Magazine, July 1967

HEARTY WELCOME TO PHIL AND ADELE				JUNE 12 BAT DAY			
NEXT WEEK HAPPY BIRTHDAY UMP'S				AFTER THE BALL			
OOPS				NATIONAL LEAGUE			
ARS LONGA VITA BREVIS							
TA TA TA TA TA TA							
FAIR AND CLOUDY							
BATTING AVERAGE 253							
STRIKES BALLS HITS ERRORS							
123 456 789 R H E							
METROS 000 000 000							
VISITORS 000 520 164							
				HOME RUN 2B 3B 1B			

Charles Einstein

THE NEW BREED OF BASEBALL FAN



How television, togetherness, and mass marketing techniques are sandpapering the rough edges off what was once the most disrespectful of all sports crowds.

A half-dozen years ago, it was Frank Secory's birthday. On the night in question Secory was working before an audience of some fifty thousand at the Los Angeles Coliseum, and Vince Scully, the courtly Dodger broadcaster, found himself wondering how many people, in simple justice, ever say happy birthday to an umpire. A moment or two later, as Secory bent in full majesty to dust home plate with his whiskbroom, an incredible cry—*Happy Birthday, Frank!*—rolled full-throated upon him from thousands of voices in the stands.

"I thought he was going to have a heart attack," Scully said afterwards. "I had to promise myself never to do that again." What he had done, simply, was to urge his radio listeners in the ball park to congratulate Secory on the count of three; and so they did. It was a passing incident, but one that might serve to symbolize the new breed of baseball fan, nourished by the television tube, the antic scoreboard, and—in Secory's case—the transistor radio. Time was when no self-respecting Dodger fan would be caught dead toting a radio to the ball park. Nowadays, in Vince Scully's estimate, one out of every eight Dodger spectators packs a transistor tuned to the play-by-play, and the practice is not limited to Los Angeles.

It's true, of course, that certain outposts of empire die hard. In Philadelphia, where the Shibe Park fans are notorious for achieving all known heights of disrespect—even to booing Herbert Hoover when he was President—felicitations to the umpire still are delivered in the form of empty beer cans (the record does not disclose whether Frank Secory ever toiled there on his birthday, and it is just as well). By and large, however, the era of the New Fan has taken hold. It has been conditioned not only by electronic media, but by the map of baseball itself, which—unchanged in its major-league pattern into the second half of this century—suddenly began spitting out new franchises like a Roman candle. There followed an orgy of stadium construction, typified by huge tape-fed scoreboards which shoot real fireworks, conduct mass sing-alongs, portray profiles of players in living color, criticize umpires, and give batting averages, won-and-lost records, and, *in extremis*, the score. These pleasure domes have actually gone up faster than the major leagues have expanded—the new baseball park at Oakland has everything except a tenant or any immediate prospect of getting one—to the point where San Francisco's Candlestick Park may find itself, within ten short years of its completion in 1960, the

oldest park in the National League. Putting it another way, Willie Mays in 1966 established what may be a curious all-time record, hitting home runs in eleven parks in a ten-team league, an oddity made possible by the fact that St. Louis changed parks in mid-season, from old to new, and Mays homered in both. If you add the Angels' new home at Anaheim, which Mays baptized with a homer in an April exhibition game, you could call it not eleven, but twelve.

It was Mays also who played a key role late last season in an episode of quite a different character—one which suggests a new social significance in baseball's fan revolution. The Giants were in Atlanta at the time, still mathematically in the pennant race in the final week of the season, but back home in San Francisco an uneasy populace had something else on its mind: triggered by a record heat wave, racial trouble had boiled into the streets in two different sections of the city. The unrest reached riot proportions the night of Tuesday, September 27, with the threat of becoming worse the following night if the heat wave continued and the people could not be kept off the streets.

The heat wave did continue, but on the morning of the 28th an idea occurred to a former newspaperman named Peter Trimble, in the Mayor's office at City Hall. Could the Giants' game in Atlanta that night be televised back to San Francisco?

No such arrangement had existed—indeed, San Francisco fans were restricted to a diet of barely a dozen Giant games all season long—but the situation clearly justified the measure. In the emergency, limitations of contracts, union regulations, already-scheduled programs, all were jettisoned by willing hands. A fine coincidence eased the problem of arranging a TV hookup from Atlanta; for KTVU, which normally carried Giant telecasts to San Francisco viewers, happens to be owned by WJB-TV in Atlanta, which even went to the extent of flying an experienced baseball-TV director down from New York to handle the camera coverage of the game.

Now the task was to let the public know the Giant game would be on television that night. Joe Costantino, the promotion director of KTVU, put a call through to Mays at the Marriott Hotel in Atlanta. Over the phone, Mays taped the following: "This is Willie Mays. As you know, Channel 2

is going to telecast our game from Atlanta tonight. I certainly hope all of you will be at home rooting for us. We'll be out there doing our best to win another one for you."

In the ensuing four hours, the Mays message—a masterwork of unruffled understatement—was carried by radio more than three hundred times. Local afternoon newspapers serving the Bay complex of three million people made page-one headlines out of the telecast of that evening's game.

The effect of it all was that the rioting stopped and, save for a handful of isolated incidents, did not take up again. Spot ratings showed nearly 70 per cent of the home TV sets in the tinderbox sections of San Francisco not only in use, but tuned to the game. "Even the National Guard was listening," one KTVU official said. Amid the afterglow of self-congratulations dispensed by *Broadcasting Magazine* and the rest of the industry, one unnerving thought was supplied by Bill Shaw, general manager of radio station KSFO, which broadcasts all Giants games and thus had the most to lose commercially by yielding its exclusive audience that night to television. Praised for his cooperation in promoting the telecast, Shaw observed thoughtfully, "I'm glad the Giants won the game." With respect to the outcome of the rioting, there is considerable implication in those words.

The Group

The San Francisco example, pointing up television's subliminal effect on fan behavior, could conceivably have involved some sport other than baseball. What is of interest here is that, whereas audiences at most other sporting events—boxing, hockey, basketball, track, racing, etc.—have stayed pretty much the same down through the years, the habits of the baseball fan have been undergoing change, to points in some cases almost beyond recognition. Once the great iconoclast among spectators, the baseball fan today travels in groups, performs on cue, and, as often as not, shamelessly apes the tribal customs of other fans in other cities.

For the last-named of these behavioral innovations, baseball clearly has television to thank. When the Dodgers first moved to Los Angeles, a single spectator in the left-field seats at the Coliseum used to bring a cornet to the games and in solitary splendor sound out a fanfare—*Ta-Ta-Ta-TA Ta-TA*—after which those seated immediately surrounding would cry: *Charge!* Circulated and saturated nationwide by television, this charming trademark fast caught on to the point where not

Charles Einstein is a reporter, novelist, editor, and movie scenarist. His specialty is baseball: he does a column for the San Francisco "Examiner" and recently collaborated with Juan Marichal on his forthcoming autobiography.



General Winfield Scott at Yorktown, Virginia. General Scott slept here.

Bitter Lemon has Schweppered the country. Without a shot being fired.

We took the juice, the pulp, the peel, the very *all* of lemons, blended them with our own imported essence and invented Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

In Bitter Lemon we have a mixer that, when added to gin or vodka, prickles the taste buds and causes otherwise gentle men

to smack their lips and give forth glad cries.

In Bitter Lemon we also have a soft drink that is safe from the innocently pilfering ways of small children. A slightly tart, truly adult soft drink.

One sip of it and we'll have you surrendering to *us* this time.

In most areas, Schweppes is available in convenient no-deposit, no-return bottles.





This criminologist is developing a new way to catch a thief.

What's he doing at IBM?

"One reason a car thief is tough to catch," says IBM's Dick McDonell, trained criminologist and ex-police officer, "is because, in a matter of minutes, he can drive through dozens of police jurisdictions. By the time a stolen car report is relayed through all these districts, the thief can be out of the state."

But now the police have a new weapon against crime—an IBM computer. Dick McDonell joined IBM to help develop the computer's law-enforcement potential on a nationwide scale.

He and his colleagues have tightened the net around stolen cars by devising an information system that ties together more than 400 different police agencies.

Now, police can file "hot" car reports immediately from hundreds of remote terminals, all wired into a central IBM computer. A patrolman who suspects a car is stolen can radio in its license number—get an answer in seconds—and give chase if the car *is* hot.

This is just the beginning. Similar systems throughout the nation are also providing facts on such items as stolen goods, criminal records and outstanding warrants. And these growing networks are being tied together to make this information on crime available throughout the country.

"Computers can't make arrests," says McDonell. "But in a split second, they can give the policeman his most effective weapon against crime—information."





“With this ring I thee wed . . .”
until the year 2017, or longer.

If today's figures of life expectancy hold good for them, this young couple could celebrate their fiftieth anniversary in the year 2017.

Over 160,000 couples did celebrate their golden wedding anniversaries in the United States in 1966.

Never before have the chances been so good for young people to enjoy long and healthy lives. They can depend on better-trained physicians, better hospitals, better diagnostic aids and new and better medicines—including many developed by Parke-Davis.

Can still greater gains be made in prolonging life? Almost surely, if research finds ways to curb diseases of the heart and blood vessels, cancer and a host of viral and parasitic infections.

To hasten control of these life-shortening diseases, Parke-Davis conducts one of the most extensive research programs supported by a maker of medicines.

PARKE-DAVIS

only was it heard in most ball parks, but a national billboard campaign sprang up, depicting a lance-bearing knight in full armored attack, the notes (*Ta-Ta-Ta-TA Ta-TA*) the cry (*Charge!*) and the imprint of the advertiser (The Diners' Club). It is, perhaps, hardly surprising, considering the millions upon millions who have made up the audiences for television's games-of-the-week, All-Star games, local-team televising, and the World Series. More than four times as many people have seen Sandy Koufax in a single game than saw Babe Ruth in his major-league lifetime.

Another broad illustration of change is the case of group ticket sales. Once an unwanted stepchild of front-office operations, group ticketing now represents as much as 30 per cent of a team's advance business, and could easily be more than that were it not for competition from the same team's other ticket plans for choice seats. Barely a dozen years ago a group from, say, Oneida, New York, which wished to take in a game in the big city, would likely have found itself assigned to some remote upstairs location and forgotten. Today, that same group is apt to be solicited in advance, showered with offers of assistance and transportation, delightfully established back of third base, and publicly hailed, via loudspeaker or message-on-scoreboard, during the game—all these things the doing of a separate department established by the team for this very purpose. The size, reputation, and credentials of the visiting party make little difference; church, civic, and charitable organizations, which have come more and more to make baseball outings a standard part of fund-raising activity, share equal billing, when it comes to seating locations or public recognition, with an entire American Legion post, or delegations from the Single Parents' Society, or Harry's Bar and Grill. One Tuesday night at Forbes Field, in Pittsburgh, the announcer welcomed, among other organized groups in attendance, the Women's Tuesday Night Bowling League of McKeesport.

Expansion vs. Erosion

It is ironic that the team which first initiated this kind of group therapy was the first to fall victim to its unforeseen effects. The Milwaukee Braves, who launched major baseball's expansion by emigrating from Boston in 1953, picked up two years ago and moved on, after a comic-opera legal battle, to Atlanta. Standing empty and forlorn were the parking lot for buses and the picnic area beyond, both built into the Milwaukee County Stadium grounds when the Braves first sent their advance

scouts into the uncharted northland, bent on scalping not heads but tickets.

For the good burghers of Milwaukee, there was at first the novelty of being a major-league town, then there was the glory of the World Series in the pennant years of 1957 and 1958. Both wore off. In their last season in Milwaukee, which was 1965, the Braves were in first place as late as August 21 and they drew only 555,584 spectators—in a year when the National League as a whole was drawing a record 13,581,136. Coupled with the gradual erosion of fan interest, the Braves' known intention to quit Milwaukee had produced what amounted to a boycott by their fans.

Yet the signs of decay were there long before that. The wooing of distant customers was not just a fresh idea but a practical necessity when the club moved from Boston, for Milwaukee's immediate area was not large enough to support a major-league club. In turning to outlying patronage, the Braves found themselves hemmed in by Chicago, just eighty miles to the south, and, to a lesser extent, Detroit to the east. To the northwest, however, lay salvation—an untapped reservoir of virgin baseball fans, countable in the millions and located in convenient metropolitan clusters headed by the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Then, in 1961, the American League put a team into the Twin Cities. That year the Milwaukee Braves drew only 1,101,441 home customers. The year before they had drawn 1,497,799. That first ominous attendance drop of 396,358 was followed by yet another drop of 334,520 the next year.

It was this very element—too much competition for spectator attendance—which caused the Braves to move from Boston to Milwaukee in the first place. Just as the Braves could not compete with the Red Sox of the American League in Boston, the Browns could not compete with the Cardinals in St. Louis, and so moved to Baltimore and became the colorful and triumphant Orioles; the Athletics could not compete with the Phillies in Philadelphia, and so moved to Kansas City; and the Dodgers and Giants picked up simultaneously and moved to the Coast, leaving New York to the Yankees. By 1958, the only two-team city left in the majors was Chicago, but even there one of the two teams—the Cubs—exists on a plane apart, almost as a curio. A subsidiary of the Wrigley Company, which does not depend on turnstiles for a living, the Cubs are the only team in the National League not to have hit the one-million figure in season's attendance even once during the present decade; they have gone longer than any other team in their league without a pennant; for that mat-

ter, theirs is the only ball park in professional baseball without night lights. To top it all off, they were giving away their full home schedule to television viewers as early as 1948. Yet even the luxurious panoply of this death wish is interrupted by the Cubs' periodic threats to chuck the whole thing and move to Seattle.

The rule that in today's economy any given city can support only one major-league team, if that, was further excepted when the Angels were created to do battle with the Dodgers in Los Angeles in 1961, and again in New York in 1962 with the arrival of the Mets. But even the size of Los Angeles could not accommodate the Angels, who have since beaten a retreat to the orange groves of Anaheim to the south. And in the giant city of New York, the arrival of the Mets threw the once-proud Yankees into a state of unparalleled collapse.

Last year, the Yankees drew 1,124,648 in home attendance. The Mets, by contrast, drew 1,932,693. The pennant-winning Yankee team of 1961—the year before the Mets came to town—drew 1,747,725. Taken at face value, these figures would suggest that the Mets have not only taken away 600,000 fans from the Yankees but have developed an extra 200,000 on their own. That this can be taken chiefly as a tribute to the Mets' assiduous application of baseball's new merchandizing techniques is evident from the way the Yankees have tried to imitate them. In desperation in 1966, the Yankees, possibly in an effort to borrow what they considered the Mets' most effective ploy of all, finished in last place.



There can be no doubt that, particularly in the melting pot of New York City's population, underdogs have a way of being more popular than overlords. In this, even though they finished one rung higher in last year's final standings in their league

than the Yankees did in theirs, the Mets still have the edge. It is possible to kick the Yankees now that they are down, but how is one to kick the Mets? They were never up to begin with. New York, furthermore, has been known for half a century as a "National League town," and if the sentimental welcome for the Dodgers and Giants when they come in to play the Mets is by now wearing a trifle thin, the fact remains that it has been the National League which has provided the exciting pennant races, with three- and even four-team finishes, while it has been nearly twenty years since the American League brought even two teams down to season's end with the pennant still in doubt. Attendance at Yankee Stadium last year, accordingly, was off not just because the Yankees couldn't win the pennant, but—far more to the point, and reflected in other cities throughout the league—because Baltimore couldn't lose it. Mets fans, by contrast, saw their team influence the pennant race for good or evil every time they went out to play the Giants, Dodgers, Pirates. The distinction is that, doormats both, the Mets held a balance of power while the Yankees held the bag.

"So Damned Big"

For being intangible, factors like these are no less real. How much more real, therefore, must be the tangible of marketing the product! Shea Stadium, the Mets' sparkling home in Flushing Meadow, has everything Yankee Stadium has lacked, from parking facilities to adequate rest rooms. To go along with it, the Mets have mounted an admirable promotion campaign, from "banner day," when the fans parade on the field with their homemade posters, to such togetherness-type souvenirs as the Mets' official songbook.

A curious outgrowth of all this is the current custom, first inaugurated by Bill Veeck in his early postwar days at Cleveland and St. Louis, of honoring fans instead of players. The custom used to be for fans to hold "days"—and "nights"—in recognition of their favorite players, and to shower them with expensive gifts. Today it is the fan who is honored. Some clubs hold "fan appreciation" days and give away automobiles, or "camera days" and have their players model for the photographers in the stands, or "bat days" and give away free baseball bats to all comers.

If a fan does not know the words to our national anthem, the message scoreboard will print them for him while he sings. The official Mets' songbook is, in actual fact, called *Sing Along*. Its table of contents includes, among others, "The Star-Spangled

Banner," "Meet the Mets," "Let's Go, Mets!," "New York Mets Clapping Song," "The March of the Midget Mets," "Go, Go, Go Drop Someplace Else" (to be sung during delays caused by rain), "He Hit One!," "Bicycle Built for Two," "In the Good Old Summertime," "New York Doodle Dandy," "My Wild Irish Rose," "Reuben and Rachel," "On Top of Old Smoky," "Yellow Rose of Texas," "Give My Regards to Broadway," "Sidewalks of New York," "Bill Bailey," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "After the Ball," "Who Threw the Overalls in Mistress Murphy's Chowder?," "In the Evening by the Moonlight."

"If I'd seen this," a prominent CBS executive is said to have exclaimed when first exposed to the Mets' *Sing Along* book, "we would never have bought the Yankees!"

The souvenir business is by no means limited to songbooks or such old staples as team pennants and autographed balls. These days full-scale trade is conducted in such diverse items as caps, dolls, miniature uniforms, and phonograph records, including close quartet singing by the players themselves. Whatever there is to sell, today's scoreboard will huckster it between innings, and, what's more, will deliver personal messages that would put a lonely-hearts column to shame.

The practice is not without risk. The Los Angeles Dodgers once received a request from a young lady asking if the message board could announce her engagement as a surprise to the parents of her husband-to-be, who were to accompany the happy pair to that night's game. Ever the ones to play Cupid, the Dodgers complied, and the surprise effect must have been at least as great as intended. "How the hell did we know she was pregnant?" a Dodger publicist growled.

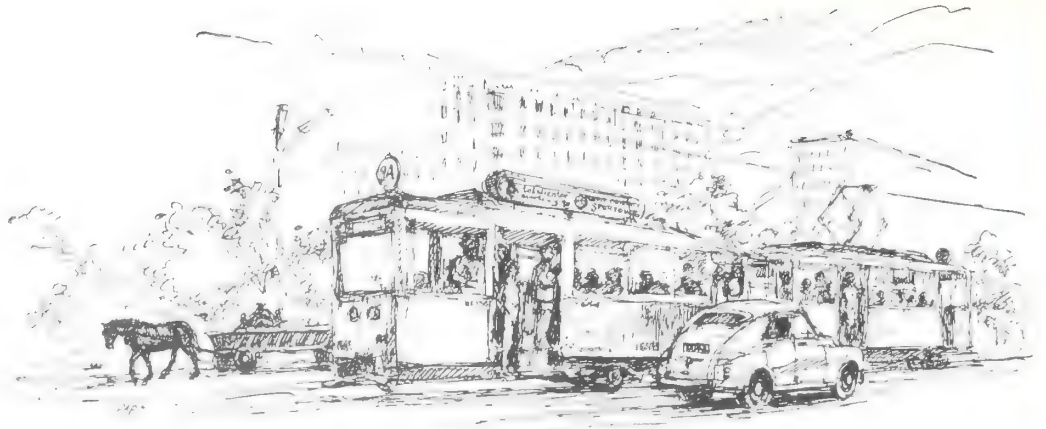
Sometimes the management itself proves to be the culprit, as was the case in Houston, whose Astrodome, according to an official brochure, uses enough electricity to light the city of Port Lavaca, and whose scoreboard furnishes a wellspring of native wit. When a visiting Japanese left-hander named Masanori Murakami was knocked out of the box, the Astrodome scoreboard spelled out SO SOLLY, which rates 100 on any Texan's laugh meter. Another time, Houston fans were outraged when umpire John Kibler called vital decisions against their team two nights in a row. The second time it happened, the message board announced: KIBLER DID IT AGAIN! This was something that earned the Houston publicity director a fatherly talking-to from the president of the National League—who, it happens, is the father of the Houston publicity director. While disrespect for the umpire is a cherished part of the American

tradition of fair play, baseball authorities apparently do not wish it to become computerized. Thus the Commissioner's office has discouraged close calls from being subjected to the sometimes embarrassing scrutiny of that modern-day fact of life, the television instant replay. When such reruns are shown, it is an unwritten rule that the announcer's commentary bend over backwards, if necessary, to give the umpire the benefit of the doubt. A suggestion some seasons ago that the umpires themselves view the instant replay before making their decision was put down as an invitation to anarchy.

The changes wrought by electronics and marketing techniques have saddened some old-timers, who feel that the more baseball accommodates to the fans, the less the fans have to say about it. "I don't know," one of baseball's long-time greats, Frank (Lefty) O'Doul, said not long ago, "it's gotten so damned big now. You know, I don't think baseball belongs to the people anymore. I used to think it did. A few years ago you wouldn't have dared to move teams out of towns like Brooklyn and New York City. The game belonged to the people then. Now it's all money—big money—millions and millions of dollars."

It is a heartening fact that local fads do still obtain, such as the tepee in Atlanta which sends up smoke and disgorges a war-dancing brave whenever the host team has a home run; or the transient "green weenie" craze in Pittsburgh last season, which included equipping spectators with hand-fans calculated to produce breezes favorable to Pirate hitters and pitchers. Even these, however, do fealty to the mass, as opposed to the individual, reaction to the game. The fan himself—your Foghorn Murphy, your Hilda Chester, your Evil Eye Finkel—has been lost to progress, and the loss is peculiarly baseball's.

What is more, baseball knows it. Some efforts, like the refusal of some teams to number their player uniforms fore as well as aft, or the decision to return to one mid-season All-Star game after experimenting with two, have indicated scattered displeasure with the demands of conformity and "progress." But with the geographical and electronic advances that have produced new audiences (and the revenues that come with them) in the tens of millions, big-league baseball has had no choice but to favor the many as opposed to the few, and its fans, for the most part both willing and unaware, accordingly have relinquished their once-priceless right to the first person singular. There is still a Philadelphia, but, as *Poor Richard's Almanac* observed, Philadelphia is not the answer to everything.



David Halberstam

LOVE, LIFE, AND SELLING OUT IN POLAND

A Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist presents an intimate account of modern Poland—the bleakness of its political life, the warmth and resilience of its people—and describes the “New York Times” reports which led to his expulsion in 1965.

We had been sitting in the coffeehouse in Warsaw on what had begun as a dark Friday afternoon. It was now an even darker Friday night, and was threatening to become a gray Saturday morning. I had not wanted to be there. I had not filed anything to the *Times* in a week, and I should have been out somewhere finding hard news, not wasting my time drinking vodka that I did not want to drink. In a correspondent's life, the moments of gathering hard news turn out usually to be the times most quickly forgotten, and the moments like this in retrospect turn out to be the most important part of his own private journal. But while he is on the spot and thinking of his editors he is always restless and impatient.

Our table included Allen Ginsberg, the poet, in Poland on a Ginsberg Traveling Fellowship (arrive slightly disheveled and unannounced, try to locate a few people who have read your poetry, stay with them, give a few lectures, leave with more friends than ever, still slightly disheveled) and a Polish friend, a not-so-young poet, a little drunk and bitter, who was giving Ginsberg a very hard

time. Up to that moment Ginsberg had received a remarkably enthusiastic response from the Poles, but this had ended abruptly with my friend, who was then discussing the fine art of selling out in a Communist country. As he talked, other writers would stroll in and out of the room, and the Pole would point to some of them and note exactly how much they had sold of themselves; in his way he was making it plain that he thought Ginsberg was soft. “You,” he said to Ginsberg, “have not sold out yet. But if you lived in a country like this, maybe you would sell out too. Courage in the totalitarian society is the ability to wait.” The way he said it, he meant, You, Ginsberg, *would* sell out.

Ginsberg began to say something, but the Pole angrily drowned him out. “Courage,” he said (and he was one of the writers in the country who had behaved particularly well, and had sold very little of himself), “is a matter of someone who is really and truly afraid and yet carries on, as in war, someone who knows fear and yet gets up and keeps going each day; in a country like this it is someone

who keeps writing but is always afraid. There are thousands of things you can't write about. The worst part of it is that these contradictions find their way into you, and become a part of you. You find yourself thinking like a censor, you become as twisted inside as a great serpent, and you never even know it's happened to you."

Ginsberg said something about his own boyhood fear of having his father discover poems about homosexuality, but again the Pole waved him aside.

"You talk about being beat. But you're never beaten. Here we're beaten every day," he said. It went on like that for another hour or two, and it struck me that his fight with Ginsberg was something special, for Ginsberg was being published--better, being published in the West. As he talked the vodka continued to disappear. (In the restaurants, say the Poles, the vodka is good and cheap, and the food is poor and expensive. The state, indeed, frequently worries about the problem of alcoholism and recently mounted a campaign against drinking and driving. "Alcohol is your enemy," said the posters, and underneath someone scrawled, "No Pole is afraid of an enemy.")

The meeting with Ginsberg broke up about 2:00 A.M. I have forgotten now what I did the next day, what story I wrote, what statistic I first quoted and then doubted. What is important is what I did not do: I did not write a story about Ginsberg and the poet, even though now I see it as one of the two or three most moving evenings of the year I spent in Poland. I failed to write it, not out of fear of the government, but because it would have been a betrayal of the poet. It would surely have caused him very severe political problems.

II

Yet it was an experience bound to affect the reporter profoundly in that most complicated of roles, being a Western correspondent in a European Communist country. This is not the Soviet Union, where there are a large number of Western correspondents reading *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, checking with the diplomats, and making the front pages with their stories on the smallest changes in one of the world's superpowers, but their lives largely separated from those of most Russians. In Poland you would belong to that less than handful of reporters living in the East European countries, trying to write finally as if you had a window open to the daily life in the total state.

These countries were once the center of the storm, and as the Curtain was coming down their hotels were filled with correspondents, pushing

and crowding each other, playing what is known in the trade as journalistic boomerang (you take a rumor, throw it out, and by the end of the day it has touched so many other people that it comes back to you fresh and vital, passed on by people you haven't even spoken to). The storm is now in Saigon, where several hundred correspondents cover the story of whether that country will or won't go Communist. Their editors are in a sense right; for there is little news from Eastern Europe--some change, some restlessness, but little hint of revolution. These are small countries: you can take all the political developments in the Polish Communist party in one year, and perhaps it will be one story. Yet for me it was an extraordinary time. My colleague David Binder, who shared the lower half of the tier, the Balkans, with me, agreed emphatically. When the *Times* wanted to transfer him to Bonn, a bigger story and bigger bureau, he went reluctantly, leaving what he had come to call "my people." We shared, I think, the same feeling for being a reporter there, of watching and in a way being involved in the simple yet moving business of the daily struggle of these people with the state. Cast in the most unnatural circumstances, they go on in the struggle relentlessly, living lives with an infinite degree of moral complexity, daily courage, daily honor, daily dishonor.

The reporter thinks of Warsaw, which is probably, technically, an ugly city built up from the ashes, not in a *physical* sense, but in a human one. The very existence of the city itself was for me an act of passion. The reporter goes through a comparable moral dilemma; he lives in these countries (some papers keep their East European man in Vienna, but the *Times*, bless it, insists on your living on the spot; it is, I think, an important distinction), knows the problems of the big people and little people, knows too many people who can't write, knows which plays aren't being produced, knows how long his friends have waited for apartments, and what they have to do to get passports. He knows too much.

By and large in Eastern Europe he has little hard news. The closest thing to news in Poland is the church-state struggle, a cold war within a cold war, and if he is lucky, it will heat up when he is there. For the wire services it is the most basic of stories. Every Sunday night all the Polish assistants go off with their tape recorders following the Cardinal, making sure he makes no news;

David Halberstam and his Polish wife are now living in New York City, where he was born. This is his first "Harper's" article since his appointment as contributing editor. (See "The Editor's Easy Chair," page 24.)

no wire man dare leave Warsaw on a Sunday without being able to check in. Even in the church story, what the Cardinal says and what the state says against him are a different thing from the small daily struggle in each village between the local priest and the local state official over what are often tiny issues. Once in a town called Lomza there was a conflict over a wall which the officials wanted torn down and the church, for that very reason, wanted left up. We drove to Lomza, and the local mayor, so stunned to see a real live American newspaperman, was terribly candid. "This isn't Warsaw where you can just knock the wall down or tear the church down," he said. "We have to be very careful with the church up here."

In the process of working in a place like Poland, a reporter changes because his constituency changes. There are some reporters who write for their editors, some who write in spite of them, some who write for officialdom, some who write for the local foreign office and their next visa, and some who write always with their readership in mind. The best description on this point I ever heard came from James Reston, who, congratulated by a friend on the ability to write for and change the thinking of the Secretary of State and Cabinet members, said he didn't write for these people at all; he wrote for the lonely professor at some college in a small town in the Midwest, who cared and who wanted some of the complicated issues of the day clarified by a friend. It is, I think, an excellent description of why Reston has always been so good.

Nominally, I would subscribe enthusiastically to that constituency, but in Poland, after about two months, it changed. I was writing very clearly in my own mind for the Poles. It didn't matter that they couldn't read it or might never see it. What mattered to me was that I was impressed each day by the way they went on, by their resilience and durability. If the reporter from the *Times* doesn't try to reflect it, who does? Not their own newspapers certainly. I did not write so that my stories would be picked up by Radio Free Europe and broadcast back, but simply so that someone was putting it down.

One of the terrible things is that the reporter's constituency cannot often help him. I remember one time being dressed down by the foreign ministry

for stories I had written. I left the ministry annoyed that they had pushed me so far, and immediately picked up some very interesting information about an older writer who was having trouble with the censor. He was trying to work out a trade in order to save a key passage in his next book. The problem centered around the figure of a priest who had helped the writer in prewar days: the writer, in order to save the priest, now dead, but to whom he still felt morally indebted, was willing to enhance another figure, a prewar Communist. They were trying to work out a trade, but the writer appeared blocked in. To my knowledge he could not publish, nor could I, at that time, write about it.

III

Since coming back to America I have been repeatedly asked by university students if it wasn't true that American correspondents concentrate on the darker side of life in Communism and don't put enough emphasis on the amount of change there. The answer, it seems to me, is quite the opposite. There is more written about change than there *is* change; indeed there is often writing based on the *anticipation* of change rather than change itself. Change is news, lack of change is not news; grayness is not news. This tendency is particularly true of the visiting reporter who arrives looking specifically for what is new. The best description of this overly sanguine emphasis I have ever heard came from Abe Rosenthal, also expelled from Poland, and perhaps the best American correspondent in East Europe in recent years. He compared this obsession with change to that

of the American about to sit down to a dinner of a huge piece of roast beef. The Pole sitting next to him has a boiled potato, but the American is pleased and compliments the Pole because the boiled potato is bigger than the last time they ate together; things are getting better.

Poland, of all the Eastern European countries, may be the country which is changing the least. One reason is that for a long time it has been the most advanced (barring the special case of Yugoslavia) and has attained the greatest degree of freedom. It attained this freedom in 1956 and 1957; then in 1958 the lid was clamped down, largely because if trends toward greater freedom



had continued they might have formed a tidal wave which would have threatened the very existence of Communism in Poland.*

Each year now Poland graduates thousands of bright young students from excellent universities with considerable academic freedom. They go out into a world devoid of the promised possibilities, and they become sour and cynical. A friend of mine once mentioned the lack of romanticism in Poland to a Polish student, and she snapped back at him, "Polish romanticism died in 1957."

In addition, there is the question of what constitutes change. I have friends, good reporters, who come to Poland and see *Bonanza* on television, and the twist in the student clubs, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams plays on stage, and they are convinced that the change is continuing and that westernization is taking place. But I am not so sure. The total state may be changing, but I am not convinced it is any less total. It is smarter certainly, more subtle, less obvious. It tries not to deny silly and senseless things which can't hurt it in the first place, and it tries to provide a few more safety valves. But I don't know anyone who is informed about Poland who doesn't think that the secret police are more powerful and richer than ever, if somewhat more subtle.

Bonanza and *Kildare* on television? Liberalism? Perhaps just another part of the new totalitarianism. Television is after all the government's most important weapon in trying to convince the younger generation that it really is the government. Television sets are cheap in Poland; the public is encouraged both to have and to look. But will it look if it is drowned in obvious tedious ideology? Not the Poles. So the pot is sweetened: *Bonanza*, *Zorro*, *Kildare*, Western movies, spectacular local musicals. Significantly, I think the government showed its hand during the height of the Polish Catholic Millennium in 1966 when it virtually filled the state television with Western film after Western film as a means of trying to cut down the Church's turnout. This is totalitar-

*Each reporter's view of the country is largely shaped by his own time there. Sydney Gruson, who was in Poland in 1956 and who was incredibly well connected with officials in the Party, relayed with true brilliance the excitement of the inner revolution; he feels differently from Rosenthal, who was there during the tightening of the screw, and from me. There is a great story told of a dinner of several correspondents in Geneva a year after Rosenthal was expelled. It had been a fine dinner on the company and they were all in an expansive mood. The subject of Poland came up, and Gruson said, "The Poles. I like the Poles. They're good people." And Rosenthal turned to him and said, "Come off it, Sydney. You never knew any Poles. All you knew was six Jewish revisionists."

ianism with a few tranquilizers. But, politically, television is the most sensitive of all the major organs, more sensitive even than the movies. The new and aggressive wing of the Party is moving its people into control of television. Someone whose political tendencies are somewhat in doubt can be associated with the movies more readily than with television. Questions which can be debated in scholarly works cannot be touched on television; it is a world without doubt.

The other arts are similar. There is no stupid, blind control of the arts. The artists are more or less free to paint whatever they want, on the theory that painters do not lead or become involved in revolutions unless they are forced to. The same is true in the music world. Polish composers can be as modern as they want; it is nothing but mosquito bites to the regime. Similarly the experimental theaters can be as free as they want in style, but not in substance, and the Warsaw theaters can play the most modern of Miller, Dürrenmatt. And so the word passes: I hear they are doing marvelous things in Poland, it's really not a Communist country at all. But there is a difference. Music and art may be relatively free, but writing, theater, movies, television, are still very sensitive. A good movie on the Stalinist period still cannot be made, and even a bad one is kept by the censor for a year; Polish playwrights operate under extraordinary handicaps on anything touching anti-authoritarianism. It is not by accident that the best of them, Slawomir Mrozek,* is living outside the country. Polish theater is great in the same way American literature would be great if William Faulkner had been permitted to write about anything he wanted except race.

Yet the reporter is in a terrible dilemma. The sum total of his stories ironically may feed the propaganda, giving the vague but mounting impression that Poland is advanced and different.

Which is one reason, I assume, why the government lets a few correspondents in. (There were, when I was there, besides the *Times* man in Warsaw and the *Times* man in Belgrade, full-time staffers for AP, UPI, Reuters, Agence France-Presse, plus two West German correspondents in Warsaw.) And since the role and rights of the secret police are virtually impossible for a correspondent to write about, the state has an obvious advantage over the reporter. Thus we are let in, really, to tell how many more babies drink how much more milk now than in 1939, and how much greater steel production is, and how the Poles feel about West Germany and the Oder-Neisse line.

*Mrozek's story "The Birthday Party" was published in *Harper's* in June 1963.

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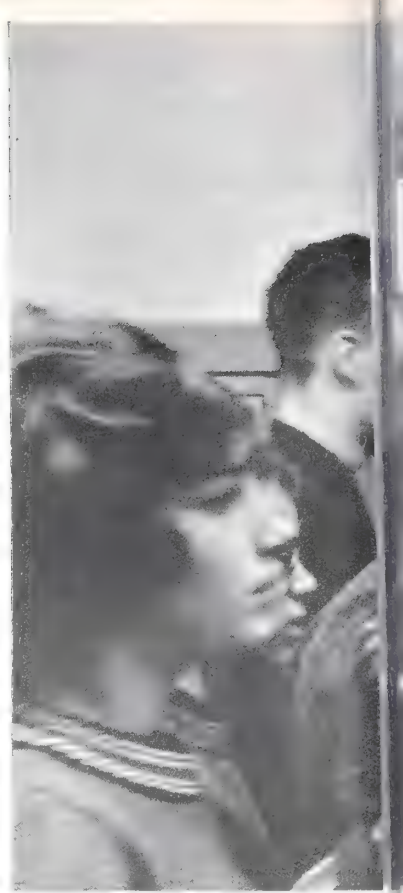
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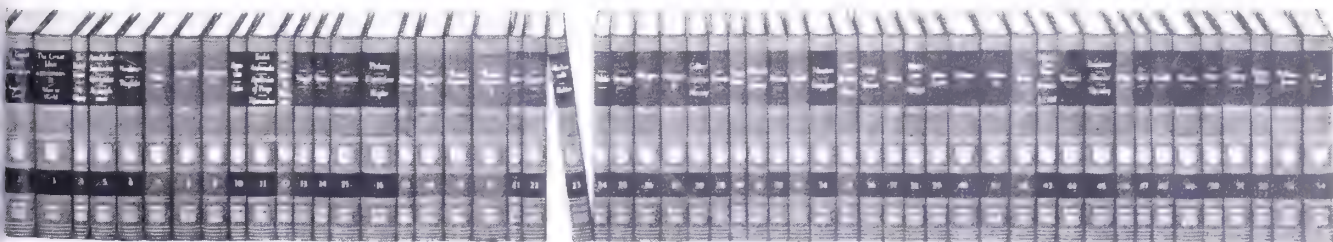
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IV

The correspondent is there for very different reasons, seeking the same things he seeks in his own country, which in Poland constitutes a mild form of espionage. And so another cold war is born: the government trying to pressure, charm, coax, coerce, threaten the correspondent into what are known as more positive stories and a more positive outlook, and the correspondent, hanging on for dear life, measuring his powder, trying to decide how much he can get away with, how much of his powder each story will cost him without getting him thrown out.

No one likes being expelled (editors don't like it, it upsets the chessboard, and there is more work for the auditing and travel departments, more families to move, more furniture to get lost). So the reporter writes and the foreign ministry, which in a Communist country is more or less the velvet glove on the steel hand, calls him in and tries to explain the mistake gently; we are friends, and then the next time a little more imploring, please be nice; and then less gentle. You must understand our situation in People's Poland, what we have rebuilt in twenty years, please be a good boy, we are getting very angry with you; then colder all the time, listing the errors. "This is not Vietnam, Mr. Halberstam." I think I must have been called in six times, from writing that there were no oranges and Americans tipped their Polish maids by giving them orange skins to make cake with, to saying that when the state executed the chief of a giant meat-stealing ring, the first execution for economic crime in many years, the decision had been cleared as high as Gomulka.

The most serious miscalculation on any story I made in Poland was on anti-Semitism. I would have written it even if I had known in advance what the price would be. It almost brought me immediate expulsion in April of 1965, and it almost cost me my marriage, for it came at a time when my fiancée Elzbieta, a Polish movie actress, and I were trying to get married.

Polish anti-Semitism is an old and ugly story. There are the historical reasons, a poor country with a rich landed aristocracy and a poor peasantry and the Jews in the middle—Jews with beards eating different meats, praying to different Gods, wearing different clothes, speaking different languages. There are the new reasons—the Jews were odd men out before the war, became prominent in the Communist party, and after the war, when it took over power, became odd men in, too powerful in a detested Party for their own good. I know all these reasons, but there were three mil-

lion Jews dead in Poland in World War II, murdered by Poland's sworn enemy, and there are perhaps 20,000 left, and they are slowly dissolving into the society, or, because their children can no longer stand the stupid remarks, leaving the country.

But there it is, it exists, insane, stupid, verbal anti-Semitism, dumb jokes, a subcurrent of the present culture; and the Party, unpopular enough, now taking on the coloration of the society in order to appear more respectable—we must give jobs to people with Polish names. (American Jews of course are exempted from all this: they are Americans, not Jews.) So it was, I felt, an obligatory story for a reporter; what we don't learn from the past is after all as important as what we do. I made the story a simple one, saying that there was a verbal anti-Semitism, that one wing of the Party was exploiting it, and that Jews continued to migrate. The story was the product of three months' work, of saving bits and pieces. (And it was, as the Israeli Embassy later told me, right on the mark.)

The result was extraordinary: I was attacked more violently in the Polish press than any non-official American in years. Being attacked in a Communist press is a serious matter. It usually means that something is about to be done to someone; in the old days, it meant that someone was about to go out of style, if not sight. In my own case I think they were debating whether to expel me and, in the meantime, rubbed it in a little extra, so that I would either capitulate and become co-operative, or that I would be so effectively isolated from the society that it wouldn't matter. There were at least fifteen attacks, perhaps more. They were bitter, personal, insulting, even venal. The government was particularly upset because the story was widely reprinted in Israel, where they know whether or not the shoe fits.

They held up our wedding. First they postponed it and made us wait the required thirty days after an earlier waiver. Then when the thirty days were up, they still refused us the right to marry. "We must now check whether or not Miss Tchizevska was married in another country," the official noted, "it may take some time." They trotted out tame Jewish writers to make attacks.

Usually in Poland anything which angers the government gladdens the population. But here it was slightly different. No one really denied it was true, but they all protested: did I know that none of the Jews who perished during the war spoke Polish? Did I know how many Jews had been in the secret police? And on. Finally I remember one handsome young Polish student, upper-middle-class, explaining why my story was wrong, then

apologizing for my terrible treatment. The attack by Mr. Toeplitz, he said, that was a particularly bad one. "Of course," he said, "you must remember one thing." "What's that?" I asked. "Toeplitz," he said, "is not a Polish name."

From that story on I was something of a cripple. I was not allowed any more serious mistakes. But since they finally permitted Elzbieta and me to marry (since she was so well known, to expel me while we were trying to marry would look like an attempt to stop the marriage and bring on a scandal) I was now in an even more difficult position. I had more reason not to want to be expelled. We had a comfortable life in a small one-room apartment, good friends, the best of both worlds. That put me in a weaker position with the government. A reporter is stronger if he doesn't give a damn about being expelled, and now of course I gave more of a damn than ever. And now I was doubly sensitive about not selling out the constituency for my own visa: the impossible situation had become more impossible.

V

A few months later, after a spell of particularly negative stories, I got an anguished phone call from someone at the foreign ministry. We were friends, he said, would I please save myself now before it was too late. Because I had been hitting them fairly hard in recent weeks and could stand to balance it a bit, I consciously looked around for something nice. By chance the next day there happened to be a local story saying that within the week there would be a major change in the style of running gas stations; there would be increased incentive, and a percentage of the take to the manager. Service at Polish gas stations has always been a special kind of torture; I thought, here is your positive story. So the next week, having the name and an introduction to a gas-station manager, I went out to write about gas stations.

The manager was delighted to see me: an American and a newspaperman. I began to ask the obvious questions about how much better the service would be, and what percentage he would get if his service were better. The more I asked the more the Pole looked puzzled; the more he talked, the more puzzled I became. We were not talking about the same gas stations. Clearly the service was not going to get better at all, not one bit. In fact, if he worked diligently 72 hours a week and paid one assistant a minimal salary, he would make about what he had made in the past, a piddling sum. You mean, I said, it dawning on me finally, that you're simply going to be able to cheat a little more? He nodded and smiled: he thought that was why I was

there in the first place, that I had come for a lesson in how to steal.

At this point he gave me a marvelously detailed lesson in how he stole and worked it out with the state drivers, a system which has its counterpart in almost every form of Polish daily life. Let us say the state driver comes in and orders ten gallons; the manager would give the driver five and a receipt for ten, which would guarantee him a reimbursement of ten dollars from his office. The driver would pay the manager for, say, seven, thereby making a profit of three himself. The manager, however, would have extra money for the five gallons he sold, plus the extra gas to sell to someone else. He showed me how he kept his elaborate calculations on a vinyl glass so he could know at any moment how much he really had in case the inspectors came, and how much money he must show in the register. This way, though living dangerously (there was an extraordinary turnover in gas-station managers) he could increase his wage something like 1,000 per cent.

And the inspectors? I asked.

Don't worry about the inspectors, he said. They all come in pairs and they always look alike. You can spot them. From time to time there are average citizens who come and I am careful because they have the misfortune to look like the inspectors. But there are never inspectors who look like the average citizens.



I left, delighted with the material and committed now to write one more story which would get me in trouble.

The reporter learns to live like a Pole, perhaps even think like a Pole: the business of getting up on a gray and dark day thinking dark thoughts about life and how difficult it is, and then going on and making the best he can of it, to savor what pleasures there are, to ignore as best he can the

government and the official life, to pretend if he can that these don't exist. He remembers things that touch him: the ability to go to a Polish home at midnight, and miraculously some cheese and vodka appear and other friends drop in and the talk, sharp and intense, goes on until 4:00 A.M. He remembers the first day that threatens to be spring, when as if by a signal, all the girls take off their heavy overcoats at once, and the whole country, in that act of shedding, seems to be reborn again; the way the women, despite the absence of anything chic in the stores, by endlessly swapping and cutting from *Vogue* and *Elle*, manage to remain stylish. He remembers the way a picnic in the country becomes a major and delightful weekly event; and he remembers the pleasant and unself-conscious hedonism, for Poland in these matters is what Americans think France, that stuffiest of countries, is. Finally, he remembers the extraordinary private sense of sharing—a car, clothes, money. If someone has money, by virtue of being an actress, when the paycheck comes it is all spent at once, usually on friends; the idea of banking money would strike most of my Polish friends as ridiculous, that's not what it's for. (I remember, after I was expelled, going to Paris with a contour map of my wife's foot. I bought the three best pairs of boots I could find, and sent them to Warsaw. A few days later I called to see if they were all right, knowing full well they were damn well marvelous, because they had cost about \$150. She said, Yes, they were marvelous, better than that, only the map had been wrong and they were a little too big. But they were perfect for Margosia, Baisha, and Kristina. In fact Margosia, Baisha, and Kristina were already wearing them and sent their love, and would I now please send her some more, only smaller this time.) And sometimes the reporter says to himself, these are the real qualities and we have lost too many of them in our own country.

VI

But he must not forget also the old women, widows in the tiny rooms of their children's tiny apartments, grinding out their lives, hoping for things which are never going to happen; and that most brutal result of the economics of love, the one-child family, even among the relatively successful. One can after all sit and plan his life, for it is the planned economy. A second child will mean a much bigger apartment. This puts the wife out of work that much longer and demands that much more in clothes, which will finally in the end deprive the family of the *possibility* of a car, not of a car, because that may be too remote, but

of even hoping for one. The car is the most important of possessions; it can offer escape from the tiny apartment. I suspect that someday the Polish sociologists will discover that the percentage of divorce is lower in families with cars than without.

But this is all material, and there is also the more serious, the human aspect of the society, of living where the informer is a licensed part of the society, as much a part as a milkman. Day after day the American meets X and likes him and indeed the next day he is with Y, and somewhat cautiously says how much he liked X, only to be warned by Y that X is one of *them*, and of course the next day Z warns against Y. ("My friendship with you is not unknown to them," a friend of mine told me before I left the country, "so if you see me coming in New York, you will know what it means.") I remember one friendship with a young poet, a towering artistic talent, and all the warnings I received against him.

You haven't been to see me in a few weeks, he once told me.

No, I said, I haven't.

It's because someone told you I was UB (secret police), he said. No, with you it would have to be more than one person; it would have to be several.

Yes, I said, embarrassed.

It's always that, isn't it, in this country? Anytime you're different, it has to be UB, or Jew, or queer. Will you come and see me again? he asked.

I don't know, I said.

And yet life continues. Politically they have little to hope for in the way of change. They have Russia to the east of them, and East Germany to the west (or as the Poles say, "Russia to the east, and Russia to the west"). They were optimists about internal change and liberalism in 1956, but those hopes are largely dead, leaving a spiritual jaundice in their wake.

What do they want? a correspondent returning is always asked.

They want, if nothing else, the good life. It is something basic as a goal to East Europe, where it does not exist, and difficult to explain in America, where it does and where, indeed, much of the turmoil on campus seems to be in part a revolt against affluence. It includes a decent apartment without uncles and grandmothers, a car, a record player, a pretty girl who can make love without producing children. There is Scotch whiskey there, and the people wear sweaters and blue jeans (the jeans are very stylish things in Poland; recently a Polish artist won a major award in the West, picked it up and spent a good deal of his money on extra blue jeans which he could give away and barter over with his friends).

Elzbieta and I had gone through a particularly difficult time, long and painful, before we were finally granted permission to marry. Afterwards I sought out a brilliant intellectual who had remained a friend during the worst part of it, and said there was something I would like to do for him. What would it be: whiskey, books?

Playboy, he said.

Playboy? I asked.

A subscription to *Playboy*, could you do that? It's the most important magazine there is.

I said I wasn't sure: a magazine subscription certainly, but he was an intellectual. There were *Commentary*, *Encounter*, *Esquire*, *Harper's*. But *Playboy*, if you were in America . . .

But you don't understand how important *Playboy* is, he said. It is for us the greatest American export in the world. For us it is the good life. The boy, the girl, the pad, with fancy lighting and sports car. The wine bottle, half-empty, then the lights out. The pinup girls. But are they pinup girls? No, not at all, they are secretaries, girls next door, and, miracle, they are taking off their clothes, all of them. Your secretary is taking off all her clothes.

But America, I said, is not really like that. The girls who lived next door to me . . .

Ah, you don't understand because you are an American. Here it doesn't matter if all American men are not Hemingway heroes; what matters is that we think they are. It doesn't matter that all American young men don't live like *Playboy* heroes; what matters is that we think they do. For us *Playboy* is the symbol of your good life.

Besides, he said, in trading around, with one issue of *Playboy* I can get one, perhaps two jazz albums, each time. Perhaps even one Eric Dolphy.

Who is Eric Dolphy? I said.

Ah, he said, you are a good boy and you are

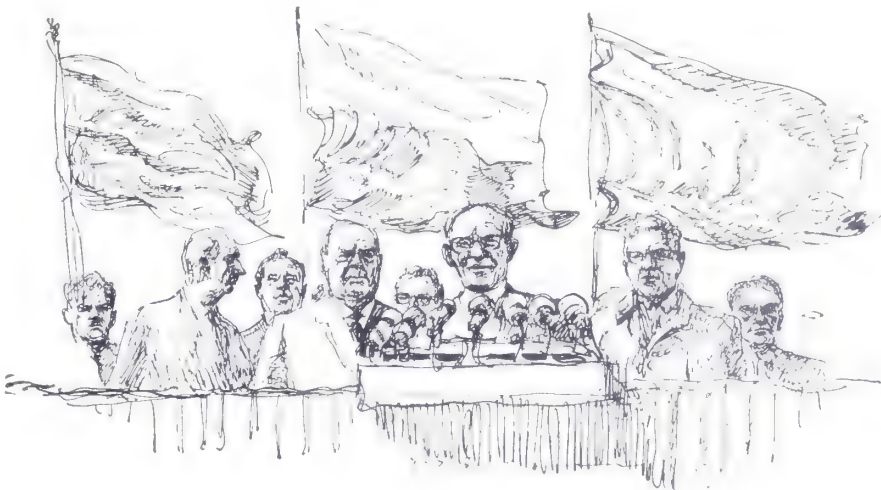
doing well as a correspondent here, but you have much to learn about your own country.

In late December of 1965, I got a cable from our Sunday department asking how the Poles were progressing in their traditional attempt to move away from the Russians. It wasn't that way at all, I wrote; indeed they were moving closer to Moscow. There was, I wrote, "bitter irony" in this, that the very anti-Communism of the Poles, the very desire for more freedom and more things Western which makes the government uneasy, moves it closer to Moscow. My dispatch continued:

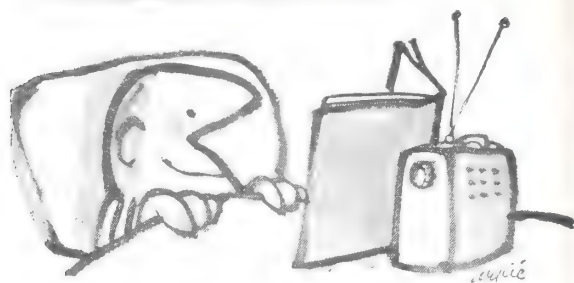
And in all this is the particular tragedy of Polish daily life, a country struggling against itself. Because its population is strong, restless, and dissatisfied, the government cannot relax; because the government cannot relax the population remains restless and alienated. It is the subject worthy of a very great novel, but if there are Poles writing it now, they are writing it for their desk drawers.

When I wrote it I didn't realize the price I would pay (later Gene Kramer, the very able AP man, said he wished he had warned me), but once the thought is in your mind it is impossible not to write it. Placed on top of everything else I had written in the year, it caused my expulsion; to them I was like a student who after a year in the university is given an exam and gets every answer wrong.

The night the expulsion came we didn't call anyone. We were afraid to, afraid that it might cause them problems. But that night one by one all our friends came, small people most of them, with a good deal to lose and little to gain. They came and brought Russian champagne, and we sat and drank, and the women wept with my wife and toasted her, every time the radio repeated the news.



THE NEW BOOKS



Murder Fancier Recommends

by John Dickson Carr

For some time it has been my job to select ten mystery or suspense novels among those published during the first six months of the current year. Now the instructions have been changed to allow greater scope. Henceforward we shall be surveying the whole year from a vantage point at midsummer, which in this case means from June of 1966 to June of 1967.

It is not maintained that here are the year's ten "best"; this department enters no claim to compete with the Recording Angel. On the other hand, the joy of my task is that I needn't pick flaws or utter curses: only first-class wares will be on display. Most of these books are brilliant, all are hypnotically readable; and, if you like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you will like.

Some mystery-mongers never let us down. In **Face to Face**, by Ellery Queen (New American Library, \$1.95), today's master of ingenuity presents the most ingenious form of twist or double cross he has devised in decades. When rich and aging Gloria Guild is shot dead at her desk, this seems a logical culmination. Already "Count" Carlos Armando, her woman-conquering rat of a husband, has suggested to another of his conquests, a young actress named Roberta West, that Roberta shall kill G. G. while Armando provides himself with an alibi. When the young actress recoils in horror and won't play, it is evident that King Rat may well have persuaded some other woman into doing his dirty work. But which particular woman, among the dozen moths round that flame?

What can be the meaning of the one cryptic word, *face*, scrawled on a blotter under the victim's body? Is the murderer a man after all? The *danse macabre* whirls faster; Inspector Queen barks and growls; Ellery himself has grown desperate when inspiration visits him at the Roman Theater, scene of his first case. Then, turning up clue after clue like a conjuror handling cards, our old maestro reveals truth at the strangest of wedding parties. I maintain, and will hold under torture, that this is the best Ellery Queen since *Calamity Town* a quarter of a century ago.

Death Shall Overcome, by Emma Lathen (Macmillan, \$3.95), combines expert, closely knit plotting with an engrossing human story which never releases its grip. If you think high finance in Wall Street can provide no very tempting background either for mystery or for human interest, you will change your mind when you follow the misadventures of Edward Parry, whom the old and crusted brokerage firm of Schuyler & Schuyler proposes to admit to partnership with a seat on the Stock Exchange. For Edward Parry is a Negro; hidden geysers of trouble can be heard rumbling from Exchange Place to farthest Westchester County. At a reception given for him by Schuyler & Schuyler, one member of the firm is poisoned with nicotine in a cocktail. Somebody fires a shot at Parry himself as he leaves home next day. And every day or so begins booming to erupt.

Edward Parry and his wife are portrayed with sympathy, but without propaganda or hysterics. Detection is

in the capable hands of John Putnar Thatcher, Senior Vice President of the Sloan Guaranty Trust. As trouble rolls toward catastrophe, under chapter headings of lines from familiar hymns, it seems a bad situation can't possibly get worse. But worse it does grow with every eruption, including near-riot at Lincoln Center and a protest march to Wall Street. There, on the sacred Floor itself, the banker detective snares a murderer whose real motive has never been what it seemed; fair play is vindicated at last; and we can go rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Despite a title derived from English verse, despite roots stretching far across Europe, in action and motivation James Cross's **To Hell for Half a-Crown** (Random House, \$3.95) is as American as the New England manufacturing town where the action begins. Steve Bowman, former Intelligence agent, is hired by a bad tempered Puritan tycoon to go in search of the tycoon's heir, a younger son missing for nearly thirty years or, failing that, to seek out a conjugal grandson. Though the tycoon's free-wheeling granddaughter falls into Steve's arms without delay, someone has determined he shall never carry out his mission; he is badly beaten up by thugs as soon as he accepts it. Violence stalks Steve Bowman from Bradford Falls to Paris, destroying another free-wheeling girl.

Mr. Carr, who selects and reviews ten top mysteries for "Harper's" every year, is a notable author of them himself. His latest is "Panic in Box C."

THE NEW BOOKS

and on the Riviera. The same violence pursues him to Germany, overcomes him again when he has flown to Washington with the tycoon's grandson in tow, and blasts from all directions at a New England climax irresistibly suggesting Fall River in the days of Lizzie Borden. Here is a tight mystery with the headlong pace of a thriller, strongly written and highly recommended.

Ace of a different sort quivers through **The Traces of Merrilee**, by Herbert Brean (Morrow, \$3.95), whose theme is mental persecution against its background S.S. *Montmartre*, the best and most popular luxury liner of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. Just before the ship leaves New York Merrilee Moore, film star and sex-bomb, slips aboard in disguise. "Deac" Deacon, the engaging magazine writer we have met before, has been offered a suite for himself and three friends if he will keep an eye on this unexpectedly sympathetic young girl. And it takes some doing. Merrilee Moore is hounded and haunted: possibly by extrasensory perception, certainly by some human agency as malignant as it is implacable. There are two corpses, one with a green face; Merrilee herself seems to have disappeared into thin air before Deac interprets evidence provided by a stray cat, a couple of cablegrams, and a reference in *Who's Who*. Herbert Brean, an old pro with all the tricks, is at the very top of his form.

Before beginning **The King of the Tiny Country**, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row, \$4.50), you should be warned what *not* to expect in this or any book by the same author. Don't expect surprise endings; never anticipate (or hope for) the stroke of ingenuity that will yank the rug from under you. Mr. Freeling seems to consider himself above that sort of thing; he tries hard to write crime fiction which will sound as little as possible like crime fiction, despite fireworks all the way. Never mind! You must not miss his detective, Inspector Van der Valk of Amsterdam.

Steady-going, as down-to-earth as a piglet, Van der Valk rather angrily calls himself a slow Dutchman. But

It won the Mystery Writers of America Edgar Award as the "Best Mystery" of 1966."

he is one hell of a good fellow. And he has a touch of romantic imagination which can send him soaring outside channels—or off the rails. Directed by Big Money interests behind his own police department, he sets out to find an elusive millionaire named Marschal. Marschal, himself a romantic with many bank accounts in the names of Napoleon's marshals, has committed no crime and is in no trouble; he has simply disappeared. Why?

Van der Valk traces him to Cologne, where the millionaire, picking up a seventeen-year-old German girl of little sophistication but much sex appeal, has whisked her off to Innsbruck for the skiing. From Innsbruck the chase whips into France, to double tragedy at a village in the Vosges, to Biarritz, to a rifle shot down a hill between France and Spain, to the suicide that ends it. If you don't mind a mystery which is a mystery mainly because the detective can get no information from anybody, you will enjoy meeting Van der Valk, you will enjoy a vivid, colorful style, and you will enjoy every page of the book.

The Legacy Lenders, by Harold Q. Masur (Random House, \$3.95), offers classic detection of the best pattern, as intricate as it is exciting, with everyday human characters and all the cards face up. Our old friend Attorney Scott Jordan, driving on an errand of friendship through tangled traffic in the rain, has his Buick rammed by another car containing a woman messily murdered. From that moment we are enmeshed in nightmare, distorting many lives and hurtling past more than one devious plot, until the disclosure of a central deception so nearly foolproof that the most experienced reader may have been stumped. Mr. Masur, another old pro who writes as admirably as he constructs, has really surpassed himself here.

Don't let the next title put you off. John Godey's **A Thrill a Minute with Jack Albany** (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) deserves your attention as a gangster melodrama spoof: fast, funny, outrageous, at times weirdly credible. The protagonist, Jack Albany, is an amiable young actor whose sinister-looking face wins him bit parts in gangster melodramas for stage and screen. The first chapter is scarcely under way before he walks

slap into a real cop-killing in New York's West Forties. Mistaken by the mob for Ace Williams, a West Coast torpedo they have imported for special work in Manhattan, he must play the part of Ace Williams if it kills him, as it probably will.

We have much more than this to sweeten the masquerade. We have a heroine who dissembles her love for Jack by kicking him below the belt at their first meeting. We have a mobster boss, Joe Smooth, with truly Napoleonic ideas. "I began," he says proudly, "exactly like Al Capone—towel boy in a whorehouse." And now Joe Smooth is ready for a caper which must ring through history. They will put the snatch on the Mayor of New York, no less, for a ransom of ten million bucks. Though our hero may be anything but heroic, his sheer passion for acting sustains him through disaster after disaster: when the real Ace Williams turns up, when Jack is nakedly (*sic*) pursued by the boss's philandering wife, when mayhem explodes from Joe Smooth's country estate to the payoff at Gracie Mansion. Despite that unfortunate title, you may depend on its promise.

And now for espionage. In a field at present crowded with British agents of every variety, **A Very Private Intrigue**, by Leo Rosten (Atheneum, \$5.95), refreshingly presents home-based cloak-and-dagger which for expertise, polish, and sensationalism can challenge or surpass the best imports from Paternoster Row. Peter Hazlett Galton, a highly literate unofficial agent with friends in Washington, is off to Istanbul for some sharp undercover maneuvering before his dash across the Black Sea to Russia. From behind the Iron Curtain he must pluck out two scientists and the ladylove he has lost years before. He must do this against the craft of gross, vicious Sulenkian, fake parson and fake everything; of the homicidal hysteric called Osman Dabbutoi; of a sensational surprise villain whose emergence at the finale has been carefully clued all the way. You will find high old times beside the Golden Horn; you will find color, atmosphere, and gunplay in plenty. Don't miss it.

Ross Thomas's **The Cold War Swap** (Morrow, \$3.95) is another home-based adventure with a Sunday punch. Mac McCorkle, sardonic but

sympathetic part-owner of a bar-restaurant outside Bonn in West Germany, has been drawn into intrigue against his will. And very dirty intrigue it proves to be. Mac's friend and business partner, Mike Padillo, himself an American secret agent under pressure of blackmail by federal authorities over a matter of doubtful citizenship, has gone on a mission into East Germany; can he manage to return? When Moscow offers to exchange two American defectors for one bona fide Yankee spy, that same Mike Padillo, the secret deal is made. Venturing beyond the Berlin Wall to help his friend, Mac McCorkle shoulders through an inferno of murder and treachery which gives him no release even when he has emerged on the right side of the Wall. There must be more international shell games from Mr. Thomas; few newcomers have made a debut of such distinction and skill.

In *The 9th Directive*, by Adam Hall (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95), we are back on the familiar ground of British Intelligence, with Whitehall seven

thousand miles away. Quiller, the damn-your-eyes loner of *The Quiller Memorandum*, turns up in Bangkok for his most explosive assignment. A Royal Person (never named, but clearly Prince Philip) will visit Thailand on a good-will tour of the East. Security fears assassination, which has been threatened. The true plot, though not assassination, is a design fully as ominous. Caught offguard when they spring the trap, Quiller must alter his tactics at once. It is rough going through the underworld, amid opium fumes and flying bullets, until—with the assistance of a girl from the British Embassy; sex has slipped in too—Quiller frustrates the enemy in another triumph for himself and another ringing bull's-eye for Adam Hall. The Empire may no longer exist, more's the pity. Men like Quiller do still very much exist. "You may take to the wings of the morning, and flop round the earth till you're dead; but you won't get away from the tune that they play to the bloomin' old rag over'ead."

Let it be so; we're all content.

Final Solution

by David Cauter

Treblinka, by Jean-François Steiner. Simon & Schuster, \$5.95.

The true greatness of the Jews, wrote Jean-Paul Sartre in 1944, is their mildness, their obstinate sweetness in the face of brutal persecution, their faith in justice and reason when confronted by blind hatred. This ethic of nonresistance was molded as much by pragmatism as by theology; it was an ethic of survival. But when it became obvious that the Nazis intended to carry the pogrom to its logical conclusion, to total extermination, Jewish passivity assumed a suicidal quality. One recalls the (perhaps) apocryphal story of the two Jews who faced a firing squad. One Jew demanded loudly that a scarf be tied across his eyes; his companion began to tremble. "Sss!" he whispered, "don't make trouble!"

Events since World War II may

tempt us to contrast the behavior of the European Jews with the national liberation movements, the armed rebellions, of the colonized populations of Africa and Asia. But the parallel is too facile. A revolutionary ideology demands some sense of national history and national identity. For the Jews, history had stopped two thousand years ago; as Germans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Lithuanians who were neither completely integrated in nor completely alienated from their own national communities, they could discover no framework for solidarity and resistance except Zionism. Algerians and Vietnamese have been able to regroup and organize their forces in mountains and jungles; the Nazis surrounded the ghettos and transformed Israel into an unattainable dream.

The predicament of the East European Jews emerges powerfully from

Jean-François Steiner's book, *Treblinka*. In the spring of 1942, the Germans decided to build an extermination camp for the Jews of Warsaw, a damp, sandy plain situated on the Siedlec-Malkinia railway. Although *Treblinka* is the story of hell on earth, of man's ultimate inhumanity to man, very little has been known about the camp.

There are several reasons for this. The corpses of the victims were systematically burned, on the orders of Himmler. In fact, the technicians first experienced frustrating failure in performing this task until the arrival of an expert in cremation, Hubert Floss. It was Floss who proudly demonstrated that old corpses burned better than new, the fat better than the thin, women better than men. A judicious stacking of bodies together with the discreet application of wood and gasoline, resolved another of the Reich's troublesome problems.

After the final revolt of the Jews at Treblinka the camp was razed, the land plowed, and the documents destroyed. Whereas the Commandant of Auschwitz was put on trial at Nuremberg, the Commandant of Treblinka, Kurt Franz, disappeared without trace. Of the six hundred Jews who escaped in August 1943, only few had survived when the Red Army arrived a year later. In gathering material, Steiner has made use of testimony gathered by a Polish Commission of Inquiry in 1945 and by the Yashem Institute in Tel Aviv, but the bulk of his evidence is derived from interviews with the survivors. In this harrowing task the author has a personal motivation; he was 10 years old when his father and part of his family were deported from France to concentration camps. They did not survive.

Steiner has written out of horror and compassion, yet his book is all the more remarkable for its lucid objectivity. Its catalogue of atrocities causes one to writhe and sweat, but its real value lies in its constant posing of questions and its penetration of Jewish psychology in the face of racial extermination. The story

Mr. Cauter, a novelist and historian, is currently a visiting professor in the Schweitzer Program in the Humanities at New York University.

THE NEW BOOKS

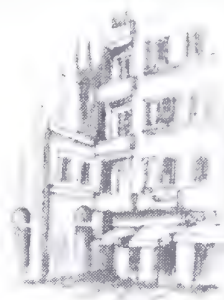
with the dilemma confronting small Jewish resistance groups at Vilna in the winter of 1941—his dilemma was threefold. The Jewish populations of Poland, Rumania, and the Ukraine conceded to the Nazis in the virulence of anti-Semitism; only the logic of partisan solutions was lacking. And, the code of nonresistance deeply rooted in the ghettos. Dr. Gens, the Jewish Chief of Police and the leader of the *Judenrat* at Vilna, pleaded that if he did not cooperate by handing over a thousand Jews, the Germans would come and seize ten thousand. Nonresistance was religious as well as its secular dimension. In Warsaw Rabbi Isaac Meir Eisenbaum declared: "To live is a *va'v*. When they attacked our [in Spain], we joyously attended the funeral pyres for the sanctification of the Name. But now it is our bodies they are after, the time of the sanctification of Life is." To live was not to resist; or the Jews persisted in believing. Their illusions were cunningly fostered by the Nazi technicians who constantly altered the rhythm of the games, allowing interludes of hope, creating a ghostly atmosphere of "mortality," thus isolating the resistance leaders.

At the same time the Nazis took every precaution of secrecy. The military Jews who were exterminated at Bialystok in 1942-43 arrived at the camp largely unaware of their destiny. To encourage order and passivity, Kurt Franz had the receiving room decorated with a false ticket booth, a false door marked "Station entrance," and a false timetable announcing departure times.

Once arrived, the Jews did not last long. By the time that Kurt Franz had perfected his techniques, it took forty-five minutes from the opening of the cattle trucks until the unloading of the gas-oven trapdoors. In a single morning 24,000 Jews could be exterminated. The afternoon was given over to the burial of the bodies, the extraction of gold teeth, and the sorting of clothing. To perform these tasks one thousand Jews were permitted to survive in the camp on a day-to-day basis. From their ranks came the Committee of Resistance with a determination to revolt. These Jews lived without illusions. But the

Cultural patterns

TRIPOLI: A Modern Arab City John Gulick



From the muezzin's first cry of "Allaaaahu Akbar!" before dawn to the last light out at night, the reader is immersed in the daily life of a Lebanese Muslim city of today. Based on first-hand observation, this fascinating book traces the history and the physical and economic changes that have occurred since the fourth century B.C., and describes governmental institutions, family life, employment, and social class structure of Tripoli, Lebanon, in terms of the great transformation it is now undergoing. Mr. Gulick's work has a significant bearing on world-wide problems of urbanization. 16 pages of illustrations. *Harvard Middle Eastern Studies*. \$8.50

CHANZEAUX: *A Village in Anjou*. Laurence Wylie, Editor. Photographs. \$8.95

VILLAGE IN THE VAUCLUSE. Laurence Wylie. Second Edition, Enlarged. Illustrated. \$5.50

THE PEOPLE OF RIMROCK: *A Study of Values in Five Cultures*. Evon Z. Vogt and Ethel M. Albert, Editors. Illustrated. \$9.95

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There will be two sets of prizes, one for high-school students and one for college students:

First Prizes	\$150
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RULES

1. Manuscripts must be no longer than 1,500 words and must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only.
2. All entries must be accompanied by a completely filled-out entry blank.
3. The contest closes January 31, 1968. No entries postmarked after that date will be considered.
4. The editors of *Harper's Magazine* will be the judges of the contest. Their decisions will be final.
5. All manuscripts submitted will be the property of *Harper's Magazine* and will not be returned. The decision whether or not to publish entries will rest with the editors.
6. Teachers whose classes use the *Harper's Student Edition* are requested to screen manuscripts, and submit only those they deem of especial merit.
7. Students in classes not using the *Student Edition* may enter the contest but must have the entry blank signed by a teacher.
8. Decisions will be announced in May 1968.
9. Mail manuscripts with entry blanks to: *Harper's Student Writing Contest*, *Harper's Magazine*, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

ENTRY BLANK

STUDENT'S NAME: _____

SCHOOL OR COLLEGE ADDRESS: _____

GRADE (freshman, sophomore, etc.): _____

HOME ADDRESS: _____

TEACHER'S NAME: _____ TEACHER'S SIGNATURE: _____

revolt itself aborted several times, and the leaders were cautious.

The heroism and comradeship of the rebels of August 1943 were those of men who had nothing to lose. They were obsessed by the fear that Treblinka would yield no survivors, no witnesses for posterity. The Committee all sacrificed their lives in order to help others escape. Certain individuals are remembered: Rudek, who turned the machine gun of an armored car on the guards, Weiner, who killed himself exploding the motor which fed the gas chambers, and others.

They died, but the Commandant of Treblinka, Kurt Franz, did not die. He disappeared. Formerly a waiter in Bavaria, he epitomized the sadistic petty-bourgeois anti-Semite who worshiped Hitler. He organized a Jewish orchestra in the camp and delighted in having men hacked to pieces with shovels. He would set his dog onto a prisoner with the words, "Look man, that dog is not working." This February a person named Franz Stangl was arrested in São Paulo. The Austrian government has applied for his extradition. It seems that the man Franz Stangl may be the dog Kurt Franz.

turned out not to be important, it makes this book like reliving the years in Britain. All the great turning points of the war are there, of course, but what comes out even stronger are the more personal affairs—like even the vignette of Churchill (and there are many, at all phases of the war), the Nicolsons' quest for suicide pills ("bare bodkins") in case of a successful German invasion in 1940, and the actual suicide of their great friend Virginia Woolf in 1941.

For an American ear, the tone of the book may often seem too "typically British": Mr. Nicolson's lip is most always stiff, and frightfully upper. But from the moment when he writes to his wife, from London, in 1940, "Darling, how infectious courage is," nobody who lived through the war, on either side of the Atlantic, will be able to put this book down.

Great credit, again, to Nicolson, Nigel, for his exemplary note-taking and editing. Book of the Month, June, Atheneum, \$8.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

My Brother Tom, by James Aldridge.

A touching little story about young love, blighted by, of all things, a case of arson. Set in Australia, just before World War II, it is disarmingly written, and has an interesting point to make about the difference in the protests of youth, between there and then, and here and now.

Little Brown, \$4.95

Eustace Chisholm and the Works, by James Purdy.

A nightmare comedy of love and desire—all of it perverse, all of it thwarted, most of it guilty and paid for with terrible expiations. But for all the horror and anguish it contains, the story remains a comedy. This is because James Purdy writes like the very devil. No matter how often one's jaw drops from stark terror or disbelief, it is still a pleasure to sell one's soul to him, for the time it takes to read his book.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95

Nonfiction

The War Years: 1939-1945. Volume Two of the Diaries and Letters of Harold Nicolson.

This is a unique historical document. It is a day-to-day account of World War II, in Britain, by one who

was not only already a distinguished professional writer, but also a member of Parliament at the time.

However, Mr. Nicolson had to be content with rather an obscure post in the government, which was then a disappointment to him; but it is just this that now gives his book its strength—for this is not another inner-sanctum story of the war by one in the know, but rather the outer-sanctum story of the struggle, by one who was often not much better informed than the man in the street. It was written as it happened, so one picture from this book is often worth a thousand reminiscences.

For instance, to read Mr. Nicolson's account of being in the House the day that Churchill made his "We shall fight on the beaches" speech, is like being there. Understated as the entry is (and followed by a letter from his wife saying she managed to miss the broadcast!), the effect of what that speech meant at that moment is there, and is still extraordinary. Extraordinary, in a different way, is to read that, again at the time, Churchill's speech after the Battle of Britain, "Never . . . has so much been owed by so many to so few," struck Mr. Nicolson as only "moderate and well-balanced."

It is the inclusion of judgments like this, plus all the conjectures about things that either didn't happen, or

Moment in the Sun, by Robert a Leona Rienow.

This is a very important book. It is a quiet but angry plea for us all to realize in what danger we could be to this country. We've been being told for some years now that the wide-open spaces are getting narrower all the time; and quicker than some of us might think. The authors of this book lay it right on the line that if the rate in population carries on at the same rate as it is today, then in the future, the near future, not some H. G. Wells never-never land—this country could be facing the same dilemma as China today, *i.e.* too many people and not enough food. Incredible! It could happen here! And maybe it won't, already we are being told elsewhere that the population explosion is dwindling to a distant rumble. But it is a bad thing to be reminded that the country, so accustomed to bountiful surpluses, may sometime soon have to struggle to be self-sufficient. The balance of the nation's wheat supply, for instance, is so delicate that one severe drought like the one in Kansas and Oklahoma last March, could seriously affect our daily bread for years.

Mr. Cook, poet and librettist, is a regular reviewer in these columns.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

And the authors here are very anxious about science's answer to the problem, no matter how yummy algae-burgers are that it proposes turn out.

the face of such a basic struggle is, for existence, the authors' con- about the chopping down of the woods, the monkeying around the Grand Canyon, and the dinging of water from Niagara Falls seem folksy, to say the least. But es seem to be a macabre symptom something or other that the Bald e—one of the country's great pools—may easily turn into this ary's dodo. And that this fact may rugged off.

is this shrugging-off habit that authors wish to break us of. And make it very difficult to ignore, instance, the vicious circle surd- ing automobiles, one of our e prosperity symbols. They point simply, that more cars mean more e jams, which mean more free- s, which mean less country to e out to see in the first place. t from the fact that their fumes a major contributor to the air pol- n that can kill you. It's nonsense, it's happening. Again, perhaps ot happening now quite as badly was when this book was written: mobile manufacturers reported a p drop in sales for the first quar- of 1967. But after reading this and humane book, one wants to d with everybody to keep *aware*, ot regard these things as part of e inevitable black comedy. Or by end of this century, a good laugh be hard to find.

Dial Press, \$6

Difficulty of Being, by Jean eau. Translated by Elizabeth gge. Introduction by Ned Rorem. octeau, like the signature he as- ed, was a star. Like all stars, he d sometimes appear monumental- illy, but the monument always e. Early in this book, written i he was recuperating from a long ss in 1947, he mentions that his r has always grown in all direc- s." He suggests his nerves and grow that way too. His writing certainly does—but that is the t, and anyway, with a star it n't matter—not when he scatters t brilliant remarks about other s like Satie, Diaghilev, Stravin-

sky, Picasso, Proust; and certainly not when he talks constantly in im- ages that enchant the eye and tease the sense, and in aphorisms that as- sume the telegraphy of poetry. How Elizabeth Sprigge, the translator, has managed to capture all this in witty and elegant English, and *not* become a star herself, is a mystery. This column nominates her for the Best Sup- porting Performance of the Year.

Coward-McCann, \$5

The First Masochist, by James Cleugh.

There is something weirdly suitable in the idea that, for all the formidable literature there is around today about de Sade and sadism, there seems to be only this one meek little book about von Sacher-Masoch and masochism. And a very punishable book it is too, with its nervous hedging about be- tween sober biography and titillating romance. But "masochism" has en- tered the language and it is not unin- teresting to glean at least something here about the man who literally gave his name to this painful condition.

An interesting sidelight (to an out- sider) is to discover how important fur was, as a fetish, in the home life of the Masochs—more significant than any number of whips, ropes, or what have you. Obviously, "fun fur" really meant something in those days.

Stein & Day, \$6.95

Particularly Cats, by Doris Lessing.

When asked if he liked cats, a char- acter in a Pinero play says, "Yes, I like to watch a cat occasionally." Many people are of the opinion that that is all you can do with a cat—just watch it—while others go to the far extreme of letting themselves be ruled by Tibs or Puss-Puss to an almost Egyptian extent. Miss Lessing's slim volume puts her properly between the two: she loves to watch her cats, but also loves their always fascinating ability to drop domestic coziness and revert to some feral instinct, at the drop of a brick. This is mainly the story of life with her own two, fairly average cats, and she tells it straight and simple, with none of that anthro- pomorphic badinage that makes one long to throw cans of tuna at some people. A delightful and remarkable *bonne bouche* from this often redoubt- able writer.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.50 []



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RANDOM HOUSE

Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

IF YOU MUST BUILD A CULTURAL CENTER

*Guidelines and ground rules derived in part from
New York's experience with Lincoln Center.*

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts opened nearly five years ago. This season, all of its four theaters were at last in simultaneous operation. So was the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, which structurally joins the Metropolitan Opera House to the Repertory Theater; and almost completed, or still building, were the ugly Guggenheim band shell, nearly lost to sight on the Center's southwest corner, and the Juilliard School, just to the north.

It is no easier now than it was five years ago to think about Lincoln Center with any coherence, so irrelevant are its constituent parts to each other. The Metropolitan Opera, as a museum displaying mainly nineteenth-century valuables, exists in splendid isolation across the way from the New York City Ballet, most of whose repertoire has been created within the past twenty years, while the Repertory Theater, like an adolescent with a terrible case of welt-schmerz, continues to struggle to find a personality and a definition of its own. The Center's only unity lies in its physical layout: a grouping on fourteen acres of various buildings, each of which was designed in a more or less varying style by a different architect.

A considerable number of official communiqués have emerged from Lincoln Center since ground was broken for Philharmonic Hall in 1959. President Eisenhower, who wielded the first shovel on that occasion,

stated then that it would be "a mighty influence for peace and understanding." The Center's administrative head, William Schuman, told us that this new cultural complex was "an idea," adding that it would give "bold and concrete expression to confidence in man's survival."

These are worthy notions and high hopes, but in terms of the performing arts and Lincoln Center they have little relationship to real life. At its best, the Center is a midway run as though it were part of a World's Fair—its unavoidable destiny, perhaps, as a Cultural Center and not without either dignity or elegance. But dignity and elegance aside, nothing that has appeared on its several stages would have been lost to New York or the world had Lincoln Center never been built, nor has it provided more than the slightest seminal influence in any creative area in the theater.

It is precisely as a midway that Lincoln Center seems to have meaning for many of the thousands of tourists who annually visit its buildings. The members of a guided tour that I recently accompanied on its rounds could come up with only two questions for its leader in the hour or so they spent together. Why, one gentleman wanted to know, were so many lockers installed in the rear of the Vivian Beaumont Theater, where the Repertory Theater Company makes its home? (For a twenty-five-cent fee, it turned out, you can check your coat in one for the duration of

a performance.) The second question concerned Richard Lippold's sculpture, "Orpheus and Apollo," whose thin metal slabs hang threateningly from the ceiling of Philharmonic Hall's lobby, nine stories high. We had the job of cleaning it, several ladies wanted to know; and since it seemed surprisingly dusty at the moment, one added, when was the next cleaning due?

There was not a word from the group about what might be going on in the theaters at Lincoln Center. Perhaps the members felt that they need a special vocabulary to talk about the performing arts. (There has been enough rhetoric on the subject to last our lifetimes and it has apparently intimidated many people, if it has totally paralyzed their critical sense.) It also seemed clear that the members of this touring group—they came from Ohio, Vermont, Virginia, and Brooklyn, among other places—felt not at all challenged by the inner life of a complex like Lincoln Center, and never in fact, gave it a thought. It was the external questions—the statistics and odd notions—that concerned them: how many spotlights were set in the ceiling of the Vivian Beaumont Theater (there turned out to be five hundred).

Mr. Kotlowitz began contributing "Harper's" in October 1959, with "Mr. Balanchine Builds a Ballet," is the magazine's new managing editor. (See "The Editor's Easy Chair" page 24.)



NATHAN S. SPERO'S MARBLE NUDES IN THE NEW YORK STATE THEATER. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF LINCOLN CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, INC.—BY STRATTON

ed, all of them operated by computer), the kind of fabric used for a curtain, the closed circuit TV sets in the lobbies, the cleanliness of the shrooms. Probably this is a permanent situation. We do indeed have a larger audience than ever before in this country for the performing arts, but the ratio of knowing to unknowing, caring to uncaring, involved to uninvolved, remains the same; and I guess is that it always will.

A nearly orgasmic manifestation of the midway state of mind at Lincoln Center is Festival '67, which opened in mid-June and will run through the end of July. Here are some of the events of Festival '67; they make a long list: ten performances by the Metropolitan Opera, ten by the Hamburg State Opera, in from West Germany for its American debut, five by the New York Philharmonic under André Kostelanetz, and eight under regular leader, Leonard Bernstein. Yehudi Menuhin is bringing over the Festival Orchestra and Chamber Ensemble from England; Ernest Ansermet will conduct L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. At the same time, S. Hurok will import hundreds of Russian musicians and dancers for an all-star program, and a revival of *South Pacific* will go on under the supervision of its composer, Richard

Rodgers, who also heads the Lincoln Center Music Theater. Various soloists will offer recitals, Alexander H. Cohen will present Peter Ustinov's new play, *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*, and poetry readings will take place at the 92nd Street YMHA, which is two miles from Lincoln Center. Downtown, a Czech Film Festival will be shown at the Museum of Modern Art.

The 92nd Street Y? Museum of Modern Art? Alexander H. Cohen? What, you may well ask, do these cultural "objects" have to do with Lincoln Center? The answer is nothing, or nothing real beyond their promotional value in exploiting Festival '67. If it is a Festival hit, Mr. Cohen's production of the Ustinov play will undoubtedly move downtown to more permanent commercial quarters, where its backers can enjoy both the profits and the cachet of a Lincoln Center premiere. Meanwhile, Lincoln Center will be able to say that you could have seen it first in their theater. If it fails, it will go into that garbage pail reserved for fashionable lost "experiments." Either way, it's small beer.

In fact, Festival '67 seems to have been planned as an arbitrary combination of attractions intended to sell seats at the height of the tourist

season. In purely artistic terms, the visit by the Hamburg State Opera is its only important event, with the possible exception of the two-week showing of Czech films. As welcome as the Bath Orchestra and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande are, they bring no surprises. Neither does André Kostelanetz nor *South Pacific*, which has already been performed more than two thousand times in New York City alone. Can members of the audience be faulted for wondering when Lincoln Center ceased its existence as an Idea and an Influence for World Peace and became that common Show Biz phenomenon, a Promotion Parlay?

If there seem to be implicit warnings in these remarks to cultural centers now being planned elsewhere, there are still others—perhaps more serious—that can be sounded. I shall start with the one that is most common (and least heeded). If you must build a cultural center in your city...

One— Be sure that you have something to go into it. Washington's ambitious Kennedy Center, for example, is almost ready to take physical shape, yet it is still without a single resident company or even a director. The city itself already has a resident ballet company—the National—as well as a nationally recog-



"I thought the montage that built the stabbing scene lacked rhythm, and the long pan shot to the victim's throat was too tricky, but the dismemberment sequence was a cinematic tour de force."

nized theater—the Arena—but apparently neither is being considered for the Kennedy Center. Several questions arise: With one ballet company now struggling for a precarious life, can Washington support a second? Where will the audience come from? With an opera house at the heart of Kennedy Center, where will a ready-made opera company come from? And if not a ready-made company, the money to launch a new one?

If you plan to do without resident companies, remember that Sol Hurok can book only a certain number of attractions, and so can other managements, to keep your stages filled. One possible solution to the problem is the work of a handful of rising young impresarios who are becoming more and more inventive in putting together unusual programs. Among them is Jay Hoffman, who sensitively exploited the Baroque music revival in a series of imaginative low-priced programs at Lincoln Center, some of which started at midnight.

Two— It would be wise to remember that it will mainly serve the financially elite. Few poor people will come, because the price range for seats will quite literally be staggering. They will have to be; running expenses will turn out to be at least 25 per cent greater than your original estimate. Lincoln Center itself has a payroll of more than three hundred people, none of whom works directly for the Met, the New York Philharmonic, the Repertory Theater, or the New York City Opera or Ballet.

Three— Give films (and other poparts of the day) equal prominence, if not more, with the other performing arts. This will assure your center that young people will attend its performances. When the New York Film Festival plays its two weeks each fall at Lincoln Center, an entirely new audience, never seen on the premises at any other time of the year, is in attendance. Once the Festival is over, it vanishes. Aware of this at last, Lincoln Center is now planning to expand film activities.

Four— Reconsider.

Lincoln Center works because it is in New York; the world is its oyster. It is now a vast, immovable fact of the city's life, built solidly of travertine, with fountains, and inviting open spaces. The theaters are becoming familiar in outline and the audi-

ence is beginning to feel at home. Certainly, its comfort has been cared for. There is hardly a lobby area in which you could not stand freely with arms out-stretched during intermission if you wanted. The promenade floor in Philip Johnson's New York State Theater is a perfect environment for audience watching, for milling around without a crush, for plain walking. A long, curved bar lines one wall; huge white marble statues by Elie Nadelman of nudes and circus ladies tower over each end of the floor. Overhead, the ceiling is covered with gold leaf while the handrails that line the upper lobbies and stairways overlooking the promenade are of bronze filigree. Downstairs, in the lobbies that flank the orchestra section, the walls are carpeted, sound is muted, and the lighting relaxed; a perfect complement to the promenade floor upstairs. The theater's only serious mistake is the famous missing center aisle; it's a long climb over many resistant bodies into the center of the orchestra rows and once there you're likely to stay put for intermission.

Philharmonic Hall offers less character and consistency. It too has a certain airiness in its lobby areas but the auditorium is shaped like a coffin and the entire ground-floor level is a confused jumble of box-office windows, corridors, restaurants, and gift shops. The Met remains a clumsy elephant, a calamity in decorative terms that does not improve with age; it looks best from any point on Broadway or the Center's plaza, from which you can see clearly the two huge Chagall paintings that hang in its lobby. The architectural winner at Lincoln Center is the Vivian Beaumont Theater, serene, cool, symmetrical, clean, elegant, and easily one of the most beautiful structures in New York City. It was designed by Saarinen and its only flaw (outside of the functional mishap that the theater's determinedly outthrust stage has become) can hardly be blamed on him: the vast south lobby window looks straight into the kitchen of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The hidden jewel of Lincoln Center is the little-publicized and much-used Library and Museum of Performing Arts. This valuable and appetizing enterprise is tucked away between the Vivian Beaumont Theater and the

Metropolitan Opera House in what amounts to a wide corridor; it has no architectural identity of its own, since the rest of it is wrapped around the back of the Beaumont and above it. The Library and Museum provides many services, but its heart, not unexpectedly, is books. You can shop there (for books, shopping bags, postcards, bookmarks, posters, records, matches, toys, and prints); see an imaginative movie on twenty-one tiny screens about the Performing Arts; or do research on theater, music, dance, and even recorded sound.

Small, vivid exhibits are spotted around the various floors. A recent one was entirely turned over to the question of what certain performers wore on their heads in their most famous roles. There were, among others, Katharine Cornell as Elizabeth Barrett (ruby bonnet), Laurit Melchior as Tristan (a winged tiara), Gypsy Rose Lee as herself (a black velvet picture hat two and a half feet in diameter), Zero Mostel as a Roman slave (yellow terry-cloth wreath), and a Ziegfeld Girl in the *Follies of 1908* (a papier-mâché ocean liner with two masts and sixty-four portholes).

Upstairs an elaborate exhibit called "Opera from Score to Stage" was on display. This involved all the multiple facets of producing Richard Strauss' opera *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* at the Metropolitan this season. It was, unfortunately, so stunningly "designed" that I could not follow it; and in fact its combination of slides, sound, shadow boxes, posters, pictures, signs was so complicated that it kept breaking down. In any case, it did offer photostats of productions of *Die Frau* that had been staged in Nazi Germany. These visual evocations of what the opera stage looked like in Dresden, Munich, and Berlin 1939 and Hamburg 1934 (it looked perfectly ordinary) were the first designs I have seen from that period in Germany.

This tasteful museum and library is free to all comers. Visitors wander its high-ceilinged halls in obvious pleasure, while the lucky ones sit entranced in comfortable chairs, their ears enclosed by earphones, in a silent public exchange with music, poetry or drama as an LP turns on a turntable beside them. They can listen to any recording they want. That's the way to do things. [

Music in the Round by Discus

OPENING UP THE ROMANTIC REPERTOIRE

a unmined treasure of nineteenth-century works by Hummel and Spohr; and a new album by Liszt, who is a throwback to the romantic era.

Beethoven's dates were 1770-1827. Johann Nepomuk Hummel's were 1778-1837. Ludwig Spohr's were 1784-1859. The three composers can be bracketed together, for in the 1820s they were considered the greatest of their time. Beethoven then was primarily a composer. That is, his pianoforte prevented him from appearing as a pianist or conductor (though he did appear at the head of an orchestra when his new works had their premiere, and he generally threw things into a frightful mess). Hummel was considered the greatest pianist of his day. He was an exponent of the Viennese school, which meant he played a light-sounding piano (as contrasted to the heavier, more resonant instrument of the English school of Clementi), and he represented clarity, elegance, and style, as befitted a pupil

Mozart. He was an ungainly, unevenly man with a pockmarked face and a tic. Spohr was the greatest classical violinist of his day, and he represented Mozartean ideals of proportion and eighteenth-century elegance. Spohr, a genial, heavyset man with a big head (he lived long enough to be photographed), also was one of the pioneer conductors. By 1820 he was using the baton, terribly novel for those days, and all Europe was talking about his "silent conducting." Most other conductors stamped or otherwise audibly rapped out the beat.

As a composer Beethoven was, of course, for the ages. Spohr and Hummel were transitional figures who bridged the two centuries. Their training and instincts were of the eighteenth century, but their music

contains strong anticipations of the coming romanticism. It was a music extremely popular until 1850 or so. Spohr's operas—*Faust*, *Jessonda*, and the others—were considered immortal contributions even though a bit daring in their chromaticism. When Hummel's Septet had its premiere in Vienna, in the 1820s, it made easily as much of an impact as any of Beethoven's scores. People would stop on the street and discuss its beauty. If ever a piece of music was destined to ring through the ages, it was the Hummel Septet.

But the reputation of both men fast declined. The only piece by Spohr that has ever hung on the edge of the repertoire is his **Violin Concerto No. 8**, the so-called *Gesangscene*, which recently has been recorded, along with his **Concerto No. 9**, by violinist Hyman Bress and an orchestra conducted by Richard Beck (Oiseau-Lyre OL 278, mono; SOL 278, stereo). Of Hummel there seems to be nothing at all in the repertoire. Years back, one occasionally could hear his E flat Rondo in concert—a charming piece that such pianists as Friedman used to play. That has gone and nothing is left. Indeed, the only place to hear music by Spohr and Hummel is on phonograph records. The LP renaissance, in its search for unusual material, has come up with some half-dozen items by each composer, and the latest Hummel disc to come out contains the once-famous **Septet** and a **Quintet in E flat** for piano and strings. Lamar Crowson, pianist, and members of the Melos Ensemble do the honors (Oiseau-Lyre OL 290, mono; SOL 290, stereo).

Starting a Revival?

Perhaps the Hummel disc may start a revival of interest in the composer. Several reviewers, including one in the respected *Musical Quarterly*, have

heard the disc and written where-has-this-been-all-my-life? reviews. And, indeed, there is some marvelous music in these two works. The Septet, scored for piano, flute, oboe, horn, viola, cello, and bass, is a fluent and melodious piece of writing with a fascinating piano part. This kind of piano writing leads right into Chopin, and the Polish composer obviously knew Hummel's music inside out (the opening of Chopin's E minor Concerto is virtually a rewrite of Hummel's A minor Concerto, as anybody can hear from the recording on the Turnabout label). Neither the Septet nor the fine, strong Quintet is Kapellmeister writing; there are too many ideas, too much adventure, for that. Hummel comes out as an important minor composer whose music can very much stand on its own.

The performances are superb. Crowson is a chamber-music pianist par excellence, and also a pianist who knows something about the Hummel style. He plays this very difficult music with extreme clarity, hardly touching the pedal, yet managing to avoid dryness. His exceptionally facile technique sets off Hummel's flligree passage-work like the snapping of little firecrackers. His rhythm, too, is admirable. It should be added that the recorded sound is a pleasure to hear. The realism is such that the disc, if played on top equipment, brings the players into the living room.

Spohr does not come off as happily, for Bress on the violin is not the equivalent of Crowson on the piano. Bress has a thin, unpleasant tone, and he scratches away at the double stops with uncomfortable results. Writing like this demands the utmost in suppleness and flowing tone. Heifetz has given that to us in his recording of the *Gesangscene* (still available on a Victor LP), but there is no other recording of the Concerto No. 9, an equally impressive work. In this Ninth Concerto, the composer throws the book at the listener. It is a compendium of virtuoso violinistic effects of the pre-Paganini era, full of chordal writing, high positions, and fleet passage-work. But more: the music has considerable charm and validity, especially the charming, salon-like last movement.

The moral is clear. There is much fine, unexplored music by composers

COMING IN HARPER'S

• Since he joined the peace movement to his civil-rights crusade, **Martin Luther King** has acquired a new constituency and a whole new set of pressures. **David Halberstam** traveled all over America with him recently and reports on the new problems that beset a changed and more radical King—and threaten a split in the civil-rights movement.

• Rarely does *Harper's* print a poem as long or as distinguished as *Sketch for a Poem*, by the astonishing thirty-four-year-old Russian poet, **Andrei Voznesensky**, that will appear next month . . . "a surreal vision in which . . . the plight of women, the precarious nature of existence, the Protean quality of life—are thrown into nightmarish relief."

• After his defeat in California a few years ago, **Richard Nixon** ostensibly wrote his own epitaph. Now his star looks brighter than that of almost any other Republican in the scramble for the Presidential nomination. **David Broder** and **Stephen Hess** take a quizical look at this "durable man" in *The Seven Lives of Richard Nixon*.

• **Midge Decter** in *Sex, My Daughters and Me* inquires into the special agonies of modern parents and their offspring in the delicate and urgent matter of sex education.

• And also, a very funny story, *Nothing to Write Home About*, by **Peter De Vries**; and an uproarious account of a minor-league pro-football team by **Larry L. King**.

of the nineteenth century. Up to now the record companies have gone wild about baroque, unearthing score after score by forgotten eighteenth-century composers. The time has come for an equal investigation into the music of the nineteenth century. Some critics have been calling for such a move, and with good reason, the active repertoire being in the constricted shape it is. Certainly, as the *New York Times* has pointed out, the music of Hummel, Spohr, Cherubini, Heller, and Moszkowski is as good as the music of such baroque figures as Brunetti, Fasch, Zelenka, and Corelli. Only we hear—on records, anyway—music by the latter, and almost never by the former group.

Getting back to the third of the trinity of the 1820s: Beethoven. His *Symphony No. 8* has been recorded by Pablo Casals and the Marlboro Festival Orchestra. Also on the disc is Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* (Columbia ML 6331, mono; MS 6931, stereo). There seem to be hundreds of recordings of each work, but this disc occupies a special place, thanks to Casals. He is a legend, and the venerable cellist-conductor-composer (he must have been close to ninety years of age when he made this record) is also a throwback. He represents the playing and the musical philosophy of a previous century, and one can almost reconstruct an age from his musical approach and his remarks.

He conducts a strong, vigorous Beethoven, one almost brutal in its sharp accents and avoidance of prettiness. His Mendelssohn is equally devoid of effect; it is somewhat slow, heavy-thewed, and muscular. No other conductor approaches Beethoven and Mendelssohn exactly like this, and it may not be to everybody's taste. But there is a probity, a dedication, an insistence on shape, that are most impressive.

Single-minded Fervor

The Beethoven-Mendelssohn disc comes with a bonus record entitled **Casals: A Living Portrait**. It has been put together from many sources—from the Casals Master Classes programs of the National Educational Television series; from television interviews, radio broadcasts, and the like. Casals can be heard teaching,

playing, rehearsing an orchestra, dominating about music. In music he is a simplicitist. Music to him is a divine force, a moral force, a link with the infinite. One envies him his serenity. Only very old, very successful men have this kind of calm confidence. He forcefully utters platitude after platitude—only in his case the observations do not sound like platitudes. They are too imbued with a fervent belief, and all of a sudden we realize that Casals all his life has actually been practicing what he preaches. The thought is sobering. Most of us these days tend toward skepticism. But when we are into the brick wall of Casals' single-minded belief, it is we who pick ourselves up off the ground.

And Also...

Albéniz: Iberia (complete). Alicia Larrocha, piano. Epic SC 6058 (mono); BSC 158 (stereo), both 2 discs.

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Beethoven: Missa Solemnis. Elisabeth Soderstrom, Marga Hoeffgen, Waldemar Kmentt, Marti Talvela, and New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Otto Klemperer. Angel B 3 (mono); SB 3679 (stereo), both 2 discs.

Typical Klemperer: broad, slow, intense, powerful. Other conductors have stressed the drama of the score. Klemperer stresses its metaphysics. This is the old German approach, and Klemperer is one of the last alive who represents it. Good solo singing.

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1 in E minor. Dinu Lipatti and orchestra. Seraphim 60007 (mono only).

The late Dinu Lipatti made this the-air recording in May 1948. Presumably the orchestra and conductor are under contract to Seraphim, which is why the names are omitted. Lipatti died two years later, and a cult has been built around him. He was indeed a wonderful pianist, though this record does not show him at his best. The performance is clear and finished, but on the slow side and not very idiomatic. Nevertheless, it remains a souvenir of a very important artist.

August 1967 75 Cents

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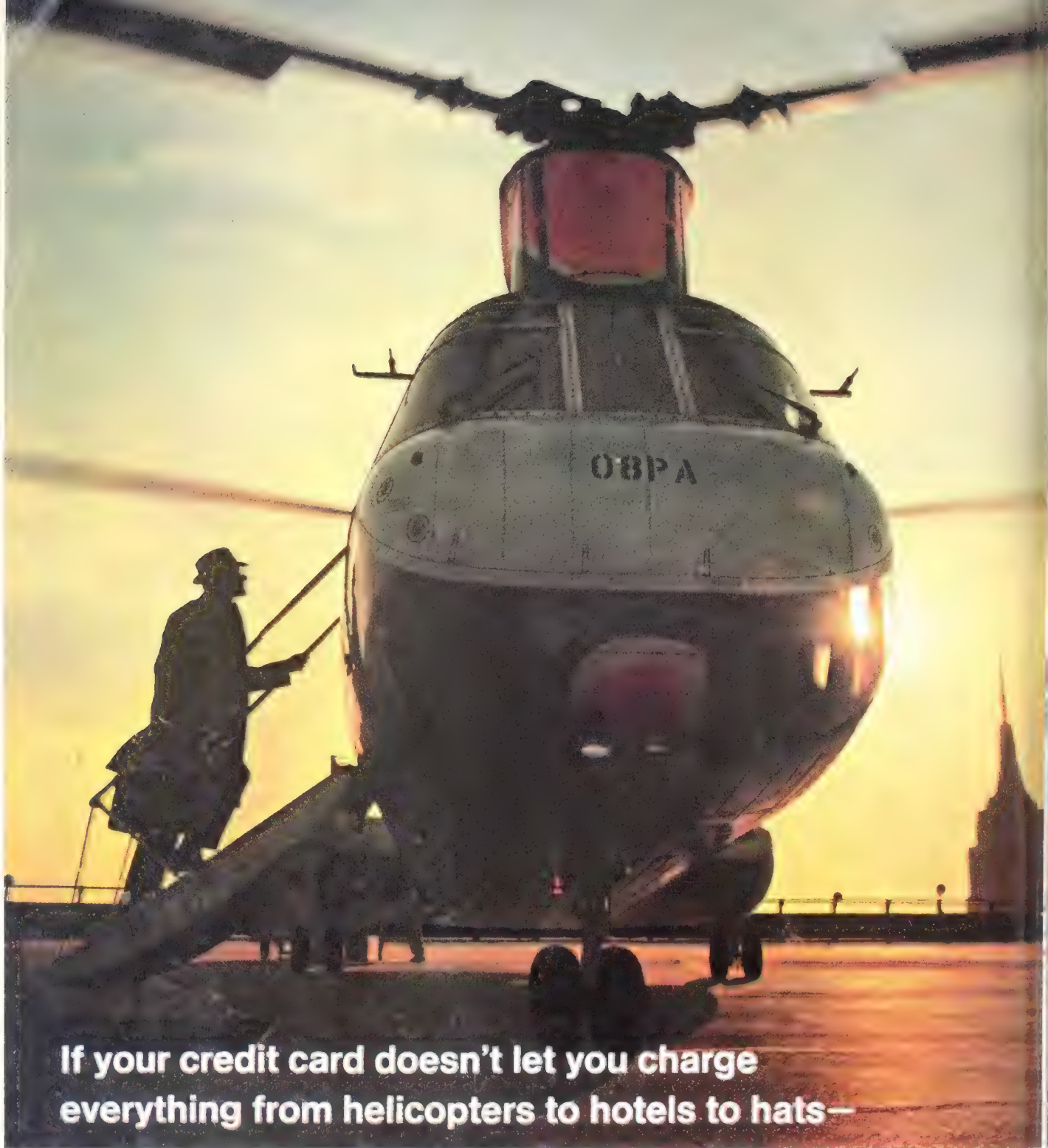
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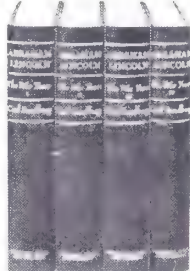
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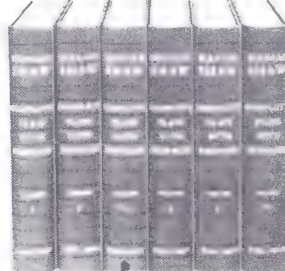
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August
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grinding machines have symbolized progress through industry. Now photography, of all things, offers engineers a more reliable way to manufacture some of the more precise and complex mechanical parts required by the miraculous devices of civilization.

Photofabrication reverses the old artist's role of limning objects seen. It starts with drawings, and by chemistry and optics transforms them into objects, usually at great reduction in size. Photofabrication is growing so fast because so many hardworking people have decided to do it instead of fight it. It wouldn't be growing that fast if we weren't pushing it hard.

"And what does your son the advertising man advertise, Mrs. Jones?"

"Photofabrication."

"Oh."

Those who want to acquire a broader understanding of marketing through experience might get in touch with Business and Technical Personnel Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.*

Single concept



This, in some educators' jargon, is a single-concept film. The movie in the cartridge might run no more than 8 feet long, or it might run as long as 50 feet—whatever is required to explain what needs to be explained and no more. In a science subject, for example, the student consults it as he would a page in a lab manual.

If he consulted it before performing an assigned lab exercise, just watching the film a few times could take the place of part of the exercise that answers the questions already answered long ago by the founding fathers of the science. He could then use the precious actual lab time to answer some

questions involving suspense and excitement.

The new and higher-quality super 8 films that schools will buy or teachers can make can be kept in the cartridge for instant use on special study-type projectors, even by young children who have only recently learned to handle books. The vast numbers of super 8 projectors already waiting in private homes also accept these films.

Now is the right time for teachers to start thinking about what they would like to have happen in single-concept films. Though Kodak is hardly in a position to grant all wishes, educators are invited to express their views on this matter to Motion Picture and Education Division, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650. (Nothing confidential, please.)

Mr. Fudge, the manganese man



Pressure is building up these days on Thomas G. Fudge. By 1975 his success in responding to it should be apparent from a map of the United States that plots the extent and severity of manganese deficiency in American soil. Tom Fudge is expected to make the Mn-deficient acreage shrink and shrink.

Manganese is the one and only trace element in soil that directly concerns Mr. Fudge. Zinc, copper, vanadium, and other trace elements are also important to agriculture but not in a business way important to Tom Fudge. Only manganese.

Will alleviation of manganese deficiency vastly improve the quality of human life in this land? It is probably too much to expect.

What, then, is putting the pressure on Mr. Fudge? This is what: a vast upsurge in picture-taking and consequently in the demand for photofinishing service, for photographic developer, and ultimately for the hydroquinone that goes into most of it.

We make hydroquinone by a process in which manganese dioxide enters and manganese sulfate comes out. Manganese sulfate is therefore coming out pretty fast at present. Would you have us dump it somewhere? You wouldn't like that one bit. Nor would it make any sense. Simply by carrying on its hydroquinone-making business, our plant takes the same insoluble MnO_2 that some people try to use in fertilizer and changes it to a fully soluble source of those Mn^{++} ions without which citrus groves languish in chlorosis, livestock grows deformed legs, and eggs are fewer, with weaker shells.

That is why Tom Fudge performs a useful service by going about insisting on the importance of the trademark TECMANGAM in soil improvement. His address is Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., Kingsport, Tenn. 37662 (Subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company).

Kodak

Those who already have the right job and think that it requires them to understand a few more technical facts about photofabrication should communicate instead with our Department 926 and ask for pamphlet H13-8.

Letters



How to Become a New Yorker

Please convey my affectionate greetings to Willie Morris, my fellow provincial in New York ["A Provincial in New York: Living in the Big Cave," June]. I am from Nebraska myself and have been here for twenty-seven years, and I assure him that when he has been here as long as that, he will feel exactly the way he does now. . . .

WINIFRED SCOTT
New York, N. Y.

All well and good, Willie Morris, to take time . . . on Christmas Day to present the demented soul-saver with tins of sardines-inspired gifts, lacking only the loaves. But to survive in Manhattan you need more than half-hearted do-goodism. When you migrated North, you should have brought your:

Buttinski. If, in front of your own eyes, several pedestrians have been killed crossing Park Avenue, have you reported the situation to the Traffic Commissioner, demanding safety islands, signs, additional lights? . . .

Foriness. You can't seriously believe that in Manhattan landlords have tenants by the you-know-what. There exists in New York an embattled but effective Department of Housing. A tenant who *has* any you-know-what turns in the landlord who endangers health by refusing to collect garbage. . . .

Get-up-and-go. If the neighborhood

Harper's welcomes readers' comments. Short letters stand the best chance of publication; and all letters must be cut to some extent. Comments on articles in this issue will appear in the October Harper's.

cafeteria depresses you, Craig Claiborne's *New York Times Guide to Dining Out* recommends twenty-three restaurants between 14th and 34th Street on the East Side alone . . . and none much more expensive than the corner hash house.

Derring-do. If subways are overcrowded, why not take busses? . . . Or spend the extra money for taxis? . . . In Manhattan one budgets for taxis—absolute necessities, not luxuries. . . .

Above all, Mr. Morris, why did you pick Manhattan, of all places to live? Our island has never advertised itself as the ideal spot for a man with a wife and growing boy. Families are why we have Queens, Staten Island, Brooklyn, the Bronx, Long Island, Westchester, New Jersey, Connecticut. They're also why we have Texas and Mississippi.

WILLIAM NORTH JAYME
Manhattan-ex-Pittsburgh '49
New York, N. Y.

WILLIE MORRIS REPLIES:

Mr. Jayme is too literal-minded. It is the kind of mind that would have turned Mark Twain's wild and memorable exodus west in *Roughing It* into a state-by-state traffic report.

A certain irony escapes him. The title of the book, from which this excerpt was taken, will be *North Toward Home*, which was prominently displayed. This part of the narrative deals with one's introduction to the city, and I think it is a fairly common set of experiences. But even a place which is alien to the heart can become native to the mind—and hence, in a very basic way, home.

Seattle Purified

As a member of the Maryland legislature, which passed an anti-pollution bill in the recent session, I was espe-

cially interested in "How Seattle Is Beating Water Pollution," by Earle Clark [June].

Reporting of this nature, showing the success of anti-pollution program in other states, is encouraging and will help in the passage of more meaningful legislation in this area.

MELVIN A. STEINBERG
State Senator of Maryland
Annapolis, Md.

Many Seattle citizens are pleased to read the excellent article on the long and arduous development of Metro . . . We are especially proud of Metro's reaching toward its goal ahead of schedule and for less money than anticipated. We are sorry, though, that the role of the League of Women Voters in helping this effort was inadvertently left out. A League member was vice-chairman of the first campaign. In the second, two members were co-vice-chairmen. I was one, spending every day in the office during that hot summer of 1957. Hundreds of members of the League worked on those campaigns. . . .

MRS. JAMES E. PEDERSEN
Seattle, Wash.

Schoolbook La

Martin Mayer's article, "Let's Schools: The Thinking Man's Battle" [June], . . . has me saying that if students who wanted to help people really knew the score they would prefer to get into prosecutors' office where charges can be dismissed or modified without the pain of a trial. The implication that some may eschew—that the prosecutor's office is good place to bore from within, making sure that criminals get off—most assuredly does not represent my view . . .

What I tried to say to Mr. Mayer was that the duties of the prosecutor today are not those of a courtroom M. Javert relentlessly manipulating in behalf of the maximum punishment of offenders. Rather they involve the exercise of a broad discretion to make informed judgment with respect to accused persons even in circumstances in which the prosecutor knows the defendant is technically guilty and knows that he must prove it. He must judge whether to charge at all in the light of the offender's whole situation; what crime

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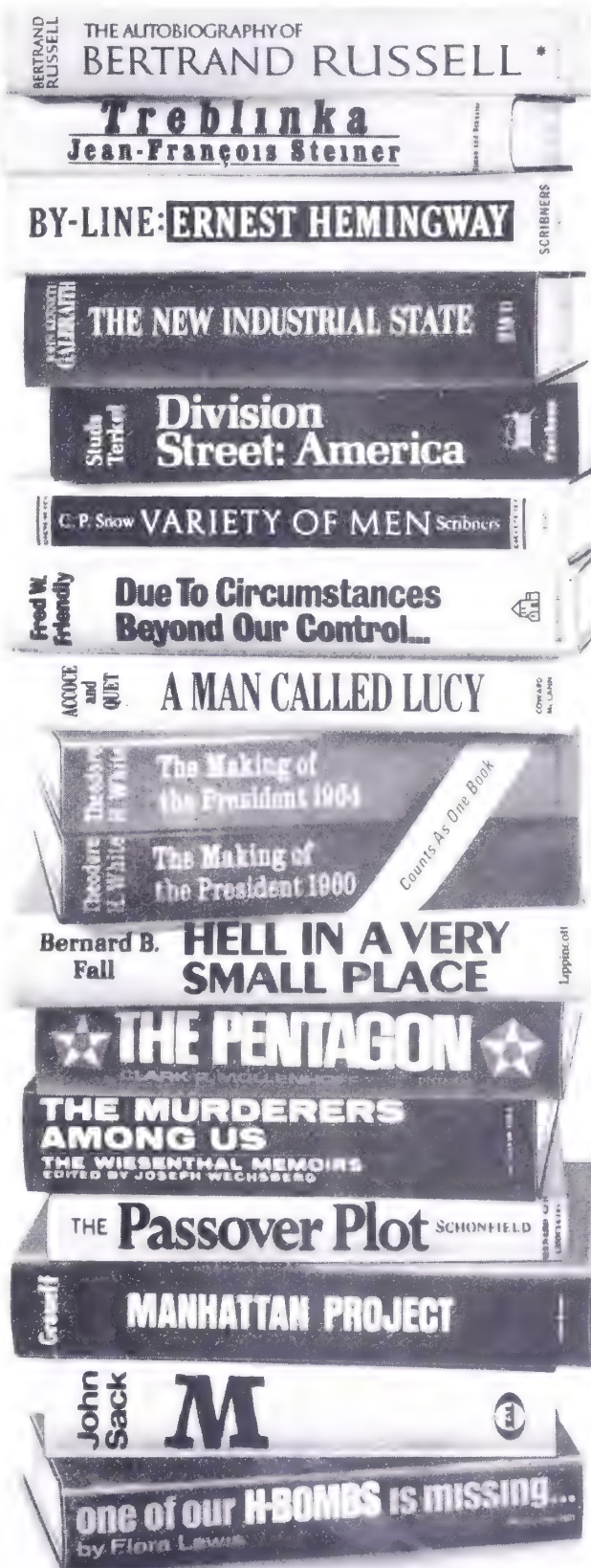
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WHAT MANNER of man is Bertrand Russell who initiated his own "trial" of American officials for Viet Nam "war crimes"? Would you speak as candidly about our way of life as the 70 Chicagoans interviewed in *Division Street: America*? That so called "feud" between the President and Robert Kennedy—can it be traced to the campaigns of 1960 and '64?

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The prosecutorial role offers the socially conscious young lawyer . . . an opportunity to exercise wide responsibility, imagination, and influence in the administration of criminal justice. PROF. SANFORD H. KADISH
U. of California School of Law
Berkeley, Calif.

The case method is the greatest idiocy ever invented by the mind of man, and I can say this having graduated fourth in my class, and having written opinions which appeared in the reports, as a law clerk to a judge. The main purpose of the case system as I see it is to give mystique to what would otherwise be a rather simple course of study. . . . The better law schools have long ago abandoned the pure case method and preserve it in name while actually teaching a "case and materials" method.

JOSEPH GINSBURG
Summit, N. J.

Martin Mayer manages to slip in the old slogan about Harvard: that there they view the law as an independent process. Actually, no law faculty anywhere has been more responsive to the business needs of the community in developing its philosophies of justice, as well as in supplying top talent for the great corporations. What some of us chanced to wonder as students was why the faculty seemed so reluctant to be equally responsive to the *social* needs of the community.

HARVARD HOLLENBERG
Class of 1965
Glen Oaks, N. Y.

Young Daniel Boones

In "A Rough Cure for Adolescence" [May], Edward Grossman states that "... in Minnesota a boy fell out of a canoe into rapids and drowned." A drowning did occur during our first season in 1964 under circumstances which a committee of inquiry and those of us who walk Outward Bound's slightly blunted knife-edge of risk found inexplicable. The tragedy did not occur, however, in a rapids but on a calm lake when twelve super-

vised students were taking part in subsistence practice in small groups. The lad, who was in excellent health and had been trained and tested in various water and wilderness skills, decided to try a contrived fishing rig from a canoe near the shore. He next shouted from the water near the canoe and sank almost immediately. The canoe had no water in it, and his method of exit from it was not observed nor could it be deduced. . . .

Outward Bound schools have not become either a mecca or last stand for latter-day Spartans, muscle cultists, hair-shirt devotees, crisis seekers, or danger buffs. The hot-rod approach is taboo. There are times when the knife-edge of risk may appear very sharp to the inexperienced person. However, that edge is carefully blunted by conditioning, skill development, regulation, and excellent staff leadership. . . .

BOB PIEH, Dir.
Minnesota Outward Bound School
Ely, Minn.

Mr. Grossman stresses the point that those things learned at Outward Bound have no relevance to today's world. . . . He has a completely misconceived idea toward the philosophy of the school.

The school attempts to build in the students, through the trials in the sea and on the mountains, confidence; for such trials are means and most definitely not ends in themselves. When one has succeeded in conquering the obstacles placed in front of him . . . he gains a new sense of pride . . . and a personal growth of confidence. In today's "conform or else" society, only those who have confidence will be able to stand alone and become worthwhile leaders. We live in a nation of sheep; and if the young are not shown how to stand up for what is right, we will soon have sheep leading the sheep.

JAMES F. SNEDEKER
Colorado Outward Bound
The Peddie School
Hightstown, N. J.

A Pachyderm Problem

How very timely was Richard L. Thomas's blueprint for "How to Dismount from an Elephant" [May]. My pro-George Wallace neighbors are now using the Thomas Posterial Crawl to get off at the beast's Gold-

watery South end. This way w they let go the tail they come d smack in fertile Wallace pasture

PROF. KEN VIN
U. of Mississippi School of
University, M

The Moynihan Re

When I read Ralph Ellison's ir view, "A Very Stern Discipl [March], I was much interested he spoke so approvingly of Presi Johnson's speech at Howard Uni sity, albeit in the same passage contained his puzzling remark a Commentary writers. . . .

A central theme of the How speech, given in June 1965, was responsibility of the nation to provide the conditions of a normal family life for impoverished Negroes all those whose lives have been tered and distorted by economic social conditions. This idea was sent as an essential element to "integration for Negroes." . . .

Mr. Ellison's interview with young Negro writers was given 1965. Now, in 1967, he states [in reply to Norman Podhoretz, Let, July] that it was an insult to raise issue of family. Which perhaps it but that was not his first reaction was it the reaction at the time of number of distinguished N leaders.

I feel it is essential to keep in r how much attitudes have in changed since the spring of 1965. What a person might have said tw three years ago he possibly would say today.

In concluding my recent Com tary article (opinions change, talking too much persists!), I w "The time when white men, w ever their motives, could tell Neg what was or was not good for the now definitely and decidedly over era of bad manners is almost certa begun." Which I gather is so, bu us Northern liberals, including R Ellison, not hasten it.

Something of great value cal lost here. Norman Podhoretz and than Glazer are not just writers; are representatives of a trad that matters. They are the prod of a tough, proud, competent city for over three centuries has don incredible job of taking the leav of mankind and turning them int

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masters of the world's greatest metropolis. One of the ways this has been done has been by the unceasing effort to find in the ranks of the poor young persons who could be taught to respect words and care about ideas, and not forget the world they were leaving behind. To call either of these men "apologists for segregation" is an abuse both of words and ideas, and a disservice to that entire tradition. I am immensely respectful of Ralph Ellison and troubled that I seem to have offended him. But I am no less willing, after the fact, to be included among the *Commentary* writers.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
Oneonta, N. Y.

Glazer Explains

I am deeply saddened that Ralph Ellison—whom I respect and from whom I have learned so much—should have taken my *Commentary* article on "Negroes and Jews" as a defense of segregation [*Harper's*, Letters, July]. The article was an attempt to explain the rise of tensions between former allies in civil-rights battles, Negroes and Jews. I pointed to a number of elements, such as: the Jewish presence in the ghetto, as landlords and small shopkeepers; Jewish domination of certain positions—for example, that of school principals and civil-service and social-work supervisors in New York—in which they had Negro subordinates; Negro residential movement into older Jewish areas.

Finally—and it is this part of the explanation that Ralph Ellison takes as a defense of segregation—I argued that America is still very much (though not totally) a group society. The groups are defined by ethnicity, race, and religion. And a good deal

of the conflict between Negroes and Jews was based on the disagreement over the legitimacy of the various formal and informal arrangements whereby some measure of group character and exclusiveness was maintained. I was trying to explain a situation, not justify it—though I did not conceal my own values in the attempt. I approve of . . . the right to maintain distinctive group character.

The problem I pointed to is the difficulty of drawing the line between the measures necessary to overcome segregation and the practices that are the legitimate defense of personal and group peculiarity. Jews have faced and still face this difficulty in their own fight against discrimination. And I have been on the conservative side of that fight too. Long ago I argued that Jewish defense organizations should not attack the rights of private clubs to exclude Jews or the right of vacation resorts to advertise "churches nearby." . . . I was willing to give the values of privacy, freedom, and cultural peculiarity the benefit of the doubt.

In my recent article I argued that as Negro demands moved beyond political and legal equality and equality of economic and educational opportunity to a growing insistence on equality of results—on economic well-being and educational achievement—other groups felt threatened in their right to maintain their distinctive institutions and distinctive character.

Thus, when some groups opposed a substantial movement of Negro schoolchildren or residents into an area, I thought it incorrect to see only an expression of racial prejudice. When Negroes march in East European ethnic neighborhoods in Chicago, an important part of the situation is the fear, "they want to destroy

our community." It should be understandable that some communities (those of artists or perhaps of people as mobile as Jews) depend on substantial numbers of people of one kind occupying a territory or turf. Even free access to jobs may be limited by the effort to maintain group character, or family control. An Italian restaurant employs only Italians. Is this simply a case of prejudice?

I want Negroes to have every possible job opportunity—but I would hope it was possible to achieve economic equality for Negroes without busybodies with rather fortresslike group distinctiveness. The fact is that the limited security of a number of groups is based on the control of some small part of the economy, and many people feel threatened by fair-employment laws, fair housing laws, and school-desegregation schemes. If we insist on seeing only simple justice on one hand, and rank prejudice on the other, we will certainly not understand a good deal that is happening in this country.

And even on the question of the churches: . . . Just as the Negro church bears the impress . . . of a complex and valuable Negro culture, so do the Italian or Polish parishes of Catholic churches, and so too the white Protestant churches. No church should exclude anyone on grounds of color—not even so ethnic and traditional an institution as the Jewish synagogue. But any church may feel threatened in its capacity to maintain its distinctiveness . . . if its competition were to change radically.

This was the main thrust of my article. Was it a defense of segregation? Certainly not of the formal and legal segregation of the South, or the formal segregation that limits Negroes in access to jobs and houses in the North. I defend the legislation that insists on equal access to jobs and housing—but I am sympathetic to those groups and cultures that feel threatened by a powerful government enforcing rights which themselves fringe on a desired and valued distinctiveness. Many years before I wrote on Negroes and Jews, I commented on the fears of such men as Henry James and Henry Adams over the transformation of their America through the mass influx of new immigrants—who included Jews as one of their most active elements. I did not

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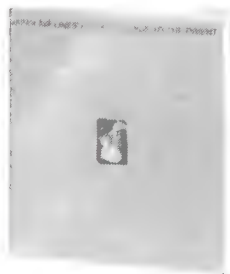
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LETTERS

see this as the battle of black and white then—nor do I see the argument over such matters as the effective reach of fair-employment practices or fair-housing legislation as an argument between good and evil now.

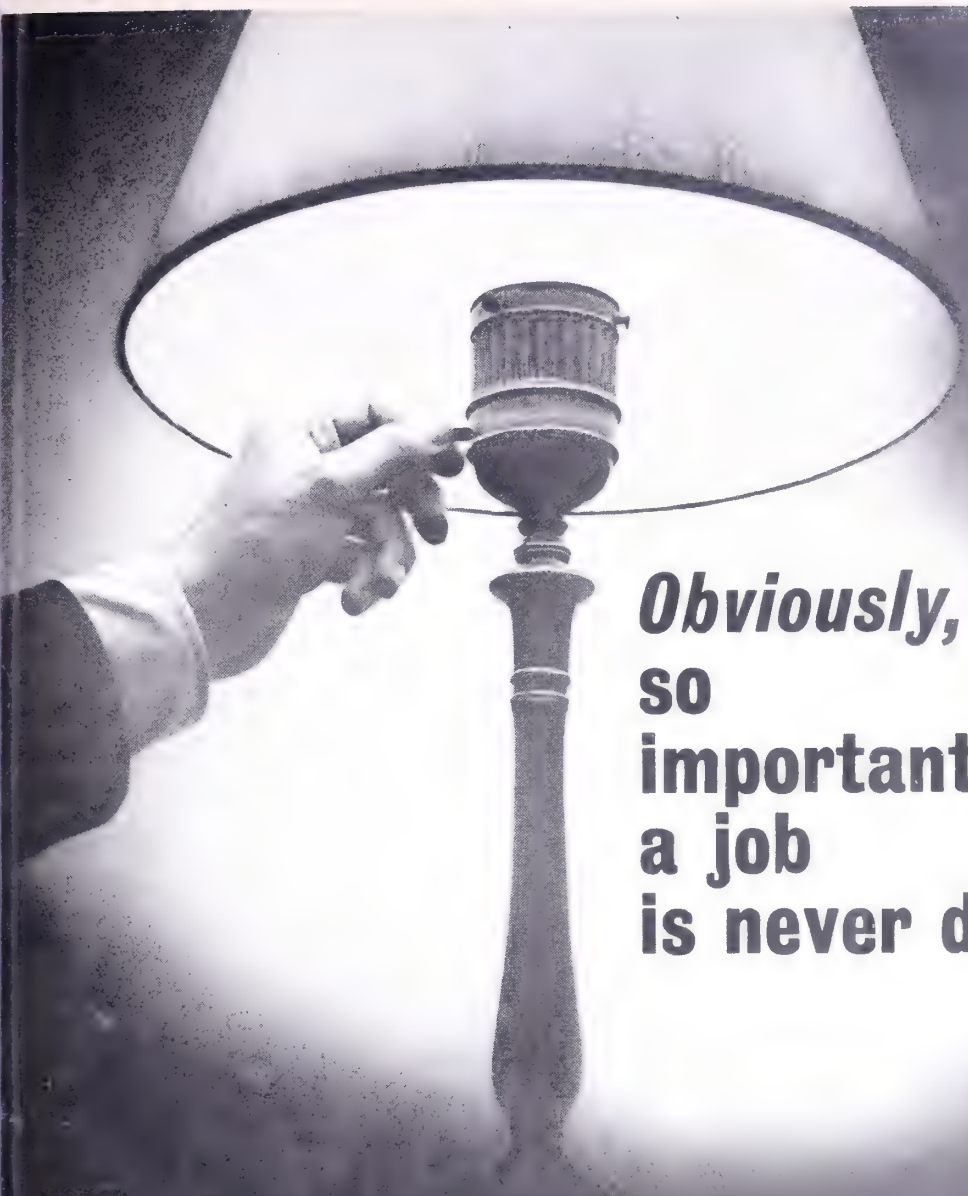
There is a serious problem here and it is not to be dismissed by simple denunciations of prejudice and Jim Crow. The issue is one of the maintenance of sub-cultures of value to those who participate in them, as well as one of achieving equality for Negroes.

Finally, on Negro culture. In *Beyond the Melting Pot* I tried to explain the failure of Negroes to create certain kinds of culture-protecting institutions (e.g., the afternoon school) by suggesting that their culture was so distinctively American that they did not see the need to guard it. I was contrasting certain social developments among Negroes with developments among European ethnic groups, and my point was not very different from that made by W. E. B. DuBois when he wrote, "there is nothing so indigenous, so 'made in America,' as we." It was perhaps a poor explanation and poorly phrased. But I remain amazed that Ralph Ellison and others have seized on it to insist that I deny that Negro culture exists in America.

In this article—Mr. Ellison quotes the passage—I wrote that Negro leaders act *as if* the culture does not exist as if separate institutions must inevitably be the mark of inferiority rather than something valued. Actually this orientation is now changing, and I feel that it is all to the good that many Negroes now insist—as Ralph Ellison always has—on the value of the distinctive institutions that Negroes created in this country.

The thrust of my writing has been to argue that distinctive institutions—Jewish, Italian, Negro, what have you—are *not only* a response to discrimination and prejudice, but reflect more positive features, too. This is now attacked as a defense of segregation. To my mind this is simply crude vulgarization of ideas that are not that difficult to grasp, and I am sorry that Ralph Ellison, in this article at least, has stopped making the necessary distinctions.

NATHAN GLAZER
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

A black and white photograph of a hand turning a switch on a lamp. The lamp has a large, light-colored conical shade. The background is dark and textured.

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The Easy Chair by John Fischer

FOUR CHOICES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Shortly before his graduation last June, Jim Binns, president of the senior class at Stanford University wrote me about some of his misgivings.

"More than any other generation," he said, "our generation views the adult world with great skepticism . . . there also is an increased tendency to reject completely that world."

Apparently he speaks for a lot of his contemporaries. During the last few years I have listened to scores of young people, in college and out, who were just as nervous about the grown-up world. Some feel even worse—much worse. The hippies, for example, seem to view the society around them with a mixture of loathing, incomprehension, and despair. Their appraisal was expressed with admirable succinctness recently by Emmett Grogan, a leader of a West Coast sodality of social dropouts who call themselves The Diggers. "Politics is dead," he announced. "Culture is dead. The whole world stinks."

Such total discouragement probably is shared by only a tiny minority of Americans under twenty-five. But many of the others—perhaps a majority—evidently look at the society they are entering with some degree of bewilderment and mistrust. Roughly, their attitude might be summed up about like this: "The world is in pretty much of a mess, full of injustice, poverty, and war. The people responsible are, presumably, the adults who have been running things. If they can't do better than that, what have they got to teach our generation? That kind of lesson we can do without."

These conclusions strike me as reasonable, at least from their point of view. It is true that the world is an unfair and often a terrifying place. It also is true that the conventional wisdom, which the elders try to ladle into the young with such overwhelming generosity, often will have little relevance to the increasingly complex problems of the next two decades. The grown-ups might argue, a little defensively, that the reasons for the mess are somewhat different from what most young people think they are, and that the current crop of adults is neither so stupid nor so corrupt as their youthful critics often assume. Nevertheless, I am delighted to see Jim Binns' generation approaching the future with a certain skepticism. As a one-time semi-pro boxer, I can testify that anyone who keeps his guard up, his eyes wary, and his knees loose has a better chance of survival. And skepticism, after all, is simply a habit of not believing anything until you have some solid evidence that it might be true. Among scientists, I understand, this is known as the scientific method.

The relevant question for the arriving generation is not whether our society is imperfect (we can take that for granted), but how to deal with it. For all its harshness and irrationality, it is the only world we've got. Choosing a strategy to cope with it, then, is the first decision a young adult has to make, and usually the most important decision of his lifetime.

So far as I have been able to discover, there are only four basic alternatives:

1. Drop out.

Anyone who takes *Ramparts* seriously might think that this solution was invented only yesterday by the Reverend Timothy Leary, and that it can be practiced successfully only in Haight-Ashbury or Greenwich Village, with the aid of LSD or other reality-blunting drug. In fact, it is one of the oldest expedients, and it can be practiced anywhere, at any time, and with or without the use of hallucinogens. It always has been the strategy of choice for people who find the world too brutal and too complex to be endured. Its notable practitioners include many Hindu mystics, certain monastic orders dating from the early years of Christianity, several Buddhist sects, and the skid-row bum slumped on the curb with a pipe and cheap wine. The hermit of Mount Athos and the millionaire recluse in his Caribbean hideaway are both dropouts. So were Diogenes and Socrates. So too is the suburban mother whose life centers on her daily bridge game and a jug of martinis.

This way of life is, by definition, parasitic. In one way or another

John Fischer now occupies the Easy Chair as a contributing editor of "Harper's" after fourteen years as editor in chief. He recently became a member of the board of editors of the Public Television Laboratory, financed by a Ford Foundation grant to National Educational Television. The Laboratory, an experimental program in noncommercial television, is broadcast during two hours of prime time every Sunday night beginning this fall.

THE EASY CHAIR

petitioners batten on the society which they scorn, and in which they refuse to take any responsibility. Some of us (The Squares) find this tasteful—an undignified kind of life, like that of a leech or a kept man. But for the poor in spirit, with low levels of both energy and desire, it may be the least intolerable life available.

2. *Flee.*

This strategy also has ancient antecedents. Ever since civilization began, certain individuals have tried to run away from it, in hopes of finding a simpler, more pastoral, and more peaceful life. Unlike the dropouts, they are not parasites. They are willing to support themselves, and to contribute something to the general community—but they simply don't like the ironment of civilization: that is, the city, with all its ugliness and tension.

The joy of simple life among the noble savages has been celebrated by frequent propagandists, from Vergil to Rousseau. Their precepts have been followed by people as diverse as Dan-Boone and Gauguin. When I was twenty-one, at a time when American society seemed hopelessly bogged down in the miseries of the Depression, I attempted it myself. I applied for a job on an Australian ranch, and I had been accepted I might be kidding sheep today—no doubt a happier and healthier man.

The trouble with this solution is that it no longer is practical on a large scale. Our planet, unfortunately, is running out of noble savages and unspoiled landscapes; except for the far regions, the frontiers are gone. Few gentlemen farmers with plenty of money can still escape to the bucolic—but in general the stream of migration is flowing the other way. Each year American farming has room for fewer and fewer people. Recently about a million have been moving every year—many of them reluctantly—from the country to the cities. There is some hope that this trend eventually might be reversed; but it would require a massive national effort, extended over several decades.

3. *Plot a revolution.*

This strategy always is popular among those who have no patience with the tedious workings of the democratic process, or who believe that basic institutions can only be changed

by force. It attracts some of the more active and idealistic young people of every generation. To them it offers a romantic appeal, usually symbolized by some dashing and charismatic figure—a Byron, a Garibaldi, a Trotsky, or a Che Guevara. It has the even greater appeal of simplicity: "Since this society is hopelessly bad, let's smash it and build something better on the ruins." And to anybody with strong Oedipal feelings it provides the special delight of defying the Establishment—that stuffy collection of father-figures whom we all find it so easy to hate.

Some of my best friends have been revolutionists, and a few of them have led reasonably satisfying lives. These are the ones whose revolutions did not come off; they have been able to keep on cheerfully plotting their holocausts right into their senescence. Others died young, in prison or on the barricades. But the most unfortunate are those whose revolutions succeeded—

men like Djilas and Trotsky. They lived, in bitter disillusionment, to see the Establishment they had overthrown replaced by a new one, just as hard-faced and stuffy.

I am not, of course, suggesting that revolutions accomplish nothing. Some clearly do change things for the better, as in Mexico and (in spite of Djilas' unhappiness) in Yugoslavia. Elsewhere, as in Algeria and in Ghana during Nkrumah's reign, the change clearly was for the worse. My point is merely that the idealists who make the revolution are bound to be disappointed in either case. For at best their victory never dawns on the shining new world they had dreamed of, cleansed of all human meanness. Instead it dawns on a familiar, workaday place, still in need of groceries and sewage disposal. The revolutionary state, under whatever political label, has to be run—not by violent romantics—but by experts in marketing, sanitary engineering, and the



"No, we're not house poor or land poor . . . it's the ski lessons, the greens fees at the country club, the occasional trips to Europe . . ."

management of bureaucracies. For the Byrons among us, this discovery is a fate worse than death.

Fortunately the young revolutionists in today's America are safe from such a fate. This government simply is not going to be overthrown by violence, within the foreseeable future. Many recruits of the New Left are unwilling to believe this—and since they can't be bothered to study the history of revolutionary movements, they probably are beyond argument. Bayard Rustin, the leading intellectual of the civil-rights movement, recently remarked that he has to spend a lot of his time persuading student enthusiasts that the conditions for a successful guerrilla war do not exist in the United States. He seemed unsure whether he had made much headway.

At most, these would-be guerrillas might provoke a tragic reaction. So long as they limit themselves to demonstrating and wearing buttons, they will be tolerated. But if they should ever become a real nuisance—if they should attempt enough violence to seriously disrupt the life of the country—then the community will suppress them, quickly and harshly. If that happens, a lot of other people will get

suppressed at the same time, and many of the most hopeful impulses in American society will be drowned under a new wave of McCarthyism.

For the rebels who understand this—the idealists who are determined to remake society, but who seek a more practical method than armed revolution—there remains one more alternative:

1. *Try to change the world gradually, one clod at a time.*

At first glance, this course is far from inviting. It lacks glamour. It promises no quick results. It depends on the exasperating and uncertain instruments of persuasion and democratic decision-making. It demands patience, always in short supply among the young. About all that can be said for it is that it sometimes works—that in this particular time and place it offers a better chance for remedying some of the world's outrages than any other available strategy.

So at least the historical evidence seems to suggest. Thirty-five years ago, for example, the generation graduating from college also found the world in a mess. The economic machinery had broken down almost everywhere; in this country nearly a

quarter of the population was out of work. Hideous political movements were burgeoning in Europe and Asia. A major war seemed all too likely. As a college newspaper editor at the time, I protested against this just as vehemently as student activists are protesting today. I pointed out to my parents' generation, with what I hoped was burning eloquence, that war was insane and inhuman—and that it was stupid to close down factories when people were starving. The doddering old folks who ran the country obviously were bunglers. If they would just step aside, we youngsters would soon straighten things out.

Oddly enough, something like that actually happened. The generation which came of age in the 'thirties did get the national economy working again—not by revolution, which was widely recommended by the advanced thinkers of the time, but by slow, pragmatic tinkering. As a consequence, though poverty has not yet disappeared, it has been shrinking dramatically for the last three decades. The same generation demonstrated, at considerable cost, that fascism was not the wave of the future. It even created diplomatic machinery for working out peaceful settlements of international disputes. It is true that this machinery has operated only moderately well; but it has forestalled any major war for nearly thirty years—no trivial achievement in the light of earlier history.

At the same time, my generation was discovering that reforming the world is a little like fighting a military campaign in the Apennines: as soon as you capture one mountain range, another one looms just ahead. As the big problems of the 'thirties were brought under some kind of rough control, new problems took their place—the unprecedented problems of an affluent society, of racial justice, of keeping our cities from becoming uninhabitable, of coping with war in unfamiliar guises. Most disturbing of all was our discovery of the population explosion. It dawned on us rather suddenly that the number of passengers on the small spaceship we inhabit is doubling about every forty years—and that already there aren't enough seats to go around. So long as the earth's population keeps growing at this cancerous

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, BRITISH STYLE

SIR—So you are now threatening the people of this country with Watts. What an infernal impertinence you have got. Only a tiny minority of the population are prepared to accept alien coloured immigrants into this country and for some unaccountable reason, which escapes sane people, you are demanding laws to put the majority in straightjackets.

What right have you to demand that the people of this country should share what they have got with aliens from the West Indies, India, and Pakistan? We have now got, shall we say, one million of them, 70 per cent being children enjoying the benefits of the welfare state which we have created. Hostility to these invaders is going to grow and the government which agrees to statutory restriction on expression of behaviour towards

them will suffer complete and utter defeat at any general election.

There are probably 150,000 married immigrant couples in this country and if there is the slightest risk of racial trouble—Watts trouble—they should all be repatriated to their countries of origin. It is neither our duty nor our privilege to demonstrate to the United States and the world at large how to practise racial integration. . . . It is disgraceful that we have supposed far seeing journals like *The Economist* preaching such utter anti-native British rubbish. And please never forget that colour does not enter into this, only an objection to maintaining huge numbers of alien invaders who have come here because of stupid trade union and management inefficiency.

F. R. Buchanan, in a letter to *The Economist* (London, May 13, 1967).

te, all of the other problems appear actually insoluble. Our cities will continue to become more crowded and disome. The landscape will get more cluttered, the air and water even dirtier. The quality of life is likely to come steadily worse for everybody. And warfare on a rising scale seems inevitable, if too many bodies have to struggle for ever-dwindling shares of food and living space.

So Jim Binns' generation has a formidable job on its hands. But not, I think, an insuperable one. On the evidence of the past, it can be handled in the same way that hard problems have been coped with before—piecemeal, pragmatically, by the dogged efforts of many people. The stories will be unspectacular: perhaps tomorrow the discovery of a cheaper and more reliable method of birth control, next year the development of a high-yield strain of rice. The real heroes will not be revolutionary demagogues, but the obscure tinkerers who work out better ways to feed underprivileged children . . . the businessmen who manage to upgrade unskilled Negro workers . . . the politicians who devise new institutions to govern our metropolitan areas . . . the journalists who persuade a reluctant citizenry that change not only is necessary, but inescapable.

These individual efforts may add up to a surprising sum of accomplishment. For the arriving generation, from what I have seen of it, shows more potential than its predecessors. It is healthier and better educated. It is more idealistic—that is, more willing to work for the common good, rather than for purely selfish ends. If it is (fortunately) pretty skeptical, it certainly is not complacent.

Provided that a reasonable number of this generation choose the fourth strategy, they probably will accomplish more than they now expect. They can't be sure, of course. As they get on with the job, in their step-by-step fashion, they can be sure of only two things. First, that they will get no help from the dropouts, and precious little from the escapees and the professional revolutionists. Second, that about twenty-five years from now they will be upbraided by their children because they have not done enough, and because they will have failed to foresee the arising problems of the next century.

[]



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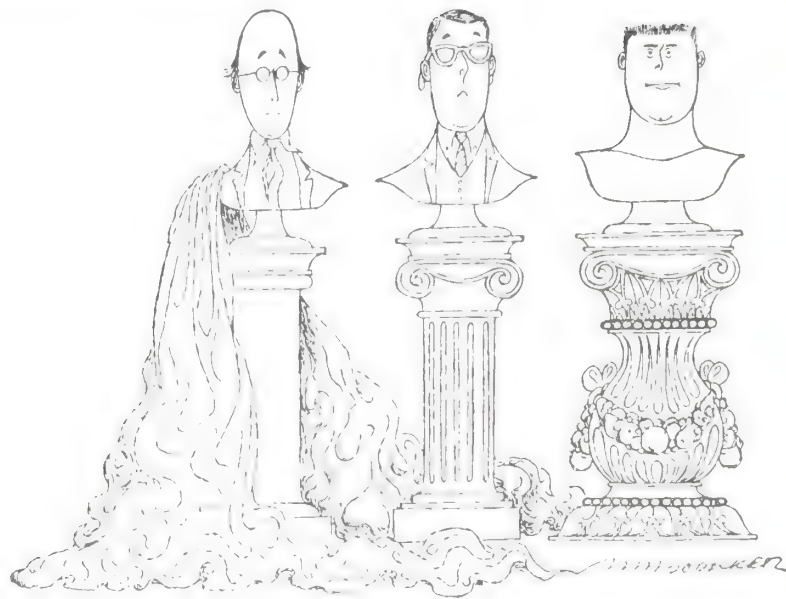


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BY DROP

After Hours by Russell Lynes



HIGHBROW, LOWBROW, MIDDLEBROW RECONSIDERED

Several times in the last two or three years I have been asked by friends to bring up to date an essay I wrote more than eighteen years ago. It was called "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," and after it appeared in *Harper's* in February 1949, it was rendered into a chart by *Life* magazine, and in that form became something of a parlor game.

The chart, like the essay, established a sort of cultural class structure based on preferences in everything from art to salad, from causes to games, and it managed to make a great many people self-conscious about their tastes. I carefully avoided classifying myself, which annoyed some readers, especially highbrows. The highbrows decided that I must be an upper-middlebrow and the middlebrows knew I must be a highbrow, and the lowbrows, of course, didn't care what I was; they couldn't have been less interested. In any case I have been putting off revising the essay partly out of sloth and partly out of indecision, but now I have decided that the moment has come to face up to this minor but playful dragon that I created and slay it.

When the piece was published,

World War II was not long over. There were still a good many GIs in college and graduate schools trying to catch up with life, and many of them were being supported by their war brides. The quintessence of middlebrow culture was Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *South Pacific*, and all highbrows presumably read (if they did not also write for) *Partisan Review*. If you can imagine it, people were still fretting about abstract painting, mobiles, Bartók, Rilke, and *kitsch*. The only writer I knew who had a beard was Rex Stout, who wrote elegant detective stories full of rich repasts then as he does now. I knew no painters and no composers with beards. There were scarcely any Bohemians in the terms we know them now, and those who were wore neckties with their work shirts when they went out to supper. There were Upper Bohemians galore, the well-heeled cultural set, but except in summer on beaches there was not a sandal to be seen among them, nor a sideburn, nor a guitar. If they were turned on it was by a Phi Beta Kappa key. Hash was something you ate, a man's pot was his belly, and mushrooms were made into soup, not synthesized. The cul-

tural climate was awfully tame and fearsomely self-conscious compared with today's. Its social stratification was not difficult to define by broad levels.

The terms highbrow and lowbrow are used far less than they were at the middlebrow upon whom the highbrow visited his wrath with such gloom and such venom, though he is as much around as he ever was, seems not to be such fun to bait as he used to be. The principal reason for this is the position that the old-line highbrow has achieved in society generally; in intellectually acceptable tastes as well as in intellectual pursuits are no longer looked upon as being odd or screwy ball, and in many respects the bookish and argumentative behavior of the old-line highbrow is now so taken for granted that it is difficult to distinguish him from, say, a systems engineer. Indeed, he may be a systems engineer who devotes his leisure time to the cultivation of the arts, not like

Social historian, critic, and satirist Russell Lynes was managing editor of "Harper's" for twenty years and now a contributing editor. His latest book is "Confessions of a Dilettante"

AFTER HOURS

a middlebrow with a show of cultural bravura, but quietly and without fanfare.

It was not very long ago that the intellectuals were fighting for recognition, fighting to establish "standards," fighting for the authority to termine for the rest of society what is "serious" (as opposed to middlebrow) and therefore worth creating, promoting, consuming, and preserving. What the launching of Sputnik did not do for them, the Kennedy administration did. The intellectual came the darling not only of the rapidly expanding universities that competed for bonded and certified gains the way ball clubs compete for pitch hitters, but industry was wooing him, and the federal government was returning to a policy it had not exercised since the days when Washington Irving, a spinner of romances, was appointed Ambassador to Spain. The success of the intellectual in achieving status in the community has tempted to call it the "total environment" (to sound up to date) is not only got him off the defensive; it has put him in a position where the President of the United States wrings his hands publicly because he seems unable to make friends with him. Unfortunately the intellectual's new status has taken away from him some of the fun that the fight for recognition used to afford him.

The general acceptance of the role of the professional intellectual has put him so far *In* (to use the prevailing phraseology popularized by Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt) that he is *Out*. Most serious intellectuals are unconcerned by this shift in their roles, which means that they have become part of the generally accepted way things are and are therefore more prosperous. There is a distinction to be made, however, between the working intellectual and the highbrow whose intellectualism is more a way of living than a way of life . . . not merely a pursuit of the things of the mind but a set of social attitudes that affect his dress, his diet, his forms of entertainment, and the looks of the environment he makes for himself. Many highbrows are intellectual hang-ons, not intellectuals, and it is these who have become submerged in what might be called the total cultural saturation for which this country now seems to be striving, if not achieving.

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It used to be relatively easy to distinguish an intellectual in a crowd of middlebrows by the sometimes studied, sometimes careless "sincerity" of his tweeds and dark shirts and homespun woolen neckties about which there was a touch of militant, if minor, rebellion against uniformity. This is no longer true, and I have been unable to decide whether the intellectual, because he has become respectable to the community at large, has fallen into the ways of the banker, or because the banker, recognizing the newly acquired status of the intellectual, has consciously or unconsciously imitated some of his mannerisms. Consequently it is increasingly difficult to perceive the status symbols of the highbrow. Some who have not submerged themselves in respectability have got lost in what the poet, Kenneth Rexroth, refers to as "the beard and sandal vote." They are hiding their sophistication behind beards along with the hordes who are hiding their insecurities behind beards. They consider it smarter to be hip than highbrow, just as a great many others, especially among the young, think it is smarter to be mod than middlebrow.

It appears that the real status sym-

bols of the highbrow have become more internal than external. These internal symbols are obviously not easy to detect and are therefore not easy to define. I recently, however, came upon with some surprise one that will, I trust, explain what I mean. I encountered an old friend in the intermission of a concert, and, glowering, he said, "I'm writing a furious protest about having been an editor of a magazine that was supported by the CIA, and I never knew it." It will be evident to you, as it was to me, that the new, chic status symbol of the highbrow is to have been unknowingly on the CIA payroll; any intellectual worth his salt, by implication, must have been.

There has been a good deal of published skepticism about how genuine the so-called cultural explosion is (a skepticism I share), but no one can deny that we have clothed ourselves in most elaborate cultural trappings. Not only do we house the arts more lavishly in elegant, befountained enclaves than we ever have, but an increasingly large segment of the population dresses the part. It was W. S. Gilbert in the libretto of *Patience* who wrote, "You can't get high, aes-

thetic tastes, like trousers, ready-made," but anyone of either sex can certainly buy trousers today that make one look as though he (or she) has high aesthetic tastes. The new Bohemianism in many ways imitates in its tonsorial manners the original *Vie de Bohème* of Murger and the "Artistic Craze," as it was called, of Whistler's and du Maurier's day. Every long-haired young man (except the black-leather-jacket crowd) and every young woman who peers through the narrow Gothic arch of her ironed long hair is a potential painter, sculptor, dancer, actor, dedicated consumer of the arts—erary, plastic, and performing. Everywhere you look there are likely highbrows, or what used to be considered highbrows. The mere weight numbers has shaken my rather narrow classification system loose from its intellectual moorings, such as they were.

My knowledge of what goes on in colleges and graduate schools is, like that of anyone who is not part of them, secondhand. It may be unfair and inaccurate to suggest (though I do not do so in a spirit of criticism) that the draft has had some effect in spoiling the pleasures of highbrowism among the young; the degree of kudos in being a highbrow is reduced when so many of one's contemporaries are doing their best to be intellectuals (rather than just gentlemen, as in my day) to put off the day. But there are far more important and cogent reasons why highbrowism has lost caste among the young, or so it appears to me from this distance.

Concern with *high culture*, a phrase highbrows used to use freely by which one does not often hear now, has given way among young intellectuals to involvement with peace movements and civil rights. Many of the same kinds of young intellectuals whose counterparts twenty years ago were bent on staying cool and concerning themselves with abstraction (the visual arts, for example, were at their height of abstraction then) are now marching in protest parades, working for social causes, and giving their hearts and hands to the Peace Corps. Seemingly parallel with this concern for involvement in causes is a social nature and a deepened criticism of the old "middle-class value



"... And I say if there be any among you who is without sin, let him cast the—!"

AFTER HOURS

paradoxical reduction of abstract
cism of the arts and an increased
re to participate in them, to ab-
them, to immerse oneself in
n, to be moved and seduced by
1. The highbrow of twenty years
was concerned with the clinical
cts of criticism and still more
ionately with criticism of other
le's criticism, as the little maga-
s of that day attest. His counter-
today measures the arts to which
reely exposes himself by how far
le them he can get and how they
get to him and encompass him.
might call this a consumer high-
vism suitable to a consumer so-
y like ours. Like almost all con-
ption it is difficult to discern what
is for show and what satisfies an
llectual or spiritual hunger. Now
so many of the young seem to
r their hearts on their sleeves, it
ard to tell which ones are real and
ch ones are plastic.

n outgrowth of this questioning
(not outright dismissal) of middle-
s values is an increase in Bohe-
nism—an outward and visible sign
an inward and spiritual nose-
nbing. It is an easy matter to
ate upper-middle-class values with
pretensions of upper-middlebrow-
s and lower-middle-class tastes
a lower-middlebrows; it is just as
to identify much of the folk cul-
e to which the new Bohemianism
is for sustenance and in search for
t is "real" or "honest" with low-
vism.

he old highbrow used to pro-
sympathy for lowbrow culture—
a, the comics, burlesque—because
the genuineness of its origins
its unself-conscious acceptance
those for whom it was intended.
it was a critical sympathy rather
a personal identification with
"art, and an interesting con-
t to "high" art. There is some-
g about the new attitude that is,
Pop Art demonstrates, actively
-highbrow. Those who preach the
gospel teach that the absurd is
serious and that the highroad to
ural salvation is through the un-
ground.

l this may change in the wink of
eye. One of the reasons why it
ld be difficult to bring up to date
highbrow, lowbrow, middlebrow
tem of classification is not just the

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change in the cast of characters but the speed with which tastes come and go. The almost instantaneous disposal of artistic fads to every corner of the country, the rapid rise and fall of cultural phenomena, and the discovery and exploitation of what is new before it has had a chance to recognize itself and examine its own value make charting taste exceedingly difficult. The hungry maw of the mass media is equaled only by the hungry maw of the public seeking new sensations. Tastes get used up at a rate hitherto undreamed of: today's avant-garde is tomorrow's square. It used to be that an artist with new ideas hoped that he would be discovered before he died; now he can't avoid being discovered, and he hopes to be revived before he dies.

As I look over the "brow chart" that was published in *Life* in 1949, I discover to my surprise that television wasn't even mentioned on it. Low-brow entertainment was "Western movies," and lower-middlebrow was "musical extravaganza films." Obviously television today has its lowbrow and lower-middlebrow equivalents, but "Westerns" have become "adult" or so they tell us, and hence middlebrow; and "musical extravaganza" have found their counterpart "ninety-minute specials." What could be more upper-middlebrow than H. H. Holbrook doing Mark Twain? Television movies on the other hand, have come into their own as the highbrow theatrical medium, an attitude which twenty years ago was confined to a few foreign films and the early Chalmers and D. W. Griffiths. (Forty years ago these latter films were, of course, lowbrow.) And the Museum of Modern Art? Twenty years ago it was a temple of highbrowism, now it is comfortably upper-middlebrow entertainment, while the highbrows seek "total environment" in rooms lined with crinkled aluminum foil and light with flashing strobe lights.

But I seem to be slipping back in classifying tastes by brow-levels, practice I thought I had forsworn. The playful dragon which I intend to put in its place at the beginning of this essay seems, I am surprised to discover, not in the least willing to be slain. On the contrary there seems to be still in his nostrils enough fire to light a small satiric candle at both ends.

Washington Insight *by Clayton Fritchey*

WHY THE NEXT MAN ELECTED PRESIDENT MAY NEVER REACH THE WHITE HOUSE

*...candidates may
...ning—and unless a weakness in
Constitution is repaired quick-
...of the losers.*

Could the Chief Executive be the President of the United States or the President of the American People? It may sound like quibbling to most of us, but it is a disturbing question. Senator Carl M. Albert (R-S.D.), who, like a number of other Senators, as well as President Johnson himself, wants to change our way of electing the Presi-

dent. It is a question that has been asked for a long time. The President should be chosen either by direct popular vote or by a people as some reformers propose. The present electoral system is a possible model for a more democratic system. It seems to symbolize the federal principle of the Republic's foundations. But no matter what it is, the 1968 Congress is considering abolishing the Electoral College. This will be a move to overturn a system that has been in place for a century. But that move seems to be a threat that only if the Constitution is amended it could have to be ratified by the voters of the States—a process that takes years.

American people have been told time and again that if none of the candidates for President gets a majority of the electoral vote, the electors under the Constitution will choose the President into the House of Repre-

sentatives—with consequences which no one can foresee but which could result in the people's choice being wheeled and dealt out of the White House. This has already happened in 1824-25 and it so aroused and divided the country that many historians have been deeply concerned over what might happen if the popular will were thwarted again, especially now that the country has become more of a national democracy than a republic in the early federal sense. If it is to occur again, it looks as if 1968 will be the year. All of the necessary conditions seem to be in the making.

As most readers know, each state has as many electoral votes as the total of its Congressmen and Senators, and these votes must be cast as a unit. If, for instance, a state has twenty votes all twenty go to the candidate who carries the state, regardless of whether his plurality is one or one million. The danger is that the candidate who wins the popular vote nationally could end up second in the electoral vote, as has happened before. Or, if the election goes to the House, the leading candidate could be cheated of his victory. In a House election, each state irrespective of its size casts one vote. Alaska, Nevada, Wyoming, and Vermont, with a combined population of only 1,230,000, would cast four votes, as against three for New York, California, and Pennsylvania, with a population of over 47,000,000. Thus the small states would exert about forty times as much power as the big ones in choosing the President. Obviously, the temptation to make deals would be overpowering.

In 1948 Truman defeated Dewey by two million votes, but a slight switch of 12,500 votes in California and Ohio could have prevented his victory by

forcing the election into the House. In 1968, as twenty years ago, it appears there will be four parties in the race: the two major ones, plus racist and anti-war candidates. In the circumstances, it may be very difficult, if not impossible, for the popular winner to get the needed electoral majority.

A Mess Even in 1800

TKind of brinkmanship with itself since the Constitution was written. It is hard to believe that any nation in its right mind would keep on doing it. In all the world there is nothing remotely like the Rubie Goldberg device called the Electoral College. It has caused more trouble and generated more crises than probably any other provision in the Constitution. Its survival, in the opinion of Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat, Indiana, chairman of the Senate's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, "is due, primarily, to a basic lack of information." Millions of Americans, he says, "simply do not know enough about the present system to be sufficiently interested in changing it." This seems to be the case; even the well-informed are not fully aware of the system's pitfalls, or that the danger is increasing rather than diminishing.

It might as well be admitted that we have the Electoral College because the Founding Fathers advanced as they were could not quite bring themselves to rely altogether on direct democracy in choosing the President. Instead of a national election, they invented a system by which each state depending on its population would vote for a certain number of so-called electors. Naturally, it was assumed all the electors would be wise and lofty

citizens who would know best how to select a President. No oligarchy in any country has ever demonstrated that, in the long run, it could do better than the common people, and the American electoral oligarchy proved to be no exception. It made a mess of things almost at once when in 1800 it created a tie between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, although both men were candidates for President and Vice President, respectively, on the same Republican ticket. The upshot was a sordid contest in the House of Representatives, where thirty-six ballots had to be taken before Jefferson got his rightful victory.

Originally, it had been assumed that the electors, in their infinite wisdom, would exercise individual judgment in voting for the various candidates, but with the quick emergence of political parties, the electors in each state were pledged to vote as a group for their candidate if he carried the state. The fiasco of 1800 led to the adoption of the 12th Amendment to the Constitution in 1804, which thereafter required the elec-

tors to vote separately for the President and Vice President. Since then there have been more Constitutional Amendments introduced on electoral reform than on any other Article in the Constitution; but they have all been defeated.

The aftermath of the 1824 election was so painful that it is a wonder the entire electoral machinery was not abolished then and there. Andrew Jackson, with 99 votes, won a marked plurality in the Electoral College, but not a clear majority, for John Quincy Adams received 84; William H. Crawford, 41; and Henry Clay, 37. The House then took over, and, with an assist from Clay, dealt Jackson out and Adams in. The reaction was so severe, however, that Adams was never able to organize an effective Administration. He really presided over a kind of caretaker government until Jackson, as expected, won a smashing victory in 1828.

Another popular winner, Democrat Samuel Tilden, also lost out when an Electoral Commission appointed by Congress awarded the Presidency in

March 1877 to Republican Rutherford B. Hayes by one electoral vote. Since 1900 there have been several more instances in which a shift of less than one per cent of the popular vote could have produced a minority President—that is, one who had lost the popular vote but won the electoral contest. Woodrow Wilson, for example, won half-a-million, but a properly located shift of less than 2,000 votes would have made Charles Evans Hughes the winner in the Electoral College. Again, in 1960, a few thousand more votes in Illinois and Texas would have made Richard Nixon the electoral winner over John F. Kennedy.

Pledged to Nobodies

The dreaded recurrence of the 18 situation in the 1968 election has been made more probable since the electors have recently taken to ignoring their pledges to vote for the party's candidates. In a close contest, the apostasy of only a few electors—indeed possibly even one—could thwart the popular will. In recent years, three electors have voted the personal wishes in defiance of what was expected. There has also been the further uncertainty induced by what might be termed "blind voting" by some of the Dixiecrat Southern states where the chief interest in a Presidential election is the race issue. These states do not allow the names of the Presidential candidates to appear on the ballot; hence the electors are not pledged to any nominee. In 1960, for example, eight unpledged Democratic electors in Mississippi and six in Alabama withheld their votes from Kennedy, and gave them to Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia who was not even a candidate. This is a ruthless degradation of the democratic process, and if the electoral vote had been as close as the popular vote the election might have been stolen from Kennedy by a little band of willful racists. It is not hard to imagine what the national reaction to this would have been; nevertheless it appears certain that a similar attempt in the South will be made again next year.

By any standards, as Senator Bayl says, the present electoral vote system is at best an imperfect device "for measuring the political sentiment of American voters." Yet reform has al-

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

vs been sabotaged because the existing system, while discriminating against some states and groups, favors others, and so any change, no matter how fair, might disturb the tenuous balance of power.

The Bayh Cure

If all of a sudden, however, a fortuitous combination of circumstances has produced a favorable climate for change, and the recent hearings before the Bayh committee indicate that the Senate, at least, is about ready to do something. Johnson, Senator Mondt, and Senator Sam Ervin (Democrat, North Carolina), among others, have plans for amending the electoral system, but Bayh himself is the author of the most radical reform: he has introduced a Constitutional Amendment which would call for the election of the President by direct popular vote. Much to Washington's surprise, this simple solution, which would eliminate the Electoral College altogether, is now given the best chance of Congressional approval. If Johnson drops his own plan, which is merely another modification of the electoral system, and gives even passive approval to the Bayh Amendment, it may be on its way.

Congress has been impressed by the thinking of a special Commission on Electoral College Reform established by the American Bar Association, with the blessing of the Justice Department. This Commission, composed of fifteen eminent lawyers, judges, governors, and other leaders, apparently began its deliberations with no thought of going so far as to suggest eliminating the electoral system. But it ended up declaring: "The electoral college method of electing the President of the U. S. is archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, ineffectual, and dangerous." Since then its recommendation for the direct election of the President has been endorsed by the House of Delegates of the ABA. The last Gallup Poll on the subject, which showed 63 per cent of Americans in favor of the proposed change, and only 20 per cent opposed, has also been noticed in Congress.

The Bayh Amendment is consistent with the long-term trend of more democratic election procedures in the U. S. Six of the thirteen Constitutional Amendments adopted since the



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Civil War have generally broadened the franchise. The 14th Amendment endowed Negroes with citizenship and equal protection of the laws; the 15th defined the right of new citizens to vote; the 17th took the election of U. S. Senators away from state legislatures and gave it to the people; the 19th gave the vote to women. In more recent years, the 23rd gave District of Columbia residents the right to vote for President, and the 24th eliminated the poll tax in federal elections. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was in the same spirit. So, the proposed 20th Amendment for the popular election of the President would simply be the consummation of this trend toward a completely democratic franchise.

Senator Mundt Objects

Such a change would not please everybody, especially Senator Mundt who says, "Were the President to be elected . . . by direct election his title should be changed to President of the American People or President of the People of the United States of America. He would no longer be President of the United States because the federal element of the union of States would have been abandoned in favor of a unitary national State." Bayh counters Senator Mundt, "it is an established fact that the President is truly the representative of all of the people. He is not nor was he intended to be, as Senator Mundt implies, a sort of supergovernor."

It must be admitted that a symbol of federalism would be lost, for Presidential votes cast in all sections of the country would be combined in general totals, and thus would no longer be electoral votes to reflect the majorities in the several states. But this kind of symbolism no longer has any significance anyway. As historian Merlo Pusey says, "The President is not a neutral figure emerging from an imaginary collectivization of state interests, but the vibrant champion of the popular majority."

The Preamble to the Constitution still begins, "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union . . ." The hearings on the Bayh Amendment indicate there is a growing belief that one way of forming a more perfect union is to let the people decide for themselves who shall be the President.



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great ideas of western man
ludwig wittgenstein
tractatus logico-philosophicus 1922
artist herbert bayer



by permission of herbert bayer, 1922

the limits
of my language
mean the limits
of my world

Harper's

magazine

Midge Decter

SEX, MY DAUGHTERS, AND ME

*The fruit of sophisticated parenthood is a new
and curiously guilt-ridden—rationale for chastity of a kind.*

My adolescent daughters are, as they have been brought up to be, my "friends." I have two, and they are very different people indeed; but what I have to say about them here applies equally to both. We discuss together the day's events in school and office. We gossip together, within understood limits, about our respective friends. We share a common pride in the accomplishments, and a common irritation at the naughtinesses, of the two youngest children in the family. We tell one another jokes—frequently off-color. We trade cosmetics and minor articles of clothing. I am as likely to seek out their advice in affairs of shopping and dress as they are mine.

In our talks, to be sure, we are never exactly equals: I know a good deal more than they about just those things they are most eager to know, and have far freer access to that big world they are so eager to enter, while they on their side hold all the secrets to that which most disquiets me; still

we all manage most of the time not to be too patronizing. I sometimes think them superior to me, as they sometimes think me to them. And to some extent I envy them, as they do me.

Of course, friendship does not truly define the relationship between us. What defines it—for after all we are mother and daughters—is a struggle for power. When the friendliness cracks, as it does with a fair though not permanently disruptive regularity, it is this struggle which stands nakedly revealed beneath. Now, no one of my age and circumstance—a member of what sociologists would call the professional, or educated, middle class in the second half of the twentieth century—can possibly conceal from himself the Freudian implications of this relationship. In fact, no one of my age and circumstance can even mention the subject without being conscious of the idea that a mother and her daughter constitute a primary sexual rivalry. Such indeed, then, must be the case between

my daughters and me; how would I, even if I were inclined to, deny it? Nevertheless, that which two of us *experience* as the issue between us in any given hour of battle has far less to do with why we must, at bottom, be contenders than with a whole lot of questions nearer the surface of things. A dispute may arise over something so trivial as the condition of their room, or something so principled as the allocation of their time between work and play, or even something so stark as their choice of friends. These questions, too, boil down to one: the power we struggle for is power over their respective destinies. At least for now, and presumably for the next few years, what is at stake between us is quite simply the fact that they are dependent on me. And I wish them to be and not to be, and they wish to be and not to be.

The struggle is for them an unequal one. For at the moment, anyway, I have the big guns on my side. I have their past record of helplessness and error to use against them and shake their confidence; I have, at least when pushed to an extreme, the unshakable conviction of my right to exercise power; and above all, I have control over money. Their only weapons are to wound with the spectacle of their unhappiness or to hold themselves resisting and out of earshot. These can be very potent weapons—if they were not, all children would be helpless and all parents serene—but they are defensive ones.

Such disadvantages in a relation of power my daughters have in common with every dependent in every age, clime, and culture. They suffer from certain others, however, peculiar to such young girls as have been brought up in their kind of life. For my daughters are supremely children of their time. Whatever their individualities, they are also very much the products of those spiritual pretensions by which their enlightened parents, like all enlightened parents of this generation, chose to bring up their children. In short, they must suffer the great hindrance to growing up of being their mother's friends.

Apart from the emotional burden our casual intimacy places upon them—a burden about which the psychologists have now, too late, a great deal of wisdom to proffer—this intimacy acts as a practical and political handicap of very real dimensions. For it is not merely trite to say the young are trusting. And above all they trust to the appearances of things. Thus in our condition of friendship, an attack of motherhood upon either of them is apt to come quite suddenly and unprepared for. A casual revelation on one of their parts might become the occasion for a far from casual response on mine. Or I might take them nine-

tenths of the way through a discussion or story which is proving to be of the keenest interest and then refuse to go on, overcome by some squeamishness or fastidiousness I had not realized was working inside my nerves; within a single sentence, perhaps, they will have become "too young" to hear what their mother has not heart to utter.

Most of all, they are bereft of the defense of thinking me utterly stupid. They may think so now and then, on this point or that, but they have no really solid base in thought or feeling from which to resist me. Just as they have been brought up from earliest infancy on the assumption that they were being "understood"—this time with sympathy, that time with harshness, but with understanding always—so, too, it has been assumed that they "understand" me. Simple stupidity has never been one of the terms between us. Mothers like me do not believe their children to be incompetent. This may in fact be the prime axiom of our kind of parenthood. We take care to know at every moment of our children's development what the attainments of that moment ought properly to be and make our demands accordingly. (A good deal of fun has been poked at us for this, for we are the comic ladies who sit on park benches poring over our volumes of Spock and Gesell and Bettelheim. But the fun has usually been poked by people who are not entitled to it, by the people who think we ought to respect our children *more*; when what we are really doing is seeking out the widest range of possibilities to offer our children our respect.) And since we do not treat them as incompetents, they have no fund of experience from which in later years to retaliate.

Note, for example, the terms of the current adolescent rebellion against people like us. We are accused of being deficient in love, not simple enough, too adept at making our way, too successful. It is not that we know too little of the world—the major accusation of our own adolescence against our parents—but too much. They do not strive to alter our definition of reality, for no matter what they say, they acknowledge our competence to do the defining; they simply repudiate "reality" altogether, putting the word into inverted commas with, among other things, hallucinogens. As it happens, my own daughters' relation to the current intellectual and social fashions among their rebelling cohorts is—so far—that of only fairly sympathetic onlookers. So far I have succeeded in spoiling the idea of direct participa-

Midge Decter's writings have appeared in numerous national magazines. This is her third article for "Harper's." She is the mother of four children, ages thirteen, fifteen, nine, and six.

tion for them. Which is to say, I have managed to talk them out of it.

And talk is of the essence. We happen to do a great deal of it in our house; for us as a family it is recreation, tool, and means of survival. But not only by the particular accident of birth are my daughters surrounded by talk. For all children like them, words constitute a kind of postnatal amniotic fluid in which they grow and are both sheltered from and introduced to their surroundings. On the most primitive level for such children words have taken the place of physical violence as a means of instruction and discipline. They have also by and large replaced that network of instructions and disciplines called "punishment." To be hampered from pursuing a noxious or harmful activity is to be "told no." Being the denizens of city or suburb, the children discover the world around them primarily by a process of giving names to things. Their hours of solitude are spent alone with the speech of others, in the form of books, television, radio.

The schools in which they spend such a large proportion of the waking hours of their childhood are, of course, veritable waterfalls, floods, volcanos of words, phrases, clauses, sentences, paragraphs. As you might expect, my daughters have gone only to "good" schools—that is to say, the most benign, most attentive, most enriching schools that were available. Thus they have not only been instructed by means of their teachers' use of language, they have also been taught through perfecting their own manipulation of language—in other words, to uncover what might be in their own minds by discussing it aloud. In such schools, the desire to fail can be fulfilled merely by keeping silent. As, indeed, can the desire to fail at home.

No Hiding Place

The society of the enlightened, then, does not beat or drive its children, does not drill them, but rather nags them, into growing up. And the measure of the children's progress along this path is their capacity to nag in turn.

The point about talk is not whether it is a good way or a bad way to bring up the young. As parents have gone—and as societies have gone—the attempt on the part of my contemporaries to give their children certain physical and social freedoms, to confront and harness for good some of their basic impulses, to help them reach their way toward being civilized, to befriend them, seems not so very malign. We are of course doomed by the absurdity of our pretension—for

naturally we are incapable of permitting our children all those things we pretend to permit them. And we are far from being so pure of motive as we imagined—for motives are never pure between adults and the young. Still, we are, I should think, no more pretentious or self-deceived than our own parents, and very likely a good deal less. In any event, my daughters and their friends seem to me far more attractive, more open, and a good deal nicer than I remember myself and my friends in adolescence.

In some ways, however, they seem to me less fortunate than we were. For the point about talk is that it set up a competition in which the children, particularly the children of the educated and enlightened, must lose.

Once upon a time, or so I imagine, children could manage their powerlessness by biding their time. They could, if they wanted to be comfortable, obey the rule, and in the face of some unwanted imposition from the authorities or some supposed injustice, take to their closets. Their corporeal selves might be rendered up to Caesar but then thought

undoubtedly of future vengeance they could keep to themselves.

But my daughters have no means of retreat from the barrage of the bigger than they—not into the street and not into the closet. The wider world of school and playmates only confirms me, for what I have given them of speech is precisely that which best enables them to get along there. The books they read I have placed into their hands (even the dirty books with which they and their friends while away so many exciting, secretive hours they have taken from my shelves, where they stand in full view). Their imaginative life is one that I as a companionable mother once encouraged and helped them to invent. Nor are their hiding places of any use, for I understand and even condone their behavior in taking to them. I am, as it were, huddled inside with them.

And if either of them stands and fights, she naturally loses. I know more words than she, and they are bigger words, more impressive. I can make them do such miraculous and unanswerable things as describe an irony, create an analogy, or cite an apposite witticism. I can dazzle her with words, amuse her against her will with them, distract her, frighten her, expose her motives, analyze her character, justify myself with words, and if need be, simply drown her in them. I can one of the tricks of friendship—seduce her into answering and use what she says as a new supply of grist for my unending mill. Only pure rage can stop the flow. But my daughters, poor things, are not yet enough in command of themselves to pro-

duce that merciful condition in me without being already in the grip of it themselves.

So they have no recourse but to meet me on my own ground. It is a predicament from which only the distance and privacy of adulthood can rescue them.

But I, too, am caught in a predicament. Because when I speak to them, I often contradict myself. To the mothers who were trained as I was—by the Freudian precept that children's personalities are shaped not by what used to be called "upbringing" but by the quality of those family relationships into which they enter at birth—our children represent a total responsibility. We do not believe ourselves charged primarily with keeping them healthy and properly sheltered and teaching them the manners of the society into which we will one day send them. We believe ourselves rather to be the very creators of their psyches, their personalities, and above all, their capacities for success and happiness. What such a responsibility demands of us is something more than undying love, more even than wisdom—it demands that we know what is right and what is needed. This is a responsibility I am hardly able to undertake consistently or gracefully for myself, much less for these nearly-grown female creatures who stand opposite me. They naturally do not ask it of me—at least not any longer. But this is the way of our relationship. Without it, I should have to turn away from them. It is too late to go back now.

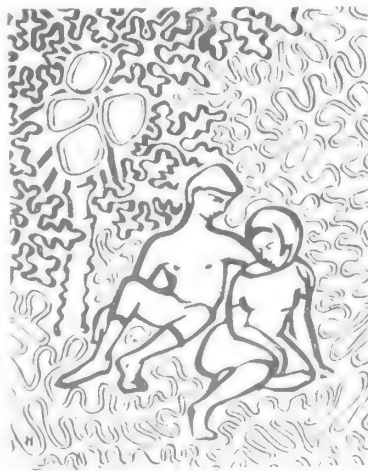
Thus I contradict myself. I do not always feel what I think; I do not always think what I feel. Or rather, I belie myself—since it is my usual custom to tell them what I think (the words for thought come easier than those for feelings) and only indicate to them, so desperately unfairly, by my sudden passions what I feel.

Naïve Worldlings

Neither are my contradictions more evident, nor undoubtedly more painful to them, than in dealing with the problem of sex. This problem is about the last genuine one left to the transaction between us. Not that we do not struggle over other things, but we have nothing new to say to one another about these: they have learned what they have learned from me, I have failed them where I

have failed them, the rest is for the most part now up to them and fate.

Sex, however, is another matter. As a real issue it is just now coming up in their lives—that is, becoming something they are required to *do* something about. And they are still young enough to ask me, sometimes—usually indirectly—what they should do. And I find myself wishing to the very bottom of my being that they would not.



They ask me, I think, for several reasons. First of all, because they are frightened. Such a to-do is made of sex in these days of the new, supposedly freer attitudes toward it that we are probably succeeding in making it as great a mystery to the young as it was in the era when "leg" was a dirty word: a mystery of a different kind, perhaps, now no longer shrouded in evil but partaking in some of those qualities of quest and conquest of the Holy Grail. In any case, it is partly their timidity that drives my

daughters to seek the word of the Authorities, for the comfort, either way, of a denial or of permission.

They also ask me for the simple reason that they believe I know a good deal about the subject. They have not been permitted to assume about me—as the children of my generation, say, permitted ourselves to assume about our parents—that I live in ignorance (in both senses) of sex. I have not permitted it by the conversation, my own and that of my friends, which I have allowed to go on in their presence. I have not permitted it, either, by my style of dress, of behavior, of being. They ask me, too, because to do so is a way, and a very effective way, I might add, of announcing to me that they will one of these days be no longer my satellites but my equals.

But most of all, they ask me because they are too innocent of the danger I represent to them. Like all children raised in the advanced and liberal way, their sophistication and worldliness are streaked with an almost incredible naïveté. This naïveté does not have to do with facts, and certainly not with any of the actual facts of sex, about which they and their friends have a fund of knowledge more complete and accurate than that of many adults I know. Nor have they, since the years of fairly early childhood, acquired any of these facts from me; though once learned, they have often taken pleasure in discussing them with me (out of the desire to show off rather than for in-

formation). In fact, had they, as the textbooks recommend, come to me for all this information, they might have found out many of my reluctances in the matter a whole lot sooner. Nor is their naïveté psychological exactly—though its effects on me are clearly psychological—for as I said earlier, they understand me rather well. I suppose their innocence would have to be called spiritual.

Anyway, it has to do with the trust that my seeming openness as a mother has bred in them—so early and so thoroughly that all the disappointments they must have suffered have not served to make them appropriately wary. Our children, so wise to the world in other ways, have very little left of the child's genius for duplicity. They are bad liars and ineffective sneaks. We have deprived them of their natural and indispensable talent for keeping their secrets secret, and with it, of a certain insight into the nature of the dangerous or forbidden.

When I was my daughters' age, I knew exactly how much, for both our sakes, it was necessary for my mother to know about my own personal confrontation with sex: namely, nothing. My daughters have considerably more leeway than that; there, perhaps, is the rub. Sex as a subject is profoundly interesting to people like me. We think about it a great deal, wonder at it a great deal, and discuss it only somewhat less. We are amused by it as a phenomenon, find it comical, take it immensely seriously. We would, if we could, like to know how everyone we see around us conducts himself with respect to sex. And, if it would not entail a psychic monstrosity that no amount of self-deception could keep hidden, we would even like to know precisely how our own daughters and their friends conduct themselves. In short, like the highly emancipated persons we are, our minds are totally the creatures of the most fashionable currents of the culture that surround them.

Ecstasy with a Purpose

Yet my daughters, to tell the truth, do not know what they may ask, then in what they may expect to receive an answer to. They are restricted by the intensity with which I wish they wouldn't ask me. All their questions, regardless of how they are put or whether the girls know it or not, can only be directed to one end: ought they, now or in the near future, to engage in sexual relations with one or another young man? And the truth of the matter is, I do not know how to answer.

My uncertainty, to be sure, does not take the form of a simple expression of uncertainty. It

takes the form, rather, of a series of confident statements which contradict, supersede, or override one another—or which sometimes simply evade the point. I may, for instance, deride some display of sexual priggishness on the part of a relative, a teacher, or their headmaster—on this occasion planting myself foursquare on the side of the legitimate erotic expression of the children. I may at some other time, and not apparently apropos of them at all, find myself delivering a rather brutal lecture on the horrors of premarital pregnancy—attacking first the criminal immorality of the official posture by which proper contraception and legal abortion are kept out of the reach of young girls, and in the next breath, the criminal irresponsibility of the same young girls in surrendering themselves to something they have not first learned to manage. Or I may, in the name of civilization and decency, take up the cudgels for the boys, attempting to make my daughters aware of the acute suffering inflicted on their male contemporaries by the self-involved experimentation with their powers, *i.e.*, the teasing, of the girls. One of the things I say to them—and naturally it is the one I have the strongest sensation of conviction about—is simply mean: that the adolescent love affairs I have seen do not seem to me to be emotional and sexual adventures at all but, on the contrary, a series of enormous cop-outs. That is, I say, they seem to me to entail nearly all the commitments of marriage, dulling in people so young, and far from providing a wider range of experience, they are actually protecting their participants from having to undergo too much experience. How this must translate to my daughters' discerning and simplifying ears, of course, is: Even if you have sex, it won't be any good.

This particular piece of cruelty to them is not mine alone. In somewhat different (and as I fancy, in far less subtle and clever) form, it represents the defense of an entire generation against the implications underlying its own sexual liberation. If you begin as we all did with the proposition that lust is not only natural but life-giving and good, and if you travel the path from there straight and true, you arrive at complete sexual promiscuity. Lust as an independent value divorces itself from institutions, personal relations, and travels with utter unconcern from creature contact to creature contact. This is, as a matter of fact, exactly how the Puritans understood the matter, and they were right. We understand it, too, in the pits of our stomachs if not in our minds, and scurry about to improvise our excuses. We do not want to be promiscuous, for if lust is simple, the other major human passions—vanity, pride, acquisitiveness—

are not. Our marriages barely survive so much of frankness about our desires as we already allow ourselves; and being unmarried is for us an agony of rushing about to stake our claims. And if we do not want promiscuity for ourselves, we will certainly never be able to bear it in our children.

What we want for ourselves and them is to hold on to our imaginings of complete sexual abandon and at the same time maintain the kind of emotional requirements which make such abandon impossible for us. The most notable of our excuses for this is one derived at two removes from a vulgarization of Freud. To wit: a mentally healthy and mature person seeks in sex the deepening and enrichment of an already and otherwise satisfying connection. Sexual conquest as an end in itself is "unhealthy"; in girls it is a mark of self-devaluation, and in boys, of "Don Juanism." On the other hand, an affair with one person undertaken out of curiosity or in a spirit of fun is emotionally irresponsible and therefore "immature." Thus while we promise our children a satisfaction that we had to wrest for ourselves, we nevertheless do our best to block their easy passage to it.

To be sure, we make no point of their having to be married. All of us, I believe, have settled, whether we admit it or not, with the idea that our children will have at least some sex experience

before marriage. But we have only retreated to a nearer line of defense. The sex experience they have, in order for them not to earn our opprobrium, must be to some purpose. It must be good in itself, it must improve their lives, it must make them better people. And naturally, it must not end in pregnancy. As for myself, I might wish for the further condition that it take place without either my knowledge or complicity.

I ask too much, I know that. We all do. We always have. But then too much was asked of us, and of our parents, and will be of our grandchildren.

This whole problem is in the end really not my daughters', but mine. They will suffer the cruelties of this alternating titillation and denial that has been their introduction to sex and, like the rest of us, if they are tough enough, or brave enough, or lucky enough, they will prevail. But what will be for them their experience and their life will be for me always the record of my inability as a parent to stand behind that person whose face I had so long ago chosen to show to the world. Not that having such a record is necessarily bad, but the chastening seems to have seeped into every corner of my life. My daughters' education at my hands has turned out to be a far profounder one of me at theirs.

THE BEST PLACE TO READ CARLYLE

by Thomas Whitbread

Where's the best place to read Carlyle? I'll tell you!
It's on a plank dock on Lake Webb in Maine,
Near Weld. You sit there in your trunks, in sun,
Reading Thomas in a 1700-thin-page
Anthology by Oxford, and when anything
Strikes you, you pencil in the margin, "Crux."
When bored, you dive into the lake. You surface
At the float, and lie on it. Sometimes you row
A boat a ways to a brook and silently
Flow up it in the hope of seeing beaver.
Before dinner, rye with ice chipped by a pick
From a 100-lb. block in a chest
That serves to keep food cold: Maryland rye,
Sipped in between bites of raw carrots. After,
Reading of other things by oil-lamp, or
Cards, or Double-Crostics. Often, talk.
Your host knows when to tell an anecdote.
Early to bed, not too late to rise, straight razor
For shaving in lake water. Near the end
Of every afternoon, a two-mile walk.
That is the only place to read Carlyle.

Larry L. King

ROUGHING IT IN THE FOOTBALL BUSHES

The players pick up more bruises than cash, the fans are known as "disaster lovers," and the stadium lights are liable to be knocked out by lightning bolts.

Here is the story of the most curious team in this unlikely league.

Saturday night in Burkburnett, Texas, is not much fun even if you have the wind with you. It is less pleasant after 3.8 inches of rain, and after a man has been trampled and mired until he cannot tell where the mud ends and the bruises begin. The Odessa-Midland Comets of the Texas Professional Football League had little to celebrate following a 0-13 defeat by the Burkburnett Kings, their fifth straight scoreless loss. They knew that the two-dollar sports were safe in the stands, with blondes by their sides and strong waters in their jugs, sneering at them as "The Comics," or as "The Scoreless Wonders of the Mickey Mouse League."

Before joining the Texas Professional Football League in its maiden season last year the Burkburnett Kings—representing a town of 7,621 in flat, lonesome country near what was once an outlaw strip between Oklahoma and Texas—had for four years dominated the Red River Football League, largely composed of Oklahoma oil hamlets and Arkansas cotton villages. They won forty-five games, lost hard in six, and tied two. Their guts-and-elbows football put a premium on rowdiness. On this night last September the Kings had all but drowned the Odessa-Midland team in rain-water and blood. With the official carnage over, the Comets could look forward to a post-game meal of chicken-fried steak, or hamburgers, a bus ride home through 406 miles of prairie, and Monday morning jobs as pipe fitters, schoolteachers, barbers, salesmen, oil-field roughnecks, and dental lab technicians.

In bush league pro football, everything comes hard: finding a practice field, meeting a jockey, drawing a crowd. When the Tulsa Oilers defeated

the Sherman-Denison Jets 30-27 for the championship of the Texas Professional Football League last December, only four hundred eyewitnesses could attest to the crime. But the TPFL will operate again this season, and has expanded to include new franchises.

Football's minor leagues are in shaky health. Though the Annapolis Sailors won the Atlantic Coast Football League in 1964, they did such dismal box-office trade that the team moved last year to Alexandria-Arlington, Virginia. The new Virginia Sailors, led by former NFL players past their prime, had an 11-1 record for a second straight championship. Even so, they averaged only 3,900 fans per game—some 1,100 short of what club officials call "the break-even point." The Continental League, also operating in the East, and the Professional Football League of America, in the Midwest, sent a number of their best players up to the majors for tryouts, but sweated out every payroll.

Pro football pays off only in the big leagues. Last season the NFL drew a record 5,542,508 for an average attendance of 52,786 paid. The AFL also had its best year: 2,160,236 paying customers—a game average of 34,291. Tickets ran from \$6 up. Everybody made money. Not long ago, however, even the big leagues were poor. Where the Green Bay Packers picked up winner's checks of \$23,600 per man in play-off money last January, the NFL in 1926 voted members of its championship team "eighteen engraved gold footballs, not to cost more than ten dollars each, and a suitable pennant, not to cost more than thirty-seven fifty." A major league franchise went for \$100 in the

1920s; for \$50,000 by 1940. Today franchises run from \$7 million provided you can find one that is for sale.

Minor league officials now predict similar growth. George Schepps, Commissioner of the TPFL, is an old head who dabbled in baseball as club owner or general manager for fifty years. He envisions working agreements with big-time professional teams much as major league baseball franchises once sponsored or owned dozens of affiliate farm clubs from the Class AAA International League to the Class D Cotton States. As in baseball, the parent club would farm out its unseasoned rookies. In exchange for playing experience it would pay all or most of its trainees' salaries. "In a deal like that *everybody* wins," Schepps says. He is now working toward a union of minor league teams, largely to pressure major league clubs into a paternal relationship. The big league clubs, however, possibly because they have a natural—and free—breeding ground for their players in the collegiate system, are not jumping at the opportunity.

Bob Windham, the young center for the Comets who almost stuck with the New York Jets last season, thinks his chances were vastly improved by the recent major league expansion and unification. "No big league team will get over three or four players worth a damn from the college draft," he says. "There just won't be enough talent to go around. They've already dipped into their taxi-squaddies. They'll have twenty-eight teams up there by 1970, and if you figure it as forty-man squads, that's *one thousand one hundred and twenty players* they need! Why, they'll be beating the bushes for guys who can tell a blitz from a quick kick."*

At twenty-four, Bob Windham—agile, tough, six-foot-six and 270—might realize his dream. Others in the low minors, however, hopelessly chase rainbows: men whose legs have gone back on them along with their hairlines, 150-pound backs who would be gobbled alive by the swift, brutal Brobdingnagians of the NFL, chubby tackles whose only credentials trace back over four or five years to their local high-school teams or to a season or two of service ball with the Fort Desperation Spastics.

Maybe so, but big-time football isn't as easy as it looks. From an armchair, George Plimpton, author of *Paper Lion*, discovered this a couple of seasons ago playing "last string quarterback" for the Detroit Lions. In his only series of downs, under game conditions in a pre-season scrimmage, Plimpton came within one yard of moving his offensive unit backwards 30 yards to a safety.

Then there are men like Byron Townsend, who doggedly cling to the past. For them the most terrible of sounds is the gunshot that ends the game.

Nobody Cheered Anymore

Byron Townsend was a legend in a state noted for its vicious and sophisticated football. He was twice All-State at Odessa High School, twice All-Southern, and twice Schoolboy All-America. The first time he carried the ball, as a fifteen-year-old sophomore, he ran 52 yards for a touchdown. In 1946, when Odessa High defeated San Antonio's Jefferson for the Texas State Championship before a big crowd in the Cotton Bowl, Townsend out-dueled another high-school super-star named Kyle Rote. At the University of Texas he led his team in so many departments the statisticians were tempted to record his exploits in a separate set of books—this in an era when the Southwest Conference had Doak Walker (Detroit Lions), Bill Howton (Green Bay Packers), and Rote (New York Giants). Fifteen years later Townsend can name the half-dozen records he still holds.

Townsend had it all: his pick of campus beauties, flashy convertibles, a choice wardrobe, the adoration of wealthy sportsmen eager to give him the keys to their plush pads along with a twenty-dollar bill and a comradely wink. He was named to the *Collier's* All-America team, appeared on a national TV show or two, played in so many All-Star games he lost count, and had dozens of talent scouts seeking his signature. Only a decade ago a football crank, impersonating Townsend, toured the nation buying Cadillacs, booze, and diamonds in Townsend's name. Before they caught him entering the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans one New Year's Day, wearing an expensive drugstore cowboy outfit, the bogus Townsend had cashed \$67,000 worth of worthless checks on the real one.

The real Byron Townsend opened the 1952 football season with the Los Angeles Rams of the NFL. He had a fine rookie year until he injured a thigh. The next year he played football for the U. S. military. Lured by money, he jumped to the Canadian League following his military discharge in 1954 and performed like a star until a severe neck injury forced him out of the game in mid-season of 1956.

Townsend came home to Odessa to nurse his wounds. He worked at a half-dozen jobs in two years, doing best as a salesman because his name opened doors in country where a football hero outranks movie queens and Presidents. But new stars appeared. Things started going to pot for Byron

the local cynics to speculate on how much trouble he had had arranging it.*

Lawyer Ace Pickens moved up to the club presidency. "The night of our first game," he says, "I didn't expect a crowd of over two or three hundred even though it was the beginning of league play. I'd see friends on the street and they'd yell, 'Punt, punt!'" Pickens hired one ticket seller, and delivered the tickets to him only thirty minutes before kickoff time. He was amazed by the long line of people waiting at the stadium, and he telephoned several Jaycee friends who rushed over to help. The kickoff was held up almost an hour to seat the crowd. Counting the \$7,000 gate paid by almost 4,000 fans, the Comet officials danced and hugged each other in undisguised joy. "We'd have got at least another thousand bucks," Pickens said, "except that we ran out of tickets. We finally opened the gates and let the rest in free." More than 5,000 fans were there for the tardy kickoff.

Rain, Thieves, and Cheeseburgers

The good crowd was a testimonial to Jay Mehaffey's television program. Though the weather forecast called for oceans of rain (and black, rumbling clouds were banked up on the horizon) Mehaffey's sportscast an hour before game time predicted "a perfect night for football." Doyce Elliott, who followed with the official weathercast, refrained out of community spirit from mentioning the imminent deluge, though he may have found it difficult to look the camera in the eye.

The Comets and the Sherman-Denison Jets had been at it five minutes when the storm hit. The ball would float away unless the referee kept a foot on it between plays. Only near the 50-yard line could spectators see the turf. Lightning bolts knocked the stadium lights out four times. Witnesses say the first time the lights went out, Comet linebacker Bill Lisenbee was in the act of making a smashing, head-on tackle. "My God!" Lisenbee cried out from the soggy darkness. "I've gone blind!" Once the lights failed in the middle of a pass play and an official caught it in the nose. By the end of the game 33 fans remained: 26 had crowded into the press box and 7 sat under protective sheets of polyethylene plastic. The Comets lost, by the curious score of 0-5, on what pool-hall comedians in Odessa said was "a safety and a field goal scored in the dark."

They almost didn't make the 660 miles to Pasadena,

The cynics were wrong. Hatley drove back hundreds of miles each week to play linebacker for the Comets.

Texas, the following week. The team left Odessa at 5:00 A.M. on Saturday, twenty-six hours before the kickoff, in an ancient charter bus. Three hours later the vehicle expired a few miles outside the hamlet of Eden, near which there definitely is no garden. Thirty-four Comets straggled to town, drank coffee, and listened to Willie Nelson sing cowboy laments on the jukebox while Coach Townsend tracked down the county's only mechanic. A rest stop at Austin was unexpectedly extended for another hour when the bus stalled a second time. "We had to show the bond we'd posted. That little ole rule kept us going several times."

The Comets rode into Pasadena less than an hour ahead of the 8:00 P.M. kickoff, having averaged 25 miles an hour en route. They dressed for the game at their motel. Fifteen minutes later motorists must have wondered if the nuts in the red-and-white uniforms, pushing an old bus up the Gulf Freeway, had lost an election bet. Once inside Pasadena Stadium the bus mired to its axles in mud, in full view of 1,500 fans. The Comets slogged to the kickoff afoot, less than five minutes ahead of a bond forfeiture, whereupon the Lord broke His covenant by again sending rain, and a 0-25 defeat. On the return trip the bus only broke down twice. The next week, at Burkburnett, there was that 3.8-inch cloudburst and the fifth scoreless defeat.

Later, at a mid-week practice session, thieftakers called on the Comet dressing room to pick players' pockets of something like \$200. A high-school stadium where the team practiced was claimed for more urgent uses, the Comets moving to an abandoned baseball park with dressing facilities. Small players had to suit out in shifts. The players rebelled because the park had rats, but no shower facilities. Management then begged use of the American Legion park and fieldhouse, but had to quit their lease when the Legion demanded \$50 a night to turn on the lights. "We couldn't practice until 5:30 P.M. because the guys had jobs," Townsend explained, "and it got dark an hour later. But we couldn't scrape up that forty bucks even twice a week." The Comets cut workouts to Tuesdays and Thursdays. They were held on a vacant lot; the more fastidious players showered at home. A small mutiny occurred when the Comets were no longer permitted to sign tickets for their road-garment meals, but had to eat off the \$5 handed them. "Signing tabs didn't work," Ace Pickens says. "Too many of the boys got tempted by expensive planks of steak. We found if we gave them cash they'd settle for cheeseburgers."

In their fourth league game, against Tulsa, the Comets briefly looked up for the Oilers. A new quarterback, former Little All-America Vince Tesone (Colorado Mines) got them on the scoreboard. They led the unbeaten Oilers, 16-13, with only seconds to play. Then Tulsa kicked a field goal for a tie. The Comets cried foul: host Tulsa had insisted on playing 15-minute quarters (contrary to TPFL rules specifying 12-minute ones) and the Odessa-Midland boys argued that under the 12-minute rule they had won the game. They might have been awarded it, too, had they followed the dictum of another league rule requiring that all protests be filed in writing within twenty-four hours of the alleged violation. Nobody did.

The Tulsa rhubarb and tie brought out more than 3,000 fans when the Comets returned home to play the Dallas Rockets. The Comets suffered their sixth scoreless loss, 0-14. "That game killed me at the gate," Pickens says. Only 500 paid to see the next home outing against the Pasadena Pioneers. Most of them left early after the Comets, during a 13-34 drubbing, fell behind 0-27 at half time. Those old tormentors, the Burkburnett Kings, came to town to thrash the Comets a third time, 19-0, and to end quarterback Tesone's career with a shoulder injury. The game drew only 250 fans and produced one good laugh. Byron Townsend, playing wingback, ran deep on a naked reverse, booting four defenders who eagerly awaited him. Townsend wisely charted a course to carry him safely out of bounds even though it meant a long pass. By the time Townsend reached safety he was running rapidly and almost due north. A fan who knew Townsend's recreational habits shouted, "Catch 'im, boys! He's headed for the Sands!"

Short a quarterback against Sherman-Denison, Townsend played the position himself. His eyesight was temporarily lost to him when a jarring hit tackle sent one contact lens flying, and drove the other up into an eyebrow. Thereafter, if pass receivers ran their patterns more than ten yards deep the quarterback couldn't see them. The Comets' 40-12 loss was not unexpected.

Two hundred disaster-lovers showed for the final home game against unbeaten Tulsa. Townsend, emulating Knute Rockne, reminded the Comets of how they had been cheated of victory in the last Tulsa game and called for vengeance in blood. It worked. Though Tulsa outdid the Comets in everything but half-time cigars smoked, Odessa-Midland knew its one taste of success. They scored twice in the second period, and they made good on their promise to stand up for a 14-10 victory—perhaps because they had imported a giant professional wrestler, Terry Funk, and a former Canadian

League tough, Bill Ossilinee, to put spine in the Comet defense.

In the season's last game, at Dallas, the Comets could hardly field a team, however. In addition to Tesone's injury they had lost Eldon (Rocky) Ford, a thirty-year-old oil-field worker, who suffered a fractured ankle and a broken leg on the same play. Tommy Lee (Pockets) Hill, a 162-pound defensive back, went up in the air during a rare scrimmage session and came down with his neck broken. Leroy Allison, a twenty-year-old machinist who had never played football until a friend dared him to go out for the Comets, suffered a mangled knee. The survivors finished in Dallas before a crowd estimated at 63 persons. R. D. Pierce kicked three field goals, but somebody kicked four for the Rockets and that was the ball game. The Comets wrote a final record of eight losses, one tie, a single victory, and a \$1,572 deficit. Even so, they got a trophy at the end of the season. They led the Texas Professional Football League in paid attendance with a total of 8,227 for five home games.

The Love of Contact

Why do they play? Ace Pickens: "For the love of the game. Not over three or four play for the money. We play for the love of the sport—the love of contact." We? He sits behind his law-office desk with diplomas on the walls and a thick carpet on the floor. He is well-dressed, manicured, and smoking a superior brand of cigar; none of his bones are on the mend. You sense the last thing he made contact with was an innerspring mattress or an eight-dollar beefsteak. But Pickens has achieved total identification with the team.

Tommy Lee (Pockets) Hill comes on the same way. Hill is drinking at the Chat 'Um Lounge, a black-and-tan hangout where beer goes for thirty cents. "Soon's I get outta this harness," Pockets Hill says, indicating the brace on his neck, "I'll be out there again. We can get us a good team goin' here. Them boys *hit!* You give us the right trainin' and the right coachin' and we'll beat anybody." Tommy Lee Hill doesn't have much to compare the Texas Professional Football League with, his experience being limited to high-school football some six years ago. But a man doesn't develop much identification working around as a hospital orderly, fry cook, or service-station hand—or not working at all about 25 per cent of the time. Gene Williams, a split end, the only Comet named to the TPFL All-League squad, had nothing much to prove: he had been All-State at Kermit High School in 1958 and starred at Texas Western Col-

lege. Williams played for the contact: "I like to hit people."

"We're not eat up with comforts," Byron Townsend concedes. "These ole boys just love football enough that they'd play it in hell with their backs broke. Only a couple of 'em have any chance to go up. Still, nothing satisfies that ole football bug but playing the game. You just *got* to play." Warren Sheelar, a twenty-four-year-old assistant coach at Sul Ross State College, located in the isolated village of Alpine near the Davis Mountains, had to play so badly he drove to Odessa to serve as middle linebacker at all home games—a round trip of approximately 350 miles. John Hatley, at an age when most men use the country club bar more than the golf course, commuted 600 miles to play. "Hatley said he had more fun than he did in the NFL," Townsend said. "I did, too."

Townsend talked as he sipped Scotch and water at the Golden Falcon, where indoor athletes may loosen up at a dollar a shot. This Saturday afternoon in December, two weeks after the Comet season had ended, bar trade was as slow as a TPFL end sweep. Dressed in slacks, a white shirt, tie, and a smart white sweater, Townsend had just watched on TV a game in which Johnny Unitas of the Baltimore Colts had made "the million dollar fumble" permitting Green Bay to sew up the NFL Western Division title. "I sure felt sorry for that ole boy," Townsend said of Unitas, who earns about \$50,000 annually quarterbacking for the Colts. "You see how down-in-the-mouth he looked walking off that field? When a ball player messes up like that *nobody* feels worse than he does."

He was sorry over having missed the Texas Professional Football League's business meeting, then being held in Dallas. "I wanted to go, but Ace Pickens told me there wasn't room. A couple of days later I found out one of the directors wasn't going, so I asked to take his place. Ace and Jay Mehaffey said that, well, Jim Daniel [the Comet assistant coach] hadn't got to go anywhere so why not let *him* go?" Townsend furrowed his brow. "I sure hope they sell radio rights next year. We'd get two thousand bucks out of it."

Townsend reminisced about the season. "We started out making junior-high mistakes—some guy would be standing around watching to see where a punt was gonna roll, and it'd bounce up and hit him on the leg. But we soon corrected those. We got younger players as the season wore on. At the end we only had about nine of the old heads that we started out with." Then he listed a few TPFL players who, however briefly, were once in the big time: Sherman-Denison's Harold "Hayseed" Stevens (New York Titans), Tulsa's Charley

Barnhart (Denver) and Raymond Hayes (Vikings), Dallas's Jim Faulk (Baltimore Colts), the Comets' Gary Crain (Miami Dolphins), himself, and Hatley. He recalled that Dallas quarterback Doug Tucker "beat Arkansas in the Cotton Bowl for Nebraska a few years ago and threw eight touchdown passes in one game for Lincoln in the Professional Football League of America."

"I'm beating the bushes," Townsend said. "Using all my old contacts to turn up some good boys for next year. We'll be better. I told the boys if we don't win the title next season, I'll resign. He was desperately hopeful of the future that day. "We've just got to keep this league going. I don't know what I'd do without it." Though he speaks of football with love, Townsend is ambivalent about his own career. "I made a lot of mistakes wish I'd gone to Oklahoma. Bud Wilkinson coached a style of ball that suited me better. I went to the University of Texas because a bunch of big shots around here—oil men and money men, you know the type—pressured me into it. They slapped me on the back and promised me the moon and when it was all over they didn't know me." Townsend regrets that he didn't hit the books as hard as he should have. "I hit the line: 'Making money's not easy. Five o'clock comes early and that's the time I crawl out for work.'"

The Name of the Game

In September the Texas Professional Football League begins its second year. Muscles are coming slowly awake, and last year's bruises and floods are forgotten. The Comets, off on the new adventure, are full of hope, certain they won't again go five games without scoring. Jay Mehaffey is considering new ways to draw TV customers into Broncho Stadium, and Ace Pickens predicts 10,000 fans for each home game. Everything is much the same—except that everybody is a year older, and a new head coach will be in charge.

A few weeks ago Comet officials announced that assistant coach Jim Daniel was being promoted to the number one job—a decision, it developed, that he had privately reached midway of last season. That was enough precedent. Whether in the NFL or the farthest minors, the name of the game is Win—you don't win you sack the coach. Townsend was retained as "director of player personnel," a title perhaps more impressive on paper than within his own heart. The true football warrior knows that the game is on the field, not in somebody's front office. For Byron Townsend the game may soon be over.



David Halberstam

THE SECOND COMING OF MARTIN LUTHER KING

"Why, this Mayor Locher here in Cleveland," King says, "he's damning me now and calling me an extremist, and three years ago he gave me the key to the city and said I was the greatest man of the century. That was as long as I was safe from him down in the South. It's about the same with Haley and Yorty too; they used to tell me what a great man I was."

He is perhaps the best speaker in America of his generation, but his speech before the huge crowd in the UN Plaza on that afternoon in mid-April was bad; his words were flat, the drama and that special cadence, rooted in his Georgia past and handed down generation by generation in his family, were missing. It was as if he were reading someone else's speech. There was no extemporizing; and he is at his best extemporaneously, and at his worst when he reads. There were no verbal stakes, no surprise passions. (An organizer of the peace march said afterwards, "He wrote it with a slide rule.") When he finished his speech, he was embraced by a black brother, it seemed an unwanted embrace, and he looked uncomfort-

able. He left the UN Plaza as soon as he could.

On that cold day of a cold spring Martin Luther King, Jr. made a sharp departure from his own past. He did it reluctantly; if he was not embittered over the loss of some old allies, he was clearly uneasy about some of his new ones. Yet join the peace movement he did. One part of his life was behind him, and a different and obviously more difficult one lay ahead. He had walked, marched, picketed, protested against legal segregation in America—in jails and out of jails, always in the spotlight. Where he went, the action went too. He had won a striking place of honor in the American society: if he was attacked as a radical, it was by men whose days were past. If his name was on

men's room walls throughout the South, he was celebrated also as a Nobel Prize-winner, the youngest one in history; he was our beloved, *Time* Magazine's man of the year; his view of Christianity was accepted by many Americans who could never have accepted the Christianity of Billy Graham. In the decade of 1956 to 1966 he was a radical America felt comfortable to have spawned.

But all that seemed long ago. In the year 1967, the vital issue of the time was not civil rights, but Vietnam. And in civil rights we were slowly learning some of the terrible truths about the ghettos of the North. Standing on the platform at the UN Plaza, he was not taking on George Wallace, or Bull Connor, or Jim Clark; he was taking on the President of the United States, challenging what is deemed national security, linking by his very presence much of the civil-rights movement with the peace movement. Before the war would be ended, before the President and King spoke as one on the American ghettos—if they ever would—his new radicalism might take him very far.

On both these issues there had been considerable controversy and debate within the King organization, especially among those people who care most deeply for King, and see him as the possessor of a certain amount of moral power. On the peace issue none of King's associates really questioned how he felt; rather they questioned the wisdom of taking a stand. Would it hurt the civil-rights movement? Would it deprive the Negroes of King's desperately needed time and resources? And some of these peace people, were they really the kind of people King wanted to play with? On the ghettos there were similar problems.

No one is really going to accomplish anything in the ghettos, goes the argument, until the federal government comes in with massive programs. In the meantime King can only hurt and smear his own reputation; he will get dirt on his hands like the other ward heelers if he starts playing with practical day-by-day politics in the North. In the North, in addition to the white opponents, there are all the small-time Negro operators who will be out to make a reputation by bucking Martin King. Yet the ghettos exist, and to shun them is to lose moral status.

II

After the New York peace rally I traveled with King for ten days on the new paths he had chosen. It was a time when the Negro seemed more than ever rebellious and disenchanted with the white; and when the white middle class—decent, upright—seemed near to saturation with the Negro's new rebellion. The Negro in the cities seemed nearer

to riots than ever; the white, seeing the riots on TV, wanted to move further away from the Negro than ever before. A terrible cycle was developing. At press conference after press conference he said no, he didn't think his stand on Vietnam was hurting the civil-rights movement or damaging the Negro cause with the President; no, he didn't think Stokely Carmichael's cry of black power had hurt the Negroes; no, he didn't plan to run for the Presidency. It was a week which began in New York with an announcement that King would go to the Holy Land in the fall on a pilgrimage.

Then came the first question: "And do you relate this to Vietnam?" No, King said, there were no political implications.

A Negro reporter who had been out to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Queens and had talked to the soldiers there said, "The war doesn't bother them. The soldiers are for it."

Later, on the way to the airport (most of King's life is spent going to airports, and it is the only time to talk to him), King's top assistant, Andy Young, commented on the fact that the Vietnam question had come from a Negro reporter. "It always does," he said. "Every time we get the dumb question, the patriot question, it's a Negro reporter." A New York minister said it was the Negro middle class wanting respectability and playing it close on Vietnam. "They're very nervous on Vietnam, afraid they're going to lose everything else." King added, "Yes, they're hoping the war will win them their spurs. That's not the way you win spurs." The ghettos, he said, were better on the war issue than the middle class.

III

The most important stop on King's trip would be in Cleveland, where he was thinking of making a major summer effort to break down some of the ghetto barriers. It is a strange thing the way a city can rise to national and international fame over racial problems. Sometimes it is predictable. The word was always out in the South, for instance that Birmingham was a tough city with a tough police force and Bull Connor; Negroes in Georgia and Mississippi knew about Bull Connor fifteen years before. Little Rock, which we once heard so much about, was an accident, its crisis deriving from its own succession laws and Orval Faubus's ambition.

Now there are cities imprinted on our memories that we barely know about, cities which we have forgotten, but in the Negro world, and in that part of the white world which is trying to cope with the coming fire, the word is out: Cleveland, where four people died in riots last summer, is likely to be

ry tough place with all the worst aspects of the ghetto, and almost none of the safety valves. Unlike New York, where Mayor John Lindsay at least visits the slums, Mayor Ralph Locher seems to have written off the Negro vote, and to depend on the Italians, the Poles, and other white minorities. The Negro ministers there are interested in King's coming in for the summer action program, and though this is early May, a chilly day, and King is asking someone to find him a topcoat, there is a feeling that we will hear



good deal more about Cleveland before the summer is over, probably more than we want to. King is edgy because the Negro community is divided. He does not want to get caught in a cross fire, and he is sensitive to what happened with his failed organizing effort in Chicago last year.

Yet there are advantages in Cleveland. It is smaller than Chicago, better laid out geographically, and the Mayor is not so smart as Daley. His Chicago machine has enough Negro support to keep the Negro community divided; Locher's interference to the Negroes in Cleveland may eventually force them to unite. But they must be brought together by someone from the outside. Here, then, is one of the ironies: for years the crisis was in the South, and Northern Negroes got money and support there. In the process the best skilled leadership rose up in the South, fanned out of the crises faced there, while in general the Northern leadership, so far lacking such direct and dramatic crises, lacks prestige; it must summon help from the South.

King is met at the airport by one of the older Negro ministers who is representing the Negro Ministers' Association. The preacher is about sixty, very pleased to be meeting King. As soon as

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we are in the car he starts talking about an earlier King speech and how much he liked it. Everyone else smiles politely, and there is a murmur of approval from King, which dies as the preacher continues, "I mean the way you got up there, Doctor King, and you told those Negroes they got to improve themselves, they got to help themselves more, isn't anyone else going to help them, and they got to clean up themselves, clean up their houses, clean up the filth in the streets, stop livin' like pigs, they've got to wash up. They can't just wait for someone to come to their doors with a welfare check, they got to help themselves."

There is silence in the car as he continues, his voice gaining in enthusiasm as he carries on, for he is preaching now, and driving a little faster too.

King says nothing, but from the back of the car, quite softly, the Reverend Bernard Lee, a King assistant, says, "You got to have something worth cleaning up, Reverend," almost as an apology.

The tension rises a little in the car; King is silent, and Bernard Lee speaks again. "It's easier said than done, Reverend. You've got six generations just trying to make do, and they've given up fighting."

But the Cleveland Reverend keeps on; the Negroes have got to clean it up; they've lost these homes.

This time it is Andy Young: "You ain't lost it, Reverend. They lost it for you. You never had it."

In all this King has said nothing, letting Lee and Young do the stalking. (Later I am to find that this is his standard technique, holding back, letting others talk themselves out, allowing his men

to guide the conversation to the point where it can be finally summed up by him.) "Well, Reverend," King finally says, "these communities have become slums not just because the Negroes don't keep clean and don't care, but because the whole system makes it that way. I call it slummism—a bad house is not just a bad house, it's a bad school and a bad job, and it's been that way for three generations, a bad house for three generations, and a bad school for three generations."

Then Andy Young starts telling of a home-owning community in Atlanta. Recently somewhat lower-class white, it was now turning quickly black, and somewhat middle-class black: "And so, of course, as soon as they've moved they all get together and have a big meeting about how to keep the neighborhood clean . . . and they want that garbage picked up, you know all that, and in the middle of the meeting, a man stands up at the back of the room and he tells them they're kidding themselves. 'Forget it,' he says, 'just forget it, because you're not going to get these services. I work for the sanitation department and I want you to know that they've just transferred twenty men out of this area, so you can just forget it all.'"

"Same old story," Bernard Lee says. "Negroes buy houses and immediately the services stop, and these aren't Negroes on relief, Reverend."

King, to ease the tension, asks about the Negro community of Cleveland, and the preacher becomes so eloquent on the subject of the division within the Negro church community that Andy Young finally says, "Reverend, go back all the way to the New Testament. Even Peter and Paul couldn't get together."

"But *they* got it. They already got theirs, and we're trying to get our share," the preacher says.

King then asks, Is the Mayor a racist? No, says the preacher, it's not racism, "it's just ignorance. He doesn't know the pulse of the new Negro. The wrong kind of people are advising him, telling him handle the Negro this way, give him just a very little bit of this and a very little bit of that; give him a pacifier, not a cure, a sugar tit, that's what we used to call it in the South, a sugar tit, just enough to take away the appetite but doesn't fill you up . . . feed one man, give one man a job, and you've taken care of the Negroes." As he finishes, one can sense the relaxation in the car. The preacher has rehabilitated himself, he's not as much of a Tom as you think.

Then King starts talking about the cities. So very few of the mayors have the imagination to deal with the complexity of the problems, and the handful who do can't really handle it because they lack the resources. The problems are so great that

they must go to the federal government, but most of them don't even know the problems in their own cities. It is almost as if they are afraid to try understand, afraid where that trip would lead them. "Why, this Mayor Locher here in Cleveland," he says, "he's damning me now and calling me an extremist, and three years ago he gave me the key to the city and said I was the greatest mayor of the century. That was as long as I was safe from him down in the South. It's about the same with Daléy and Yorty too; they used to tell me what a great man I was."

IV

That was a simpler time. He had exuded love and Christian understanding during the nation's dramatic assault on legal segregation. In retrospect it was not so much Martin Luther King who made the movement go, it was Bull Connor; each time a bomb went off, a head smashed open, the contributions would mount at King's headquarters. They bombed King's own house, an angry black mob gathered ready to do violence, and King came out and said, "We want to love our enemies. I want you to love our enemies. Be good to them and let them know you love them. What we are doing is right and God is with us." And, of course, it was a time of television, we could tune in for a few minutes and see the cream of Negro youth, the slack-jawed whites answering their love with illiterate threats and violence, shouting what they were going to do to the niggers, and reveling in this, spelling their own doom.

King was well prepared for his part in that war; the weapon would be the white man's Christianity. He knew his people, and he could bring to the old cadences of the Southern Negro preacher the new vision of the social gospel which demanded change in America. He was using these rhythms to articulate the new contemporary subjects they were ready to hear ("America, you've strayed away; You've trampled over nineteen million of your brethren. All men are created equal. Not some men. Not white men. All men. America, rise up and come home"). Before Birmingham, the Montgomery bus strike was a success, and other victories followed. Grouped around King were able young ministers, the new breed, better educated; in the changing South he became the single most important symbol of the fight against segregation, culminating in his great speech before the crowd which had marched to Washington in 1963. Those were heady years, and if not all the battles were won, the final impression was of a great televised morality play, white hats and black hats; lift up the black hat and there would be the white face

of Bull Connor; lift up the white hat and there would be the solemn black face of Martin King, shouting love.

V

But in Cleveland in 1967 the Negro ministers are in trouble. They are poorly educated products of another time when a call to preach, a sense of passion, was judged more important than what was being said. Their great strength is organization; they try to hold their own separate congregations together. They get their people out of jail and they get them on welfare, and if that is not very much, there is nothing else.

But now they are divided—by age, by denomination, by style, by petty jealousies. They have not yet found the unifying enemy which bound their contemporaries together in the South, and they are unable to deal with the new young alienated Negroes, for whom their talk about damnation and salvation is at best camp; in the ghettos they cannot help those who need aid most. They are frightened by the Nationalists and Muslims, the anger spawned in the streets, the harshness and bitterness of these new voices, the disrespect to elders, the riots. In the South in the 'fifties all the preachers were on the outside looking in, but here in the North there is sometimes the illusion that they have made it and opened the door to the Establishment. So there is double alienation, not just black from white but black from black middle class.

When King arrives in Cleveland, he is immediately hustled off to a meeting of the ministers. The meeting lasts more than three hours, and there is a general agreement that King should come into Cleveland to organize; there is some doubt expressed because of what happened to his Chicago program, doubts which some of the ministers counter by listing otherwise unknown accomplishments and blaming the white press.*

Afterwards, King has dinner in a Negro restaurant with eight key preachers, some of them old

friends. At least one went to Stockholm with him to get the Nobel Prize, and he is letting people know about that. There is something here of a self-consciously jovial atmosphere, curiously reminiscent of white Rotary clubs in the South. King takes the menu and tells one preacher he sees something just right for him. "What's that?" the preacher asks. "Catfish!" King says. There is a considerable ritual of joke telling, most of the jokes dealing with very old wealthy men interested in marriage with young and pretty women. One very wealthy old man is finally permitted to marry, and the Lord says after some deliberation that he can marry a forty-year-old woman. The old man thinks about this some, and then asks, "Lord, would two twenties be all right?"

King laughs enthusiastically, and then tells the story of the young, well-educated minister who visits a church as a guest pastor; he is introduced to the congregation by the pastor as "Dr. So and So." The preacher is embarrassed, and he says, "Sorry, Reverend, I'm not a doctor."

"You're an ordained minister, aren't you?" asks the older man, quite surprised. The younger man nods, and the older preacher says, "Well, then, you're an *automatic* doctor."

Everyone tells King how glad they are to learn what a success the Chicago program was, and that they should have known that the distortions were the fault of the white press. The white press is soundly castigated. "Even here in Cleveland," one of the ministers says, "why, some white reporter asks Martin a question about the Mayor and Martin makes the answer that he thinks the Mayor is apathetic, and the next day the headline says, 'King attacks Mayor.' They got to sell newspapers that way."*

The dinner is pleasant, a discussion of the problems of Cleveland ("the middle-class Negroes are our problem, they've all gone to Shaker Heights and don't give a damn about being Negro anymore"); King says yes, it's the same all over. Finally there is some mild joking and one of the

*But many white reporters sympathetic to King, who thought the most important thing that could happen in America last year was for King to succeed in Chicago, consider his Chicago program a failure and a great tragedy. The problems had just been too great, the divisions within the Negro community too sharp, and the Daley machine too clever for him. The Daley machine was like nothing he had ever been up against before, with its roots in the Negro community. To this day there is no love by King for Daley, but there is considerable respect for Daley as a political operator. King sees Daley as a man for whom the machine is an end in itself, a man with little social vision, but with a sense of how social uses can be tailored to the perpetuation of the machine.

*Yet there is an increasing difficulty in covering racial news. Two years ago if a white reporter even hinted that there was division in the movement, he was accused of trying to create that very division. As the divisions became more obvious, each time you were with an established leader like Roy Wilkins, he would complain how the press *invented* radical leaders, created by the white press because of its guilt feelings. The next day you might be in Harlem talking with one of the more radical Negroes, and he would give a bitter discourse on how the white press played up only Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins; the white press was out to make the Negroes think that this mild leadership was all they had.

preachers, very dark in skin, points to another and says how much darker the other is. There is almost a reproach in King's remark: "It's a new age," he says, "a new time. Black is beautiful."

Just as they are about to break up one old friend, the one who went to Stockholm, starts talking about what a great man Martin Luther King is, how he is sent to them from Above. Then the preacher tells about the Nobel Prize ceremonies in Stockholm and Martin King, Senior. "There was to be a huge party afterwards," he explains, "and the champagne was all ready to be popped, and Daddy King stopped them. He's a complete teetotaler, and he said, 'Wait a minute before you start all your toasts to each other. We better not forget to toast the man who brought us here, and here's a toast to God.' And then he said, 'I always wanted to make a contribution, and all you got to do if you want to contribute, you got to ask the Lord, and let Him know, and the Lord heard me and in some kind of way I don't even know He came down through Georgia and He laid His hand on me and my wife and He gave us Martin Luther King and our prayers were answered and when my head is cold and my bones are bleached the King family will go down not only in American history but in world history as well because Martin King is a Nobel Prize-winner.' When he finished everyone was so moved, why the champagne just stayed there, and they made the toast to God and the champagne just stayed there afterwards. No one drank any, not even Bayard Rustin."

There was a moment of silence, and then one of the other ministers said, "Yes, sir, the Negro preacher is something. He sure is. God has use for him even when the Negro preacher didn't know what he was saying himself."

VI

The Kings of Atlanta are aristocrats of power and influence in the Negro world in the way that the Lodges have been among the Yankees and the Kennedys are among the Irish. The Negro church, particularly in the South, has always been the Negroes' great cultural base. The Baptist church was the church with the largest mass base, untouched by the white man. He did not appoint its preachers, he did not control them. One of the big churches of Atlanta, the greatest city of the South, is the Ebenezer Baptist Church. To have been pastor of it was to have a real base in the Negro community, not just of Atlanta, but in Negro

America. Its pastor fifty years ago was a man named A. D. Williams, considered one of the finest preachers of his time; his sweet and gentle daughter married an ambitious young rural Negro from Georgia named Martin Luther King.

Martin King Senior, M. L. Senior, or Daddy King in Atlanta is probably not so outstanding as his son, but he is in many ways more interesting. He is a man of great intensity and willpower, not entirely committed to nonviolence; he goes along with it for his son's sake, but some of those who have physically pushed or hit Martin Junior would regret it if they tried it on his father.

Martin King Junior's reminiscences of his childhood are largely gentle stories; the inevitable hurts are bathed in the love of his parents. But Martin King Senior's stories of his boyhood are stories of violent racial confrontations with the whites of that day. Every angry face is still sketched in full detail, every taunt, every humiliation, every cheating recalled.

As a boy King Senior was the best Bible student around; he went to Atlanta, worked hard, studied at night, married Reverend Williams' daughter and became assistant pastor of Ebenezer, where today he is pastor and his son Martin Junior is assistant pastor. By this time his father-in-law was treasurer of the National Baptist Convention, a powerful position which took him all over the country. The Williams family and the Kings came to know the important Negroes in other cities. That is why on this day whenever there is a city in racial trouble King Senior knows the names of all the important people and preachers in town.

Martin King Senior instilled in his family a sense of pride and confidence; every time there was an incident involving the children King Senior repeated to them: Don't be ashamed, you're as good as anyone else. The family grew up well-to-do. "Not wealthy really," says young Martin King "but Negro-wealthy. We never lived in a rented house and we never rode too long in a car on which payment was due, and I never had to leave school to work."



Six years ago in a loving and prophetic piece about him, James Baldwin quoted a friend's saying of King, quoted and requoted it because Baldwin felt it told so much about King: "He never went around fighting with himself like we all did." (The Baldwin essay was prophetic in that it saw the darkening clouds for any Negro leader; it was also poignant. Baldwin saw King a

younger much-loved and men-
ed brother; he seemed slight
and vulnerable to be taking on
ch odds," and one senses, read-
g it, that King with his happy
ome as a young man, and with
e warmth of his present home,
somebody Baldwin would like
have been.)*



As a young man he grew up in
ie world of preachers; by the
me he went off to college, to
forehouse (father, grandfather,
nd great-grandfather had gone
ere; it was where you went)
e had decided to become a doc-
or; he was an agnostic. Part of the reason was
contempt for the Southern Negro preacher, the
ow level of intellectual training, the intense
otionalism.

He had simply turned on the church: "If God
as as all-powerful and as good as everyone said,
why was there so much evil on the face of the
arth?" Later at Morehouse several teachers, in-
cluding Dr. Benjamin Mays, the president, and Dr.
George Kelsey, a philosophy professor, convinced
him that religion could be intellectually respect-
able; he returned, and then went on to Crozier
Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania. There for
he first time he entered the white world. He was
terribly aware of their whiteness and his black-
ness, and the stereotypes they had of Negroes.
Negroes were always late for things, Martin King
was always first in a classroom. Negroes were lazy
and indifferent, Martin King worked hard and
studied endlessly. Negroes were dirty, Martin
King was always clean, always properly, perhaps
too properly, dressed. Negroes were always laugh-
ing, Martin King was deadly serious. If there was
a school picnic, Martin King did not eat water-
melon.

He had gone in 1951 from Crozier to Boston
University to study for his Ph.D., and entered
there the social and intellectual world of the
Northern Negro. King felt Morehouse had com-
mitted him to work in the South, and besides it was
1955 when he took his degree, the year after the
Supreme Court decision outlawing school segre-
gation. King had three offers to stay in the North,
including one teaching position, but he chose a
small church in Montgomery. He arrived just in
time to be there when Rosa Parks' feet hurt, and
he was catapulted to national prominence with the
bus strike. He was the new boy in a divided city,

*See "The Dangerous Road Before Martin Luther
King," by James Baldwin, *Harper's*, February 1961.

and he became the leader of the Montgomery Im-
provement Association precisely because he was
both new and yet known and respected through
his family.

VII

In Cleveland King was to meet with both the
preachers and the Black Nationalists, who have
the support of the alienated young people.

The leader of the Nationalists is a tall mystic
young man named Ahmed, who has a particular
cult of his own combining racism and astrology—
the darkness of the white man and the darkness of
the skies. Earlier in the year he predicted that
May 9 would be the *terrible day* when the black
ghetto erupted. He made this prediction partly be-
cause there was to be an eclipse of the sun that day.
Everyone laughed, old Ahmed, that crazy astrol-
oger, but the police picked up him and a group of
his followers that day just in case. Ahmed is
mocked not only by the whites, but by the preach-
ers as well. To them he represents nothing, has no
job, all he does is talk.

King's people, however, believe Ahmed has a
considerable, if somewhat fluid, influence. At first
Ahmed and his men put out the word they were not
interested in meeting with King; they were down
on preachers, and he was a sort of Superpreacher.
"He's really a Tom, you know," one of them told
a King aide, "and one thing we don't need, that's
more lectures from more Toms."

King went out to meet with them, however; he
talked with them, but more important he listened
to them, and it went surprisingly well. While he
spoke nonviolence to them he did tell them to be
proud of their black color, that no emancipation
proclamation, no act of Lyndon Johnson, could set
them free unless they were sure in their own
minds they liked being black. And of course he
talked with them on Vietnam, and they liked that

also. The most important thing, however, was the simple act of paying attention to them. In Cleveland, King's people believe, the Nationalists are extremely important. Cleveland has particularly restless youths, up from Mississippi, either born there, or the first-generation children of parents born there. They are ill prepared for the cities. They come to these compact places like Hough, so that finally the inner ghetto is filled with the completely hopeless, floating, and rootless. It is estimated that one-third of the people in the inner ghetto change residence every year.

"There's a little power in these street gangs," one Negro says, "but power that doesn't go beyond a few blocks. Within those few blocks a man can be pretty big, you know he can shout, 'This is wrong, this is wrong, this is wrong.' But it doesn't go much beyond that. Past Fifty-fifth Street (the ghetto line), they're nothing, so they speak for the poor, but only to the poor."

That night the meeting was stormy. There had been some talk that Ahmed and his people might walk out, but they remained inside and, indeed, dominated the meeting. "The preachers were afraid of them, but they weren't afraid of the preachers," said one of King's aides. Outside one of Ahmed's followers had decided to lecture to other younger Negroes: "Do you think ol' whitey, he's going to come by and say, 'Why there's Chuck Hill. He's a good black man. I'm going to spare that good black Chuck Hill.' No, whitey's not going to do that. He's going to shoot you down like all the others. Whitey doesn't care about any black man."

Inside the meeting, one of the more conservative ones said something about good things coming and the need for only a little more patience, and Ahmed jumped up angrily and said, "How can you trust a man that would kidnap a little child, bring him to a country he raped, put him down on stolen property, and then say, 'Just you wait a few days, I'm going to give you your freedom and lots of other good things'?"

A few minutes later there was a heated debate between Ahmed and a middle-class Negro. Ahmed had been talking, giving his program, when the man rose and shouted:

"Have you got a job? Have you got a job? Have you got a job?"

Ahmed answered, "My job is to free the minds of my people."

"No no no!" the man shouted. "Do you have an eight-hour job? Do you have an eight-hour job?"

"My job is a twenty-four-hour job," Ahmed replied, "and as a matter of fact, it's got just as much risk and danger as your job. Anytime you want to switch I'd be delighted."

The next day King's people were delighted with Ahmed. "He was so warm, so beautiful last night," one of them said, and in the middle of the press conference the next day announcing that King planned to come to Cleveland to organize for better housing and jobs, a King aide suggested to a Negro reporter that he ask Ahmed, sitting next to King, what he thought of King. Ahmed answered that King was a black brother; there was a happy sigh of relief from King's people.

VIII

One wonders whether King's alliance with the Nationalists can last. King is hot and they are cool; he overstates and they understate; he is a preacher and their God is dead. They are of the ghetto the way Malcolm X was, and like Malcolm they are flawed by it; that was his great strength. King is not of the ghetto, he is not flawed (*he never went around fighting with himself like we all did*), he is of the South. The people he touches most deeply are the people they left behind.

When one raises this question with Andy Young, he talks about the church being a force with young people, but one senses that he shares some of the doubts. He tells of when they went to Rochester, during the riots there. The Negro youths refused to talk with them until they beat them at basketball, beat them at shooting craps, proved they weren't squares. He tells of how the tough kids in Chicago didn't want to meet King. They finally did, and they were impressed with him, with the sheer power of his moral presence, but when he left they slipped right back into the gangs.

"We see the ghettos now as a form of domestic colonialism," Andy Young says. "The preachers are like the civil servants in Ghana, doing the white man's work for them." King has decided to represent the ghettos; he will work in them and speak for them. But their voice is harsh and alienated. If King is to speak for them truly, then his voice must reflect theirs, it too must be alienated, and it is likely to be increasingly at odds with the rest of American society.

His great strength in the old fight was his ability to dramatize the immorality he opposed. The new immorality of the ghettos will not be so easy to dramatize, for it is often an immorality with invisible sources. The slum lords are evil enough, but they will not be there by their homes waiting for King and the TV crews to show up, ready to split black heads open. The schools are terrible, but there is no one man making them bad by his own ill will, likely to wait there in the school yard with a cattle prod. The jobs are bad, but the reasons

Negroes aren't ready for decent jobs are complicated; there won't be one sinister hillbilly waiting outside the employment agency grinding cigarettes into the necks of King and his followers.

IX

King admits he is becoming a more radical critic of the society, and that the idea of "domestic colonialism" represents his view of the North. I suggest that he sounded like a nonviolent Malcolm; he says no, he could never go along with black separatism. For better or worse we are all on this particular land together at the same time, and we have to work it out together.

Nevertheless, he and his people are closer to Malcolm than anyone would have predicted five years ago—and much farther from their more traditional allies like Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins. King's people are privately very critical of both men; they realize that both work through the

white Establishment to get things for Negroes, that they often have to tolerate things they privately consider intolerable because they feel in the long run this has to be done. The white man is there, he owns 90 per cent of it, and the only course is to work through his Establishment. King's people privately feel that this is fine, but that the trouble is the white Establishment has become corrupt, and in modeling yourself after it and working with it and through it, you pick up the same corruptions.

There are some very basic differences at issue here, much deeper than the war in Vietnam (though King's people see Vietnam as an example of the difference, for they believe that some high-level Negro acceptance of Vietnam is effected not because of agreement with the Johnson Administration's position, but as a price to pay in order to get other things from the Administration). In the split it is King who is changing, not Young or



Wilkins. "For years," King says, "I labored with the idea of reforming the existing institutions of the society, a little change here, a little change there. Now I feel quite differently. I think you've got to have a reconstruction of the entire society, a revolution of values."

This means, he says, the possible nationalization of certain industries, a guaranteed annual income, a vast review of foreign investments, an attempt to bring new life into the cities. His view of whites has also changed deeply in the last year; previously he believed that most of America was committed to the cause of racial justice, "that we were touching the conscience of white America," that only parts of the white South and a few Northern bigots were blocking it. But after Chicago he decided that only a small part of white America was truly committed to the Negro cause, mostly kids on the campuses. "Most Americans," he would say, "are unconscious racists."

X

King is a frustrating man. Ten years ago *Time* found him humble, but few would find him that way today, though the average reporter coming into contact with him is not exactly sure why; he suspects King's vanity. One senses that he is a shy and sensitive man thrown into a prominence which he did not seek but which he has come to accept, rather likes, and intends to perpetuate. Colleagues find him occasionally pretentious; and the student leaders have often called him De Lawd, a title both mocking, and at the same time a sign of respect.

Being with him is a little like being with a Presidential candidate after a long campaign; he has been through it all, there has been too much exposure, the questions have all been asked before; the reporters all look alike, as do the endless succession of airport press conferences. King on the inside seems the same as King on the outside—always solemn, always confident, convinced that there is a right way and that he is following it; always those dark, interchangeable suits; the serious shirt and responsible tie.

He has finally come to believe his myth, just as the people in the Pentagon believe theirs and the man in the White House believes his; he sticks to the morality of his life and of his decisions, until there becomes something of a mystic quality to him. His friend, Reverend Wyatt Tee Walker, who is not a mystic, and indeed something of a swinger and finds King almost too serious says, "I am not a mystic but I am absolutely convinced that God is doing something with Martin King that He is not doing with anyone else in this country." And Mar-

tin Luther King Senior believes his son is prophet. That's what he is, a prophet. A lot of people don't understand what he's doing and don't like it, and I tell them he *has* to do these things, things that aren't popular. Prophets are like that; they have special roles. Martin is just a twentieth-century prophet."

Friends believe King has become decreasingly concerned with worldly things, and has no interest in money. There are many fine Negro homes in Atlanta, but King's is not one of them; he lives in a small house right near one of the ghettos. It takes little money from his church and tends to return a good deal to it; despite this attitude his children are protected because Harry Belafonte, a friend of King's, has set up an educational trust fund for each one.

XI

From Cleveland we flew to Berkeley for a major speech. Berkeley is now the center for the new radicalism in America, and King was likely to get a very warm response there; Berkeley would make him forget about the ghettos. Thousands of cheering young people would be there, applauding him. They would be there not because he led the March on Washington, for those days are easily forgotten (to some of them the March smacks of Tomi now), but because he is saying what they want to hear on Vietnam.

It was Vietnam, of course, which linked him with the new radicalism. His dissent was coming at that had been obvious for some time. Last winter when the peace groups and the New Left planned a major peace demonstration for the spring, the head of it was the Reverend James Bevel, a King deputy who had organized for King in both Birmingham and Chicago. Bevel is the radio wing of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, deeply Biblical and mystic, weaving in to new politics with the Old Testament. He is also something of a link between King and SNCC.

Bevel is an intense, fiery man, and these days the words genocide and race war come quickly to his lips, and he is obsessed with Vietnam: "*The war in Vietnam, he has said, will not end until Jesus Christ rises up in the Mekong Delta; the Lord can't hear our prayers here in America, because of all the cries and moans of His Children in the Mekong Delta, and that is all He can hear as long as the war continues, so forget your prayers until the war is over, America.*"

King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference is a rather loosely knit organization, and at Atlanta headquarters, there is a certain fear of what are now called Bevelisms. Recently there w

a sharp kickback when Bevel spoke at a Catholic college and apparently made some remarks slurring the Virgin Mary. A young Jesuit questioned him harshly, and Bevel said, yes, he was interested in Mary, "but which Mary, all the thousands of Marys walking the streets of the ghettos, the thousands of peasant Marys being killed in the Mekong Delta, or some chick who lived thousands of years ago?"

The far-left groups who organized the peace march went for Bevel because they wanted King.

King had seemed interested himself, but very lightly so. They contacted Bevel and they found he was interested, and ended up coming to their meetings. "Then the question was," one of them said, "could he deliver King? He said he could and he promised, but weeks went by and no King. We began to wonder. Then finally he came through."

They wanted King because they wanted a mass basis; they already had the automatics, the pacifists, their very own, but they wanted a broader constituency. As one peace organizer said, "There were a lot of people we felt wanted to come in on this, you know, good-hearted Americans for whom someone like King would make it easier, be a good umbrella. We could then call some of these unions and church groups and just middle-aged people who were nervous about coming in, who wanted to come in a little bit, but didn't like the whole looks of it, and we could say, Look here, we've got King, and it makes them all breathe easier. They think, Why it's King, it's all right, it's safe."

King repeats over and over again that he does not take stands because of what Stokely Carmichael says. Nonetheless, someone like Carmichael creates pressures to which King must inevitably react in order to retain his position. King would have reacted to the pressures of the ghettos and of Vietnam anyway, but without pressure and the alternative voices of a Stokely or a Floyd McKissick, he might have done it more at his choosing in his own good time. Stokely's outspoken stand on Vietnam made King's silence all the more noticeable. For King is a moralist, a fairly pragmatic one, and he does not intend to lose his position to young, militant, educated Negroes.

What was decisive in Bevel's role was that a trusted lieutenant in the most important of King's projects wanted out so he could join the peace movement. That moved King. Here was one more



sign that a bright and passionate friend judged Vietnam more important than civil rights. It was symbolic of what King saw the war doing, taking all the time, money, energy, and resources of America away from its ghetto problems and focusing them thousands of miles away on a war the wisdom of which he doubted in the first place.

There are friends who feel that other factors affected him profoundly too, one of these being the right of a *Negro* to speak out. This had come to a point in early March at a fund-raising evening

in Great Neck. King, Whitney Young, and John Morsell of the NAACP had appeared for an evening of speeches, questions, and answers. The subject of Vietnam came up, and King was asked how he felt. He answered with a relatively mild criticism of the war, the morality of it, and what it was doing to America.

Young was asked the same question and he dissented. There was the other war here in the ghettos, and that was the war the Urban League was fighting; he as an individual couldn't speak for the Urban League, but then he made his personal stand clear: communism had to be stopped just as Hitler should have been stopped in World War II. As the evening was breaking up, Young and King got into a brief but very heated argument. Young told King that his position was unwise since it would alienate the President, and they wouldn't get anything from him. King angrily told him, "Whitney, what you're saying may get you a foundation grant, but it won't get you into the kingdom of truth." Young quite angrily told King that he was interested in the ghettos, and King was not. "You're eating well," Young said.

King told Young that was precisely why he opposed the war, because of what it was doing to the ghettos. The argument, with a number of people still standing around, was so heated that King's lawyer quickly broke it up. Afterwards King felt badly about having spoken so angrily in public, and telephoned Young to apologize. They talked for more than an hour, failing of course to resolve their very basic differences.

This had happened to him once before. In 1965, when he was fresh from the Nobel Prize, King had briefly opposed the war and called for negotiations. There was a violent reaction. President Johnson got in touch with him and persuaded him to talk with that wooer-of-the-strayed, Arthur

Goldberg. Goldberg assured him that peace was in the air. Similarly, King admits he was stunned by the extent of the pressure and reaction to him. "They told me I wasn't an expert in foreign affairs, and they were all experts," he said. "I knew only civil rights and I should stick to that." So he backed down, feeling a little guilty and suspecting he had been told that it wasn't a Negro's place to speak on Vietnam. This continued to rankle him, and after the Great Neck meeting he felt that if he had *backed* the war he would have been welcomed aboard, but that if he didn't back the war it was his place to remain silent.

XII

Though King says he could never live under communism, he does not see the chief division in the world as between the communist and capitalist. His is a more U Thantian view, with the division being between the rich and the poor, and thus to a large degree the white and nonwhite (the East European nations would become Have nations, to the surprise of many of their citizens). His view of violence in Vietnam and violence in Angola are quite different. Yet he is also terribly American, more American than he knows; his church is Western, his education is Western, and he thinks as a Westerner, though an increasingly alienated one.

He does not particularly think of the war in Vietnam as a racial one (although the phrase "killing little brown children in Vietnam" slips in); rather he sees the American dilemma there as one of face-saving, of an inability to end a miscalculation and a tendency to enhance it with newer and bigger miscalculations. Because there is a good deal of conservatism in King, there was a lively debate among his advisers as to whether he could go into the Spring Mobilization. The Call to the march had the whole works, genocide and race war; and a number of King allies, traditional liberals, advised him against it. The old ladies in Iowa wouldn't buy it.

But after much negotiating, which King's people clearly enjoyed, it was finally decided he should go in without signing the Call. "I went in because I thought I could serve as a bridge between the old liberals and the New Left," he says. He is still somewhat wary of much of the peace movement, however; he does not know all the people as he does in civil rights, and he lacks a sure touch for the vocabulary of peace. He is also angry about having been ambushed by the New Politics people who leaked to the press in Boston recently that King was considering running for President; he was not yet considering it, and he felt they were trying to

push him faster than he wanted to go; he remains wary of some of the peace people, and he realizes they are all out to exploit his name for their own purposes.

His stand on Vietnam is not necessarily the most popular one he has ever taken. It is popular on the campuses, of course, but it has hurt him with the editorial writers (Vietnam and civil rights don't mix), gladdened George Wallace, hurt him in the suburbs, and it has made the ghettos a little uneasy.

Peace is not a sure issue in the ghettos. There have been wars in which the Midwest provided many of the boys, and the small towns rallied around them. There are no picket fences in the ghettos and the American Legion posts are weaker there, but right now *our boys* are coming from the ghettos, and so it is a very delicate issue. One radical Negro leader thought Vietnam would be an easy whipping boy until he began to hang around Harlem bars, where he found you don't knock the war (black faces under green berets) and so he toned down his attacks. But some of King's best friends fear that Roy Wilkins may be wiser than King about how Negroes in the ghetto feel about Vietnam.

XIII

But Berkeley is another country. We went there one sunny day, and they were ready for him. They came to pick him up early in the afternoon, a young Negro dean and some bright young students, and they predicted a great reception for him—a demonstration for a King-Spock ticket.

We rode out together and I relaxed while a young student editor interviewed King; she had her questions all written down (Declining U.S. moral status in the world? Answer, yes. Doing this because of Stokely? Answer, no). The ride was pleasant, and the students were talking about the dove feeling on the campus, and King said, "I guess it's not too popular to be a hawk at Berkeley," and someone asked if he's for their right of dissent. "I'm too deeply committed to the First Amendment to deny the right of dissent, even to hawks," he said.

On the campus there are a lot of young men wearing pins which say simply, "October 16." That is their day, they explain, when all over the country they plan to go down to recruiting centers and turn in their draft cards. On the campus there are numerous signs saying "King-Spock."

His speech there is an attack on American values; it cites Berkeley as the conscience of the academic community and the center for new values ("we have flown the air like birds, and swum the

sea like fishes but we have not learned the simple act of walking the earth like brothers"). It is looser and more natural than the peace-march one, and the biggest ovation of the day comes when King denies that he and Berkeley are against our boys in Vietnam:

"We're for our boys. We're their best friends back home, because we want them to come home. It's time to come home. They've been away too long."

A few minutes later, after answering questions (no, he will not run for President, though he is touched by their support; indeed he says they must be careful who runs against Johnson, perhaps it will be "Mr. Nixon, or your good Governor") he heads for a meeting of the Afro-American students.

Suddenly a white graduate student steps out and blocks his way. "Dr. King," the student says, "I understand your reservations about running for President, but you're a world figure, you're the most important man we've got, you're the only one who can head a third-party ticket. And so when you make your decision, remember that there are many of us who are going to have to go to jail for many years, give up our citizenship, perhaps. This is a very serious thing."

King is stunned; this requires more than a half minute, and the student presses on: "This is the most serious thing in our lives. Politically you're the only meaningful person. Spock isn't enough. So please weigh our jail sentences in the balance when you make your decision."

I have watched King with dozens of people as he nods and half-listens, and this is the first time I have ever seen anyone get to him. He waits for a moment, for the student to say more, and then realizes there is nothing more to say, and he finally says, "Well, you make a very moving and persuasive statement."

That meeting had shaken King a little, and on the way back to San Francisco we talked about the sense of alienation of the students. At the meeting one of the students claimed that the white man was planning to exterminate all American Negroes, every last one, that the war in Vietnam was being used solely for that purpose as a testing ground for weapons. "He really believed that," King said, "really believed that." Another student was deeply committed to separatism—move away from the white community completely, forget all the whites. "What's your program?" King had asked, "What are you offering? But all he had was more radical rhetoric." Another student had advocated more violence, but King had answered "We don't need to talk mean, we need to act mean."

In the car King mused that the trouble with the people who talk mean is that they're always gone when the trouble finally strikes. "They lead you there and then they leave." Then he mentioned a confrontation with Charles Evers, the very able head of the NAACP in Mississippi. He said Charles had really whipped a crowd up one night, putting it to them on violence and the need for it, and King had finally said, "Look here, Charles, I don't appreciate your talking like that. If you're that violent, why you just go up the highway to Greenwood and kill the man who killed your own brother." And they applauded.

The students, King said, were disenchanted with white society, there had been too few victories, and they were losing faith in nonviolence—this and a sense of guilt over their own privileged status. Some of this is good, the fact that they identify with the ghettos much more than they did ten years ago, but there is also the danger of paranoia. One of the white students had mentioned how influential the autobiography of Malcolm X is with the students, both black and white, and added, "You won't believe this, but my conservative old Republican grandmother has just read it and she thinks it's marvelous, a book of love."

"That is what we call the power to become," King said, "the ability to go on in spite of. It was tragic that Malcolm was killed, he was really coming around, moving away from racism. He had such a sweet spirit. You know, right before he was killed he came down to Selma and said some pretty passionate things against me, and that surprised me because after all it was my own territory down there. But afterwards he took my wife aside, and said he thought he could help me more by attacking me than praising me. He thought it would make it easier for me in the long run."

The car finally reached the hotel. He had covered 3,000 miles in the last few days, and now he was ready to recross the country, five stops on the way. The people, the faces, the audiences, the speeches were already blending into each other; even the cities were becoming interchangeable. Only the terrible constancy of the pressures remained. One sensed him struggling to speak to and for the alienated while still speaking to the mass of America, of trying to remain true to his own, while not becoming a known, identified, predictable, push-button radical, forgotten because he was no longer in the mainstream. The tug on him was already great, and there is no reason to believe that in the days ahead it would become any less excruciating.

Prefatory note to "Sketch for a Poem"

This "Sketch," one of the 34-year-old Russian poet's most recent poems, is a surreal vision in which some of Voznesensky's persistent preoccupations—the plight of women, the precarious nature of existence, the Protean quality of life—are thrown into nightmarish relief. The poem recently appeared in the Soviet Union in a new collection of Voznesensky's work, *An Achilles Heart* (*Akhillesovo serdtse*) for which there were 500,000 advance subscribers. It was translated by William Jay Smith, in collaboration with Mrs. Vera Dunham, professor of Russian literature at Wayne State University, for a bilingual edition of Voznesensky's work, *Antiworlds and "The Fifth Acc,"* edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward, to be published this August by Basic Books and Anchor Books.

Notes: In Part III, "Buggins" is the poet's image of the archetypal down-trodden clerk, a character who appears in a number of Voznesensky poems, including "The Nose," where he is sent to jail for falsifying his books. In "P.S.," the "passengers" are personages in other Voznesensky poems.

Patricia Blake

Andrei Voznesensky

SKETCH FOR A POEM

Translated by William Jay Smith and Vera Dunham

I

On the twenty-second a woman threw herself from a lift that had stalled;
It doesn't matter where

just that it was in Moscow.

A guillotine blade,

the lift rose

Up toward her head.

I run up the stair;

blood stains everywhere;

or have I gone mad?

Blood leads to the door;

My ribbed heels grind blood there

into the floor—

blood,

her blood . . .

"Darling, stay alive, stay calm,

If you can, stay alive; if you can't, still stay

Alive.

An ambulance is on the way; if only by some miracle, stay

Alive.

What a bastard I've been.

Darling, if you pull through,

I won't again let go of you . . .

If only . . ."

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II

"Forgive me, dearest, it happened this way:
The dead end seemed deader
Than ever today,
The deepest sadness, sadder.

I know the end will come
In the dark shaft where I lie,
Where those who love love not enough,
 and no one hears you scream,
And the bastards let you die.

A net of iron encircles all,
Dearest, and you are close by; but it keeps me from you.
Even if I sliced my heart, this net is so fine,
I could not get through.

Perhaps, my love, you're not to blame.
The guiltless are guilty, all the same;
We thrash in a loveless bed as against a net,
And want the world to perish in fire.

Suicide is no solution.
What's done is done; but must it be said
That to get attention
I must sever my head?

Don't look for me. My mother
Will tell you I've gone to Alma-Ata or someplace or other;
Be nicer to the next woman in your life,
Don't let that woman slip through your life."

III

The wounds have opened—
 the blood drains—
 something more has opened
Deeper, fresher,
 more vulnerable,
 more terrible than veins.
Feelings depart,
 husbands depart
 cannot be stopped.
Enchantment drains
 like water into the soil:
 You're here one moment, then you're gone.
All beings are
 blood vessels of blue,
 green, or brown,
And flow into each other—
 exchange existence
 through their essence:
Blue flows into you,
 I am turning brown,
 and you and I

Incessantly flow
 into other things.
Flow into what nights,
 what sweeping views
 of other universes?
Stop it! you say,
 but it can't be stopped.
Highways flow,
 cities are dough,
 houses dissolve
And someone's big ears
 sag like an elephant's trunk.
 Great, now it's worse!
Now
 all things flow. All things—all
 fading one into the other.

Ellipsoid, squares sprawl.
 Brass bedsteads
 ooze out into overcooked macaroni.

Prison bars dangle down like pretzels or shoulder braid.

Henry Moore,
 pink-cheeked English sculptor,
 rushed along the green baize
 of his new-mown lawns.

His sculptures, resplendent as billiard balls,
 Either puffed out like sore cheeks, or assumed
 the delicate contours of pelvic bones.

"Stay as you are!" howled Moore. "You are beautiful—stay!"
 They would not.

A small flock of smiles flitted by along the streets.

In the world arena two wrestlers panted,
 Locked in an embrace, one black, one orange;
 Chests glued together, they resembled in profile
 an upright pair of pliers.
 But horrors!

Ominous black spots began to show through the orange.

The ooze had begun:

The orange wrestler deftly twisted his rival's ear
 and howled with pain himself—

He held, now grafted onto the other, his own ear.

The Royal Castle of the Georgian Kings
 was sliding down the wrinkled skin of the plateau,
 a dim tear
 of compassion for humankind . . .

They let Buggins, the accountant, out of jail;
 He almost got back to his office
 but didn't:

 with all the reshaping,
 it, too, had reformed.

Back home, out of matches,
 he ran down one flight
 to borrow some.

Found Mrs. Buggins bouncing on his neighbor's bed.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm not sure myself; maybe I leaked through the ceiling, who knows?"
 Perhaps it's true:

 On her skin,
 as in hot asphalt
 five fingers with a seal-ring had left their print;
 and, with them, a foot.

A rainbow,

 attached as if with nails,
 hung radiantly down
 like the cable strands of the Crimean Bridge.

The chief of the Igogo-jo tribe sought new means of moving from
 feudalism to capitalism.

Everything flowed down,
down to one level,
down to sea level.

The sculptor, gone mad, rushed about,
modeling, shaping,
giving objects their ideal contours
understandable only to him;

But as soon as they were free
of his fingers,

They returned to their original shapes,
deflating like hot-water bottles
or rubber syringes.

Above the flood, the lift rested, a pontoon perched in the water.

Up and down—
It went like a pump handle.

Up and down—
Pumping the planet's blood.

"Be sure always to hide matches from children."

But the places to hide them now are hidden.

Up and down!

Phrases have lost all power. Words get glued together.

Consonants have dissolved.

Only vowels remain;

And they cry: "A-e-i-o-u! A-e-i-o-u!"

Now I'm the one who's screaming;
And they prop me up, tuck a thermometer under my armpit.
Terrified, I look up at the ceiling;
It is square.

P. S.

I've fallen, deep within my dream,
To the bottom of a giant shaft;
The lift speeds along within the shaft
Against my head, Damoclean.

Light leaps out around the lift,
Escaping from a square eclipse;
The voices bubbling there inside
I slowly begin to recognize.

These are the passengers I begat:
Buggins, the bath maid with her pail,
Old Moralizer, now retired;
And all those others—oh, my pets,

I gave you life and gave you hell,
Gave you stupid things to say;
And now, my grateful family,
You are racing down
To do me in.

I thrash in the cage, my voice grows thin.

My sick brain now begins to see;
That all the trouble lies with me;
So what?—with me!

But when the lift comes crashing down,
I shall be happy in my grave
That you are gone, and being gone,
That you, at least, may still be saved.

Stephen Hess and David S. Broder

WHAT KEEPS NIXON RUNNING



Our most durable politician has been counted out seven times but now looks like the brightest star in the Republican firmament.

By most standards, Richard M. Nixon today is a successful man. His name leads all the rest on the door of a prestigious New York law firm, Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander, & Mitchell, now one of the nation's ten largest, with offices spread over four floors of a Wall Street skyscraper. The clients include Pepsi-Cola; Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical; General Precision Equipment; General Cigar; Cargill (a firm that has sold large quantities of wheat to the Soviet Union, a transaction that Nixon is politically against); American Bulk Carriers (for whom the Nixon firm has registered in Washington as a paid lobbyist); Newfoundland Pulp and Chemical; and Mitsui, the Japanese trading combine. The most senior partners of the firm earn from \$150,000 to \$250,000 a year and Nixon's income tax is now double the salary he earned as Vice President.

Attorney Nixon sits on the boards of directors of important companies, such as the Harsco Corporation; Mutual of New York, one of the largest in the life and health insurance field; and Minneapolis-based Investors Diversified Services, the giant mutual fund with net assets of over \$5.3 billion. He belongs to impressive in-town clubs—the Metropolitan, the exclusive Links, and the Recess, a Wall Street luncheon club with a panoramic view

of lower Manhattan; and fashionable country clubs—Blind Brook in Westchester, Baltusrol in New Jersey. When he travels abroad the Duke and Duchess of Windsor entertain in his honor, and his wife is seen at Pierre Cardin's latest showing. His daughters attend the best Eastern women's colleges and have had well-publicized debuts.

When he leaves his 24th-floor corner office, filled with the autographed pictures of heads of states, keys to cities, and other memorabilia, his chauffeur drives him home to a ten-room cooperative apartment which cost him \$100,000, plus a yearly maintenance fee of \$9,600. The windows in the high-ceilinged living room face Central Park and the fireplaces are woodburning. Other tenants are Nelson Rockefeller and William Randolph Hearst, Jr.

This could be a nice life. Another small-town boy, Thomas E. Dewey, made the transition from Presidential candidate to Wall Street lawyer with ease and has aged elegantly.

But Richard Nixon never goes to the stylish country clubs to which he pays dues, never takes in New York's theater or opera, never even attends the sports events that he enjoys. For major chunks of each year he circles the globe, poking his head into trouble-spots on personal fact-find-

ing junkets, looking into situations that intrigue him, while restoring his credentials as a foreign-policy expert. For other chunks of each year he circles the United States, eating hamburgers alone in hotel rooms, talking in private to Republican functionaries and in public to the party's rank-and-file, while restoring his credentials as a political leader.

After his unsuccessful try for the California governorship in 1962, Nixon moved to New York, not to keep his Presidential hopes alive, as one columnist mysteriously hinted, but because he had been totally demolished in politics. So, at least, it seemed.

This was not the first time that he had been written off as finished, washed up, and all through in national politics. In 1948, his closest friends thought he was signing his political death warrant by taking up Whittaker Chambers' charges against Alger Hiss. In 1952, when the "Nixon fund" story broke, Thomas Dewey and other top Eisenhower advisers told him bluntly to get off the ticket. In 1960, having survived a minor challenge to his nomination, he proceeded to lose a Presidential campaign which most Republican politicians thought he should have won, and by a margin so close that the second-guessers had a field day at his expense.

In 1962, incredibly, he lost the governorship of California to Democratic incumbent Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. The morning after the election he wrote his own political obituary by bitterly attacking the press. "Just think how much you're going to be missing," he told the assembled reporters. "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference . . ."

But he was alive again in 1964. Alive enough for his backers to run him in three Presidential primaries; for Nixon himself to mount a last-minute drive for the nomination; and even, for a time, to consider a bid to be Vice President. All failed, and in January 1966 Nixon told William Lawrence of ABC News, "As a practical political realist, I do not expect to be a nominee again."

Yet fourteen months later, in March 1967, a group of reputable and well-financed Republican

professionals announced the formation of a "Nixon for President Committee," whose chairman asserted with confidence, "When the time is right, we will have a candidate."

Above all else, Richard M. Nixon is durable. Just why this is so puzzles even seasoned Nixon-watchers. Some politicians are pleasing of face: Nixon's looks have been likened to a Bob Hope carved out of walnut. Some politicians are entertaining: Nixon is basically a serious, even studious person, a grind. And nobody likes a grind. He has not won public office in his own right for seventeen years. He has not held public office for seven years. Since his move to New York, he has been virtually a stateless person politically. And yet he persists.

He persists because there are two things in Nixon that will not be choked off, two things that even his enemies concede him. One is his intelligence, the alert, disciplined, and restless mind that has few equals in American politics. Nixon has always done his homework; for almost 20 years now, longer than any front-rank politician in either party except Lyndon Johnson, he has been at the center of national and international affairs. Even working without a staff, which he has done for most of the last seven years, he has stayed on top of the key issues—particularly foreign-policy issues—and in touch with key leaders. If Nixon continues to command attention, it is in part because what he says and thinks cannot be lightly dismissed.

His other unquenchable quality is his energy—an energy which this singularly persistent man expends unstintingly on politics, however remote the likelihood of its redounding to his own benefit. There was, for instance, the day in October 1966 when he began his final burst of campaigning for Republican Congressional candidates. For two weeks before that he had lived, breathed, talked, and thought sixteen hours a day about the case he was to argue, for the second time, before the Supreme Court. He flew from New York to Washington Tuesday morning and spent the day in court. That night, instead of having the case behind him, as he had hoped, he was reworking it again in his Washington hotel room, because he had been interrupted in mid-argument by the Court's self-imposed curfew.

So on Wednesday, he arose early again, scrubbed and shaved and faced the Justices for another hour of questioning and argument. The airline held the plane at National Airport for 15 minutes so he would not miss his connection in Chicago. In his few minutes at O'Hare Field, he made phone calls to three Chicago friends to check the progress of

Stephen Hess, former staff assistant to President Eisenhower, will be a fellow at the Institute of Politics, John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University, in the coming academic year. David Broder is national political reporter and columnist for the Washington "Post." This article was adapted from their forthcoming book, "The Republican Establishment," which Harper & Row will publish on October 25.

Charles H. Percy's campaign for the Senate. Then he flew on to San Francisco where three television crews awaited him at the airport. That took 15 minutes. He was driven to the St. Francis Hotel, where he shaved again and then faced another 35-minute press conference. Back upstairs, he had sandwiches and coffee while dictating to Rose Mary Woods, his secretary.

Then he drove across the bay to Oakland and spoke for 50 minutes endowing a soon-to-be-forgotten Republican Congressional candidate with virtues his own wife never suspected he possessed, talking of Vietnam, of Lyndon Johnson, of the future of the two-party system, talking, talking, talking, with only his eyes betraying his fatigue.

After 20 minutes of hand-shaking and autographing, he drove an hour south to Palo Alto, where he talked for 15 more minutes in the midnight chill outside his motel with the two University of California law students who had been his party's volunteer chauffeurs.

His day was now twenty-one hours old and he had traveled 3,000 miles, but he was not done. He spent two more hours talking to his former campaign manager, Robert Finch, about the latter's campaign for Lieutenant Governor of California.

Then for three hours Richard Nixon slept. The phone awakened him for a television interview program, which preceded a Finch campaign fund-raising breakfast, a flight to Bakersfield, a press conference, a rally for candidate (now Congressman) Bob Mathias, a flight to Burbank, another press conference, a television taping, a flight to Ontario, California, a rally for candidate (now Congressman) Jerry Pettis, a return flight to Burbank and, early Friday morning, a flight back to New York.

A Matter of Style

What kind of man pushes himself this way? And why does he do it? Nixon has survived so long as a politician in part because so many people find him an enigma. Particularly among the intellectuals, he shares with Lyndon Johnson the distinction of always having his motives questioned. The intellectuals' antipathy dates back to the Hiss case and Nixon's equivocal relationship to Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. It has been reinforced by more recent incidents indicating Nixon's insensitivity to the First Amendment, particularly in situations involving academics. What the intellectuals find it hard to concede is that Nixon, whatever his failings, has some legitimate claims to their respect. In foreign affairs, for example, his

outlook has been firmly internationalist, including early and faithful advocacy of large-scale foreign aid—a position that was hardly designed to win him votes. On civil rights, Nixon had the solidest record of any man in the Eisenhower Administration—and before that, a voting record in Congress as good as John F. Kennedy's and far better than Lyndon B. Johnson's. Moreover, he was one of the first Republicans in the country to take on the John Birch Society—again a stand that was hardly calculated to win him votes, at least in California.

Also, Nixon is master of the intellectuals' own key tools—language and logic. His syntax is always orderly, his arguments are systematically arranged, and he even has the ability to turn a phrase.

He rarely employs ghostwriters. Instead, on yellow legal-size pads he painstakingly outlines and re-outlines his speeches. Then—once the logic, the key phrases, and transition points are firmly imbedded in his mind—he normally throws away the notes and delivers extemporaneously.

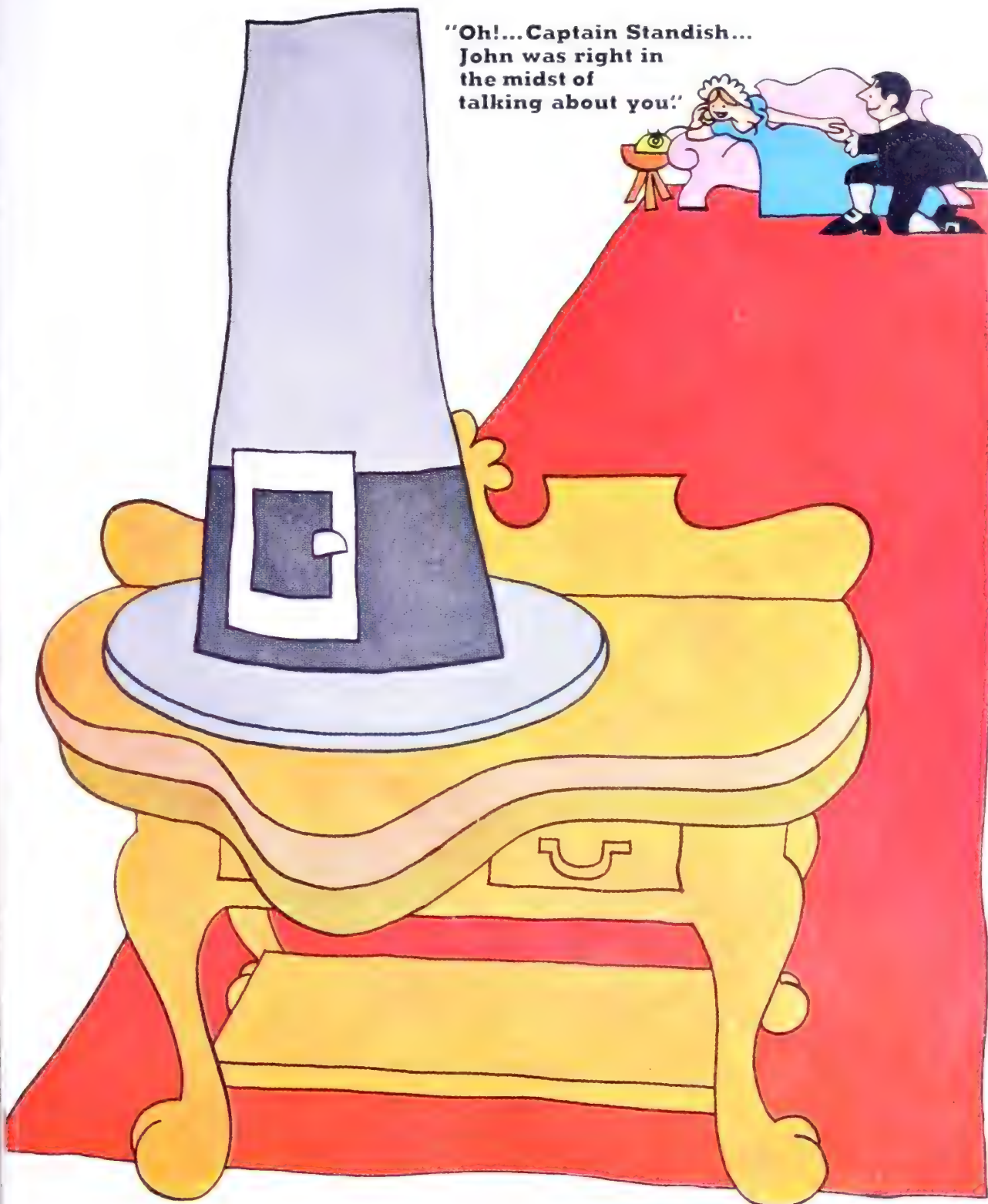
Substantively, then, it might have been possible for the intellectuals to have taken a live-and-let-live attitude toward Nixon—as they have toward George Romney and Percy. But there is something else involved, something on which intellectuals place great emphasis—style.

Nixon's public style is that of the college debater, small-town, rural, and lower middle class. The debater strives for points, not images. Not surprisingly, Nixon's speeches are loaded with "my three-point program," "a seven-point plan." In an age of television, debater Nixon is geared to the big hall, not the living room.

Only recently has he acquired a semblance of the light touch. Nixon's jokes are less forced nowadays, his delivery is better and, most importantly, he has learned to poke fun at his own foibles. He acquired some of these arts from one of the country's great gag writers, Paul Keyes. They met in 1961 when Nixon appeared on the Jack Paar Show, where Keyes was a producer and writer. Keyes subsequently assumed the role of Nixon's court jester and taught him how to make a point with a laugh, something Nixon now does with considerable skill in his speeches.

Offstage, however, Nixon is a man chronically ill at ease. Small talk eludes him; small pleasantries turn awkward in his mouth. Typical was an incident that took place in 1960 in Billings, Montana, where he and his party paused for a Sunday respite in mid-campaign. The manager of the local hotel threw a cocktail party for the national reporters. Nixon, who had previously held himself aloof from the press, dropped in for a social visit

**"Oh!... Captain Standish...
John was right in
the midst of
talking about you!"**



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This geologist wants to improve the wildcatter's chances of tapping a gusher.

What's he doing at IBM?

"Thousands of people have dreamed of striking oil," says IBM's Bob Hodgson, "but just a few know what's actually involved."

Bob Hodgson knows. Before joining IBM, he was an oil company geologist.

"Some wells cost a million dollars to drill," he says, "and never hit anything but hard rock. In fact, your chances of tapping a gusher are roughly one in eight."

Oil exists in underground layers of porous rock—trapped there, perhaps, by some ancient convulsion of the earth. The best way to find those traps is to analyze data obtained from wells that have already been dug, and from the results of seismic exploration. Literally, millions of pieces of information. The oil industry spends \$500,000,000 a year just collecting this information. To analyze it can take months. That's where computers come in.

This mass of information—words, numbers, even graphs and charts—can be stored in the computer's memory, retrieved instantly and projected on IBM's TV-like graphic display units.

Bob Hodgson and his IBM associates are working on computer techniques for displaying any information the oil hunter needs, the moment he needs it—from geologic information on a ten-thousand-foot well to a contour map of an oil field. Analysis time can be cut drastically—and the chances of being on the money vastly improved.

You may not have the occasion to look for oil. But IBM computers are helping solve problems in almost every business—stacking the odds in your favor.

The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, orange, sans-serif font.

What's so improbable about Alcoa analyzing a mincemeat pie?

Nothing! We analyzed hundreds of frozen pies just to prove a point: that our new radial-ribbed pie plate distributes heat more evenly than its flat-bottomed sisters. Result? Pies with completely baked bottoms, no burnt edges and no mushy interiors. Alcoa spends a lot of time talking to housewives and bustling around in the test kitchen. That's why we took the wrinkles out of frozen dinner trays . . . formed individual meat, vegetable and

fish containers that can be popped directly into the oven, dropped into boiling water or fried on the front burner . . . and developed new Alcoa Aluminum foil packages that keep the crrrrunch in snack foods for a long, long time. Why do improbable ideas come true at Alcoa? Because when it comes to uses for aluminum in any industry, we begin by believing, and finish by proving, through total involvement.

Change for the better with
Alcoa Aluminum

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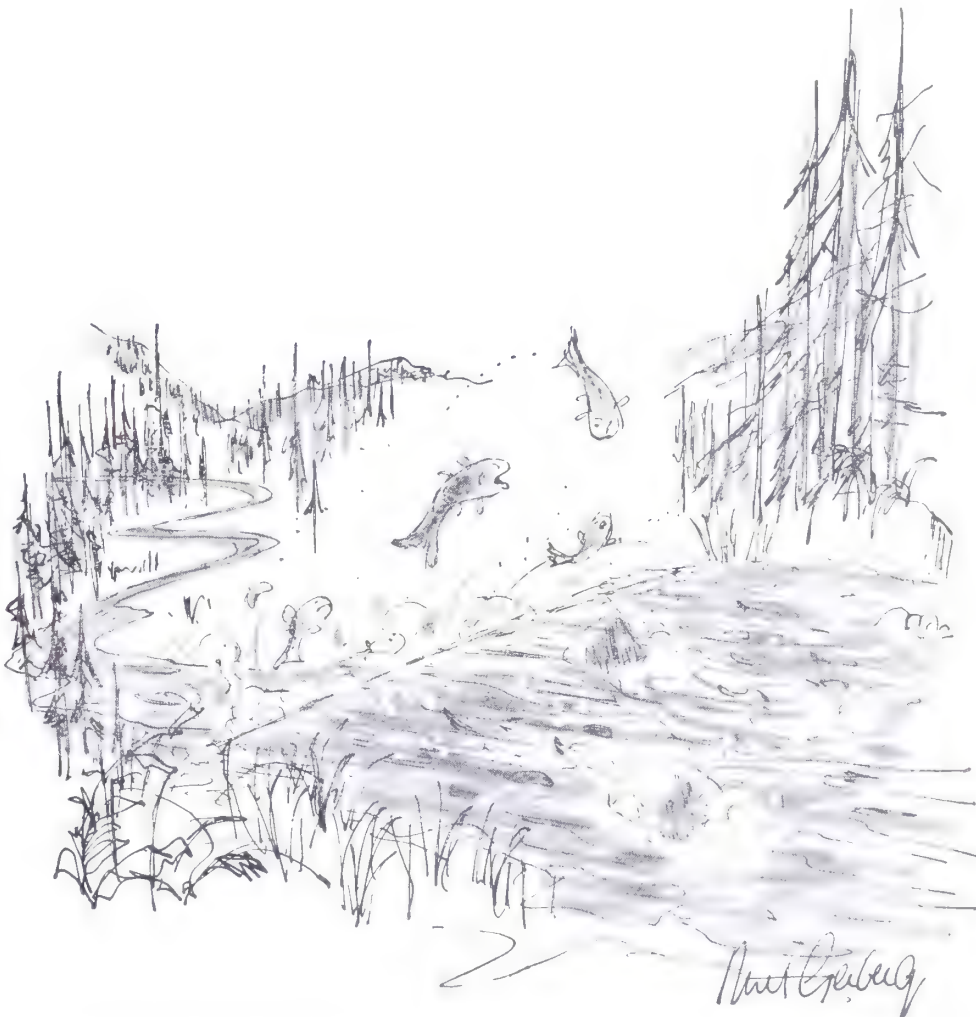


and stood, drink in hand, at the center of a group of journalists. Art Buchwald shouldered his way through the group and introduced the Vice President to two pretty stewardesses from the chartered press plane. "They're great fans of yours," Buchwald said. Nixon looked at the girls, and said, "Oh, are you stewardesses? I thought you were B-girls." No one laughed, so he added hastily, "I meant B-for-Billings girls." Not until Nixon left did the party return to life.

For Nixon, it has always been hard to appear spontaneous. On a TV telethon, for example, his assistants have had to ask him to grope occasionally for an answer. His speedy reflexes made the show look fixed. Nixon has other techniques that seem almost too perfect to be real. Thanks to some sort of psychic stopwatch he can give a scheduled speech of 29 minutes and 15 seconds without being cued. Television directors who work with him for the first time find it uncanny.

Nixon's mastery of technique has affected his reputation in his party and with the public. Many, in the old phrase, "think him too clever by half." One such is a prominent Republican Senator who asked Nixon to endorse Charles H. Percy's plan for an All-Asian Peace Conference to seek an end to the Vietnam war. Up to that time Nixon had been warning that American demands for negotiations only encouraged the enemy to keep fighting and thus prolonged the war. "But," the Senator said, "Nixon left my office, walked into a press conference and, on the spot, constructed a better argument for the All-Asian Conference idea than I had ever heard before. The only thing that bothered me," the Senator added, "was that he probably didn't believe a word of it."

Just what Nixon believes—in a religious sense—is also something of an enigma. He comes of an old Irish Quaker family. His cousin is Jessamyn West, author of the charming collection of Quaker



"It's even crazier for me to make this trip—I'm not even pregnant."

stories, *The Friendly Persuasion*, which is about their common great-grandfather and his family. To those who identify Quakerism with pacifist and humanitarian causes, the Quakerism of Richard Nixon may seem the antithesis of what his church represents. But he has no trouble reconciling his politics with his faith.

"The three passions of Quakers are peace, civil rights, and tolerance," he says. "That's why, as a Quaker, I can't be an extremist, a racist, or an uncompromising hawk. While all this may seem to be the opposite of what I've stood for, I'm actually consistent."

To the Aid of the Party

Nixon has come to believe—and probably correctly—that his link with Kennedy in the 1960 campaign is an asset to him today. In 1961, a Mrs. Gladys Steimat of Hingham, Massachusetts, wrote *The Christian Science Monitor* that during a televised Presidential press conference her four-year-old daughter Ann asked, "Mommy, I see President Kennedy, but where is his friend, Nixon?"

Friend Nixon now believes his close race with Kennedy was no disgrace—particularly when set beside the pummeling Barry Goldwater took four years later. "That was the classic campaign of our era," Nixon says of the 1960 contest. "It is part of everyone's life."

Nixon ran for Governor of California in 1962, in large part, to provide himself with an excuse not to run against Kennedy in 1964. After Kennedy's death, Nixon flirted briefly with a try for the 1964 nomination. When he learned that Goldwater's nomination was inevitable and guessed (correctly) that his defeat, too, was almost certain, Nixon readjusted his thinking toward the goal of the 1968 nomination. He would be, first, Goldwater's and then the entire party's Loyal Helper, loyal in the face of adversity in 1964 and tireless in his effort to achieve recovery which he correctly forecast would come in 1966.

When Goldwater was criticized by General Eisenhower and a host of others for his "extremism in defense of liberty . . ." line, it was Nixon who made it possible for Goldwater to explain, without embarrassment, what he had really meant. When the Goldwater managers finally awoke in August to the need for some gesture of party unity, it was Nixon again who spelled out the result of the Republican "unity conference" in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

Most importantly it was Nixon who took to the road campaigning for Goldwater while other Re-

publican leaders stayed in their home states, saying as little as possible about the national ticket. After the campaign's disastrous end Nixon was instrumental in arranging the transfer of power from Party Chairman Dean Burch to Ray Bliss in face-saving terms for Goldwater.

In classic political terms Nixon today is a displaced person, a candidate without a base of his own. As he put it himself, "Someone suggested that I get a house trailer and move around from state to state establishing residence. Then I could pick the best one as my base for 1968. Why not? I've tried everything else."

But there is something musty about this talk of political bases in an age of television networks and national magazines. Barry Goldwater of Arizona (sixteen convention votes) easily defeated Nelson Rockefeller of New York (ninety-six convention votes). Even the Governor of Rhode Island has a right to dream big.

If Nixon's name calls forth little enthusiasm in his native state of California and virtually none in his adopted state of New York, he still has, through long and arduous wooing, many political allies across the country. His strength is national, and it rests on three bases: (1) Goldwater and the conservatives, (2) Southern Republicans, and (3) the Congressmen for whom he has campaigned.

Nixon's current position as the candidate of the Republican Right is not without a certain irony. In 1960, the *New York Times* noted that "the right wing tags him as a liberal." In mid-1964, when Nixon was urging Romney to become a candidate, the conservative *National Review* said that Nixon "in full plumage," was "migrating with a flock of influential (and liberal) GOP birds." Two prominent young Republican liberals, George Gilder and Bruce Chapman, in 1964 said that Nixon "must in the last analysis be counted with Rockefeller in the party's progressive and moderate camp."

There is considerable ideological distance between Nixon and Goldwater. Where it took Goldwater until mid-1966 to discover that the John Birch Society had evil designs on the Republican party, Nixon drew a firm line against the Birchers in 1962. Nixon has never come close to echoing Goldwater's statements on social security, nuclear weapons, TVA, and other matters that kept Goldwater in so much hot water in 1964. Nor does he share Ronald Reagan's and Goldwater's deep-bred and instinctive fear of unemployment.

Indeed, Nixon does not really appear to have his heart in domestic questions. His most carefully considered speeches are on foreign policy. When he talks about Medicare and drug addiction, it seems

almost an afterthought—because he is expected to say something. Operating within the Republican framework, Nixon somehow seems to feel he can “buy” the right to be an internationalist by taking conservative positions on domestic issues, much as Lyndon Johnson, as a Texas Senator and Majority Leader, “bought” the right to be a liberal on some economic and international issues by taking very good care of his conservative constituents on matters like oil depletion, tidelands, and natural gas regulation.

So far this strategy has worked for Nixon. His views do not unduly alarm either wing of the GOP. And for the conservatives he stands out as a man of unswerving party loyalty. “Nixon as of now would be the party choice,” Barry Goldwater said in 1966. “He is far ahead of some candidates who deserted the ticket in 1964.” This blessing from Mr. Conservative himself is echoed by other conservatives across the land.

Making Hay in Dixie

Besides the conservatives, Nixon’s second source of support is the South. But Nixon cannot fairly be charged with winning this backing by pandering to racial prejudice. Early in 1964, he did make one speech that was easily interpreted as his bid for what later came to be called “the backlash vote.” But at the same time he supported the pending civil-rights bill. In 1965 and 1966, as he systematically touched down in the eleven states of the Confederacy, he was at pains to make clear that he was not there to give comfort to the segregationists. In May 1966, for example, he went to Jackson, Mississippi, to address a \$100-a-plate Republican dinner—a visit that was condemned in advance by some liberal Republicans because the Mississippi GOP platform endorsed segregation as “absolutely essential to harmonious racial relations.”

Nixon was, of course, asked about this at a press conference in Jackson. He said, “I will go to any state in the country to campaign for a strong two-party system, whether or not I agree with the local Republicans on every issue . . . I do not share the views of the Mississippi Republican party or elsewhere where it takes a segregationist stand.”

At the banquet that night, for the first time in the memory of Jackson reporters, there was an integrated audience—six Negroes and about one thousand whites—at a regular party function.

Nixon’s theme in his speech was this: “The Republican opportunity in the South is a golden one; but Republicans must not go prospecting for the

fool’s gold of racist votes. Southern Republicans must not climb aboard the sinking ship of racial injustice. They should let the Southern Democrats sink with it, as they have sailed with it.”

Mississippi Republicans applauded.

As one Southern GOP chairman has said: “It’s not so much what Nixon says down here that counts; it’s what he doesn’t say and doesn’t do up North.” Unlike Rockefeller, Romney, and Percy, he has never particularly sought, received, or bragged about support from either prominent Negro leaders or large numbers of Negro voters. Unlike Rockefeller and Romney, he did not refuse to support the Republican nominee strongly backed by Southern Republicans, and unlike Percy, he never condemned Goldwater for the quality of his Southern support. But most important of all, Nixon has not, like the others, contented himself with lecturing the Southern Republicans from a distance; he has been down among them in good times and bad.

His close acquaintance with the region has taught Nixon something other Northern Republicans do not know: Southern Republicans come in all varieties, from racist to progressive and all shades of in-between, but, to a man, they crave the respectability of approval and acceptance by the national party and its leaders.

Thus, what is vital is not what Nixon says at their dinners, but the fact that he comes. In any given speech, Nixon will give them enough to agree with—his hardline anti-Communist foreign policy, his generally conservative domestic views—so that they can forgive him his difference with them on civil rights, where it exists. In fact, there are wide ranges of difference among Southern Republicans even on the race issue. And if the die-hard Republican segregationists like Wirt Yerger, Jr., of Mississippi support Nixon as the “least bad” on civil rights, the progressive Southern Republicans who are trying to orient their parties to a genuinely bi-racial constituency, like Robert J. Corber of Virginia, regard Nixon as the national leader who best understands and will most consistently support what they are trying to do.

The influence of Goldwater and the conservatives generally in the party remains to be proven in 1968, but the power of the South can be stated precisely. The eleven Confederate states plus Kentucky and Oklahoma will have 356 delegates in 1968—more than any other region and well over half the 667 needed for nomination. Some, and perhaps many, of those Nixon delegates would be siphoned off if Reagan becomes a serious candidate; he, after all, opposes the 1964 and 1965 civil-rights acts as fully as Nixon supports them; he

is flatly on record against state or federal open-occupancy laws, while Nixon's position in 1967 is still unclear. But if there is no Reagan raid, Nixon can look to an almost Solid South to put him halfway to nomination.

Political Virtue's Reward

The rest of the votes he needs will have to come from his third element of strength—the Congressmen for whom he has campaigned. Nixon's travels in every one of the last eight campaign years have been premised on the hope that he is acquiring political due bills, as well as applause.

In the 1966 campaign, he was once again the busiest of his party's national campaigners. During the Labor Day to Election Day period alone, he campaigned in thirty-five states for eighty-six Republican nominees for Governor, Senator, and Representative. The work was congenial. "I want all Republicans to win," Nixon said. "I am just as strong for a liberal Republican in New York as I am for a conservative Republican in Texas, and I can enthusiastically campaign for both, because we need both liberals and conservatives to have a majority."

In 1966 conservative Ronald Reagan in California and liberal Edward Brooke in Massachusetts declined Nixon's help—but, most Republicans welcomed him with open arms. And no wonder. His presence meant publicity and money. Since 1964, Nixon estimates, his name has been on programs that have attracted between five and six million dollars to the GOP.

And he also has a sure touch with the "fat cats." He is chairman of the Congressional Republicans' Boosters Club (organized to raise money in chunks of \$1,000 or more), which gathered in \$1.3 million in 1966. He even set up a little "Boosters program" of his own on the side, tapping Miss Helen Clay Frick, the elderly Pittsburgh steel heiress, for some two dozen contributions of \$1,000 each, which Nixon dispatched for her to worthy Congressional candidates around the country.

Given his tripartite national base (which could be shaken if Reagan becomes a serious contender) Nixon also enters 1968 free of certain past handicaps. A sort of informal "statute of limitations" in national politics results from the short memories of voters. Thus a set of names once firmly and emotionally tied to Richard Nixon—like Jerry Voorhis, Helen Gahagan Douglas, and Murray Chotiner, respectively, his first two prominent opponents and his former campaign manager—now have little meaning for the average voter. And the

1960 campaign against Kennedy is being turned into an asset by "Friend Nixon."

Even the disastrous "last press conference"—tapes of which are available to the Democratic National Committee—has been rationalized by some Nixon supporters into an asset on the theory that the outburst shows him to be "human"—not coldly impersonal like Thomas E. Dewey.

Then, too, Nixon is free of obligations that would hold him to a rigid position on any domestic issues that may arise in the campaign. Unlike Percy, he has not had to cast a record vote on any subject that has come up recently in Congress, nor is it possible to fix him with direct responsibility for anything as specific as Romney's tax policy in Michigan or Reagan's handling of the California university system. He can move with the currents—entirely as political prudence dictates.

Finally, his position as a party loyalist—one who never defected from the national ticket—is of particular importance in his battle with Romney. The trend toward ticket-splitting has become so pronounced in recent years that the average citizen is inclined to think that "independence" is automatically a political virtue. "I vote the man, not the party label," is almost the first principle of the typical middle-class suburban voter. But politicians are old-fashioned and most people who are enough involved in their party to want to be national convention delegates have a fierce party loyalty. Like the Rockefeller divorce and remarriage in the last campaign, Romney's 1964 apostasy puts a gulf between him and the party regulars—a breach that Nixon can exploit even if he never mentions it.

Girding for the Primaries

Yet much as the politicians value loyalty, they put an even higher premium on the capacity to win—and it is the loser's label that Nixon must shake if he is to emerge with the nomination. At the 1966 Gridiron Club dinner in Washington a character was dragged onto the stage who looked very much like Nixon. Another actor commented, "Every time he throws his hat in the ring, it turns out to be a towel." To counter this image, it will be necessary for Nixon to establish "winner credentials" in the only elections open to him—the Presidential primaries.

At least four states—New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Oregon—are likely to be Nixon-Romney battlegrounds in 1968. Nixon carried all these states against Kennedy in 1960—ranging

from a modest 51.8 per cent in Wisconsin to Nebraska's 62.1 per cent, his most impressive state victory. He is girding himself for these contests, and if he can sweep them against Romney, Reagan, and Percy, there is little question that the nomination will be his.

Nixon, after so many years and setbacks, is still seriously considered for the Presidency in part because of his talent for keeping his name in the news. Better than any other contemporary politician Nixon understands the mechanics of newspapering and uses his knowledge to generate copy. He knows the elements that must be present to make a story; he knows about overnight leads and weekenders; about the problems of time zones for traveling reporters; about the unique needs of the wire services.

Nixon's extensive foreign travels have stimulated his press average. A statement that might not be newsworthy in New York takes on luster if Nixon is in Kuala Lumpur. The unsurprising announcement, NIXON WILL DO AS PARTY BIDS, was a *New York Times* headline on April 1, 1964. The dateline was Bangkok.

Yet skillful as Nixon is in generating news, most Republicans think they have reason to worry about his relationships with the press. Whoever else may have forgotten the "last press conference" in 1962, the reporters who cover Nixon have not. Since then, Nixon has worked hard to overcome his troublesome reputation for hostility and aloofness. He has, in one sense, compounded his problem. In making himself more accessible to reporters, he has also made himself more visible—and what is perceived is Nixon the manipulator, the man of technique, not of substance. It is Nixon's habit, for example, on his cross-country campaigns for Congressional candidates, to brief the reporters aboard his plane about the political background, personalities, special issues, and particular problems of the district or state he is about to enter. The briefings are extremely useful to the press; were he not a politician, Nixon would have made a superb political reporter, for his insights are shrewd, his information encyclopedic, and his gift for summary and exposition exceptional.

But Nixon is not content to be admired. Rather than let the reporters discover for themselves how he adapts his basic speech to the situation, he goes on to say, "Now, this is a pretty conservative district, so you'll notice I don't bear down as heavily on . . ." or, "The Democratic incumbent here has been a very good Congressman, so I'm going to have to stay away from personalities and concentrate more on . . ."

If there was ever any doubt in reporters' minds

that there is always a covert motive for anything Nixon says or does, such conversations end it.

On the other hand even reporters who do not like Nixon find in interviewing him that he is a three-dimensional man, not a cardboard figure or tape recording of himself. By contrast they learn that interviewing Romney and Reagan, in most cases, is no different from hearing them make a public speech. Of the four Republican contenders, only Percy now has better relations with the press than Nixon, and he is largely untested.

But most of all, Nixon is helped, so far as the press is concerned, by the fact that his Democratic opponent in 1968 is not John F. Kennedy but Lyndon B. Johnson, whose contempt for reporters and whose techniques for frustrating their pursuit of the news make the old war between Nixon and the press seem naïve and innocent.

Perhaps Nixon will never be President. If not, it probably will be because of the Greeley Syndrome—after Horace Greeley's defeat for the Presidency in 1872, one observer noted, "He called out a larger proportion of those who intended to vote against him than any candidate had ever before succeeded in doing."

It is not easy to unify California Democrats, but Nixon performed that feat in 1962. After he campaigned in Pennsylvania in 1966, the Democratic gubernatorial candidate commented, "This has helped me by 15,000 to 50,000 votes." Most party-oriented of all the GOP hopefuls, Nixon has honestly inherited the late Senator Taft's proud title of "Mr. Republican." But it still is a Democratic country.

Sitting in a Los Angeles hotel room, sipping coffee with three reporters in 1966, Richard Nixon was asked, "What keeps you going?"

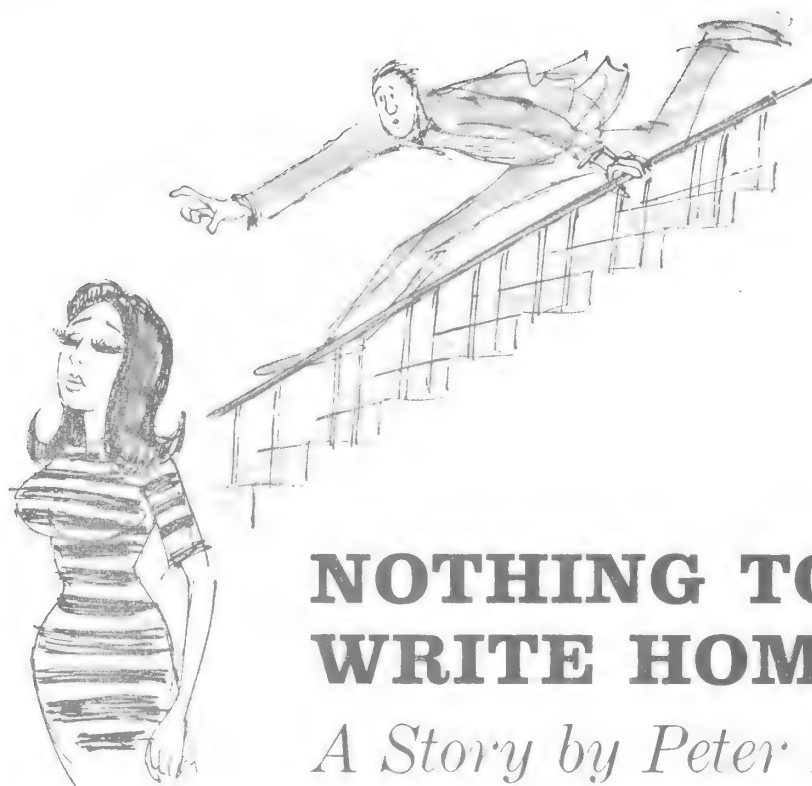
"Sometimes I wonder myself," he said. "I started in this thing when I was 32. You know me, I like people, but I'm not an extrovert type. I am one who believes that you pass this way only once, and when the great decisions are made, you want to be in on them. It's the Theodore Roosevelt thing—the man in the arena, facing the challenge."

Nixon then sketched without exaggeration the life he could lead as a successful Wall Street lawyer—high salary, privilege and position, long vacations at fashionable resorts.

"I'd be bored to death," he said. "I'd be dead mentally in two years and probably dead physically in four. No, that is not for me."

Haunted though he is by the dream of the Presidency, the answer to what makes Nixon tick may really be a simpler one than anyone suspects.

"The thing I enjoy" he said, "is the battle itself."



NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

A Story by Peter De Vries

The first time I met Gloria Bunshaft I thought her nothing to write home about, an opinion that several years of marriage to her have done little to modify. It was at a college tea at which a portrait of the late Dean Wicker was unveiled. "It's very lifelike," she said to me. "Which is more than he ever was," I answered. She turned on her heel and walked away.

Women are of course notorious for taking everything personally, but there is usually some clue as to what offends them, so that one can decide what to reply, or whether to, since one's rejoinder may be something to which further exception is taken, and so on. Then the whole thing becomes hopelessly self-perpetuating, like sneezing into a handkerchief to which one is allergic. A man might establish a feeling on the obscurity with which he is prepared to cope from a woman, something like the present Administration's guidelines for avoiding another ruinous wage-price spiral. Parallels from the world of economics are not as farfetched as on first blush they might seem, since life is a continual transaction and we are dealing here with the two great pressure groups of our time: men and women. It must be obvious on the face of it that women cause half the trouble in this world.

I could say that Miss Bunshaft struck me as a dumb blonde, her raven tresses to the contrary notwithstanding, a mere technical quibble, but I hope I am not so malicious as to have thoughts like that crossing my mind. Still, there it is. She had just read the New Testament and loved it. And so on. The impression of imbecility arose in part from her somewhat girlish diction, always charming in its way of course—"million dollars" became, on those rosy lips, "miwyun dowers"—and by her habit of putting "um" in front of everything. "I was born in um Cleveland," she would say, as though even so rudimentary a fact as that had to be momentarily groped for, and then mentally confirmed before stated.

Well, she was in any case not dumb from the neck down, as I observed watching her talk to somebody across the room, the library of the home of the president of Wilton College, where the unveiling occurred. I am supposed to be a critic, and so—I liked parts of her very much. She had graduated from Wilton a couple of years before, and now worked in the alumni office. I was a psychology instructor pushing thirty. So that when I call myself a critic I mean in the larger sense, as a student of the passing scene.

Old Protheroe, the artist, shuffled over for a

compliment, holding onto his coat lapels for dear life.

"It's very lifelike," I said. He shuffled off again with his beagle eyes downcast, like a dog that has been scolded for some lapse of behavior. Such horror of the facsimile has latter-day art bred into us that even blatant practitioners of it cringe in fear of being tarred with the stick. He wanted me to say the oil had values transcending the subject it would outlive. Well, I had no intention of doing so. We would all one day be regaled by Sandwich's imitation of Protheroe's "plantation shuffle." "Where you all want dis ole Caucasian to put dese bags?" he would say, and then Gloria would roar. All that was in the cards.

But that was an exasperation I would have to earn, and so the road leading to it, yet to be traversed, must be described.

Free of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant dardy, who lived alone above a store and was said to eat his supper straight out of cans, and finding Miss Bunshaft also unoccupied, I stepped swiftly over to her side.

"I know that um representation is out of fashion these days," she said when asked why she had huffed off, "but if you can't have it in portrait painting where can you? Not that I wouldn't defend it in general, as far as that goes. I don't know why everyone is always knocking um verisimilitude. The abstract expressionists pooh-pooh art that copies nature. Well, they're worse. They copy each other." In one of those flashes of insight by which we divine truths we have not been told, I knew she had a mother who said, "Believe you me," and would herself one day come to it.

"That's not what I meant," says I. "I wasn't pooh-poohing verisimilitude or anything of that sort at all. I can't for the life of me see why you took it that way."

"It wasn't the remark as such. I suppose I was thinking of what you stand for on campus. The intellectual approach to everything. I was never in any of your classes, but you're known for that. You're brilliant, penetrating— You don't mind this criticism?"

"Not in the least. Fire away."

"You have minds like steel traps, men of your um ilk, you can analyze everything down to a gnat's eyebrow, but there's something missing."

"Heart."

She set her teacup down on a table and stalked out of the house.

Through two open doorways I saw her descend the winding stairway to the entrance hall. I hesitated for a split second, remembering that I had been hearing such strictures all my life. My corti-

cal sheath was a quarter-inch thicker than everyone else's, and perhaps I should mend my ways. So lacking in flamboyance was I that even my entrails did not meander this way and that, like other people's, but lay neatly coiled inside me, like a firehose. Now was my chance to change all that—perhaps my last. My fate trembled in the balance. I watched her sink from view, like a swimmer drowning in the scenes-from-Williamsburg wallpaper covering the walls, then set my own cup aside and flew down the stairs after her.

Thus began my pursuit of Gloria Bunshaft.

What adventures she promised! I liked them with spirit in spite of myself, and she would be an adversary in a million. Passionate in daily life, reasonable in divorce. That is important these days. I have had several married friends, and I know divorce can be hell with the wrong woman.

It was a good block before I overtook her, and then nearly another before I managed to coax her into a tavern. There over a drink she explained in greater detail her objection to "men of my ilk."

It was not the predominance of intellect over emotion as much as the want of emotion itself, especially the feeling that makes attachment to another person possible. We *were* islands to ourselves, us guys. My being unmarried at my age made me suspect here. "How can I put it?" She paused a moment, groping for a parallel, and at length indicated the shirt I was wearing. It was bleeding Madras, a fabric to which men like myself were significantly enough given, for the term meant that the material "bled" when it came in contact with other garments, and must therefore be washed separately. A glance at the collar would reveal precisely such an instruction. That was our isolation and our shame: in the rough-and-tumble of the general human laundry, we tended to run.

"That's an interesting comparison," I said, "but a trifle cerebral for me."

She drank off her beer and stalked out of the tavern.

She later said I exaggerated this particular exit, insisting that having finished her drink she was ready to leave anyway, having another engagement, and that only the very um narcissistic sensitivity against which she had been inveighing had made me think her miffed by another of my "dry

A member of "The New Yorker" staff since 1944, Peter De Vries is well known for his satiric stories, poems, and such novels as "The Tunnel of Love" and "Reuben, Reuben." "Nothing to Write Home About" will be included in his new book, "The Vale of Laughter," to be published this fall by Little, Brown and Co.

FOR THE MAN ON MY RIGHT

by Katie Louchheim

We hang up the year,
a conversation piece to take up space
in the elegant pause before the plates
are carried away.

I keep my lion
fed on columnists: he'll go home yawning,
trading lies and anecdotes, deploring
the rude ways of truth.

We talk of headlines,
of the tragedies befallen others,
grieving aloud, we secretly discover
the wine of the spared

tastes suddenly sweeter.
We measure out a proper sip of sighs;
in the candles' flicker of bad news
life stocks go up.

It is like history:
small talk is useless, it has to ripen.
Why can't we admit the cure for loneliness
is solitude?

The peripheral patter
of these social whores is a leafless tree
grown in the barren garden of pride.
Reflected in your eyes

my careful skepticism.
Do be gracious. Light my sick cigarette.
We will soon rise. We are most fortunate.
This, too, we'll forget.

rejoinders." All this over the telephone when, my curiosity not to be repressed, I asked to see her again, suggesting dinner the next evening. She said she had another engagement. It all sounded military enough—these endless engagements of hers. We made it for the following Sunday.

"It would never work," she said, staring thoughtfully into space.

"We would be at one another's throats in a year, give or take a month," I said. Without my reading glasses I could see the blood vessel throbbing in her throat.

So I sensed a mounting excitement here, a kind of onrushing, nervous rapport such as can be generated between two people when utter agreement is felt on some score. We talked far into the night. It developed that her mother was a Lucy Stoner,

refusing to become a subclassification of the male by taking his name in marriage, and insisting on retaining her own in line with the teachings of that aggressively feminist sect. To this day Gloria's father must introduce his wife as Miss Cockenoe—a name anti-aphrodisiac to the point of mysticism.

"I sympathize with that point of view," I said. "I believe in two people having their own um individuality." Her speech habits were deucedly infectious, and I for my part could imagine us murmuring these ums into downy, drawn-up covers far, far into the night. "That's one thing that's sacred. Individuality."

"There you have your bleeding-Madras point of view again," she said. "Individuality is not number one with me, nor with God either. The Pair is. Communion. The Pair is the supreme reality."

"So if you want to communicate, keep talking. But if you want to commune, baby, shut up," I thought to myself thought I.

We were up at her place. I sat in a chair in the center of the room while she circled me steadily, airing her views. I had the feeling I was being picketed. Sometimes I would twist around to keep her in view over my shoulder, half expecting to see her carrying a placard on her own when next she hove into view. "That's the danger we're in, the danger of playing it safe," she said, in a phrase obviously cribbed from somewhere. "The only risk worth taking is the risk of personal commitment."

She paused directly in front of me, and for a charming moment stood with her hands behind her back, like a child who has recited commendably. How could my heart not go out to her? There are times when, sick of the rack of thought, weary of considerations as the poet puts it, a man would like to shut off the machinery of his mind and hurl himself into the arms of a dumb blonde, with hair of whatever denomination. When a man finds himself praying, "Send me a dumb broad." She is an archetype, almost a folk goddess, like the earth mother herself, perennially appealing to something in our deepest nature because she fulfills an irresistible need. I could have dropped to my knees and embraced her then, like a drowning man clinging to a spar. I nearly did so, but she began to picket me again.

I can't report an unqualified ecstasy at the prospect of marriage, but I did experience in the days that followed an incessant, tingling hum of excitement, nervous, chaotic, like the inebriating jumble of an orchestra tuning up, often so much more exhilarating than the selections that they will

ay. Since I intended to take a wife, I thought no more than fair to communicate my decision to the one most likely to be affected by it: my mother.

Mother now lived in the tiny cottage on the outskirts of town to which she had been reduced when Father died some years before. We'd had a large, rambling house that Mother filled to overflowing with vacation mementos, to say nothing of the grounds. The souvenir lamps and pillows and sugar bowls, the cabinets crammed with rocks and shells and other resort curios from nearly every state in the union, had their counterpart in the bird baths and silver balls and iron animals disposed upon the grass. Our place had been finally indistinguishable from the wayside stands at which Mother had accumulated the gimcrackery that cluttered it, and so was this one.

Now Mother was not going anywhere; she'd been. She picked her way about with the aid of a stout cane, which she flourished militantly when not propping herself with it, so that she resembled those formidable beldames of the motion pictures who are depicted as forever summoning their lawyers in order to change their wills. Thickset and red-faced, she had both the build and the color for cutting people off without a penny. All that was lacking for the role was money.

It was warm the day I called with my news, and she insisted we sit outside. As she picked her way toward the garden chairs beside the front porch, she poured out a customary torrent of complaint. Her eyesight was failing. She found herself swatting raisins on the kitchen table, thinking they were flies, and bringing her stick down on spiders that turned out to be scurrying tufts of lint. Her hearing was going, and she suffered from head noises. She imagined she heard drums beating. "And now there's this rotten article in *Life* attacking marriage."

I was not very attentive, mulling over as I was the matter uppermost in my mind, namely my current academic project.

As a psychology teacher I have become interested in that most tantalizing of all human phenomena, the wellsprings of laughter. Most theories of humor that have cut any ice have been propounded by philosophers, who must in turn range widely throughout literature on their explanatory forays, which means that I have developed a triangular distribution of interest, good for the mind but not for the career in this day of specialization. I may very well publish and perish both. I was at the moment trying to sweat out a synthesis of the Aristotelean, Bergson-

ian, and Freudian hypotheses of laughter, by applying them simultaneously to one of the great episodes in English comedy. You remember the classic scene in *She Stoops to Conquer* in which Marlow and Hastings enter Hardcastle's home thinking it to be a public inn, and proceed to order him about. It is one of the funniest mistaken-identity sequences in literature, the result of a practical joke played by Tony Lumpkin on his stepfather. No single theory has yet managed to explain all varieties of mirth. Nine-tenths of what we laugh at answers to Bergson, another nine-tenths to Freud, still another to Kant or Plato, and so on, leaving always that elusive tenth that makes each definition like a woman trying to pack more into a girdle than it will legitimately hold. I do not mind admitting that my dream of glory is to fashion a girdle into which it can all be tucked.

We were no more than settled in the garden chairs that each spring I hauled out of Mother's cellar for her, and each autumn put away again, than she sent me back into the house for the magazine with the article that had got her goat. It wasn't *Life* at all but some other periodical, and the title of the piece was "Marriage on the Rocks." It consisted of little more than captioned scenes from a clutch of recent Broadway plays about sexual unions, the parties to which were depicted as belting and flaying one another as though everyone were Gunga Din. One housewife had both eyes blackened while another lay on a bed with a bloody nose, her blouse torn away. A current smash (a good name for it) was entitled *A Bit of a Bitch*, and dealt with a woman who rather enjoyed getting the knuckles of people's fingers into a nutcracker and squeezing it shut. In the only actual lovemaking going on, the man's head was banded. The general conclusion, implied or stated, was that the home must go.

"Imagine anybody saying a thing like that," my mother said. "Of course it's not perfect. What human institution is? But it's the cornerstone of any civilization and, if it goes, everything goes. People should simply not go to see plays like that."

"There's no danger that they will," I said. "They can't get tickets."

"Where would the people who write such stuff be themselves if they hadn't had fathers and mothers to raise them in homes they now denounce? I wonder if they ever think of that. What alternatives do they offer? Live in sin? Wallow in the mire? The beasts of the field mate with more pattern and dignity than that. Even wolves are monogamous. Of course the home must stay. Of course get married."

This seemed as good a time as any to break the news that I intended to do precisely that. Therefore after a murmur of agreement with her general position, and a brief pause, I said, "Mother, that brings me to something of my own I have to announce. I'm going to get married."

"Married!" She looked at me with startled eyes, clutching her breast. "You must be mad. You're not serious, Wally."

"Never more."

"But you're all I've . . . You must be out of your mind."

I think I sensed what she meant. She feared being left alone in the world, an anxiety not only groundless but totally illogical in the circumstances. I no longer lived with her. I had my own digs now, and wherever else I moved to it would be just as close by. I tried to tell her all this, without much success. She had turned pale, and now slumped down in her chair. Her eyes fluttered shut, and then Mother began to slaver.

Frightened half out of my wits, I galloped toward the house to phone a doctor. As I reached the porch I heard her call over, in the "loud, clear" voice with which we are continually told people make their last requests, "Get me some brandy."

I rushed into the kitchen where I knew she kept it, and out again, uncorking the bottle as I flew. She seemed to have pulled herself together somewhat, for she took the bottle from me and tilted it to her mouth. She was still slavering a little. I planted myself squarely in front of her as she drank, for the cottage was on a fairly busy street and I wanted to shield Mother from passersby, a notoriously morbid class.

Having taken several sips, coughing and spluttering like an engine once more starting up, she gave me the bottle back. "I'm all right now. It was just the shock," she said. "You hadn't told me you were going steady. Who is this girl? What's her name?"

"Gloria Bunshaft."

"You don't know what you're saying. When you say it will make no difference between us you're wrong. It always does. Well, get rid of that, and then come back and tell me all about her."

I did, investing Gloria Bunshaft with qualities I was not such a fool as to imagine she possessed, bathing her in the rosy glow with which we must all obscure our better judgment if things are to be kept moving along. Romantic ardor is in basic principle Lethean. Its purpose is temporarily to blind us to one another in order to bind us to one another; make us forget the low esteem in which we really hold one another, and in which we quite deserve to be held; the anesthetic administered to



reason without which the race would not go on. Coming out of the anesthetic is never pleasant, and I quite appreciate the impulse to rush right out and make the same mistake over again with someone no better, and then someone else again, the system of serial polygamy toward which we seem to be groping—but in the end I tend to favor the Spartan policy exemplified by my parents, or dead and the other half-dead: to stick with what you're stuck with. What you're stuck with could be your offspring as well as your mate, of course. Procreation is potluck. After all, none of us is a bargain, and we have only our own word for it that we are more worth perpetuating than weasels or mealybugs. If you can wake up in the morning and look over at somebody who doesn't make you retch, you have got about all that can be expected in this world. When we see what is embraced in a railway station we know man wants but little here below. My only excuse for this rather depressing and I suppose sophomoric digression is the point I want to make: in calling the woman I was going to marry nothing to write home about, don't want to appear to be considering myself anything better. Far from it. I might be a pill as a husband, as very possibly I already was as a son. Gloria could herself a tale unfold, but this isn't it. This is my story. And at the heart of it must clearly lie my central philosophy: guarded pessimism.

Rodney Stark and Stephen Steinberg

JEWS AND CHRISTIANS IN SUBURBIA

WHAT HAPPENED IN WAYNE, NEW JERSEY

How an average town lost its innocence and discovered that Americans of all faiths do not necessarily "live together in peace and harmony."

In February 1967, national attention was suddenly focused on a school-board election in the previously obscure town of Wayne, New Jersey. Five candidates were running for three vacancies on the school board. Two of them were Jews—Jack Mandell, an attorney, and Richard Kraus, a corporation executive. A week before the election, they were singled out for attack by Newton Miller, school-board vice president.

"Most Jewish people are liberals, especially when it comes to spending for education," he said in a statement to the local paper, *Wayne Today*. "Kraus and Mandell are elected . . . and Fred Miller [a Jewish board member not up for election] stays for two more years, that's a three-to-six vote. It could only take two more votes for a majority. If Wayne would be in real financial trouble. Two more votes and we lose what is left of Christ in our Christmas celebrations in our schools. Think of

the statement caused a furor. Both the school board and the township council censured Miller. Across the country officials and clergymen protested sharply. The national press and network television publicized the incident. In the last week of the campaign Miller apologized but refused to retract his statement.

On election day community leaders and officials in Wayne, Jewish and Christian alike, were concerned of the outcome. The opinion of many community leaders was summed up by one who said, "Open political anti-Semitism simply is no longer tolerated in American life." They were certain Miller's statement, which they considered an appeal to prejudice, would be repudiated at the polls. But when the votes were counted, the two

Jewish candidates had been buried in a landslide as was the proposed school budget they supported.

Why did this happen? Shortly after the election we went to Wayne and talked to community leaders, clergymen, and teachers. We knocked on doors to interview local residents. The picture that emerged was neither bizarre nor idiosyncratic. Although there are some special circumstances in Wayne which make it particularly susceptible to this kind of event, on the whole we were forced to conclude that this could occur in almost any of the hundreds of communities that are much like Wayne.

Until the end of World War II, Wayne was a tiny farming hamlet. Its atmosphere is still vaguely rural particularly in the hilly, wooded sections. White clapboard houses and pitched roofs predominate, as they do in hundreds of other American towns and suburbs built in the 1940s and '50s. The lower-priced houses in the valley are in the equally familiar latter-day tract style. Driving through New Jersey or, for that matter, Indiana or Ohio, you would see dozens of towns that look like this—tidy, comfortable, safe, and ordinary.

As a town, however, Wayne is in many ways a political fiction, made up of a half-dozen distinct and separate communities. There is no downtown. Instead there are several shopping centers, small islands of commerce and parking adrift in a residential sea. Public buildings, churches, and schools are similarly dispersed.

Like most suburbs on the fringe of metropolitan areas, Wayne has been experiencing the dislocations of rapid growth. From 12,000 in 1950, the population rose to 29,000 in the next decade and

has now reached 45,000. Although several industries have recently moved business offices to Wayne, it remains basically a bedroom community. More than 90 per cent of the employed men work outside of Passaic County, where Wayne is located—mainly in Paterson and Newark. A few commute to New York, less than thirty minutes away through the Lincoln Tunnel. Most of them read the *New York Daily News*, *Newark News*, or the *Paterson News*. These city papers, of course, rarely report local Wayne news. Last fall *Wayne Today*—until then a weekly—began daily publication. Its circulation, however, is still too small to make it an effective channel for community-wide communication.

Since families are constantly moving in and out of Wayne, most of its inhabitants are strangers or at best recent acquaintances. The same is largely true of public officials and civic leaders, who are themselves mainly newcomers with only tenuous roots in the community. Such leaders, past studies of suburbia have shown, have little power to influence and stabilize public opinion. This lack of influential leadership proved to be extremely important when the public sought to understand what was going on in the election campaign.

The explanation for what took place lies partly in this overall—and not unusual—situation. But many other factors, some of which are peculiar to Wayne and some of which are not, also played a part. For one thing, this section of New Jersey has a legacy of prejudice, including a Ku Klux Klan chapter in the 1920s, and a German-American Bund complete with Nazi armbands in the 1930s. As recently as 1965 some Wayne teen-agers harassed a Jewish schoolteacher and soaped the words "Jews stink" on a Jewish resident's car. These recent incidents were dismissed by the local paper as boyish "pranks." They were, in fact, isolated incidents, but the unwillingness of local authorities to define them as anti-Semitic may have promoted an insensitivity to prejudice.

A more important factor in producing the Wayne affair is the extent and openness of discrimination in local housing and club life. Two

large sections—Packanack Lake and Pine Lake—have been restricted communities, closed to Jews, Negroes, Southern Europeans, and virtually anyone who is not white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant. The core of each community is its lake club, which functions as country club, community association, swimming, boating, and hunting club, youth center, and, finally, as sole arbiter of who may buy a house in the community. Deeds, homes and lots in the area bounding the lake have contained a restrictive covenant stipulating that property could only be conveyed to or occupied by persons who were members of the lake clubs. As private organizations, the clubs escaped the state's antidiscrimination laws; by excluding Jews from their memberships, they also excluded them from their neighborhoods. The result has been that thousands of Wayne residents have lived in areas where Jews were implicitly defined as socially undesirable.

In 1958 there were only about fifteen Jewish families in the community. Then came a considerable increase. By 1967 an estimated 850 Jewish families lived in Wayne, had built a temple and hired a rabbi. Although they could not buy or rent homes in the restricted lake communities, they did not feel like outsiders in Wayne and many became active in civic affairs. Two were elected to the nine-member township council and two served on the school board. Socially, however, contact between Christians and Jews has been limited. This may have helped prevent overt conflict. In any event, the absence of conflict and the ease of Jewish participation in public affairs helped to produce the comfortable myth that had "Christians and Jews were living in harmony and brotherhood," as the local newspaper put it. For this myth was shattered, at least for the Jewish community, by the school-board election. As the rabbi confessed in an interview, "Until this happened I did not fully understand the impact of having two closed communities in Wayne."

As Wayne has grown, school enrollment has increased by about eight hundred students a year—the equivalent of a new grade school annually. In addition to school taxes, assessments and taxes for new roads, sewers, and public buildings have soared. Wayne residents are not rich. In 1967 half the families earned less than \$8,500. The typical taxpayer is a young, low-level white-collar worker, deeply indebted for his house, car, and furniture.

Education costs are a ready target for the taxpayer's resistance in Wayne because the school board must submit its budget to the people for approval every year. Recently Wayne had be-

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moving toward a school crisis. The town is spending less per capita on education than neighboring communities, and teachers' salaries are lower. To hold and add to the faculty, the Wayne school board proposed sizable pay increases in 1967. Consequently teachers' salaries became a public issue. "Why should they make more than we do when we pay the bills?" one woman asked indignantly.

Within this general setting of a disorganized, rapidly growing, and discontented community a series of events occurred which culminated in the vote against the Jewish candidates. The first of these came in the late spring of 1966 when, in a suit brought by two Protestant residents, the New Jersey courts invalidated restrictive covenants in Packanack Lake, one of the two lake communities. Residents of these sanctuaries reacted strongly, giving the first open sign of tension between Christians and Jews. In part their reactions stemmed from their fears that the court ruling would threaten property values, long inflated by the intangibles of exclusiveness and fashionableness. Lake-community dwellings are said to change owners every five years. For such transients, a possible drop in the resale prices of homes represents more than a "paper" loss. Whether this anxiety influenced the way lake-community residents voted cannot be proved. But it seems reasonable to assume that it made them a bit less willing to oppose anti-Semitism.

Like many other Americans, Wayne residents have been disturbed about the issue of school prayers and religious teaching in the public schools. (Our recent national survey showed that more than three out of four Americans approve of Christmas carols and prayers in the public schools.) When the Supreme Court ruled against school prayers in 1962 and 1963 Wayne instituted a moment of silent meditation at the beginning of each school day and also installed bronze plaques in each school which read, "In God We Trust." This slogan can also be seen on bumper stickers in Wayne.

The issue of religious observance in the schools surfaced briefly in December 1966. Shortly before Christmas the local rabbi met with the superintendent of schools to discuss what Christmas carols are appropriate for school celebrations. Both participants are clear that it was an amicable meeting. However, at the time, the local paper published a story to the effect that a dispute was going on over Christmas carols. Subsequently the paper published a correction.

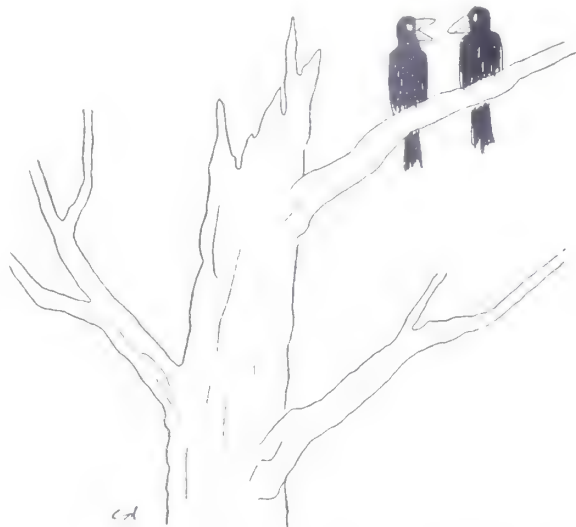
When we visited Wayne in February scarcely anyone we talked to recalled the incident, except

for people who are particularly concerned with school affairs. Newton Miller, as a school-board member was, of course, aware of what had taken place. He also knew that Christmas celebrations in the schools were conducted in a manner that attempted to avoid sectarianism. He is outspoken in his objections to this policy. And it may be that this specific incident played a part in his later decision to warn his fellow citizens about the Jewish threat to Christ in Christmas.

Unwitting Newsmaker

Miller is a forty-seven-year-old veteran of World War II—and a winner of the Bronze Star. After the war, he earned a college degree and now works as a supervisor in the operations of the Bell Telephone Company. During his seven years on the Wayne school board he has regularly conducted a one-man crusade against the school budget. He has also campaigned unsuccessfully for teachers' loyalty oaths. For two years he single-handedly blocked construction of a new high school. Because of his intransigence on this issue he was formally censured by his fellow board members in 1962. This year Miller again demanded that education spending be cut to the bone and that faculty salaries be substantially reduced, even though more than a hundred teachers had threatened to resign in the spring unless they were paid as well as their colleagues in surrounding communities.

All members of the board except Miller favored this year's \$8.5-million budget proposal, which



"What is this 'Nevermore' bit you keep quoting?"

was modest in relation to the expanding needs. It was also supported by four of the five candidates for the three vacancies. Only one candidate opposed the budget. He was Jack McLaughlin, a salesman who had once served on the board, but had failed in two subsequent tries to regain his seat. In past elections he had taken a variety of positions. This time he was running as a fiscal conservative. But his campaign tactics made it hard to tell that he was running at all.

School elections in Wayne are fought out at dozens of living-room coffee parties where all candidates customarily appear. In this campaign four of the five candidates regularly attended. Jack McLaughlin, however, chose to keep out of sight. This tactic drew considerable criticism from the community and the local paper. One letter to the editor referred to him as the "phantom candidate."

At the start of the campaign the school budget was in deep trouble. Despite nearly universal support from community leaders, the mood in Wayne was anti-spending and people were disturbed by the public disputes between the school and the teachers over pay demands. But according to experienced officials, who fight this battle every year, the budget was gaining support as the campaign progressed. (In the past ten years school budgets have been beaten only once—by a narrow margin in 1965.)

A week before the election, the budget was gaining, while Jack McLaughlin, the only anti-budget candidate, seemed well behind. Then Newton Miller intervened. On Monday evening, February 6, he phoned a columnist for the local newspaper, and told her he had some thoughts on the campaign that she might want for the paper. As he began to discuss his concern about Jewish candidates, the columnist, a longtime resident of one of the restricted lake communities, grew uneasy. She asked him if he had his statement written down. Miller said he did, but not typed. She replied that she would come over and pick it up.

She asked him to sign his statement, which he did willingly. Tuesday morning she dumped it on the desk of her editor. He immediately recognized the sensational implication of the story and splashed it across page one of the paper that afternoon, under the headline: "Miller Warns: Don't Put Mandell, Kraus on Board."

The next day, almost with one voice, Wayne's responsible civic and religious leaders deplored Miller's remarks, and many called for his immediate resignation. Instead of featuring a major local blizzard, the paper filled pages one and two with the avalanche of reaction.

"Mr. Miller has gone off the deep end this time . . . [his statements] are so far off base that they are impossible to give credence to. They are ridiculous and shameless." — *George Schroeder, president of the school board.*

"It's despicable." — *David Caliri, incumbent school-board candidate.*

"I deplore this kind of statement. There is no place for an appeal to prejudice." — *Richard Davison, candidate for the school board.*

"These comments are uncalled for." — *Leon Pine, councilman.*

"I cannot put into words my reaction to this statement by Newton Miller — I am sick over this. I cannot understand bringing religion into this." — *Andrew Militello, president of the Wayne Council of PTAs.*

In the face of these condemnations Miller tried to call the whole thing misquotation and misunderstanding. Yet, when pressed, he reaffirmed his statements. By Thursday the national press began to cover the story; their reporters and prowling TV crews shattered the town's tranquility. And comments deploring Miller's remarks began to pour in from farther away, from U.S. Senators Clifford Case and Harrison Williams and from other political and religious leaders.

That night the school board met. Before an emotional crowd of more than five hundred town people, and the national press corps (while the network TV crews filmed the meeting), the school board voted eight to one to "censure Mr. Miller for appeal to bigotry," and called for his resignation. Miller himself cast the lone vote against censure and refused to resign, but rather promised to "serve out my term and do the job I was elected to do for the people of Wayne."

Following the vote, obviously shaken and mortified by the widespread condemnation, Miller refused to deny that he was prejudiced or that his press release had appealed to anti-Semitism. He said he was "truly sorry for the incident," and declared he was prepared to eat "humble crow" (*sic*). Yet he refused to retract his original statement. Instead he repeatedly defended it as true but misinterpreted. To demonstrate his lack of prejudice, he pointed to the fact that he had good friends who were Jews, including his fellow board member Jack Mandell whom he had attacked.

Mandell, seated next to Miller, finally spoke up. "Newt, you're right. We have been friends," he said quietly. "But it grieves me to tell you that you are a bigot."

The crowd applauded. Outside the hall a local history teacher, Richard Woudenberg, walked a one-man picket line with a placard: "Repudi-

ti-Semitism." A few others circulated a petition asking Governor Richard Hughes to take whatever steps he could to remove Miller from office. As the meeting broke up, Miller continued to deny that he had meant to cause trouble or to promote anti-Semitism. He insisted that his statements were essentially accurate if "correctly understood."

Shades of Prejudice

From then on through election night the public outcry increased. The newsmen and TV crews continued to roam the town, and more and more public leaders issued statements decrying bigotry. Wayne had become a seven-day wonder. Each morning residents read new dispatches about their town in the New York papers. In the evening they saw themselves on nationwide TV. The exposure was becoming painful. "My God, they are making a wonderful town sound like Germany. I never get its good name back," one resident said. But Miller's opponents took hope from the unanimous disapproval of his statement by civic and religious leaders, both in Wayne and elsewhere. "I was absolutely certain the Jewish candidates would be elected and that the budget would be a shoo-in," we were told by a sophisticated observer of local politics. "I said to myself, 'Newt has just done the budget the best possible favor.' I also thought Miller had committed political suicide." No one, including Jewish candidates, questioned his logic.

But they were proved wrong when the two Jewish candidates were overwhelmingly defeated and the school budget lost by a three-to-one margin. The winners were David Caliri, a liberal incumbent; Jack McLaughlin, whose candidacy had not generally been taken seriously before the crisis over anti-Semitism; and Richard Davis, who also ignored the school budget. However, during the campaign he was judged to have little chance for election because many Wayne citizens felt apprehensive about the fact that his own children attended parochial schools. It is clear that the majority of voters were not so much in favor of the three winners as against the two Jews.

Why were the election forecasts of the civic leaders, the candidates, the press, and school officials dead wrong? Just what did Wayne voters have in mind when they cast their ballots? Most of them, it seems clear, could not identify anything anti-Semitic in the local controversy. Instead, they saw an incomprehensible and unjustified attack on Newton Miller.

This reaction can be understood only if one realizes that in contemporary American society anti-Semitism bears little resemblance to the black bigotry of Europe. According to recent studies, only about 7 per cent of Americans think Hitler was right or partly right in what he did to the Jews. Virtually no other Americans condone actions against Jews such as laws to limit "Jewish power." American anti-Semitism is not of this dark and virulent kind but runs in various shades of gray. At least a quarter of the population might be called dark-gray anti-Semites. They see Jews as crafty, pushy, greedy, unethical, and clanish. Their feelings are not strong enough for them to favor "remedial" Nazi-style laws or actions. They are, however, sufficiently hostile to support some varieties of discrimination.

The blander and far more prevalent form of anti-Semitism in America can be described as light gray. The light-gray American anti-Semite holds some of the less noxious beliefs about Jews, but these are not sufficient to cause him to recognize that he dislikes Jews. His mildly negative views about Jews as a group are not usually activated in his day-to-day contact with individual Jews. It is entirely possible for some of his "best friends" to be Jewish. Consequently, he remains blissfully unaware of his own prejudice.

In our judgment Newton Miller is unaware of the implications of his beliefs about Jews. In his public life he came into contact with many Jews and evidently dealt amicably with them. What Miller said about Jews in his statement is characteristic of light-gray anti-Semitism. He did not charge Jack Mandell and Robert Kraus directly as being liberals or big spenders on education. Rather, he said that because they were Jews it could be assumed that they were liberals. In other words, he picked out Jewishness, not individual fiscal views, as the key issue. Throughout, Miller suggested that Jews as such are not suitable school-board members. To warn of Jews in this manner is invidious stereotyping.

However, in the naive perspective of light-gray American anti-Semitism, which is certainly as widespread in Wayne as anywhere else, these remarks do not appear to be anti-Semitic at all. This is one of the keys to what happened in Wayne. In contrast to Newton Miller, and to the average mildly prejudiced American, more sophisticated critics instantly recognized Miller's statement as anti-Semitic. The local columnist immediately saw the story as sensational and so did her editor. Public officials, both state and local, were also virtually unanimous in viewing Miller's statements as anti-Semitic. But for most of Wayne's citizens,

...of what constitutes anti-Semitism, the issue was not at all clear.

From the very first Wayne was separated by two conflicting definitions of the situation: community leaders defined the affair as anti-Semitic, while the bulk of the population disagreed.

Beginning with this initial conflict, the course pursued by public spokesmen led to increasing confusion, incomprehension, and finally to anger and fear among the people. For the tragic fact is that while the statements and acts of censure mounted, there was virtually no effort made to explain carefully what was anti-Semitic about Miller's remarks. Instead, having labeled them as anti-Semitic, most spokesmen moved on to attack the evils of anti-Semitism. The majority of people in Wayne seemed to agree that anti-Semitism was deplorable, but they simply could not identify anything anti-Semitic in the local controversy.

As the controversy continued, many people found the continuing denunciations of Miller mysterious. After all, Miller had even apologized. The fact that he also refused to retract his charges, and continued to reaffirm them, had little impact on the community.

"My God," one woman said, echoing the prevalent sentiments, "Newt tried and tried to apologize and they wouldn't accept it. Now I ask you, what's the deal?"

In *Wayne Today*, two local teen-agers commented, "We've discussed this in class. . . . We were upset. We thought the Jewish people should have been treated better."

"People have said worse things in a campaign,"

Here are excerpts from a letter to the editor:

Miller himself complained in all sincerity: Jack Mandell had been understanding and tended his hand in the spirit of brotherhood. Christians of this town would have backed him all the way."

The Culprit as Victim

In short, the people of Wayne were dumfounded by the tidal wave of criticism and nationwide attention they received. They could not see the original cause, so they turned their attention to *the reaction*. It was this that became the issue in Wayne, and it was this that they denounced at the polls. Ironically, many blamed the Jews for having injected religious prejudice into the campaign. In our interviews with Wayne residents, comments such as the following were common:

"It was a terrible shame that the Jews caused all this trouble and tried to make it a religious campaign. This is absolutely the first trouble they've caused here in the eight years I've lived here. It was a real shame because it hurt the town so. Why in the world did they do it? Can it really have been worth bringing in all those reporters and ruining the town just to get themselves elected to the school board? They probably would have been elected if they had just been decent. People got sore about them trying to stir everything up."

Through such twisted logic Newton Miller became the embattled underdog. Anti-Semitism never became the issue to the average Wayne voter. Instead, people could only see public figures and the press of the nation attacking a small-school-board member, and interfering in a local election, ostensibly because of some apparently noxious statements about Jews which seemed to have caused the trouble.

Wayne today resembles a rural Southern community after a major civil-rights incident. Most of the people have retreated behind a barrier of silence and denial. Others are trying hard to put a quick facade over the newly-rent chasms that split the community. Shortly after the election the school board replaced Newton Miller as vice president with the remaining Jewish member, Lafer. Then they gave Miller a unanimous vote of confidence and the mayor declared February 1968 as Brotherhood Week.

Shortly afterwards the township council (composed of twelve members) was elected. The council because, as a local columnist put it, "they ate such a group might erroneously suggest that Wayne was progressing in the Jewish direction."

Wayne, Michigan, 1968

John Gunther

INSIDE LONDON: THE "CITY" AND THE GREEN TOWNS

The welfare of its citizens comes first and leadership is just. Yet, to achieve stability, London must "export" a million people in the next decade. The second of two articles on London.

London's central bastion, the heart of all its mastodon complex, is "the City." A tiny enclave covering 1.03 square miles, it lies almost in the exact center of the megalopolis, and is the financial nexus of the realm. The population is around half a million by day, and less than five thousand by night. This is the abode of business, business, business, and like Wall Street, it is almost deserted after office hours.

Officially the City has no connection with the rest of London at all, strange as this may seem. Its celebrated Lord Mayor, who is often erroneously thought to be chief executive of all London, has no jurisdiction whatever outside the City's pint-sized limits. The City even has its own police, independent of Scotland Yard. The members of this force wear Roman helmets, red-and-white armlets, and uniforms heavy with brass buttons. Every man must be five foot eleven or taller, and each carries a kind of radio speaker for quick communication, something true of no other police in the world.

For several centuries the City was the most conspicuous agglutination of financial power in the world. It still contains the Bank of England, (nationalized in 1946), Lloyd's, and the Stock Exchange. More foreign banks are represented here than in any city, as well as four thousand British banks. It does a prodigious business in insurance and finances Britain's export trade, which is worth around £400 million a year;

its invisible earnings alone have been put at £150 million annually.

Origins of the City, where messengers still wear top hats, go all the way back to the Romans, and its present boundaries were fixed, I was told, in Norman times. Much of British history for generations depended on a struggle for power between the moneybags of the City and the Kings and Parliament at Westminster, because rule without money was impossible. The merchants held the strings. Right to today the British monarch must ask the Lord Mayor's permission to enter the City. The Queen, as of the moment, and her entourage present themselves at Temple Bar on the Strand, the City's invisible frontier, where the Lord Mayor greets them. (The actual bar, built by Christopher Wren, has disappeared, but the line of demarcation is still the same.) The Lord Mayor, in a gesture of obeisance, presents to the Queen one of the four historic swords of the City, with its tip pointed downwards; duly she hands this back, and he carries it away erect as a symbol of his authority. Honor is served both ways. The Lord Mayor

kowtows, then rises; but the point is clear that the Monarch must ask permission every time she enters the City's august preserves.

This is a plutocracy like few surviving in the modern world. The heart of its government is what is known as the "Common Hall," made up of representatives of the "livery companies." There are eighty-four of these, each being a



kind of guild descending from medieval times. Several have halls where ceremonial banquets of the most dazzling splendor are still given once a year.

Pages could be written about the picturesque qualities of the livery companies. The oldest is the weavers (1184); among the newest are the Air Pilots and Navigators (1955), the Tobacco Pipe-makers and Tobacco Blenders (1960), and the Scientific Instrument Makers (1964). The Apothecaries, founded in 1606, still has an examining body which grants diplomas in "medicine, surgery, and midwifery." Several livery companies have become extinct, like the Silk-Throwers, Hatband Makers, and Long-Bow Stringmakers. The biggest today is the Shipwrights, with 500 members; the smallest is the Ironmongers, with 35. Two guilds, the Parish Clerks and Watermen, have never been granted a livery. There are about 14,000 liverymen in all; at official occasions their robes or uniforms make the costumes of Mods or Rockers look demure.

The City electorate is small, since most of its population lives outside its precincts and votes elsewhere. All candidates, who must be liverymen, stand as individuals, not as representatives of political parties (though, of course, most important figures in the City are Conservatives), and City voters elect 26 aldermen (one for each of the 25 wards, with an extra thrown in) and 159 councillors. Aldermen serve for life; councillors for a year. Some wards have frontiers dating back to the thirteenth century, and bear pleasantly outlandish names, like Cheap, Farringdon Within, and Farringdon Without. Two Sheriffs (this office dates from the seventh century) are also elected, but not by the ward voters. Instead, they are chosen directly by the livery companies sitting in Common Hall.

From Dick Whittington On

At the top is the Lord Mayor, who changes every year. There are always two candidates, who are nominated for this office by the liverymen by a show of hands; each must be an alderman who has served as Sheriff. The loser will probably become Lord Mayor the next year. The actual choice is made in the Court of Aldermen by sealed vote. When the Lord Mayor gives way to his successor, the ceremony is known as the "Silent Change." After serving his year's term he resumes duty as an alderman, and is known as one "who has passed the civic chair."

A fantastic amount of pageantry is attached to all this. Before the ceremony of inducting a new

Lord Mayor the principal City officials, heavily robed in scarlet, attend service at St. Lawrence Jewry, a Wren church; this tradition began with Dick Whittington, who was "thrice Lord Mayor" between 1397 and 1423. The procession returns to the Guildhall, built in the fifteenth century and badly blitzed in the twentieth, and approaches the Hustings, a kind of platform which is strewn with strongly scented herbs—a "precaution" against contagion in earlier days. "All in the procession," says one account, "carry little posies of old English flowers."

Later comes the Lord Mayor's Procession, or Show, one of the grand old sights of London. The Lord Mayor rides down the Strand to the Law Courts in an ornate carved gilded coach which, built in 1757, weighs nearly four tons and is drawn by six stupendous horses. Pikesmen in uniform guard him. The scene shimmers in maroon and gold. The final touch is the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall a few days later; this is the single most ceremonial meal served in England, and the Prime Minister of the day makes the principal speech before costumed dignitaries.

The prestige of the Lord Mayor is, indeed, consummate, and the paradox is clear that, although he has no authority in London itself outside the City, he is a national rather than a municipal figure. Within the precincts of the City he takes precedence over everybody except the Monarch. He gets no salary, but his representation allowance is £15,000 for his year of office, a tidy sum. Even so, most are obliged to spend a good deal of their own money in order to cope with the cost of various entertainments. No poor man ever dreams of becoming Lord Mayor, and conversely, nobody ever runs for alderman unless he is aiming to be Lord Mayor some day—and can afford it.

The Lord Mayor is Chief Magistrate of the City. He must be resolutely nonpolitical during his year's term of office, in the familiar London manner, and be prepared to make at least a speech a day as well as undertake innumerable other public appearances. Assisting him are dignitaries with such titles as Secondary, Remembrancer, and Common Cryer. Meantime the actual, down-to-earth administration is done by the Town Clerk, as in the boroughs.

The present Lord Mayor is a fifty-six-year-old

John Gunther has been reporting his famous blend of contemporary politics and history for over forty years. His eight "Inside" books (the latest is "Inside South America") have been translated into 33 languages. He is now back in Europe, continuing work on his new series on the great cities of the world.

erchant, Sir Robert Ian Bellinger, alderman on Cheap, and a member of two livery companies. He told me proudly that he was the 639th Lord Mayor in a continuous sequence since the twelfth century. A self-made man, Sir Robert had little formal schooling after the age of fourteen. His father was a catering manager, who died when he was eight. He got a job as an office boy, and started up the ladder at fifteen shillings a week, the equivalent of \$3.75 at that time. Sir Robert has sharp eyes and a narrow, decisive face, with dark reddish eyebrows and thinnish lips. His drive and substance are obvious. He is fast-paced, direct-speaking; and at times his voice lowers to a hard confidential whisper. He says "ayed" for aided and "pied" for paid. Again we have the phenomenon of a man reaching a great station in contemporary London without the conventional advantages of wealth, education, or social class. Sir Robert received us in Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's residence, which was built in the 1440s on the site of the old "Stocks" market. It is the only private dwelling in the world containing a functioning court of law, called "the Justice Room." Offenders picked up for various petty crimes and derelictions in the City are held here for a few days, then brought to the spot and tried. The Lord Mayor adjudicates cases twice a week, and is the only lay magistrate in England who, sitting alone, is empowered to give sentences up to six months, although he is neither a judge nor a lawyer. To the wonders of the British legal system there is no end.

The City is probably the repository of more antique tradition and fixed institutional forms than any other square mile on earth, but in several respects it is changing just as the rest of London is. The skyline differs beyond belief from what it was before the war. "Pedways," which will enable pedestrians to traverse various areas without having to pass through traffic, are being planned. And a device known as the "travolator" is already functioning—a moving platform, the first in Europe, which expedites movement in one of the big underground stations. Moreover, the urban development near Mansion House is turning a blitzed district covering 63 acres into a residential area in the liveliest contemporary style, designed to encourage people to live in the City, not just work there.

Hurdling the Green Belt

The most challenging of all developments in changing London are the new towns. No innovation on quite this scale has ever been attempted

by a metropolitan administration in Europe before.

London's present population will, demographers say, generate another million by the 1980s. Hence, to achieve stability near the eight-million mark, which is what is desired, about a million people will have to be "exported." Authorities wanted to lighten the pressure on London by building out, not up. But London is, we have seen, firmly encircled by its precious and inviolable Green Belt. So the bold decision was taken to leap right over it and construct entirely new cities on the other side.

These are supposed to be an answer to the commuting problem, with all its gross burdens, not an adjunct to it, and are designed to meet the goals of industrial planning as well. Indeed a basic function of the new towns is to house light industries outside London and thus stimulate industry at large, encourage new manufacturing enterprises, and transfer people from the overburdened service industries in London itself to productive industries outside.

There have been difficulties aplenty. Many Londoners, particularly skilled workers, didn't want to move. Then, too, much of southern England had already become covered by a web of comfortably fixed light industry, which made it more difficult to entice citizens into the new experimental towns. The scheme is firmly entrenched, however, and is expanding steadily.

Eight new towns have been built so far—Basilston, Harlow, Hemel Hempstead, with others in the planning stage. They are run by government-sponsored corporations, and are financed by the national exchequer. Additionally, the GLC and local authorities are working jointly on the expansion and modernization of several existing towns, such as Ipswich, Peterborough, and Northampton. The aim is not merely to assist the movement of population but to make room for urgently needed developments in the reconstruction of London itself, which overpopulation impedes.

I spent a revealing afternoon at Stevenage, Hertfordshire, a new town 31 miles from Charing Cross on A-1, the Great North Road, population 58,000 and growing by about 3,000 people a year. Stevenage (the name means "Strong Oak") was an old town—a village of some 6,000 with a church dating from the twelfth century. A powerful wing of its citizenry opposed vigorously the idea of turning it into an experimental urban laboratory. But the dissidents have become largely mollified by now, if only because the experiment has brought prosperity.

The new Stevenage is a triumph of contem-

porary design. Lorry traffic is routed around the town, so that noise and petrol fumes are eliminated. There are separate cycle and pedestrian paths as well as roads within; a person can walk or bicycle through all Stevenage's 15 square miles without encountering an obstruction. The maximum distance anybody has to go in order to get to work is two and a half miles, and buses are available. Fifty industries are represented in the brightest, shiniest of new plants.

The community, I found, is organized into six neighborhoods with populations of about 10,000 each. Each has three shopping centers, more or less identical, one big and two small. Those small have six different types of shop side by side, neat as needles, which make an interesting cross section of what the average Briton considers essential—a hardware shop, a tobacconist selling newspapers and confectionery, a hairdresser, a butcher, a greengrocer, a provisions merchant, and a pub. The larger centers have forty-two other types of enterprise. Everybody has TV, but there are no aeriels on individual houses; a master system pipes the channels in. But there is only one movie—for 58,000 people!

The public corporation running Stevenage, which has cost £45 million so far, has erected 13,000 new "system-built" dwellings, most of them two-story houses with three bedrooms, a bath, a toilet, and a tiny garden. There are "flatlets" for old people, a library, facilities for sport, various public services, a workshop for the physically handicapped, and three weekly newspapers.

Previously I had visited some of the dilapidated areas in London from which many residents of the new towns come. They were intolerably dingy, grubby, down-at-the-heel. Here, in sharp contrast, are brightness, fresh air, educational opportunity, good jobs, and the stimulus of being part of a model community. A week's rental in London for a miserable single room can be the equivalent of

\$30 a week; here a whole neat house, pretty too, costs \$19.40 unfurnished. (One reason rents are so high in parts of London is the growth of new black-white districts; landlords raise rents in an attempt to keep Negroes out.) Of course, it should be reiterated that handsome renewal projects are also being pushed in London itself by the Greater London Council and the boroughs.

The Extreme Miracle

I have used a good many comfortable-seeming facts and figures in this text, which perhaps reflect unduly the euphoria that distinguishes much of London today. So a stern warning should be added. There are poor people here as well as rich. The economic freeze still makes it difficult for the average citizen to have a holiday abroad.

London is the capital of a country gripped by a widespread, deeply based, seemingly permanent and perhaps insoluble economic crisis. The mood is up, yes, and illimitable sums are spent on such an irrelevance as gambling, but it should be emphasized that this country cannot continue to survive healthily unless the trade balance is improved and domestic production built up, two things difficult in the extreme to accomplish at the same time. The current position may well become harder frozen soon.

Similarly the prevalent wild efflorescence among youngsters has its deleterious aspects—frivolousness, sloth, insularity, waste. Caste is still a blight even if the old-school-tie structure is loosening up to an extent.

As to London itself and its piebald assembly of different regimes and governments, the miracle is that it all works so smoothly. The Crown, the Parliament, the national government, the GLC, the boroughs, the City, the public authorities, the police, the Post Office, the new towns, with all their complex overbearings and underlappings, their seemingly fortuitous and capricious mixture of forms, their contradictions, inefficiencies, and medievalisms, somehow combine to make a smooth and civilized amalgam—perhaps because the welfare of the citizen is a prime desideratum and leadership is honest, modest, and fair of mind. The antique becomes the new, but the basic standards do not change. London is like a person who has performed the extreme miracle of getting over old age.



VIC VORV

Richard Todd

AN EASTERN VIEW OF STANFORD: FROM IVY TO EUCALYPTUS

Once scoffed at as a country club, Stanford is now in the grip of controversy and change. But if it is heading toward academic glory, it will be its own very peculiar kind.

My first look at Stanford came at twilight on a late summer day. I stood at the foot of Palm Drive, the mile-long boulevard that stretches through a vast park of eucalyptus toward the university's sandstone and tile buildings. A stranger to subtropical places, and a victim of that remarkable pink California light, I found the scene unlikely, even grotesque. The college fresh in my mind was made of brick and shaded by deciduous trees. I had graduated from Amherst, and come West seeking higher degrees in English.

I didn't stay long at Stanford, but not for such obvious reasons as the look and the feel of the place. Forbidding from without, Stanford became hospitable within; outdoor lunches, splashing fountains, arches everywhere framing your view. If some undergraduate, dressed up as an Indian on the day before Big Game, came into my Old English class yelling, "Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe," it was all right with me. And if there was anything I unequivocally liked it was the pom-pom girls, who did the most cheerful and delicate prancing in the plaza on warm autumn Fridays. I had the highest regard for the few professors I knew, and you would not have heard from me any of the customary snide remarks about the Robber Baron, the dregs of whose fortune most of us were sharing. Searching for scapegoats, I would have picked my exact contemporaries, who seemed to be turning too quickly into good academic soldiers, achieving a wan and cloistered sophistication, learning an adroit dogmatism. Always an uneasy academic, I became a desperate one, my behavior extravagant. My work veered crazily. On one paper I received a full-fledged F, on another an A, with the advice, cherished but not followed, to "see if



some of the journals might nibble." I became expert at liar's dice, and must have laid down all my financial aid in dimes in dark barrooms. And soon I was gone.

All this is by way of disclaimer. I recently returned to Stanford as an observer and the report that follows does not pretend to be strictly impersonal.

II

Stanford is twenty-nine miles south of San Francisco and encompasses 8,800 acres of the Santa Clara Valley, or roughly the area from Columbia University in Manhattan south to the Battery. Its northeastern boundary parallels El Camino Real, a highway of imaginative motels (one in the shape of a glass slipper, another ornamented with Greek statues, fountains, colored lights), of discount centers, futuristic car washes, gas stations, and beer and hamburger spots. El Camino is no more unsightly than similar roads in Ohio and everywhere, but its vulgarity is enhanced by contrasts: an apricot tree next to a taco drive-in, red neon signs revolving against an evening sky full of subtle colors.

Stanford has been a major agent of change on the San Francisco Peninsula—it supplies space-age talent; it is a formidable consumer and employer. But as a builder and landowner it is, in comparison with the aspect of El Camino, a preserver of the past. Its buildings are all of a piece, with tile roofs and sandstone walls. The main complex of buildings takes the shape of two interlocking squares, joined to one another by arcades, thick walls, and an abundance of arches. They appear, from Palm Drive, somewhat aged and fortresslike despite the glistening Memorial Church at the center, its facade set with golden mosaic tiles and a tableau of Jesus.

Behind the campus, where the land begins to ripple gently, you find faculty houses, dormitories, and fraternities. Then the foothills begin in earnest. An immense radio telescope crowns one ridge, its black, lacy silhouette an arresting sight against the red sunsets; and a linear accelerator slashes straight for two miles through the undulating hills. Nearby, the university's Herefords graze. This uneasy mingling of civilization and pastoralism goes far toward defining Stanford's atmosphere, which is essentially suburban.

In fact Stanford's nickname, "The Farm," has a literal origin. Only eighty years ago, this countryside was Leland Stanford's Palo Alto Stock Farm, and it might be any number of things today, had the great tycoon's son not been stricken with typhoid fever in Italy at age sixteen. His death left Senator Stanford heirless and distraught. He

tried to resolve his grief by dedicating his entire fortune, along with the farm, to the idea of a private university for the West, to making "the children of California our children." Eastern editorialists greeted the enterprise with contempt. "As useful," one wrote, "as a great summer hotel in central Africa."

For decades the university was content to offer fashionable education to California children of privilege, and to maintain several modest graduate and professional schools. Only in the past twenty years has Stanford gained prestige and a national position. In a recent survey of scholars on graduate education, Stanford was ranked third overall; its professional and engineering schools are especially strong. And in competition for National Merit Scholars, those choices of high-school seniors, Stanford is not far behind Yale and Harvard. Stanford—as it is often said there—is "the only great private university for two thousand miles."

Stanford's metamorphosis roughly coincides with the administration of its outgoing president Wallace Sterling. Sterling announced this spring that he will retire in September 1968 (he will stay on as Chancellor). When he took office in 1949, he urged the university on to heights it has not seriously considered before. He wished to make Stanford education "the best for the best." He also began to raise money. Although at the start Stanford had, with Leland Stanford's original gift of \$21 million, been richer than Harvard, this was no longer the case in 1949. Stanford is still far behind (its present endowment is about \$214 million, Harvard's nearly a billion), but extraordinary amounts of money have been raised. Stanford was the first institution to participate in the Ford Foundation's matching-grant plan and under this program alone the university was enriched by \$100 million. The endowment today is more than twice what it was in 1957.

Stanford officials like to point out that they have not thrown up lavish buildings and then searched for talent to fill them. The strategy for self-improvement has been to attract (with a plum price) a key man in a given field, then count on him to win protégés, good students, and grants. Stanford has increased its faculty by 170 per cent under Sterling's administration, lowering the faculty-student ratio from seventeen-to-one to eleven-to-one. Salaries are the fourth-highest in the coun-

Richard Todd's first contribution to "Harper's" was "Turned-on and Super-sincere in California." He is now an intelligence man in the Army active reserve at Fort Lewis, Washington.

try. (The best-paid professor, outside the medical school, earns about \$26,000 a year.) Buildings have followed, and in the past few years Stanford has undertaken a major expansion. It has built a huge medical complex, along with new physics and chemistry buildings, a new business school, a faculty club, and an undergraduate library, UGLY to those who use it. A new gymnasium, dormitories, a law school, an art center, and a space-sciences building are all projected, and there are plans to renovate most interiors of old buildings.

Some things take more time. Stanford's achievements are uneven; its libraries, for example, are notoriously weak. And less tangibly, but just as significantly, the university does not have that certain ambience that it longs for. The faculty includes five Nobel Prize-winners, but they are inelegantly advertised in public-relations handouts. The big fund-raising drive was boosterishly named PACE ("Plan of Action for a Challenging Era"). The long palmy entrance, which is nearly everyone's first, odd experience with the place, better fits the private sanctuary Stanford once was than the cosmopolitan university it is becoming. Stanford's short and peculiar past causes uneasiness. In the museum, behind heavy plate glass, rests the golden spike that united Leland Stanford's Union Pacific Railroad with the East. You will find few sightseers here. The gruff, coarse benefactor-family portraits abound in the museum too—symbolizes what much of the Stanford community would like to forget: its ties with the "business culture."

But if Stanford lacks a comfortable tradition it has an impressive enthusiasm for the future. "We're building a great university here, one of the three or four great universities of the world," said the dean of the law school, Bayless Manning, who has been mentioned as a possible successor to President Sterling. "We're trying to do in twenty years what other universities had two or three hundred years to do."

The imminence of a new administration does not appear to have slowed the pace of change. Before announcing his retirement, Sterling made three appointments that won wide approval: Richard Lyman and Herbert Packer, both in their early forties and both from faculty ranks, to provost and vice-provost; and Joel Smith, only thirty-four, to dean of students. The promotions suggest the university's present concern. Under Packer's direction a two-year study of undergraduate education has begun. It is meant to end what has been, by general agreement, a period of relative neglect for the undergraduate, and designed, in a popular phrase, "to institutionalize change."

Stanford undergraduates number about 5,800. There are about twice as many boys as girls. They are highly gifted, in measurable ways: their test scores compare favorably with anybody's, over 60 per cent had A averages in high school, and the committee that selects them turns away five applicants for every one it admits. As Princeton students have been famous for their sociability or Harvard students for their freedom from self-contempt, Stanford's undergraduates have long enjoyed, or suffered from, a reputation for wholesomeness. As one of their professors puts it, "They're just nice upper-middle-class kids. You're more like an obstetrician than a teacher here."

It's true that there are few paupers at Stanford. It costs \$3,400 (with an increase due soon) to attend Stanford for a year, including tuition, room, board, and some expenses. (But not Western Airlines, I. Magnin, or the lift at Squaw Valley.) Less than a third of the students receive any kind of scholarship, and most scholarships are partial. The average income of scholarship families is about \$11,000; more than 20 per cent of Stanford families have an income of over \$30,000 a year. But all private universities are expensive. Beyond wealth, Stanford students have geography in common, and this is felt by some to be their greatest limitation. Last year, of a freshman class of 1,293 students, only 136 came from the East. Each year, half of the freshmen come from California, two-thirds from the Coast states. These figures arouse dismay at Stanford, especially among the younger faculty members hired away from schools east of the Hudson.

"The typical Stanford student is the daughter of a Pasadena doctor," one remarked, as if that said it all.

And another: "I mean when you get a kid with a 4.0 average in high school and he's president of the student body, then he turns out to be head of something called Boy's America or something—you begin to get suspicious . . ."

And again: "Harvard each year gets 30 per cent of its freshman class from New York. Those kids are tough; they've had to fight to get in."

While opinions such as these by no means represent the whole faculty, they do promise a controversy in the next few years. There will be demands for more students from minority groups, more from the East, more creative talent. The admissions question was the spontaneous and overwhelming concern at the first meeting of a new faculty political organization. The West, despite its vastness, provides a restricted sample for the admissions department. Only 5 per cent of Stanford students, for example, are Jewish.

("Hell," said a young professor, "a good class list should read like a rifle squad in a World War II movie.") Less than one per cent are Negro, despite a long-standing Negro recruiting policy.

The serious young men from Columbia, the bony-faced girls from Wellesley, who were graduate students together with me, resented the golden undergraduates, their silvery voices, their convertibles that drifted beneath the trees, hoods alive with reflections. When a graduate student accused these boys and girls of "passing through," he meant a failure to undergo some visible agony, a change in manners or politics, philosophy or temperament—failure, in short, to resemble him. During my return visit to Stanford I met a graduate student who put it plainly: "Your education is a failure if you don't undergo an identity crisis." An open question at best, I thought. Nevertheless, Stanford has a wealth of activity that can make it look, on some occasions, more like the big state schools it meets on the football field than a place for intellectual growth. Hordes of freshmen hooting obscenities at the Sunday night movies. An annual pie-eating contest. Yell leaders and pom-pom girls and card stunts at the football game with everyone wearing white shirts in the hot October sun. A "red-hot prof" contest. Brawny

types leaning against their Mustangs, swilling beer alongside a road in the foothills.

These, of course, are the elements of the myth. What appears to be "passing through" can also be an admirable feat of poise. It may mean keeping manners acceptable in Pasadena, while the mind tangles with such difficult books as Marcuse's *One dimensional Man*, which has enjoyed a vogue at Stanford. As evidence both of the sameness of students' backgrounds and the changes they undergo, consider the mock election in 1964: 70 per cent of the freshman class voted for Goldwater; but only 30 per cent of the seniors. Eight out of ten Stanford students decide to go to graduate school, and there are other surprising facts about them: Stanford sent more summer-of-'64 workers to Mississippi than any other school. It leads in Peace Corps trainees; over 10 per cent of the senior class volunteer for the corps each year. More than half spend a year at one of Stanford's five overseas campuses (Stanford-in-France, -England, -Austria, -Italy, -Germany). And—it had better be added quickly—not only do Stanford students change, Stanford itself has changed.

On a balmy day last January I heard David Harris, president of the student body, address a crowd of about four hundred in front of the opulent stu-



"The atmosphere at Stanford is essentially suburban."

nt union. Harris wore a Navy pea jacket, wire-rimmed spectacles, a beard; he struck at the air in President Kennedy's way. He told the students not "let others do your butchering for you," to renounce (as he had) their student draft deferments, and to go (as he planned) to jail. Afterwards, he remarked that the "United States is the greatest growing force for fascism in the world day."

Earlier, a girl had petitioned the university health service to dispense the Pill.

OFF, a movement of undergraduate women, has been negotiating with the administration for abolition of the rule that requires them to live on campus. At last report they stood to win.

Students last year organized a successful on-campus free university, and, under faculty supervision, a coeducational living project.

When Vice President Humphrey spoke at Stanford he was rushed by hundreds of pickets, who yelled, "Shame!" and, "Murderer!"

In a fraternity room lit only by candlelight a sophomore reminisced about his acid adventures; he would usually take the LSD out in the hills and talk there with a friend, and his word for the experience was "flowing." He recalled a joke on another friend: "It was his first trip and we gave him *The Prophet* to read; his first trip and he'd never read *The Prophet*. He freaked out." There has been LSD around Stanford for some time, in research at the medical school and among graduate students, but it was only whispered about a couple of years ago. Today it is widespread, a large number of undergraduates take it, and everyone talks about it; it is the sort of question virginity once was.

Amidst Stanford's clean-cut throngs the "new radicals" still have the air of gate-crashers. But Stanford, which so recently presented a placid facade, now displays extremes of behavior. Some of it is reactionary: In a fraternity house some hard-drinking ROTC types and their hard-drinking girls scoff at the "spiritual discovery crap," and in any way of expressing affection drop alternately to their knees and bite one another's thighs. Meanwhile, off-campus in one of Palo Alto's Victorian mansions, a mixed lot of graduates and undergraduates, some married, some not, run a mystically peaceful communal household, gaze at lights through prisms, take a whiff of nitrous oxide, invite Timothy Leary over for a talk, nod as he says, "We learn this from talking to the trees."

Stanford has changed substantially from just three years ago when a lonely group of graduate students sat in the drizzle trying to collect sympathetic signatures for the great Berkeley uprising.

If "activists" are still a minority (so, after all, are they at Berkeley), they set the pace. They are generally* considered symptoms of progress, of Stanford's entry into the circle of universities that attract the best and most troubled minds. They cause controversy. The *Stanford Daily* brims with letters from the left accusing now a dean, now the president, of bad faith, denouncing the business school or the electrical engineering department as society's tools. "We are angry and disappointed," wrote the founders of the Experiment, a student-operated college within the university. They lamented "the void at the center" of university life. Dean Smith, who acts as a liaison between seething students and the administration and trustees, suggests that a certain amount of dissidence results from "transfer of students' feelings about the larger society." As everywhere, the war can take some credit for an atmosphere in which anger is no vice.

Besides seeking power, students are making demands about the substance of the Stanford education. What do they want? Strangely enough I heard no complaints about the curriculum itself. For that matter you hear very little conversation about classes, or professors, at Stanford. Professorial heroes—Great Men, as we used to call them—are out of fashion. There is no shortage of them, but they are not lionized; they are taken for granted. Students are drawn to the History Department (their favorite major) by its strong faculty, including David Potter, Gordon Craig, and Mark Mancall, all lured recently from the Ivy League schools Stanford likes to plunder. English attracts the next largest group, and the department boasts an enviable complement of novelists: Albert Guérard, Richard Scowcroft, Wallace Stegner, and at least temporarily, John Hawkes. Hipness just now appears to reside in the Communications Department, where students take popular courses in journalism under William Rivers and in documentary film-making with George Stoney.

New and better courses do not appear to be the students' primary goal—their complaints about the university are on a higher level of abstraction. The word in the air is "relevance." Administrators are puzzled over what it means; students themselves admit they aren't sure. Relevance doesn't, of course, refer to what one wants to "do," but to what one wants to "be." Judging from the courses offered by the Experiment (*The Art of Love*; *Communication and Deception*; *Peace and Human Nature*) it would seem one wants to be closer to one's fellow human beings—in direct, affectionate

*Not universally. "Proto-fascists," said one dean.

communication with them. Several official steps have already been taken in this general direction. Freshman seminars, for example, now introduce groups of six or seven freshmen to full professors, often in their homes. And full professors have taken on some freshman English classes, formerly the province of teaching assistants.

More changes are certain to come, as the "Packer Committee," the new vice-provost's study of undergraduate education, gets under way. Three students serve on the steering committee and many more will be consulted. (Stanford students, despite their complaints, participate to a remarkable degree in university decisions, and serve on nearly all presidential committees.)

Some likely areas of change can be forecast: increased interdisciplinary studies, liberalized social regulations, and a reform of the residence system, bringing classes and dormitories closer together, and probably instituting coeducational living. (Two coeducational dormitories have been designed.) The Grove Project, an experimental residence founded in January, incorporates many of the ideas that are being discussed. Under Professor Mark Mancall's chaperonage, about forty undergraduate men and women live and study under the same roof. I saw the Project in action at what would seem to be an inauspicious time, a Sunday morning; but it turned out not to be inauspicious at all. A breakfast conversation grew into a generational debate that involved nearly all the students. (Mancall: "You have no values!" Student: "What about the people who blocked the troop trains, they have no values?" Mancall: "Who blocked them? Those people got up. Indians wouldn't have gotten up.") This went on for an hour, and was not abating when I left.

III

Cries for relevance, Peace Corps volunteers, turners-on, middle-management aspirants, peace marchers, lady organizers, yell leaders, frat boys—do Stanford students have anything in common?

Perhaps a certain kind of intelligence. Here are some Stanford voices piled up in my memory:

... In a room painted many colors in East Palo Alto an undergraduate mentioned the philosophers who had been most influential in his education: "No one else gives you the feeling in your limbs that Nietzsche does."

... At a cocktail party a fellow, asked of his complaints with the university, threw up his hands and said, "It's paleolithic."

... In a room full of palpable music and frugging figures painted with fluorescent colors, someone explained, "You've got to understand what

'turned-on' means: it's not just the drugs, it's the music and hills."

... "My father," a new radical recalled, "used to make \$72,000 a year. He lost his job and now he reads and thinks and he's a beautiful person."

... "We are angry and disappointed."

... On a patio, on a Sunday morning gazing at the green foothills, a boy and girl, seniors, a year-book sort of couple, heads bent familiarly: "Isn't Stanford great?" "Stanford's great."

These voices had a foreign note, disconcerting until the uncomplicated reason became clear. I was hearing them against the remembered sound of my own undergraduate education.

Then and there (at Amherst, five or six years ago), you would have had a hard time finding such voices. The Amherst student was anxious to dissect, to distinguish, to criticize; reluctant to generalize, aghast at sentimentality, wary of "commitments." The virtues of this attitude included a sense of perspective, a trust in the possibility of exactness. Its defects were a readiness to take the style for the substance, to become detached to the point of losing touch. Perhaps the most popular adult at Stanford is a theologian, B. Davie Napier, Dean of the Chapel. In an atmosphere where heroes are frowned upon, his was the only name I heard mentioned spontaneously. He achieves the feat of filling Mem Chu (the Memorial Church) on Sunday mornings. Dean Napier's theme is the contemporary gospel of love. "You can hear their hearts thumping when he starts talking about closeness," Dean Smith remarked. Napier speaks of the fall of the "old order," calls for a new order built on "love and compassion." He is fond of taking his text from places such as the Beatles' songbook, ("We live out our days, as it were, in a yellow submarine"), and will also whisk an audience to his conjugal bed: "And in what happened when Anne got under way, I wasn't saying... Let's have Anne... I was saying to a wonderful gal named Joy... I will love thee, I will comfort thee, I will keep thee..."

In the undergraduate climate I remember, we would have been entertained by the Perelmanesque quality of those remarks, but, unjustly, we would have had only a deaf ear for their intentions. At Stanford it is just the reverse. If Herman Melville were to give the convocation address at Stanford this fall he might tell these students the homily that begins with a description of the minuteness of the ear and the eye of the whale and ends with the injunction: "Why then do you seek to 'enlarge' your mind? Subtilize it."

It's only fair to add that he would have told my class to go to sea.

THE NEW BOOKS

New Books of Poems

Louis Simpson

ed Poems: New and Old, 1923-
by Robert Penn Warren. Random House, \$7.95.

Collected Shorter Poems of Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions, \$7.50.

ed Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid. Macmillan, \$7.95.

Collected Poems of Louis MacNeice. Oxford University Press,

ed Poems 1966, by Robert Lowell. Doubleday, \$1.75.

Collected Poems of Theodore S. Lewis. Doubleday, \$5.95.

1957-1967, by James Dickey. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95.

by Robert Creeley. Scribner, \$4.95.

Collected Short Poems, 1956-1967, by Louis Zukofsky. Norton,

Water, by Lou Lipsitz. Westview Press, \$1.85.

Die, by Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.

row Dance, by Denise Levertov. New Directions, \$1.60.

ions: New and Selected Poems, by Katherine Hoskins. Atheneum, \$5.

scued Year, by William Stafford. Harper & Row, \$3.95.

ed Poems, by Keith Douglas. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$4.95.

to be easier to write poems is now. In the time of the New Movement an idea or anecdote rendered in conventional literary language would serve as a poem. There is a sense of form, I suppose you call it traditional, that is absent from the work of many poets now-

Time Magazine, August 1967

days, who write as though their lives depended on it. For readers who want reasonable ideas expressed in verse, the poems of Robert Penn Warren are just the thing. He can write convincing narrative, as in "The Day Dr. Knox Did It," and when he writes about country life seen through the eyes of a boy he sounds accurate:

A thousand times you've seen that scene;
Oak grove, bare ground, little white church there,
Bone-white in that light, and through dust-pale green
Of oak leaf, the steeple pokes up in the bright air.

For my taste there is too much imitation in these poems; besides I am not sure that Warren knows that he is imitating—in his "Infant Boy at Mid-century," Thomas Hardy; in his "Ballad of Billie Potts," T. S. Eliot.

Exception! It wasn't easy for Kenneth Rexroth to write poems. Rexroth has been excluded from the front ranks of fame, not by the Establishment—an Establishment is a thing that wants to include everybody—but by his own temperament. In California's affluent society Rexroth is a *memento mori*, remembering the Depression. Like the American in *Martin Chuzzlewit* who dared the British lion to personal combat, he challenges the Academy. His least thoughtful side is shown by his poem on the death of Dylan Thomas: "They are murdering all the young men..." Too often he brags about his integrity; too often his thoughts are flat, end-stopped, void of rhythm. But there remain a number

of lively, irascible poems and a few poems with real feeling about nature and a handful of people. The following lines show him at his best:

I think of you in *Gas*,
The heroine on the eve of explosion;
Or angry, white, and still,
Arguing with me about Sasha's tragic book.
Here in the empty night,
I light the lamp and hunt for pad and pencil.
A million sleepers turn,
While bombs fall in their dreams. The storm goes away,
Muttering in the hills.
The veering wind brings the cold, organic smell
Of the flowing ocean.

Another exception—Hugh MacDiarmid, whose real name is Christopher Grieve. He is a Scottish Nationalist and a Communist. Almost single-handed MacDiarmid invented the Scottish Renaissance, a poetry of the vernacular together with old Scottish words and synthetic combinations of Scots and English. He has devoted his life to reviving the culture of Scotland, depressed ever since the Union with England. Some people think MacDiarmid a better poet than Burns; certainly he has a range of reference that has not been in Scot-

Louis Simpson won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1964 for his book "At the End of the Open Road." He is Associate Professor of English at the University of California and author of a novel, "Riverside Drive," several books of verse, and "Introduction to Poetry" published this spring.

THE NEW BOOKS

tish poetry since Dunbar. He has written fine lyrics and discursive poems, in English as well as Scots. But MacDiarmid has alienated many of his followers by writing didactic poems which he frankly admits are propaganda. There is a great biography of this man waiting to be written, which would involve much of the culture of modern Scotland.

This has been a year of collected poems: the *Collected Poems* of Louis MacNeice; yet another collection by Robert Graves. These are standard authors, they don't need my recommendation, but I would like to praise the *Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke*. Here, for the first time, his development can be seen from beginning to end: an ear for sounds, a talent like an animal, expanding and deepening, in the great inheritance of symbolism, ruminating the plants, birds, beasts, and women of his psyche. When he died he was one of the few poets capable of conferring happiness rather than asking for it. We know that the good die young; it is hard to be reconciled to their dying in middle age.

In ways James Dickey resembles Roethke. In *Poems 1957-1967* time and again Dickey creates a poem that enlarges our experience. The mind in these poems is original and even inhuman. I can think of no one else who could have imagined, as Dickey does in "The Sheep Child," what it might be like to be half-sheep and half-human. Nor can I think of any other poet, given the idea, who would have had the inventiveness to bring it off:

My hoof and my hand clasped each other,
I ate my one meal
Of oats, and died
Staring...

There is genius, Elizabethan energy in the ways Dickey hurls himself into strange modes of being. In early poems such as "Listening to Foxhounds" and "The Owl King," we see him, by turning inward, transforming himself into a bird, or animal, or another human being. Sometimes these poems fade in conventional symbols, stock words such as "light." But his vision focuses, he discovers unusual narrative power—almost alone among contemporary American poets he can tell a story—and in works such

as "Cherrylog Road" and "Kudzu" this power realizes itself fully.

In "Cherrylog Road" a boy and girl are compelled to meet in an automobile junkyard for their love-making. Her excuse to her parents for going there is that she collects junk; so she approaches

Through the acres of wrecks...
With a wrench in her hand.

This idyll takes place in an inferno of blistering paint, spark plugs, bumpers. Then,

We left by separate doors...

an affectionate parody of illicit assignments. In the poem titled "Kudzu," vines grow over the fields; snakes thrive among the vines; hogs are driven in to kill the snakes. The surface of the earth is a heaving mass of horror. Then the vines and snakes fuse with the narrator's arm, strengthening it. How this leap occurs—somehow by way of the veins in his arm—I don't know, for Dickey's empathies are peculiar. He is certainly not, in spite of his jacket copy, representative.

In later poems there is a fabrication of emotions. For example, "Slave Quarters" is thoroughly unconvincing. A white man speaks as he lurks around the slave quarters at night; he is sweating with... I suppose the word is lust; at the same time he is ridden with modern, liberal guilt. It's like a bad movie. Sometimes Dickey seems to be writing in a panic. He seems to be faced with a choice: either to inflate and lose himself, like Thomas Wolfe, in volumes of pseudo-writing, or to tell the truth. When he does the latter he is a magnificent poet.

Robert Creeley is not gifted like Dickey with narrative power, actions to write about. In his new book, *Words*, everything is style; there is no subject but the poem talking to itself. Such visible objects as were present in his early poems are missing here. These are syllables, breathing pauses, whispers. As he says,

It is all a rhythm,
from the shutting
door, to the window
opening.

the seasons, the sun's
light, the moon,
the ocean, the
growing of things...

Creeley is trying to purify the diction of the tribe by writing in pure, colloquial rhythms and phrases:

What
has happened
makes

the world
live
on the edge,

looking.

The words are impeccable, the diction is refined. But, as Aristotle said, is nothing in the intellect that was first in the senses, and in *Words* is little for the senses to work with. Louis Zukofsky's *All* comes, with a blurb by Creeley, from the same publishing school:

We breakfast
facing a mountain:

a yellow—wild!
a yellow leaf—
not fall
the yellow leaf a thought—
is yellow bird...

These mutterings escape me.

I'd like to turn up an astonishing new poet, but most of the new poems are written by people who've been writing for some time. Only publishers are always discovering a new poet; readers are less fortunate. It's rare to come across a poem as good as this in a first book—*Cold Water* by Lou Lipsitz:

Reading Walt Whitman I find
compares his soul to a star
Fantastic!
Who could know he would?

And suddenly my life tips over!
in a rat-infested
apartment with scared kids
jumping on one end.

My head can take it
like a cheap flowerpot with hyacinths
uncracked after a four-story drop
from the window sill.

My heart, that was just a heart
begins to fit everywhere, like
newspapers
stuffed into the broken ceilings
Harlem.

Many are angry, but few are intelligent. "I shall say 'I,'" said Montherlant, "for that is the way to be natural." Many poets nowadays would agree with this. And free verse is the medium. At the worst, this makes for flat, confessional writing. Anne

THE NEW BOOKS

*At the Bomb Testing Site**

At noon in the desert a panting lizard
waited for history, its elbows tense,
watching the curve of a particular
road
as if something might happen.

It was looking for something farther
off
than people could see, an important
scene
acted in stone for little selves
at the flute end of consequences.

There was just a continent without
much on it
under a sky that never cared less.
Ready for a change, the elbows
waited.

The hands gripped hard on the desert.

This isn't nature-writing in the usual
sense: his nature is a mask through
which thought works. Stafford has
only one fault: at times he falls into
plodding meter. He is a true poet; if
ever this country is to have a sense of
itself, it will be through work like
Stafford's.

How does work become "classic"?
What makes it so? Roethke is a clas-
sic; Stafford may become one. The
Collected Poems of Keith Douglas,
last on my list, is a classic... I'm sure
of it. Douglas wrote poems about
World War II; many poets today are
writing poems against the war in

Vietnam. What are the qualities that,
in Douglas, strike deep, while much of
what we write sounds like a newspa-
per? I think it was because Douglas
was there in flesh as well as spirit:

I am the man, I suffered, I was
there...

Having experienced suffering gives a
poet assurance. He knows what to
leave out. He is not hysterical with
continuous fantasies. Having suf-
fered, he is rid of guilt; he may even
be happy. Douglas recorded what he
saw, and had pity for it:

Peter was unfortunately killed by an
88:

it took his leg away, he died in the
ambulance.

I saw him crawling on the sand; he
said

It's most unfair; they've shot my foot
off.

But, at the same time, he kept a sense
of joy, the reality of his own life. He
wrote:

Remember me when I am dead
and simplify me when I'm dead.

As time passes, real men and real
books are simplified. Intelligence,
feeling, rhythm, the poet's mystery,
become clear. While poems that are
only words soon fade.

Figures on Wall Street

by John Brooks

Anyone Can Make a Million, by Mor-
ton Shulman. McGraw-Hill, \$4.95.

**Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles
in a Year**, by Ira U. Cobleigh. Ber-
nard Geis, \$5.95.

The Plungers and the Peacocks, by
Dana L. Thomas. Putnam, \$6.95.

**The Pheasant-lined Vest of Charlie
Freeman**, by John D. Spooner. Little,
Brown, \$5.95.

Just as no one is duller than an ob-
sessed gambler except someone with
nothing of the gambler in him, so few
kinds of writing are ordinarily less

appetizing to people who don't play
the stock market than stock-market
advice. Nevertheless, two of this sea-
son's how-to books on the market have
their points for the general reader
who takes an interest in contempo-
rary manners and mores.

I confess, for example, to being
charmed by the idea of getting invest-
ment advice from the Chief Coroner
of the City of Toronto—the rank and
station of Morton Shulman, author of
Anyone Can Make a Million, who has
apparently made a million on stock
speculation himself, and has written

n's *Live or Die*, which won the Pul-
ter Prize, shows the limit of the
method when it isn't strengthened by
ease. Her previous books were inter-
esting, but now mere self-dramatiza-
tion has grown a habit. A poem titled
"Menstruation at Forty" was the
straw that broke this camel's back.

Denise Levertov writes just as per-
sistently about herself, but also she
is full of the thought that poetry
ends. Writing such as this, in *The
Arrow Dance*, is a joy to discover:

Arbor vitae, whose grooved bole
reveals so many broken
intentions, branches
lopped or
wizened off,

in the grass near you
your scions are uprising
fernlike, trustful.

Katherine Hoskins is not read-
dely, but if there is any justice,
meday she will be. Not, I am sure,
at it matters a great deal, for a tal-
ent so painstaking is not hunting
for acclaim. *Excursions: New and
Selected Poems* contains twenty-five
new poems, as well as selections from
three previous books. Incidentally, it
is a beautifully made book; the pub-
lishers are to be congratulated. Hos-
kins has a quiet voice, an exquisite
sense of forms, delicacy of language.
But this is misleading. With some ap-
prehension I started reading "Pity
and Power," which begins:

With us, everybody (albeit well
known

For a bastard and son of a bitch) is
'a great feller.'...

huh, I said to myself, now she's go-
ing to be tough, in the prevailing
mode. Tough she was, and a great deal
more. She sustained the narrative for
three pages, a hair-raising story
about a man named Louis Guevin, a
radical, and his daughter. The thing
developed into a ghost story; when it
came to an end I thought Katherine
Hoskins could write anything, if she
had a mind to.

For a book of poems to sell in Amer-
ica today it must speak to our city-
reared anxieties. William Stafford's *The
Rescued Year* isn't going to start a
rush on the bookstores. He is a habi-
tant of nature, and his thoughts run
deep:

"one of the
greatest books
of the century"^①

"this extra-
ordinary book
must be read"^②

Claude
Lévi-Strauss

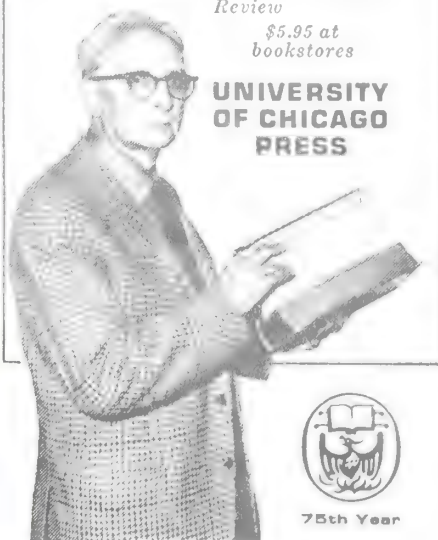
THE SAVAGE MIND

① J. H. Plumb in
Saturday Review
Edward W. Said
in *Kenyon Review*

② Edmund Car-
penter in the *New*
York Times Book
Review

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75th Year

a book too entertaining to be saddled with such a preposterous title. (Anyone who can make a million will probably do so, in the market or some other way; the rest of us never will.) Much of Dr. Shulman's advice is surprisingly conventional, even stuffy: don't buy on tips, don't expect to get rich on penny mining stocks (no living person has done so, Dr. Shulman insists), avoid options (Dr. Shulman ought to know, since he used to moonlight as an option broker), don't sell short. He commends convertible bonds, but then so do Merrill Lynch and the Morgan Guaranty.

On the other hand, no one could call him stuffy when he devotes himself to explaining ways of taking advantage of various loopholes in the market system, just inside the letter of the law. Dr. Shulman explains that "free riding" in government bonds—a system of taking a quick profit without putting up any capital—creates difficulties for the government issuing the bonds and therefore "cannot be recommended"; in the following paragraphs, though, he coolly explains exactly how to do it. He has also discovered that, for reasons he confesses he doesn't understand, his brokers periodically send him large checks that he is not entitled to, entirely by mistake. He returns the checks, but takes understandable satisfaction from getting them. "Good luck!" is the coroner's cheery parting word; apparently he, for one, needs no such wishes.

Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year, by Ira U. Cobleigh, is preceded by the statement, "Nothing herein is to be considered under any circumstance as an offer or inducement to buy, sell, or hold any security at any time." Such disclaimers are routine on newspaper advertisements for investment issues, but I have never seen one in the front of a book before. Just as on the newspaper ads the disclaimer plainly enough means the opposite of what it says, so here: Mr. Cobleigh is offering the reader almost irresistible inducement to buy—not general principles of investment as in most stock-market books, but

very specific stocks that are named. One has heard a lot about the publishing business going Wall Street, but doing away with any distinction between a book and a market letter seems a bit extreme.

A professional investment manager Mr. Cobleigh has made a careful survey over the past few years of stocks he calls "doubblers"—that is, those that at least doubled in market price over any calendar year. For 1965, there were fifty-five doublers listed on the New York Stock Exchange and more than a hundred—a round 10 per cent of the total—listed on the American Stock Exchange. (The figures for 1966, a bad market year, are not nearly so appetizing.) Mr. Cobleigh finds certain common characteristics among the doublers—low price, mercurial-mindedness, small capitalization, youthful management with substantial stockholdings of its own—and on the basis of his study he presents with an admirable lack of hedging, a list of "possible doublers" for 1966 including several life-insurance companies, some smaller oils, a food chain and some savings-and-loan companies.

The trouble with Mr. Cobleigh's list as investment advice is precisely the fact that it appears in a book rather than in an overnight market letter. Although prepared last December, it reaches the public when the year 1966 is more than half over, and therefore his tips are more than half academic. Moreover, stock-touting by book creates some tricky precedents: for example, should *Happiness* be registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission? Or is it, maybe not. In any case, it is possible to imagine that if some of Mr. Cobleigh's doublers should turn out to be "halvers," there will be numerous irate customers in the bookstores, a milieu in which the rigors of investment risk may not yet be fully understood. One of the possible doublers on the list is drug firm that puts out products to relax the muscles and combat neuritis; the author may need some of them before the year is out.

Two other books of the season, *The Plungers and the Peacocks*, by David L. Thomas and *The Pheasant-limbed Vest of Charlie Freeman*, a first novel by John D. Spooner, offer no tips at all, but set their sights on the more traditional

Mr. Brooks, author of several novels and a recent social history, *The Great Leap*, is now working on a book about Wall Street in the 1920s and 1930s.

ly literary target of showing Wall Street's place in American life, past and present. Neither one quite hits, though.

The Plungers and the Peacocks is a survey history of Wall Street from the beginnings of the Stock Exchange in 1792 up to the present. Mr. Thomas believes that "speculation has been the historic catalyst of the American economy," and being committed to that position he tends to pass over the more conservative and directly creative aspects of Wall Street history. He retells the familiar stories of Daniel Drew's rascalities and of how Jay Gould and Jim Fisk gulled the naively innocent President Grant on the gold question; he repeats Pierpont Morgan's famous dictum that character is the basis of credit; he allows himself such diversions from strict business as a retelling, with feeling, of how Grant, broke and dying, wrote his memoirs to mend his fortunes. And he moves on through the pool manipulations of the 'twenties to the largely computerized Wall Street of the present, which he knows at first hand as a journalist.

There is no other recent account of Wall Street history so comprehensive as this except Robert Sobel's *The Big Board*, so it is useful as an introduction to the subject. Unfortunately, though, it is written in jarring clichés ("milady," "denizens," "a honeymoon burgeoning prosperity"), its borrowings from other writers (Frederick Lewis Allen, Matthew Josephson, Sobel, and so on) are almost never acknowledged, and no sources are given for such information as does seem to be new.

The Pheasant-lined Vest of Charlie Freeman is about a recent Harvard graduate making his debut, circa 1960, in Wall Street as an on-the-job trainee in a large brokerage firm. Charlie, who tells the story, is a lucky rather than a sensitive fellow, and he does not realize that the callousness of Wall Street, which shocks him, has a counterpart in his own callousness in his personal relations. He found that irony a more interesting revelation than the one at hand could have been written. But where Mr. Spooner lies flat on his face is in a pitfall already full of the bones of American capitalists who have stumbled before him—that is, in trying to digest the complex material of financial life into

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—*Glasgow Herald*

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fiction. Indeed, he does not try to digest it at all; Charlie keeps interrupting his narrative to go into unabashed explanations. "By and large, the Mutual Fund is a good investment for the average person," I suddenly read, bemused, just as the author was working up his big final scene in which

Charlie spatters the walls of the rooming house where he lives with the entire contents of the communal refrigerator, in order to express criticism of Wall Street. But Charlie is right about the Mutual Fund, and, being intelligent and callous, he'll probably go far in the Street.

can be right. Not that disjointed prose will necessarily convey the sense of disjointed times. The recipe is not that simple. One also needs to be a writer of genius, and that Johnson is. His eyes are clear, his descriptions uncannily vivid and right, and where they are shocking they are so for a reason.

Within the compass of this brief novel, Johnson is presenting a German history of the past thirty years, that is as revealing in its glimpses as it is in its larger outlines. What makes the story all the more credible—and at times emotionally exhausting—is that Johnson's perception sharpened by sympathy. Even his minor characters are drawn with love. But it is with the major characters that we become most inescapably involved. Karen in particular will engage our affection. In the book's opening pages, she is not more than a cipher; before it is over, we have known her for half of our lives—a woman of spirit indeed. There Karen visiting the family of a farmer who has killed himself after being unable to resist collectivization, and refusing afterwards, at the cost of her job, to sign some routine propaganda manifesto. There is Karen still shocked, after many a year in Ulbricht's state, at its election procedures. ("Well now, these are the basics, right," says the kindly man at the polling station to her. "Now that's what you must put in the box. That is if you're for the candidates who are for peace. In that case, you won't have to make any changes either. Of course—and that happens you know—if you should be in favor of West German imperialism and the destruction of our fatherland you may want to go into the booth maybe. There you are!")

Yet Karen would like to find things to affirm. "She was tired of a decency that can do no more and say no more than No." It is perhaps the book's key sentence; properly so; it is a fairly crucial problem in any unfree society. Each of the protagonists will cope with it in his own way.

Germany in Fact and Fiction

by Joachim Remak

The Third Book About Achim, by Uwe Johnson. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75.

A Guest of the State, by John Van Altena, Jr. Regnery, \$5.95.

Journey Through a Haunted Land, The New Germany, by Amos Elon. Translated by Michael Roloff. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.50.

Brothers in Arms, by Hans Hellmut Kirst. Translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

The German Economy, 1870 to the Present, by Gustav Stolper, Karl Häuser, and Knut Borchardt. Translated by Toni Stolper. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$9.50.

Uwe Johnson is a thirty-three-year-old writer, born and educated in East Germany, who quietly moved to West Berlin in 1959, just before his first novel, *Speculations About Jakob*, appeared and won him both the German Fontane-Preis and the International Publishers Prize. His second novel, *The Third Book About Achim*, is now available in English. Like *Speculations*, it is an easy book to dislike at first.

It begins in mid-sentence. It is full of ambivalence and apparently needless mystifications. "A shadow moving in the foreground might or might not be hers." "So much about Prague. There is quite a bit here that belonged, or did not belong, in a description of Achim's life." A certain breathlessness of style, which is just right when a bicycle race or crowds rushing about in a railway station are being described, becomes more

problematical in other contexts. Too many literary ancestors seem to be looking over Johnson's shoulders: Joyce, Musil, Döblin. The plot needs to be decoded and when it is, not much seems at first glance to be taking place. Karsch, a successful West German journalist in his mid-thirties, is invited by a girl with whom he has or has not had an affair to come to East Germany. There, the girl, an actress named Karen, introduces him to her friend Achim. Achim, at thirty, is an East German celebrity: bicycle champion, member of parliament, folk hero. In a series of talks, Karsch traces Achim's life, from Hitler Youth days, to the death of mother and sister in an air raid, to Achim's taking up the mason's trade after the war and teaching himself, on the side, to ride a bicycle given him by a Russian soldier, to his current fame. After the discovery that Achim may have taken part in the anticommunist rising of 1953, biographer and subject have an angry political argument. In it, Achim, never exceedingly fond of Bonn—"West Germany is not just, East Germany is not just, but perhaps we'll get there sooner"—assails the West German state, while Karsch defends it, and adds a bitter indictment of the East German regime as well. Afterwards, Karsch returns home without, apparently, having written Achim's biography.

It does not matter. Johnson has. And in the course of the novel, all the annoying traits suddenly vanish or become unimportant. For this is a great book; literary award judges

Mr. Remak teaches history at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Among other things, he has written "The Gentle Critic," a study of the great nineteenth-century German novelist Theodor Fontane.

THE NEW BOOKS

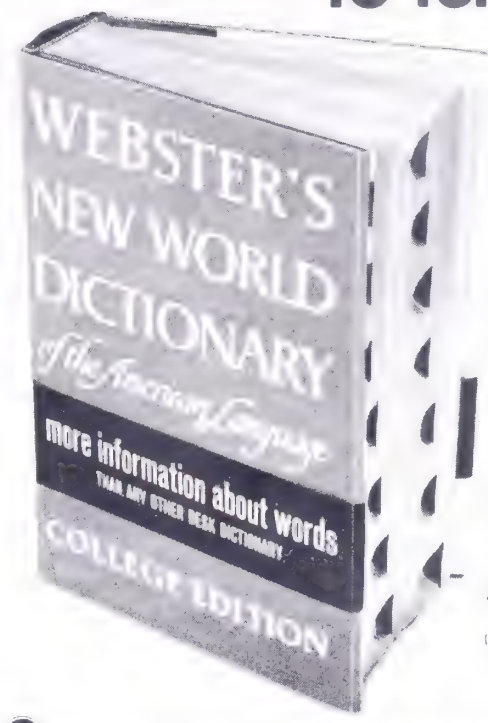
hat Johnson has done, then, has perhaps the hardest thing a writer can do. He has written a novel about grotesques or thieves or criminals—a relatively easy thing to do about people who matter, since it tells us some essential truths about our time and place and condition. He has written a contemporary novel on a major theme—a particularly perilous endeavor, since there are already millions of experts who stand ready to prove such an author wrong; state tedium is a safer topic. And he has succeeded.

in Van Altena, in *A Guest of the East*, looks at an aspect of the East German state spared Achim and Heinrich: its prisons. Mr. Van Altena, an American graduate student at the University of Berlin, in 1964 was caught trying to help some people escape from East to West Berlin, a risky and humane thing to do, and an illegal one. Sentenced to eight years of prison, he was released after less than two. He finds his original sentence excessive, and the long series of humiliations to which he was subjected unwarranted. Considering, however, that according to his own testimony he habitually carried a gun and that his serial numbers had been refiled or that he quickly agreed not to let the American Embassy know about his arrest—little things like these—the East German attitude toward him may not be that difficult to comprehend.

What saves the book is that for the most part it is free of self-pity. The author views his prison life as confinement, but bearable, and writes of his experiences as well as his fellow prisoners as ideological types but as individuals, some mean, some decent, some neither. Still and all, one suspects that his experiences (and it is surely not his fault that prison life has become such a staple in our time) will be of greater interest to himself than to his readers.

Elon's *Journey Through a Contaminated Land* is a much more ambitious book. (It also, by the way, is uncommonly handsome typographically; the designer is Ernst Reichl.) Mr. Elon, an Israeli journalist, traveled through both Germanies, saw much, and liked little. The main reason is that for Mr. Elon, the postwar period

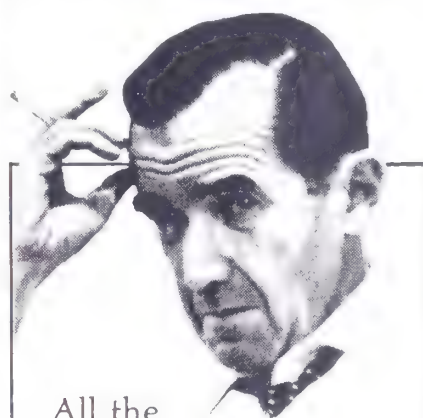
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is still on; the recent past is forever on his mind. So is the more remote past, or at any rate his version of it. In it, Bismarck becomes Hitler's political forebear, and the public reaction to the difficulties between the Bonn government and the news magazine *Der Spiegel* in 1962 "the first nationwide protest movement for freedom of speech in Germany." No 1848; no Bismarck who rejected preventive war because, as he put it, he could not look into God's cards.



Under Mr. Elon's rules, the Germans cannot possibly come out ahead. If former Nazis are holding high positions in government or business, that is bad; if Krupp hires as his general manager a man who distinguished himself by his help to the persecuted in Nazi-occupied Poland, the implication is left that he was chosen for public-relations purposes.

All this may be understandable. But it is a pity, for Mr. Elon is a fine and honest reporter, who himself cites some statistics which show that to search for the 'thirties in the 'sixties may, for all the glow of moral superiority which it can give the reader, distract from an understanding of the country today:

The Federal Socialist arrived in 1945. The West German thirty-five million population approximately 48 per cent of the population was born after Hitler's assumption of power. Adding those who were fifteen years old in 1933, it is clear that approximately 64 per cent of the population of the Federal Republic is neither responsible for Hitler's victories nor, in most cases, for his crimes.

And when Mr. Elon stops indicting and starts reporting (particularly in his descriptions of the East Germans, who, he feels have been punished enough), he is very good indeed. Thus, for all its special slant, this is a worthwhile book; there is no need to agree with an author in order to appreciate either his facts or his impressions.

Hans Hellmut Kirst is a novelist who writes light fiction with a serious purpose. He has been phenomenally successful in Germany, above all with his saga of the German enlisted man in World War II, the *Gunner Asch* series. His most recently translated novel, *Brothers in Arms*, is not vintage Kirst, but even ordinary Kirst is extraordinarily entertaining. The plot revolves around a group of wartime comrades, all doing very well in today's Federal German Republic, whose past—in the form of an incident dating back to the war's closing days—is threatening to catch up with them.

To reveal much more would violate the basic tenets of reviewing detective fiction. What may safely be said, however, is that Mr. Kirst is worried about some of the same things Mr. Elon is. One of his principal characters, for instance, is a man who has changed rather too easily "from war hero to antimilitarist democrat and devoted friend of the liberators . . . to ally slowly reapproaching the status of war hero." But what Mr. Kirst supplies are the missing ingredients without which criticism is likely to remain ineffectual: love (his sympathetic characters tend to be much more credible than his villainous ones) and humor.

The emphasis is on foibles rather than vices. Besides, the sensible and responsible reassuringly outnumber those who are not. The war hero may be beyond repair; his son's attitudes resemble nothing so much as those of his American college generation, though his reasons for rebelling are better.

In all this, more is involved than the conventions of the literary marketplace. In the Federal Republic too, after all, as in Kirst's pages, the number of people who would be as much at home in San Francisco as in Frankfurt is substantially larger than that of undercover SS men. The

resident novelist has certain advantages over the visiting journalist.

The first version of Gustav Stolper's *The German Economy, 1870-1933* appeared in 1940, when the author, a German economist and liberal politician, was a refugee in New York. The present edition has been brought up to date by Professor Häuser of Frankfurt University. It writes about the economic developments of the wartime period and the immediate aftermath, and by Professor Borchardt of the Economic Institute of Mannheim, who deals with Germany East and West since 1945.

The book's principal defect is that it tries to do too much in too few pages; at times, it is no more than a catalogue of names. On the other hand, where it does go into sufficient detail, it does so with intelligence and lucidity.

The book's concluding chapter on the East German economy, unfortunately is its weakest; the line between interpretation and opinion is crossed too often here. But the rest of it provides as good an introduction to German economic history as any.

A word about the translation in ascending order. The Kirst version here offered is a scandal. It is not much a translation as it is a disfiguring operation. Although there is no indication of it on either cover or title page, a book of some 600 pages has been reduced to some 300. It is a tribute to Mr. Kirst's art that the book still breathes some life.

The Elon translation is all right, though it contains a small festive number of errors which may not amuse every reader. Names are mangled, quotations altered (no; ex-Chancellor Brüning did not call his intellectual critics "mangy dogs"), and Dr. Martin Luther emerges as the author of the "fifty-nine theses."

The Stolper translation, by the widow, Toni Stolper, is fine—content, reliable, and readable. The Johnson translation (no translator listed) contains some occasional slips but for the most part it is inspired. It must have been an immensely difficult book to translate, and the grace and accuracy with which the translator has done the manner, and the essence of the original have been caught in an achievement of a very high order.

Performing Arts: The State of Jazz

Eric Larrabee

THE GOLDEN AUTUMN OF "FATHA" HINES



He is a perennial. He came up in a hard school and learned early that durability consists in adaptation, that the secret of continuity is continual change."

May of this year, for the first time anyone can remember, a jazz musician was offered a contract guaranteeing him an income for the rest of his life. He will receive from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year (depending on whether he works five or six months) against a percentage of the profits of The Cannery, a new dining and shopping center near Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, where he will have a choice of three restaurants in which to perform. The name of their owner, and long may he prosper, is Leonard V. Martin. The name of the musician is Earl Hines.

What is the fate of "Fatha" Hines, as Whitney Balliett recounted in a *New Yorker* profile, that little girls come up to him at Birdland and say, "Are you Earl Hines' son? My mother used to listen to your dad at the Grand Terrace in 1930." It is the price of having survived. As Hines puts it, "The young don't believe I'm me and would are too tired to come and see." He is a perennial, and hardy. He came up in a hard school and learned early that durability consists in adaptation, that the secret of continuity is continual change. Thus he has been

predictably unpredictable, always different, always himself. His achievement of a lifetime income is symbolic, but a lifetime is just what he has devoted to becoming a symbol for jazz music.

It can truthfully be said of him that he played a leading role in each of the music's major stages of development. Hines was there not long after the beginning, in the Classic Age. He virtually invented jazz piano as an ensemble instrument, as the member of a musical team (rather than attempting to make it an entire orchestra in itself), by freeing the left hand for greater rhythmic complexity, freeing the right for more melodic improvisation. His 1928 recordings, both as soloist and with Louis Armstrong, announced the emergence of a style to which every jazz pianist since is in obvious debt.

In the Swing Era, the time of prominence for Big Bands, Hines created and conducted for over a decade one of the most famous and warmly remembered of them all. This was at the Grand Terrace, a Chicago nightclub appropriately controlled by gangsters. Hines' nightly broadcasts from

the Grand Terrace were among the first regular jazz radio programs, and it was a radio announcer (Hines had been giving him fatherly lectures about drinking too much) who invented his nickname; thereafter calls of "Father Hines! Father Hines!" accompanied his theme song, "Deep Forest," and gave him the national reputation as a jazz patriarch (he was in his twenties) which he never lost.

At the turn of the 1940s, with revolution near, the Hines band became what John S. Wilson of the *New York Times* has called an "incubator" of Bebop. In it were Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine; and it apparently occupied "a unique transitional place in jazz history," according to Wilson, "almost documenting within itself the shift from swing to bop." The word "apparently" has to be used because the band's entire existence coincided with the musicians' union wartime ban on recordings, so that no evidence of how it actually sounded has survived.

Formerly a "Harper's" editor and author of "Jazz Notes," Eric Larrabee is making his second guest appearance in this column. He has recently been appointed Provost of the Faculty of Arts and Letters at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

COMING . . .

in the September Harper's



William Styron

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER

A book-length section, complete in itself, from one of our generations most awaited and important novels, by the author of *Lie Down in Darkness* . . .

The Confessions of Nat Turner is a masterpiece of storytelling, revealing in unforgettable human terms the agonizing essence of Negro slavery. Through the mind of a slave, William Styron has dramatized the intermingled miseries, frustrations—and hopes—which caused a remarkable black man to rise up out of the early mists of our history and strike down those who had held his people in bondage.

Along with *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, the September issue will also include articles, poetry, cartoons, and all regular features.

PERFORMING ARTS

Thereafter Hines suffered the consequences of his eclecticism; at a time when jazzmen broke into two warring camps, he refused to take sides. Restless for the traditionalists, "commercial" for the moderns, slipped out of the prevailing categories into a slow decline toward obscurity. Unable to hold his own together, for a time he joined the Armstrong All-Stars (with Jack T. Garden and Cozy Cole) and then moved to the West Coast, where there was at least possible to find an audience for resuscitated Dixieland. This was the low period in Hines' career which Leonard Martin of The Cannery has recalled in offering him "home base." As Martin has said: "Several years ago he was a kind of forgotten man. There was a time he played in a little bar in Oakland. I don't want him to be forgotten again."

The comeback of "Fatha" Hines is therefore remarkable in that he has changed no more than he was ever changeable. What has changed is the climate of receptivity among his listeners, who are now less style-bound than they used to be and sufficiently sophisticated to hear in Hines's flair for innovation and surprise which he all along possessed. Whether his predilection for vaudeville gimmickry was once embarrassing, it is now almost endearing — or at least permissible, as a form of premature Camp, on a par with the horseplay of the jug bands, or the barnyard buffoonery of "Livin' Stable Blues." His mannerisms no longer distract from the central message, which is its strength: pure, unadulterated and uncommanded of the piano and its repertoire. "I've tried it all," he once told Dan Morgenstern of *Downbeat*: "I've had the experience, and whatever the public wants, I can do."

Hines' venture into oblivion was never quite complete—there were periodic recordings (like the 1960 side reissued by Verve), periodic ventures East and abroad—but his return from it was definite and datable: March 1964, when the "New Earl Hines Trio" played a series of concerts at the Little Theater in New York and stretched the critics' capacity for praise. John Wilson: "... elegant as insurance . . ." Martin Williams: "... dazzling rhythmic mazes . . ." Whit

Balliett: "... a triumph ... " astonishingly enough, Hines had never before performed this way as a featured pianist and had asked Mordecai Bernstein (who produced the series), "Are you sure you just want me to play the piano ... ? Do you think the people want to hear just me?" (Something of what they heard, incidentally, can be found on *'Fatha,'* which was recorded by the same trio later in the year, and on *Spontaneous Explorations*, which Hines recorded solo during that same remarkable March.) At any event, the Little Theater concerts turned the tide, and the subsequent years have witnessed steady Hines activity. In 1965 Balliett's profile appeared, together with the *Up to Date with Earl Hines* record for RCA Victor which resulted from the recording session Balliett described. In March the Hines Trio played at the Village Vanguard, and there recorded the *Grand Reunion* sessions with Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge, which have been issued in two volumes by Limelight. In January 1966, Hines recorded *Once Upon a Time* for Impulse with a large group made up of present and former members of the Duke Ellington orchestra, as an unexpected added starter in Earl Wee Russell. All in all, it was a workout which would have exhausted the inventiveness of a lesser man, but it seems to have left Hines fresh and full of fire, for that summer he took a band on a six-weeks tour of the Soviet Union.

Hines' Russian trip has been exceptionally well reported because it happened that one of his musicians, the tuba player and bass trumpeter, was also a writer—Michael Zwerin, who had the further advantage of speaking Russian and has recorded his vivid impressions of people and places in *Downbeat* and *The Village Voice* in New York. Zwerin found that the Russian audiences' enthusiasm for jazz was well beyond that of the State Department. Arrangements were poorly handled, baggage containing instruments was lost, messages and mail were "forgotten," and in general the musicians were treated like second-class citizens. "I somehow don't think the New York Philharmonic could have been that forgotten," Zwerin has remarked.

But nothing could prevent Hines from getting through to his listeners.

He played thirty-five concerts in eleven cities, to a total of 92,040 people, and every concert was sold out. "The size of the audience was limited only by the size of the halls," Zwerin wrote; "the total easily could have been doubled." People cheered them and threw flowers, night after night. "They came right down the aisles to us at Kiev," Hines later told Ralph Gleason. "We had a little jam session there and they wouldn't let us go home to the hotel." The tour was in fact so successful that the Soviet government nervously canceled the appearances in major cities like Leningrad and Moscow, lest there be too warm a reception for Americans at a time when policy was officially cold. Even so, those who really cared came. "The [Russian] musicians followed us wherever we went," Hines said. "Some of them just came along with us and showed up night after night." Musicians from Moscow came as far away as Baku to hear them.

It was, as it has been so often, success abroad which makes the most fitting climax to an American career. Hines was overseas again this year, playing with the Alex Welsh band in England and then returned to touring over here (Toronto, New York, Boston, Washington, the Monterey and Newport Jazz Festivals), as his contract with the Cannery will always permit him to do when he wishes. The occasions are still rare enough to be noted when a jazz musician enters his sixties (Hines is sixty-one) in such reasonable and productive economic circumstances, so perhaps it may indeed be true that the winds of adversity against a man in full possession of his powers, but long-lived beyond his vogue, may at last be changing direction.

Of Hines' powers there need be no doubt. He is a marvel. His fingers punch the notes like nail strokes, then leap about in baroque arpeggios, trilling octaves, long, swooping glissandi. In a Hines solo there is likely to be a lot going on inside, an interweaving of polyphonic voices that inevitably, inconceivably, come out at the right places on time. And always there is the rhythm, varied and joyous, now steady, now wildly shifted, never less than driving, never at a loss for control. Like Casals and Glenn Gould, Hines makes noises as he plays,

audible on many of his records—little thinly muffled shouts of triumph.

It is one of his signal characteristics that he seems literally unable to distinguish between the worth of what he does as music and as entertainment. He comes of the generation, like Armstrong, which was trained to regard the two as the same. Like Louis, he wants to please "the people" of every possible kind, and (again like Louis) he will go to considerable extremes of showmanship in that effort. He will put together a band with an all-girl string section and couple it with "entertainers" of dubious and startling variety. When he tried to run his own nightclub in Oakland, as he told Whitney Balliett, "it had an international tinge. I had Irish and Chinese dancers and Italian and Japanese vocalists. I had Negro and Chinese and white waiters. I had Jewish musicians. I had Mexican and Chinese comedians."

Yet somehow the music is never contaminated. Where Hines differs from Armstrong is in the effect of his grandstanding on what he plays; unlike Louis, he has never frozen his style in order to make it more palatable. His inner drive toward his own standards of perfection has never relaxed. He is surely too tough to be a retiring man, but in public statements he is invariably optimistic and considerate of others. It is typically generous of him that he regards his lifetime arrangement with The Cannery less as a compliment to himself than as a good omen for jazz. "I didn't think this could ever happen to a jazz musician," he told the *New York Times*. "I hope this contract will be the shape of things to come for other jazz musicians throughout the world." May it indeed be so.

The Grand Terrace Band. Earl Hines. RCA Victor LPU-512. **Earl Hines/Life with Fatha.** VSP Verve VSPS-35. **Spontaneous Explorations.** Contact CS-2. **'Fatha.'** **The New Earl Hines Trio.** Columbia CS 9120. **Up to Date With Earl Hines.** RCA Victor LPS-3380. **Grand Reunion.** The Earl Hines Trio recorded live at the Village Vanguard, with Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins. Limelight LS 86020 and LS 86028. **Once Upon a Time.** Impulse A-9108. []

Music in the Round *by Discus*

ONE OF THE HAPPY COMPOSERS

While never unknown, Dvorák's glowing symphonies are at last finding the audience they deserve.

Until about twenty years ago, it was generally held (and so it said in the history books) that Dvorák composed five symphonies. Of those five, everybody knew *From the New World*. The Fourth, in G major, also was deservedly popular. No. 2 in D minor received a good many performances. Sometimes conductors would take a look at No. 1 in D major. But No. 3 in F major was never played. The chances are that the F major Symphony by Dvorák has not turned up on an American symphonic program for generations.

Then word began to percolate through scholarly circles about four other Dvorák symphonies. And with the L.P. renaissance, a few of those unknown works began to be recorded, even if conductors were in no rush to program them. If nothing else, though, the sequence of Dvorák symphonies had to be renumbered. The *New World*, for instance, is no longer known as No. 5. It is now No. 9. To go through the new listings: No. 1 is in C minor (Op. 3) and named *The Bells of Zlonice*, Zlonice being a village where Dvorák lived. He composed No. 1 in 1865, at the age of 23, but the work was not performed in his lifetime and did not receive a performance until 1936. And the score was not published until 1961. No. 2 in B flat (Op. 1) also dates from 1865. Dvorák at that time was an unknown, provincial Bohemian composer. This work was not played until 1888 and not until 1959 was the score published. The Third Symphony, in E flat (Op. 10) marks the beginning of Dvorák's symphonic maturity. It was composed in 1873. The following year saw No. 4 in D minor (Op. 13). Then came No. 5 in F (Op. 76), the old No. 3. To com-

plete the list: No. 6 in D major, No. 7 in D minor, No. 8 in G, and No. 9 in E minor.

As I say, there previously have been recordings of these early symphonies, but now there is a chance to hear all nine Dvorák symphonies played by the same orchestra, under the same conductor, in top-notch modern recordings. For the past several years, Istvan Kertesz and the London Symphony Orchestra have been recording Dvorák, and the last four symphonies came out during that time. But for some reason, London Records, apparently impatient of staggering the series over any further length of time, has now issued the first five in one fell swoop. These five are not in an album. They are available on individual discs, from London CM 9523 (mono)/CS 6523 (stereo) through CM 9526 CS 6526. That takes care of the First through Fourth Symphonies. No. 5 is available on CM 9511 CS 6511.

In the last ten years or so there has been something of a Dvorák renaissance. Not that Dvorák was ever unpopular or unknown. But for the first time, scholars, critics, and the public are realizing his true stature. Dvorák, far from being an innocent child of nature, piping his native wood-notes wild, was an authentically big composer: a composer of Schubertian melodic resource, a composer whose sense of modulation was inferior to none, a composer whose orchestrations have consistent richness and imagination, a composer who was a thorough craftsman. He was one of the happy composers. Brahms could be gnarled and Mahler neurotic and Bruckner simpleminded. Dvorák went along his uncomplicated way, writing his sweet and glowing scores, pouring out music easily and (apparently) effortlessly. Seldom did his imagination desert him. Even in the weaker Dvorák scores there is a turn of

phrase, an originality, a personality that lifts them far beyond conventional postromantic writing.

Bohemian B

The first two symphonies are youthful works, and perhaps only determined collectors of Dvorák would want to add the scores to their collection. Dvorák himself disowned *The Bells of Zlonice* as a student effort. In it he copied romantic models. The writing is strong and assured, but the material lacks distinction. Yet every Dvorák score seems to have good moments, and in the First Symphony there is the Mendelssohnian third movement, flowing and charming. There is very little nationalism in No. 1. It is in No. 2 that the nationalism begins to appear. Again there is a reliance on romantic models, and there is a decidedly Schumannesque feeling to the second movement. But the melodies are pretty and anything but derivative.

With No. 3 comes the Dvorák we know. This is a marvelous, mature, rich-sounding symphony. It is ardent, powerful, and confident, and it also breathes the fields and forests of Bohemia. Dvorák in this symphony was supposed to have been influenced by Wagner, and there are indeed a few vague Wagnerian quotations. But the entire spirit is as un-Wagnerian as anything in music. Dvorák was looking for entirely different things. As for No. 4, this too has some Wagnerian quotations, and here too the spirit is entirely different. The third movement is especially notable, with its soaring melodies and rich, evocative sounds. About No. 5 in F major, there need be no qualifications at all. It is a masterpiece all the way through—a jolly work, full of vitality, the materials fresh-sounding, the components moving with bounce and celerity. It is a shame that

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

superb symphony is not played in cert. It ranks with No. 6 in D major and No. 8 in G major as the piest, most natural music Dvorák composed. No. 6 was released by Idon about six months ago (CM 5/CS 6495), and any lover of sym- nic music who fails to get this ord is depriving himself of some the most delightful moments the rature has to offer.

n the series of the first five sym- nies, several additional Dvorák ks find their way on the discs. For 3, the *Hussite Overture* fills out record; for No. 4, the charming phonic poem, *In Nature's Realm*; for No. 5, the overture, *My Home*, etty little work that probably will completely unknown to most lis- ers. This seems to be its first ap- rance in the American catalogues. of the music is conducted by Ker- z with style and spirit. He is a ng Hungarian conductor who in ent years has been making an im- ssive sweep through the inter- ional circuit. Last year he scored rilliant success in New York, and re were immediate (and probably vitable) rumors that he was ed to take over the Philharmonic Leonard Bernstein's retirement. essing Bernstein's successor is one today's favorite parlor games of sical New York.

New Ives

om Dvorák to Ives is a natural p, in a way: Bohemia's greatest rionalist, America's greatest atalist. You can now add several v discs to the ever-growing Ives ography. One brings together ee works by as many orchestras d conductors: **Three Places in w England**, with Eugene Ormandy l the Philadelphia Orchestra; the **Robert Browning Overture**, with pold Stokowski and the American nphony Orchestra; and **Washing- s Birthday**, with Bernstein and e New York Philharmonic (all on olumbia ML 6416, mono; MS 7015, reo). On another disc, Morton uld conducts the Chicago Sym- ny Orchestra in the **Orchestral t No. 2**, **Putnam's Camp**, and the **Robert Browning Overture** (Victor I 2959, mono; LSC 2959, stereo). d on a low-priced Odyssey disc 2160059, mono only) is a reissue

of the **Piano Sonata No. 1**, brilliantly played by William Masselos. The **Putnam's Camp** on Gould's disc is the second of the *Three Places in New England*, of which there are several complete recordings, including the above-mentioned Ormandy.

Morton Gould's reputation in "clas- sical" circles is not exactly Alpine. Nevertheless he is altogether impres- sive in his Ives conducting. He leads the *Robert Browning Overture* with a leaner, more rhythmic approach than does Stokowski, who sounds thick; and *Putnam's Camp* means much more to Gould than it does to Or- mandy. Gould is more of this century, and has a closer identification with the wild sounds and the American- isms of the score than does Ormandy. Ives's music here is in very good hands. []

And Also...

Dvorák: Piano Quintet. Peter Serkin, piano; Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violins; Michael Tree, viola; David Soyer, cello. Vanguard VRS 1148, mono; VSD 71148, stereo.

A free, swinging, lively performance that becomes mannered toward the end. In these days of note-perfect, antiseptic performances, it is heartening to come across an interpretation in which the participants are not afraid to use rubato and other devices that are frankly ro- mantic.

Poulenc: Le Bal Masqué; Rapsodie Nègre; Chansons Villageoises; Le Besti- aire. Jean-Christophe Benoit, baritone, with Paris Conservatoire Orchestra con- ducted by Georges Prêtre. Angel 36370 (mono); S 36370 (stereo).

These four song cycles extend from 1917 (*Rapsodie Nègre*) to 1942 (*Chan- sons Villageoises*). As with so much Poulenc, they are an individual and ap- pealing mishmash of music hall, circus, Stravinsky, jazz, and whatnot. All very chic, irreverent, sophisticated, and sung here by a first-class stylist.

Ives: Symphony No. 2; The Fourth of July. New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 6289 (mono); MS 6889 (stereo).

The Second Symphony came out some years ago, and now Columbia is reissu- ing it with the first Bernstein perform- ance of *The Fourth of July*, a wild piece of Ivesiana. As a bonus, this disc comes with a 7-inch record of Bernstein dis- cussing Ives and his music. []

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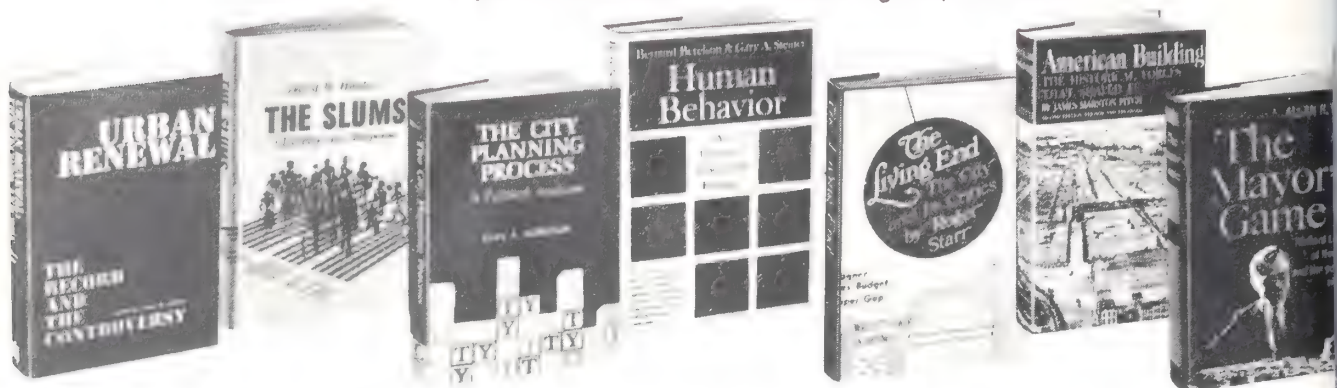
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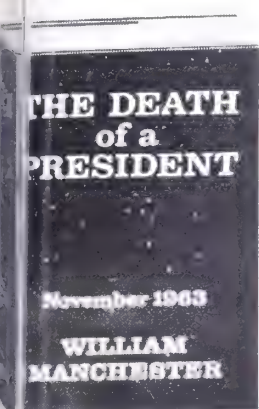


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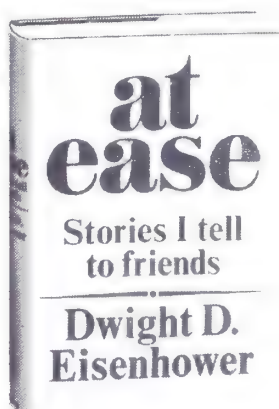
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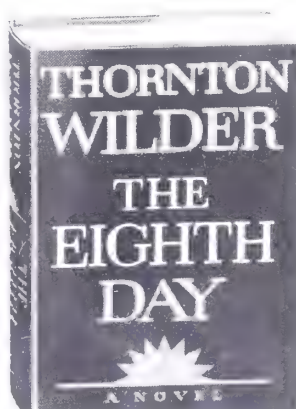
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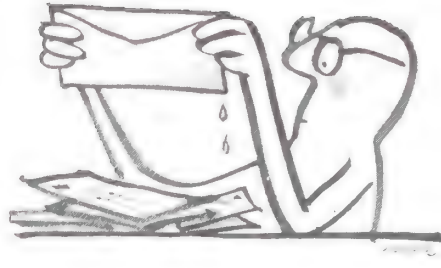
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Letters



Sex and the Young

Midge Decter's article, "Sex, My Daughters, and Me" (August), is a most astute, exact, and poignant statement of the dilemma in which the most thoughtful adults of today find themselves with regard to sex and the younger generation. She puts the finger accurately on our inconsistencies and particularly on the hypocritical way in which we "retreat to a nearer line of defense." I find this everywhere: for instance, where we used to wave the threat of pregnancy or venereal disease as red flags to our young, now I find writers for the young or for parents prevaricating that "modern contraceptives are not 100 per cent sure"—a blatant fallacy.

The dilemma is heightened by modern society's inability to arrive clearly at values that have some general acceptance. What is a "good" or "successful" man or woman? Our institutions tend to say one thing in language that is archaic and nonrelevant to present times, our communications media say quite another, and the actions of most adults as adolescents observe them are more in line with the latter than with the former.

If I were growing up as a child today I would be far more confused and ill at ease than I was in the first twenty-five years of this century, or even in its second twenty-five years. This is why I think we should gear our efforts to placing in the hands of our young people as much solid information and the findings of such scientifically based studies as we have about sexual behavior. We also need to encourage the sciences to step up their studies, and religion to free the hands of science to do so. If we do these things with as much honesty and integrity as possible, the best we

can hope for is that the integrity and intelligence that we know abounds in our young people will enable them to construct, out of such findings, value systems and moralities that will be meaningful to them and relevant and constructive for the world in which they, not we, will be living.

MARY S. CALDERONE, M.D.
Executive Director,
Sex Information and Education
Council of the U.S.
New York, N.Y.

Lincoln Center—With Love

Just what does Robert Kotlowitz (Performing Arts: "If You Must Build a Cultural Center," July) have against Lincoln Center, or, more pertinently, the arts? If producers' pyrotechnics do manage to provide a larger audience with an ever expanding array of events *whose excellence is not thereby impaired*, the cultural explosion is hardly to be criticized. . . . Mr. Kotlowitz neglects Lincoln Center's positive accomplishments which disprove his thesis: the most exciting ballet season New York has ever seen (Fonteyn, Lander, Farrell, Berio-sova, Fracci, Nureyev, Bruhn, Villella, Marks); opportunity for the general public to see nonsubscription Metropolitan Opera performances with leading singers; excellent one-night stands of indubitable artistic merit (the concert version of Strauss' *Aegyptische Helena*, for example). During the first six months of 1967 I drove fifty miles to New York for eight operas, six ballets, one concert, and one play, all at Lincoln Center, seeing Fonteyn, Nureyev, Bruhn, d'Amboise, Leontyne Price, Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi. The combined talents of those various performers in no way adds up to "that common Show Biz phenomenon, a

Promotion Parlay." Exaggeration of faults and omission of strong points is never laudable in what pretends to be a serious article. Fortunately there are millions of Lincoln Center patrons who, like myself, recognize Mr. Kotlowitz's myopic vision for what it is: a limited perspective seen on preconceived notions.

J. W. DIVE
Princeton,

Impure Suburbs

Rodney Stark's and Stephen S. Berg's findings ("Jews and Christians in Suburbia: What Happened in Wayne, New Jersey," August) do not surprise me. Many suburbs beset by fierce struggles, between timers and newcomers, and between the affluent and the less affluent. The latter struggle is often fought over school taxes, partly because the affluent want "better" (read upper-middle-class and more expensive) schools and the less affluent want "good" (read lower-middle-class and cheaper) schools. The result is a suburban version of the modern class struggle and when the struggle becomes bitter, its participants frequently appeal to whatever prejudices are available including anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and anti-Communism.

Still, the events in Wayne were a departure from the "normal." Newton Miller's anti-Semitic outburst was more blatant and visible than most. Usually such charges circulate in the shadows and never appear in the press. Moreover, if Wayne is at all like rural New Jersey towns I know, Miller was bemoaning the disappearance of what had until recently been a Protestant quasi-parochial public school system. Also, Wayne was close enough to New York to enable the national mass media to cover the events quickly and fully, thus giving them additional visibility, and leading to the paranoia that often develops when "outsiders" uncover shameful local conditions. Finally, I suspect that voters in the restricted lake communities overreacted to the attack on their exclusion practices, transforming their guilt into additional hatred toward the Jewish candidates.

Wayne can teach us two important lessons. First, it should cure us of

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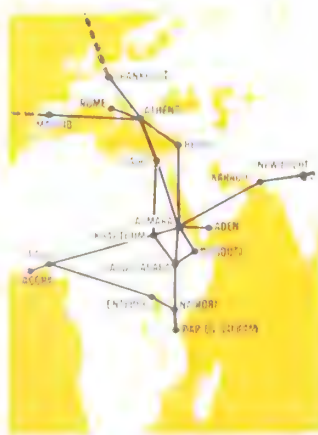


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LETTERS

romanticism about the "innocent" countryside; suburban, town, and rural politics revolve around the same class and ethnic preferences as urban politics.

Second, the prevailing conception of anti-Semitism are much too simple. Stark and Steinberg distinguish between dark, gray, and light anti-Semitism. I would distinguish instead between anti-Semitism based on traditional fantasies, e.g., that Jews killed Christ, and anti-Semitism based on "misplaced identification" with a characteristic which Jews share with other people in the society. This type of anti-Semitism was expressed by Mr. Miller when he identified anti-Semitism with being Jewish, and expressed by angry ghetto residents when they identify the exploitative store-owners with their being Jewish. Ghetto shopkeepers of all religions and races—frequently exploit their customers, and if the shopkeepers in Harlem were Chinese, ghetto New Yorkers would be anti-Chinese.

This type of anti-Semitism can only be fought by moral outrage alone. It must be attacked by correcting the misplaced identification. If the media and agencies who took Mr. Miller's task for his statement had used a different approach, the two Jewish school board candidates might not have been defeated in the election.

HERBERT J.

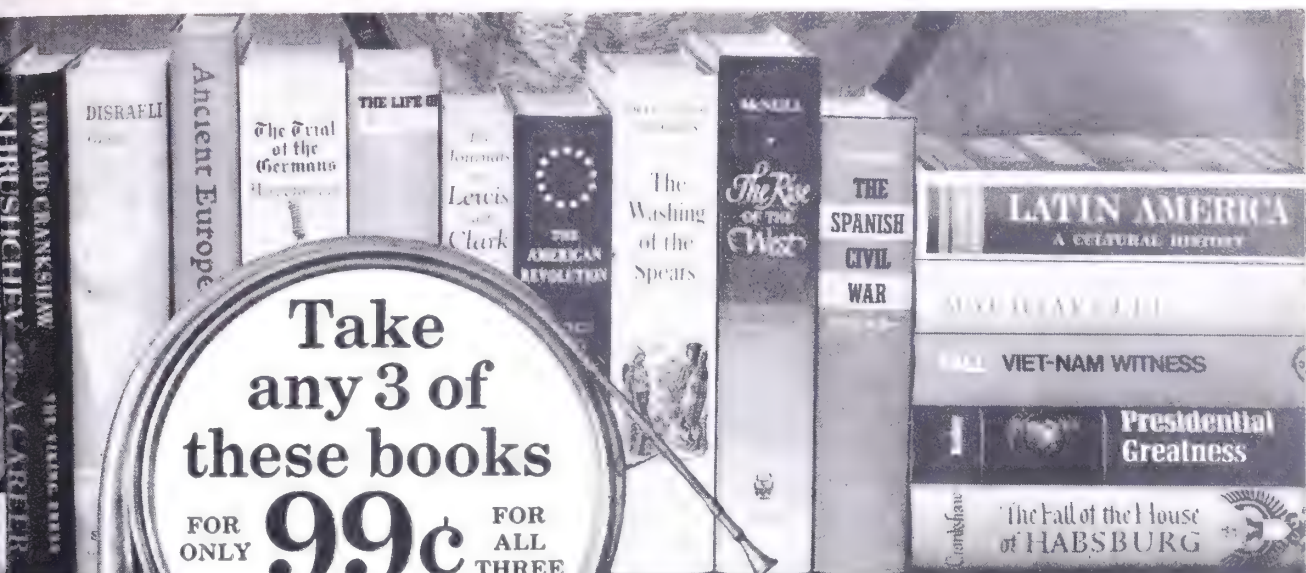
Center for Urban Education
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Professor Gans is the author of "The Levittowners."

Obituary

Martin Mayer's very interesting article ("Law Schools: The Third Man's Bastion," June) quotes me in a manner which is bound to mislead most readers. It is perfectly true that I am wary of sending students to law school just to get "exposure" to social problems. However, I believe strongly in sending them out for this purpose, provided that they have an opportunity to reflect on the experience in a classroom setting after they return. Studying the social problem they have observed firsthand will help prevent "confusion and disillusionment," and will give them a much better understanding of the particular problem.

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HOWARD R. SACKS, Dir.
Council on Education in
Professional Responsibility,
Association of American Law Schools
Chicago, Ill.

I am in full agreement with the professed aim of our best law schools to produce legal scholars rather than practitioners. But there is a growing belief that these schools are sadly deficient in genuine scholarship. . . . Law is taught from textbooks and casebooks, and neither form of publication includes the stuff of which legal cases are made. Studying law in those books is like studying human anatomy by examining the shroud on a corpse. . . . The result is that our law schools produce brilliant dialecticians who can manipulate legal concepts with great skill. They can talk and write about law better than anyone else but have only the vaguest notions about how it actually works. . . . History and facts, not logic and so-called rules of law, are at the heart of our legal system; yet we teach a superficially persuasive legal vocabulary and ignore the factual context that really controls results.

ROBERT L. WRIGHT
Washington, D. C.

Black Bigots

The vicious attack by Ralph Ellison on Norman Podhoretz' Letters, July, cannot go unchallenged. . . . To me, at least, it has never been comprehensible why it is all right to excuse Negroes who hate Jews because they have been exploited by landlords who

legitimate to attack those whites whose vision of Negroes, through no fault of their own, is equally myopic. Why should we keep silent . . . when educated young Negroes, who have not in the past turned away a helping Jewish hand, use the present climate of liberalism to indulge in the most

vicious Jew-baiting since Hitler in Germany? . . . That there are Jewish bigots I do not deny. . . . But as a Jewish mother (white) of black children (Jewish) I am personally getting a little sick of those who feel the need to compare Watts to the War of 1812 and those who will tolerate help from "outsiders" but never criticism. . . . I look for those young black men and women who were the Schwerner and Goodman in Mississippi, who have received much friendship and love from my fellow colleagues—sometimes patronizing and bumbling, but still well-meant, and at a time when the majority of whites to some extent of Negroes as separate and not equal—and I want to see them responding in kind.

MRS. ENO LADNER GILBERT
New York, N. Y.

Upbeat Mega-ton

I have just read Russell Lyness' article, "Minneapolis Is Mega-Ton Town." As an unqualified devotee of my home town, I was delighted to see captured quite well the character of our city and our people.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
Washington, D. C.

It was most unfair of Russell Lyness to have quoted a newspaperman's reference to the Minneapolis public schools as "antiquated and lousy." It is true that Minneapolis, like no other metropolitan areas, has been sliding, partly due to its own lack of leadership and partly because of universal problems of our times. But we are optimistic because our superintendent, Dr. John Davis, is proving himself an outstanding, innovative educator and to at least a noticeable degree an arouser of public concern. . . . I would not say we are not crying for improvement or updating, but feel this is the direction in which we are painstakingly moving.

MRS. JUAN RIVERA
Minneapolis, Minn.

Testing the Pressure Cooker

Professor Carl Bereiter was quoted in Harper's (Maya Pines, "A Pressure Cooker for Four-year Minds," January) as being quite critical of Project Head Start. I was

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on your husband's vacation,
smile and say,

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him that Canton would have a Start program this summer in effect, I told him that if he at he could fashion a better pro- here was a good place to try. ok us up on it.

are sixteen groups of chil- (two hundred and fifty total). ich eight are experimental and control. The eight experimen- ceive the Bereiter-Engelmann ment." and the eight control e the regular program. All chil- received a pre-test and all will e a post-test. . . . The evaluation give us a controlled test of the Bereiter-Engelmann ap- can do in terms of the achieve- of children, and, of course, it ve us a comparison of the two

other interesting aspect of the n involves parents. In two of erimental schools, one-half of ents are being given instruc- how to assist their children at The other half are given no tion. We want to see if there difference as a result of this al assistance. . . . The project ell become a "classic" and it ost certain to be used in other r projects.

GEORGE P. YOUNG
Superintendent of Schools
Canton, O.

Integrated War

del compelled to comment on the nent in Whitney Young, Jr.'s e ("When the Negroes in Viet- come Home," June) that, in the "Several white commanding of- openly admitted they had no ow many Negroes were in their " In context, this statement ap- to be intended as a condemna- of these commanding officers and laration of their anti-integra- or perhaps anti-Negro, senti- s. I would say that, quite to the ary, the commanding officers' ission" is eloquent testimony to acceptance of the complete in- tion of their crews, to the ex- hat they consider totally irrele- the number of Negro sailors. s, I'm sure, they consider totally vant the number of sailors who or instance, Jewish.

Mr. Young felt that Negroes people, as he apparently thinks

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of the 1980s and I am

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New York Times

N. H. Hines

But of

THE NEW YORK TIMES
JANUARY 1980

Are you one of many who admire the Mona Lisa for the wrong reasons?

PERHAPS, like so many people, you attribute the Mona Lisa's greatness to her enigmatic expression—to the fact that she "begins to smile if looked at long enough. Or perhaps you are intrigued because her eyes seem to "follow you around the room" through some technique known only to Leonardo. Both of these common reactions are discussed in the very first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's *Seminars in Art* as prime examples of the superficial fashion in which many people look at paintings. As the portfolio points out, anyone who admires a painting solely because of its technical competence and the appeal of its subject matter is probably missing all that the artist is really trying to convey. A surprising number of otherwise intelligent persons have this blind spot when they stand before a great work of art.

In order to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted self-education* in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation now is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and particularly its unique method of learning by comparison.



MONA LISA by Leonardo da Vinci



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Living Under the Sea: A report from General Dynamics

The public address speaker screams. "Dive, dive!" In the flickering light of a dank interior, sweaty bearded sailors tumble to battle stations. . . .

This Hollywood image of a submariner's life was, even during World War II, largely stereotype. It is a far cry from life in today's United States Navy nuclear submarines.

Even though about three-fourths of the ship's interior is taken up by machinery, weapons and stores, there's also room for up to 136 men to eat, sleep, relax, work efficiently and remain alert. The sailors who man these submarines on continuously submerged patrols for two months at a time lead a surprisingly comfortable life.

Here's a fairly typical day for nuclear submariner Bill Reilly, Electronic Technician Third-Class.

0700 hours. ET/3 Reilly is awakened by a shipmate. Along his bunk's 6'6" length—long, wide and deep enough for comfortable sleep—recessed fluorescent fixtures dispel the night. Another "day" has begun.

30,000 meals:

0715 hours. Reilly's baritone bounces around the private stall shower. He need not worry about quick sudsing and rinsing; nuclear submarines can distill an ample supply of fresh water.

0730 hours. Breakfast time. More than 30,000 individual meals will be served during the ship's extended patrol—prepared in a galley smaller than the kitchen of an average suburban home. The galley has been laid out to a careful time-space-motion plan. Provisions are stored for easy accessibility in planned sequence. Meat is pre-trimmed; chicken deboned to save precious space. Ice cream cones—by the thousands—are tucked into odd crannies.

0800 hours. Reilly's first four-hour watch begins. His job: monitoring a navigation computer.

All around him the ship stirs with action as crew members go about daily chores (just as Reilly will between his regular watches)—inspecting, cleaning, maintaining.

"Scrub, burn and filter":

Nuclear submarines do not need to surface to get air for their engines, but Reilly's still a deep breather. Carbon dioxide, exhaled by the crew at the rate of 110 cubic feet each hour, is removed by "scrubbers" before it can build into a dangerous concentration. Oxygen,

manufactured by water electrolysis, is fed back to the ship's atmosphere. Over 300 potential contaminants are removed by filtration, electrostatic precipitation or catalytic burning.

Revitalized air, purer than that breathed by city dwellers, is recirculated throughout the submarine, conditioned to a comfortable humidity and 70° temperature.

1200 hours. Lunch. On today's menu: chicken cacciatore.

Off-watch:

1250 hours. At the ship's laundromat, Reilly drops off his coveralls, made of lint-free polyester to eliminate one potential irritant from the atmosphere; he stops at the 2,000-volume library to pick up an electronics textbook he's studying for college credit.

1315 hours. Alarm signal! Reilly double-times to his duty station. This time it's a fire drill. It might have indicated a potential enemy's presence or a dozen other contingencies. Alarms are sounded at unscheduled times, day or night, throughout the patrol to keep the crew on its toes.

1415 hours. He routinely checks one of his alternate drill stations, then works off some lunch calories with a session on the exercise bicycle.

1600 hours. Reilly spends the next hour making some minor adjustments to one navigation computer that is temporarily "down." Each man on a nuclear submarine is responsible for the performance and maintenance of the equipment that he operates.

As he moves about the ship he continues to study its 110 miles of complex wiring, a requirement for many crew members so a fault can be quickly traced if necessary.

Versatile mess:

1700 hours. At one end of the mess, a checkers tournament is going on. At the other, Reilly—with one shipmate posing and two others kibitzing—is finishing off a watercolor.

The mess is the most versatile room on the submarine. At various times it becomes movie theater, gym, game room, lecture hall and music room. Two days from now, Sunday, it will become a chapel.

1800 hours. Dinner; lobster—a reminder that today is Friday. Last night the cooks surprised everyone with a Hawaiian luau. The night before, it was roast beef. Food on a submarine is a

major morale factor for the crew.

Leftovers are inevitable. Garbage is compacted into a container, weighed and blown into the sea, where it goes to the bottom.

1900 hours. The mess has now become a movie theater—tonight *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and some of his shipmates enjoy a James Bond picture, well before it has been released to the general public.

In the unseen world above the surface it is dusk. On extended submarine patrol, every effort is made to make life as comparable as possible to surface duty. The control room is "rigged red," that is, switched to a dull red illumination; ordinary lights are dimmed to remind the crew that another day is passing into night.

Shhhh!:

Despite 007's noisy battles—or the sound of hi-fi music—nuclear submariners live in a quiet world. So are muted by vinyl tile decks and acoustic tile overheads. Vibrations are minimized. Turbines, fans and other mechanical equipment are surrounded by special sound-deadening material.

2000 hours. Bill Reilly begins his second four-hour watch. Others, who are now off-watch, are relaxing, reading, getting ready to bunk down—some are still sleeping before they are awakened later.

2400 hours. Midnight. The ship is quiet. His watch over, Reilly bunks down, draws the curtains for privacy, turns on the overhead fluorescent light, reads for a while. He yawns, adjusts the air vent at the head of his bunk, switches off the light. He is asleep.

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The Easy Chair by Robert Coles

CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN GHETTO

"They is alive, and you bet they is, and then they goes off and quits," one mother says. Yet we may be deliberately blinding ourselves to the hidden strengths of "culturally deprived" children.

When I read about ghetto children in psychiatric journals and educational reviews—not to mention the public press—I do not recognize the boys and girls I meet and observe every day. From the psychiatric quarter I hear about the mental illness that plagues the poor (though I do not see psychiatrists—or any other kind of doctors—rushing in large numbers to Harlem, Watts, or Chicago's South Side). I read about how apathetic or unruly ghetto children are: the "culturally disadvantaged" Negroes and Puerto Ricans, the surly, suspicious, "deprived" whites who come from Appalachia to Northern cities, or the remnants of older immigrant groups who still live in the slums. One paper mentions the "poor impulse controls" of lower-class Negro children; another, the "personality defects" of slum boys who, at five or six, are destined to be "sociopaths," delinquents, or worse. The picture is bleak: untended or brutalized children threaten teachers, assault one another, violate school regulations or city ordinances, and in general show themselves bound for a life of crime, indolence, or madness.

Educators confirm what their brother social scientists have noted: ghetto children do not take to school, they are nasty—or plain lazy. (I wish they at least were described that way. Instead one meets up with the impenetrable jargon of educational psychologists, who talk about "motivational deficits" or "lowered achievement goals" or "self-esteem impairment.") They tell us that slum schools must be "enriched" with programs to suit children who live in a vast cultural wasteland. Machines, books, audio-

visual equipment, special "curricula," smaller classes, trips to museums, contacts with suburban children, with trees and hillsides—the ghetto child needs all of it and more. He needs personal "guidance." He could benefit from knowing a VISTA volunteer, or a college student who wants to be a tutor, or a housewife from the other side of town who wants to give poor children the things her own children take for granted.

Though some of these assertions are obviously correct, their cumulative implication is misleading and unfair. It is about time the lives of ghetto children be seen as something more than a tangle of psycho-pathology and flawed performances in school. Children in the ghetto do need help, but not the kind that stems from an endless, condescending recital of their troubles and failures—and often ignores or caricatures the strength, intelligence, and considerable ingenuity they do possess.

For a long time I, too, looked only for the harm inflicted on the boys and girls who grow up on the wrong side of the tracks. I found plenty to point to: bad, sorely neglected teeth, vitamin deficiencies, rat bites, insect bites, poorly treated infections or injuries, or chronic diseases that today are easily curable if you can afford a doctor. In addition, there were fathers who couldn't find work and turned to liquor, drugs, or crime; mothers who couldn't satisfy the hunger they and their children felt, or who were frustrated by the contempt they met everywhere—from landlords who wouldn't heat or repair their flats, to the clerks, policemen, or welfare workers who treated them as so

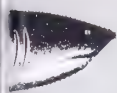
much dirt. Yet, while I was busy documenting such conditions—like many observers before me—I failed to see the other side of the picture. Determined to record every bit of pathology I could find, I failed to ask me what makes for survival in the ghettos, indeed, sometimes for more than a year for a resourcefulness and vitality that some of us in the therapy-prone ghettos might at least want to ponder, not envy.

Lesson for "Liberators"

My dilemma was not too different from the one that many civil-rights workers—particularly the white middle-class kind—have come to recognize. In 1964 when by the hundreds we went South to Mississippi, the emphasis was on setting free a cruelly oppressed people. Again and again the Negro's plight was analyzed, suffering emphasized. We had come to put an end to it all, to fight with the weak against the strong. At that time a writer like Ralph Ellison—who years has insisted upon the richness of the Negro's life—was summarily dismissed by people who felt like liberation helpers, but certainly not like individuals who had a lot to learn from victimized rural Negroes of the South.

But I remember, too, those all-

Robert Coles is a child psychiatrist on the staff of the Harvard University Health Services. He has worked with Negro children in the rural South and is the author of "Children in Crisis." He is now studying a group of Negro and white families in separate Boston slums.



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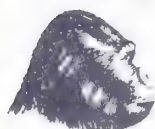
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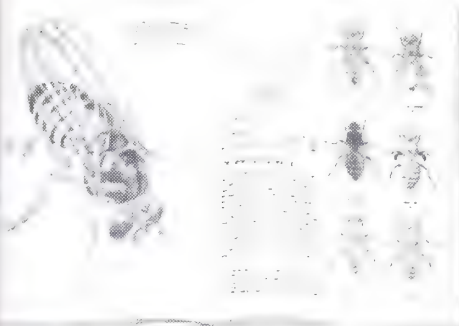
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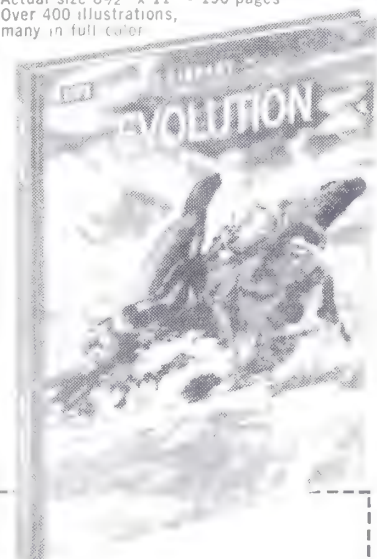
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"soul sessions" when one by one we had to face the ironies in our apparently clear-cut situation. "It's not so easy, the longer you stay down here," said one Northern student who had been living with a Negro family for a few months. "They're poor, and beaten down. They can't talk right, and they can't write at all. There aren't any pictures on their walls, and the cabins they live in—you wouldn't even use them for a summer hide-away. They're scared out of their minds when a cop comes near them, like in a police state. But something starts happening to the way you think, because you like the people, the poor, downtrodden Negro, and the more time you spend with him the more you begin to admire him, and even wish your own family were more like his.

"If I talk like that up in Cambridge," he went on, "they'll tell me how 'romantic' I am, how naïve. They'll say it's fine for me to talk—with my white skin and my father's bank account and my ability to leave any minute I want. I know, because a few months ago if I heard someone like me talking about 'the dignity' and 'real character' and 'integrity' of the people down here, I would tell them to get their kicks some other way, not by going native with people who live the way they do because they have no other choice. And most of all, I would tell them to go ask the Negro sharecropper in the Delta if he wants to stay the way he is, with his 'dignity' and 'integrity,' or get what the rest of us have, the cars and clothes and washing machines and everything else.

"It's a fact that a lot of the people we've met down here are stronger than we ever assumed. And a lot of them really do treat their children in a different way than we do—and sometimes it's for the better. The kids are close. They sleep together, and help one another. They don't go off by themselves, the way we do. They're respectful to their parents, and to grown-ups, and very good to one another. They have a real warmth and humor, and a natural kind of directness, or honesty—I don't know what to call it, but I see every one of us noticing it, and I hear them all trying to describe it, even the hard-nosed 'economics' and 'social sciences' types. They're ashamed at what they see;

they don't want to be troubled by finding anything 'good' in people they came to save from everything 'bad.'"

The longer we talked the more we found ourselves in agreement. We had shared similar experiences and found them surprising and worth considering. I think more than anything else we felt chastened by the sight of our own arrogance. Later that night, a Negro who lived nearby spoke up, confirming our feelings. "The people who help us, we're grateful to them," he said, "but I wish they wouldn't keep on telling us how sorry they are for us, and how bad we have it. And I wish their eyes wouldn't pop out every time they stay with us and see we're not crying all day long and running wild, or something. The other day a white fellow, he said how wonderful my home is, and how good we eat and get along together, and how impressed he was by it all. And I was sure glad, but I wanted to take him aside and say, 'Ain't you nice, but don't be giving us *that* kind of compliment, because it shows on you what you don't know about us.'"

Vitality in the Slum

That people under stress can develop special strengths, while security tends to make one soft, has often been pointed out. However, no one in his right mind can *recommend* hardship or suffering as a way of life, nor does anyone with half a brain want to justify slavery, perpetuate segregation, or prove poverty "right"—make of them good things that produce strong, stubborn people. (Even so, I have no doubt that there are many people who would love a new and sophisticated way to tell the poor how wonderful their life is, after all.) Rather, the issue is one of justice—and not only to the Negro. The Negro deserves to be seen for who he is and what he has become. If pity and condescension are all that he deserves, then let it be said—and defended. On the other hand, if giving him his due—as a citizen and long-time victim of all sorts of exploitation—requires first calling him destroyed, "sick," a psychological cripple, or a moral menace, then perhaps we should recognize our own "disease," our own political bankruptcy. If psychological or sociological labels are to be pinned on the Negro, then those who do so might at least be

careful to mention the enormous, perplexing issues that plague the whole suburban middle class: a high divorce rate; juvenile delinquency; political indifference or inertia to match rural Negro's; psychiatric clinics and child-guidance centers filled to the brim, and with waiting lists so long that some are called only after two or three years; greed and competitiveness that worried teachers see in the youngest boys and girls and about as wearily as a manifestation of the "system."

There are, to be fair, some observers who have consistently remarked upon the considerable energy and "life" they see in slum children. They have seen openness, humor, real winning vitality. Many ghetto children I know have a flesh and blood loyalty to one another, a disarmingly code of honor, a sharp, critical eye for the fake and pretentious, a delightful capacity to laugh, yell, shout, and congratulate themselves, and tire others. Their language is often strong and expressive, their drawings full of action, feeling, and even searing social criticism. I have to contrast all that to the rigid, long-winded "perts" who are quick to call slum people everything ominous under the sun.

One thing is certain, though: ghetto childhood tends to be short and swift. The fast-moving, animated children I see every day soon enough grow old rather than grow up, begin to show every sign of the resignation described by writer after writer. At twelve or thirteen the children feel that schools lead nowhere, that there will be jobs for only a few, that ahead of them is the prospect of an increasingly futile and bitter struggle to hold on to whatever health, possessions, and shelter they have.

"They is alive, and you bet they are, and then they goes off and quits," said one mother, summing it up for me. I can tell it by their walk, and how they look. They slow down and get so tired in their face, real tired. And they are all full of hate; and they look cross at you, as if I cheated them when I brought them into the world. I have even, and two of them have gone that way, and to be honest, I expect every child to have it happen—like it did to me. I just gave up when I was about fourteen or so. And what brings

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THE EASY CHAIR

Back to life is having the kids, and
 taking them with us for a while
 from the outside and everything
 but there comes a day when they
 know why it's like it is for us, and
 we can do is shrug your shoulders,
 sometimes you scream. But they
 are already, and they're just asking
 the record. And it don't take but
 a few months to see that they're no
 kids, and they've lost all the
 and the life you tried to give

the vitality of each new child re-
 at least the possibility of hope
 parent; and so life in the ghetto
 ly persists but seeks after pur-
 and coherence. Mothers tell their
 en to do this, or not to do that—
 as they hold their breath in fear
 of death. Meanwhile many of us
 sitably on the outside life, and
 by listing the reasons we can't
 do things in our society, or by
 the paper with most things
 is utterly dull and deteriorated.

"Make You Feel No Good?"

though we may console our-
 with the programs we offer the
 some of them are not only con-
 ditioning and self-defeating, but
 overlook the very real assets and
 strengths of ghetto children. It has
 occurred to some of the welfare
 workers, educators, or Head Start
 workers I have met that "their" pro-
 grams and policies bore, amuse, or en-
 lighten children and parents from the

consider, for example, one ghetto
 school I visit twice a week. They are
 in a shantytown. Two children were in a
 Head Start program last summer. An
 older son took part in an "enrich-
 ment" program. A teen-aged daughter
 in the Job Corps. At school the chil-
 dren are told by teachers what they
 don't know, that their school is "in-
 adequate." The building is old, the
 classrooms packed with more children
 than were ever intended, and
 teachers I have observed are dis-
 astrous at best. The head of the
 school is a woman of thirty who reg-
 ularly calls herself "old." Once she
 told me that she was also "sick," and I
 immediately took notice, expecting to
 feel about an ache or pain I could
 understand. But she went on to say that
 she was "tired of everything they try
 to do to help us. They send us these



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THE EASY CHAIR

welfare checks, and with them that lady who peeks around ever here, and gives me those lectures on how I should do ever—like her, of course. I want to go to go charge around and become or one of those preachers who ca sin in a clean handkerchief.

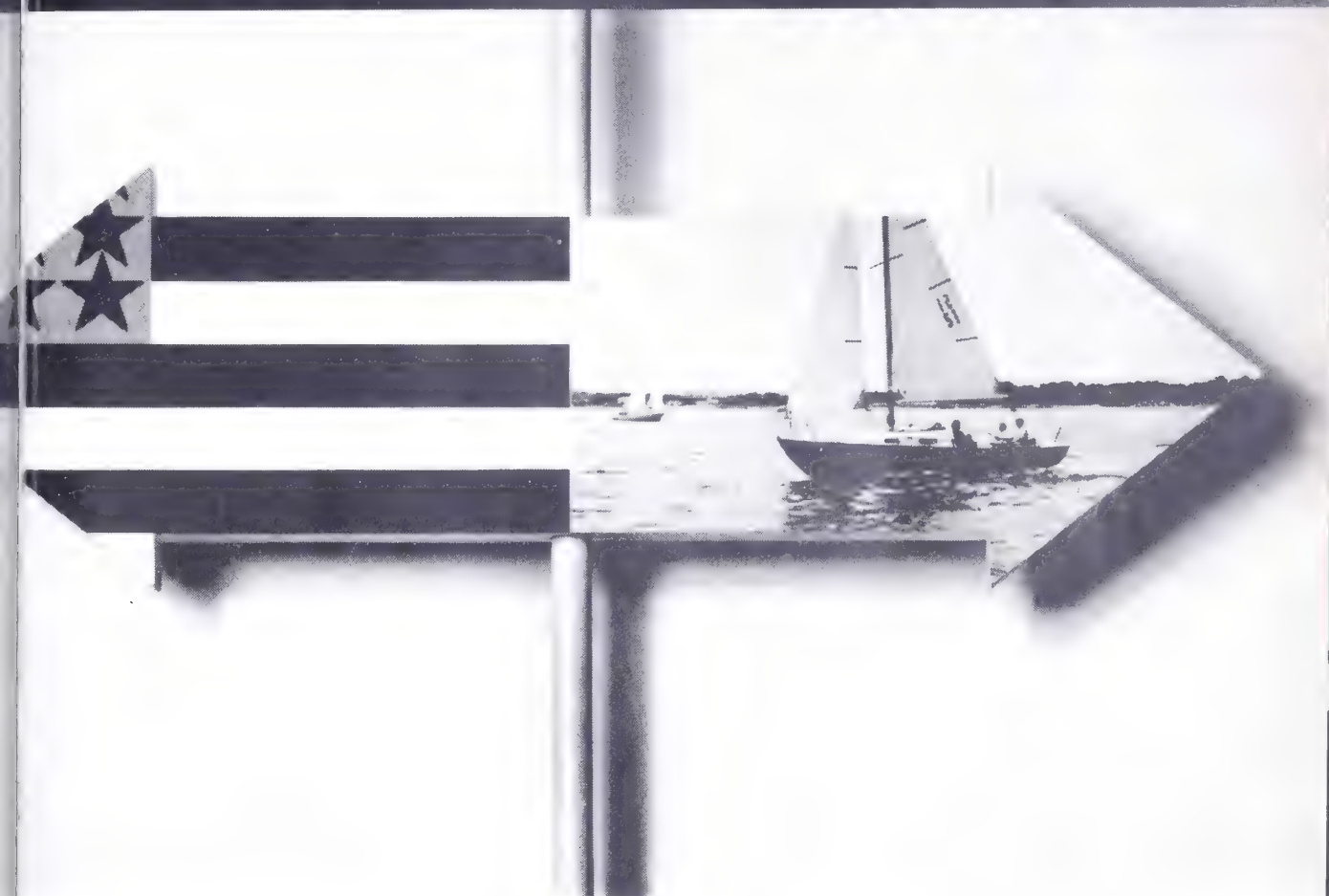
"Then they take my kids. Head Start thing, and first t hear is the boys' fingernails is and they isn't eating the proper and they don't use the right and the words they do use, no o make them out. It's just like w older kids. They try to take th those museums and places, an them how sorry life is here at on and in the neighborhood, an they is no good, and something, be done to make them better—li rich ones, I guess.

"But the worst is they just you feel no good at all. They t they want to help you, but if y me they want to make you into and leave you without a cent of self left to hang on to. I keep ing them, why don't they f country up, so that people can instead of patching up with th that, and giving us a dollar f working, to keep us from st right to death. And then you co out of here, and let us be, and h e lives."

I can think of many thing could be done to take advant what this mother already ha city might help her take par school she felt was hers, was se to her feelings, her experience desires—as indeed schools are i other communities. There is w her neighborhood, in her bu that she and her family migh to do, might be paid to do. He dren might be encouraged to u strong and familiar idiom they Why, right now, should they lea talk of people who continue to them? They might be appreciat their dress, their customs, the terests and energies—their style might read books that picture their lives and their adventures haps, then, some perennial "e ers" would be surprised. With with money, with self-respect not slyly thwarted or denied or by every "public" agency arou poor might eventually turn ou very much like us.

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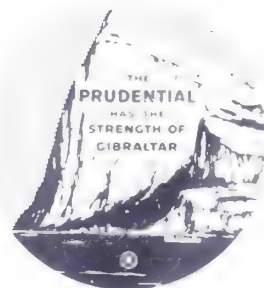
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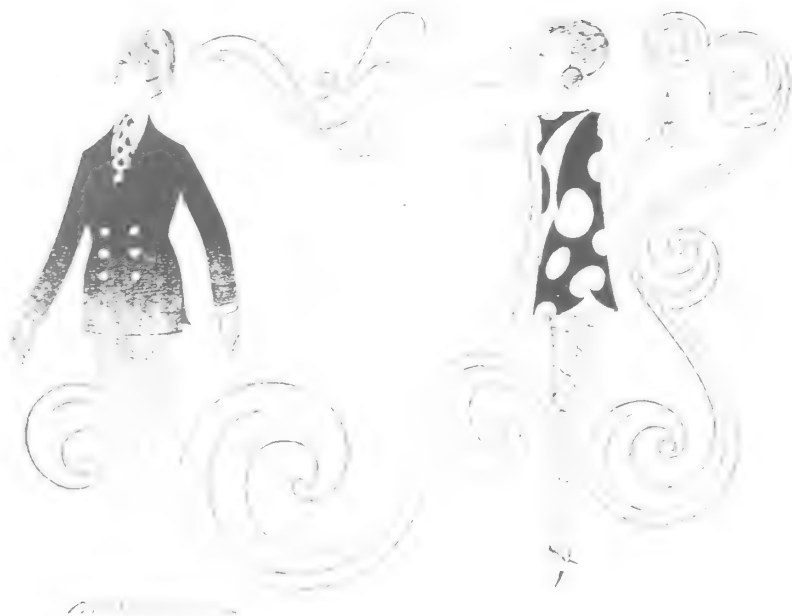
Hertz

We can help a little.



After Hours by Russell Lynes

FADS AND FACES



Men Smell Better in England

There are usually perfectly good and detectable sociological reasons for big swings in taste, but it had not occurred to me that the current fashions in men's clothes, which stem largely from England, had a demonstrable explanation. An English novelist and biographer, a lady who is a friend of several of the editors of this magazine, noted the comments in this column last May on what has been happening to the way men "get themselves up," and has sent a rather surprising and entertaining comment, the publication of which may get her run out of England.

She writes:

One's eye has got so, in England, that one only notices a young man with short hair or a girl with a skirt to her knees, just as one notices a child with long hair. In England, certainly one of the main causes of this male peacocking is that for the first time for generations there are more men than women in this country. Miss says have always been born but the death rate among them was much higher; now they are keeping them alive, and girls are at a premium. The girls, apparently, find the modern young man attractive. He evidently smells much nicer, judging from the figures of

men's clothes, which stem largely from England, had a demonstrable explanation.

One never used to look at a man; now one does. So one didn't realize before how dirty he was. American men, at least in my generation, have always been cleaner than Englishmen. For the latter, two shirts a week was one more than average—hence the stiff detachable collar and spongeable cuffs of the English shirt. One bath a week is still customary, even in houses with bathrooms, and the shower is still practically unheard of here, and the *bidet*, of course, is unknown, or even thought very "rude." Up to a few years ago, it was unheard of for an Englishman to use a deodorant. Now they all smell of Old Spice which I think is an improvement!

The sale of men's cosmetics in this country has also vastly increased. According to *Business Week*, "sales in lotions and colognes . . . account for about 50 per cent of the \$400 million men's grooming market." The new fad for long hair accounts for the dozen or so hair sprays for men that are now on the market, but Charles Revson, who is the head of the Revlon cosmetic industry, having tested samples of such items as eye makeup and tinted lip pomade on business and professional men says, according to *Business Week*, that they are "strictly out of the question—for the time being at least."

Instant Reaction, Instant Journalism

In commenting in July on an exhibition called "Photography in the Fine Arts" which is now touring the museums of Canada and the United States, I mentioned Ansel Adams (whose work does not appear in the show), as one of the "great men of photography" "who made abstract out of reality and made photography into a quasi-art form." Back came a reply from Mr. Adams both protesting and agreeing. "As you have lined me along with the great Edward Weston as one of the perpetrators of the decline of photography, I must speak up!" he wrote. "Unfortunately we are assuming that photography is only a 'quasi-art form.' I agree with Weston's statement that he had no interest in whether photography was an art form or not. It is but one means of expressing the human spirit, which great quantities of contemporary art in any form do not accomplish."

Russell Lynes is probably best known as the author of "The Tastemaker" and the essay "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow." In addition to being a chronicler of changing tastes, he is a student of photography, and a photographer in his own right.

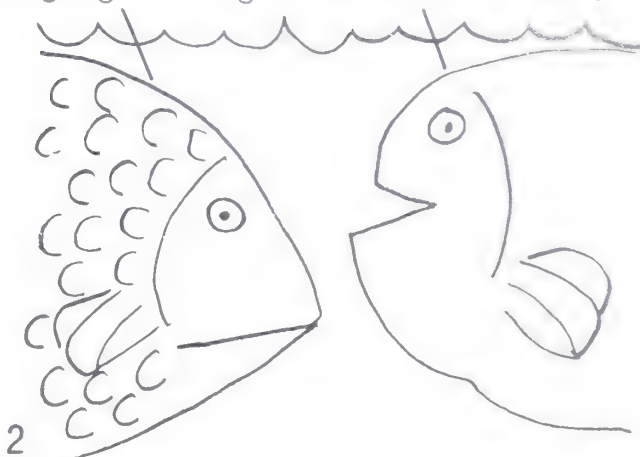
Dr! What won't
the dump in here
e?

Take heart.



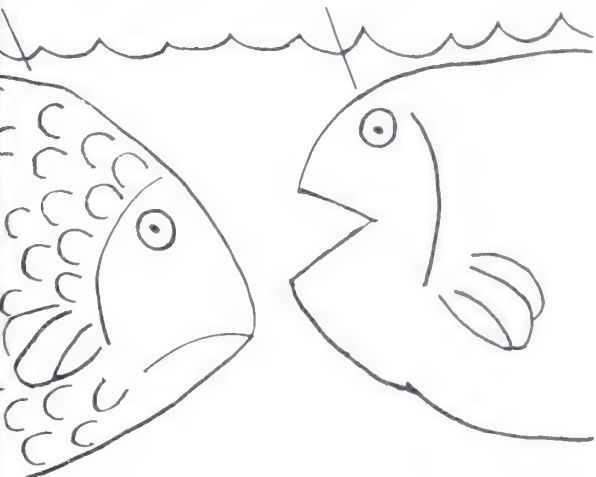
The neighborhood
is going to the dogs.

The last newspaper
I ran into said something
encouraging about
water contamination.



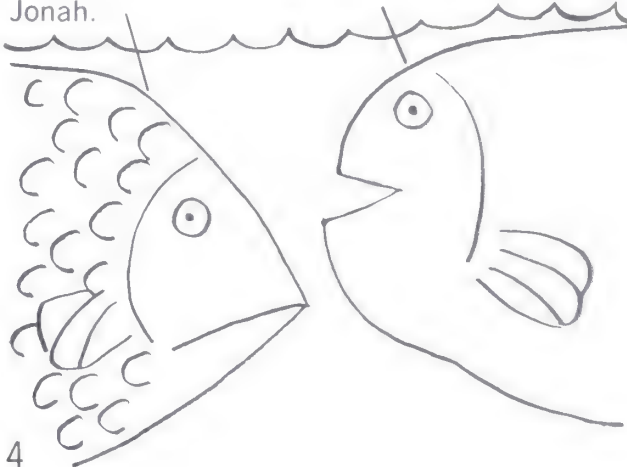
It said U. S. Steel, for one thing,
has dug a well thousands of feet
deep for waste disposal—
to keep it out of the water.

(lp!)



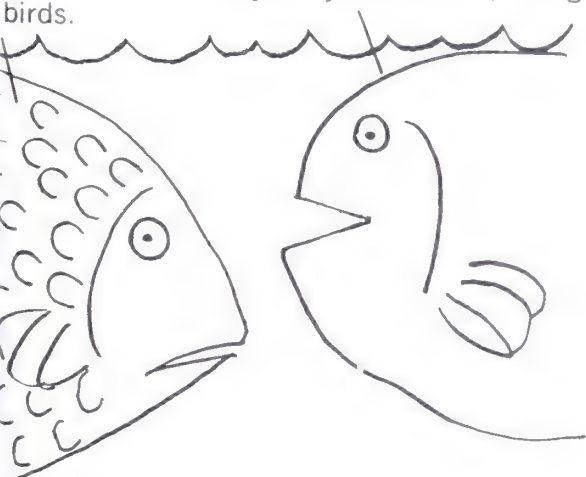
Best news
I've heard
since the
whale swallowed
Jonah.

In fact, in the last 15 years
U. S. Steel has spent
\$200 million for quality
control of water and air.

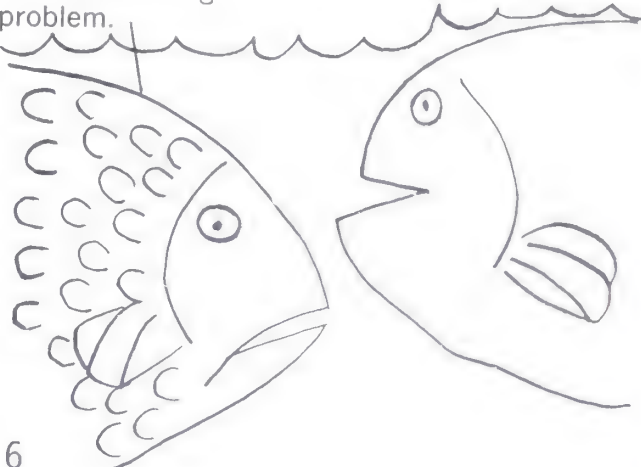


is for
e birds.

Why are you so bitter, Irving?



I have a drinking
problem.



United States Steel

He went on to say:

I could not agree with you more that "Photography in the Fine Arts" does a great disservice to both photography and to standards of art and the museum world. I have not seen this present exhibition, but the previous exhibitions (and some reproductions from the current one) presented to my eye a gross mishmash of third-rate and worse images—with an occasional fine photograph. I declined to exhibit in this current show because I do not want anything to do with such depredations of the medium.

I must disagree with you on your assumption that the only value of photography lies in the fields of commentary and documentation. This is the "old saw" promoted by those in other fields who resent the potential creative intrusion of the camera. Photography is a language, a medium which is capable of expressing everything from a catalogue to a poem. It is an art in the hands of an artist, and it is also a great medium of communication.

Mr. Adams concluded by recommending that I do some homework at George Eastman House in Rochester,

New York, which, he says, "contains ample evidence of the greatness of photography."

I am happy to give those who want to call photography an art form the benefit of the doubt. I have known photographers who were every inch artists in seriousness, capability, devotion, and temperament, and like Edward Weston they didn't care whether anyone else thought photography an art so long as they didn't have to argue about it. Not all of these photographers were (or are) documentarians in the photo-journalist or sociological sense, but none of them departed from the recording function of the medium to make self-conscious art forms.

Be that as it may, there is another group of photographs which is about to travel around the country, and I commend it to all who are interested in what can happen with a camera in sensitive hands, even when that camera was the relatively bulky box that was used at the turn of the century. The exhibition, about two thirds of which is big blow-ups of

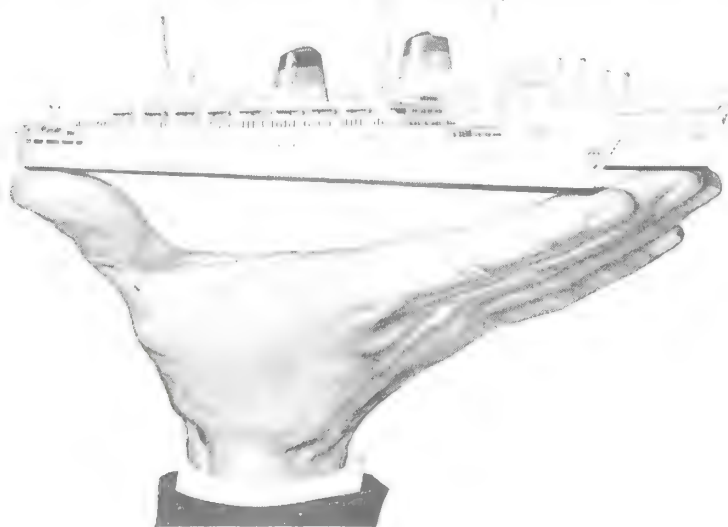
photographs, was first shown at a Jewish Museum on upper Fifth Avenue in New York for six weeks last fall. It was recalled this summer for three months, "due to popular interest," and will go on tour; the schedule as this is written is not final. Its title is "The Lower East Side: Portrait of American Life."

It records the ghetto which was the first American home of hundreds of thousands of European Jews. Many of them lived in squalor, supported themselves by piecework on which the entire family worked with scissoring and needles under glaring ceiling lights in crowded rooms whose walls were peeling. They slept, sometimes in coal cellars, and there was likely to be a single cold-water tap to meet the needs of an entire tenement building.

The exhibition has all of the potential attributes of a dreary, depressing tale of unending woe, except that that is not the feeling with which one leaves it. Even the squalor has a kind of dignity because of the dignity of the people in it and because of the photographers who recorded it, making an unsentimental record of undefeatable people who had not lost faith but humor, who sang and laughed and wailed and clowned to keep their spirits up, but because that was the nature of their spirit.

The four principal cameramen are represented in the exhibition, what I would call photographers' photographers. One of the men is a woman, Alice Austen, a proper young lady who lived on Staten Island and who in 1895 took the ferry to Manhattan and spent some time (it is recorded how much time; possibly it was just a day) snapping her subjects at scissors grinders, street peddlers, an organ grinder, and miscellaneous shoppers, strollers, and children, a standard of documentary photography which one rarely sees surpassed today. Her usual subjects were Staten Island neighbors who lived in comfortable estates, and she recorded them, strictly as an amateur, in their carriages and parlors, at tennis courts, at dancing class.* She never tried to sell her work, and it was largely forgotten until 1951 when her nega-

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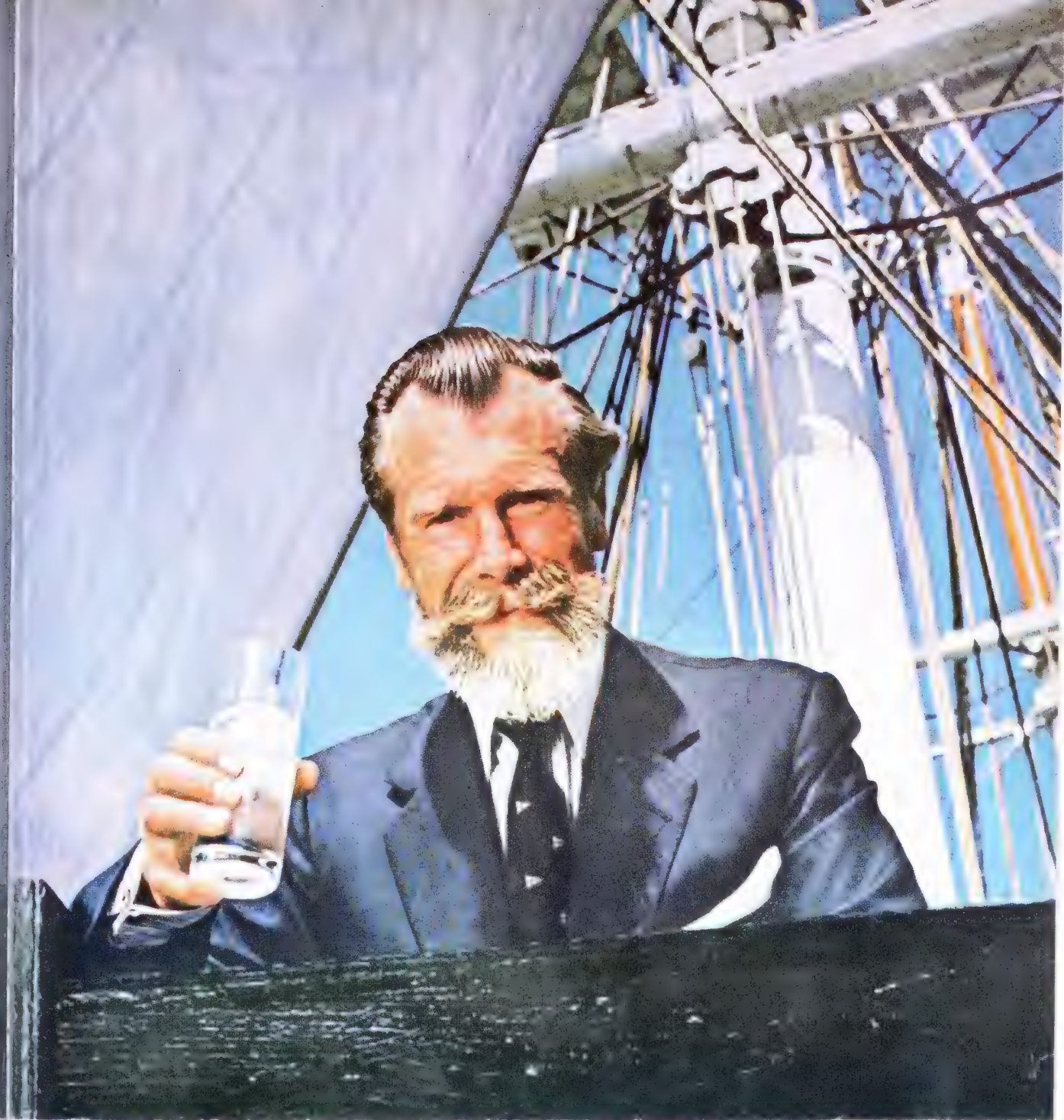
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*American Heritage published a folio of Miss Austen's Staten Island photographs in its August 1966 issue.



Commander Whitehead aboard the last of the old whaling ships, the Charles W. Morgan, at Mystic Sea port in Connecticut.

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AFTER HOURS

rediscovered. Many of her plates
me of her equipment are now to
n in Richmondtown, a sort of
cy Williamsburg-in-progress on
Island.

three other photographers
been better known for longer.

W. Hine and Jacob Riis were
tors of the socially committed
graph. Hine was a professional
ogist, and he used the camera as
plement of research. According
catalogue of the exhibition, he
l the term "photo story," though
y implies some sort of continu-
ot just a collection of facts and
ons), which I am unable to dis-
in his pictures, impressive and
ne as they are. Riis was a Dane
th and he arrived in America
70 and worked as a newspaper
er. "He found that when he
[of New York's lower depths]
ords went unheeded . . .," a de-
ul historian of photography.

M. Mayer, has written. "His
igs went unread or were consid-
overstatements. He concluded
he answer lay in a pictorial ap-
h." The gloom in the tenements,
er, was so intense that it was
fter he had read about a method
ording images by flashlight that
and a way of "illuminating the
st corners of the foulest lodg-
In those days flash powder was
out of a sort of pistol, but Riis
oved on this by setting it off in a
g pan and, according to Miss
r, became the unquestioned pro-
or of the field of photo journal-

fourth photographer was Percy
ron, who took pictures of any-
and everything in New York
1890 to 1910. Every image and
seemed to interest Byron almost
y so long as he could commit it
photographic plate. His pictures
ghetto are done with the same
entionious attention to the subject
re his photographs of the man-
of Fifth Avenue, or of an aston-
g dinner at Sherry's in New
in 1903 which was entirely at-
d by gentlemen on horseback.*

tensive collections of Byron and
photographs are in the Museum of
ity of New York. See Grace M.
's volume, *Once Upon a City*, New
1958, for many Byron pictures and
minating text.

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In addition to the pictures by well-known and the identified contributors to "Lower East Side" were many remarkable photographs by "Unknown Photographer." It is more than likely that these unknown were professionals; there were fewer amateur photographers at the turn of the century than there now, and the roll film had not yet succeeded in making the Kodak the universal picnic companion that it is soon to become, though it was immediately popular when it made its appearance in 1888.

(There is a legend in my family that a neighbor of ours in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, many years ago, when he was a poor young man living in London, invented the roll film while sick in bed with a fever. The story goes that he asked for a comb, a piece of tissue paper, a glass of water, and his wife thought that he must be delirious. She ignored him, however, and he demonstrated that by drawing the comb across the tissue paper, he could spread a smooth emulsion continuously. The next step was to devise a comb-like machine to press the emulsion on transparent celluloid. Whether this legend has any truth to it I do not know, but William Walker, of whom this story was made a mint of money as the result of his association with George Eastman and the Kodak Company.

Mr. Walker is as unknown to the mass of photographers that he made possible the use of the comb and tissue paper (if the legend is true) made possible. Unknown to most snap-shooters, professionals and amateur, are the men who take what we call the "candid" photographs—an instrument for preserving the unobtainable moment and making it a permanent document of social history. It is a curious thing about the arts and the sciences that though techniques may change and the methods of accomplishing technical proficiency vastly improve, the aesthetic quality of the end product depends entirely on the hand and the mind behind the medium and not on the medium itself. Nowhere is this better demonstrated than by the photographs of the Metropolitan Opera House than by Messrs. Riis, Hine, and Brady and Miss Austen in the exhibit "The Lower East Side." It is a remarkable show, and no one, I am sure, would like it better than I.



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Journal of Management Inquiry 18(6)

Status Report

In this column, the editors will attempt—from time to time—to bring our readers up to date about events and issues which have been reported in "Harper's" and have aroused particularly widespread interest.

This month: news—good, bad, and mixed—about the supersonic transport, the condition of state legislatures, the World Trade Center, and the American Medical Association.

The Case of the Angry Physicist

"The only way to get rid of the smell of a skunk is to eliminate the skunk," Dr. William A. Shurcliff, a peppery Harvard physicist, told reporters last June. "We propose to attack the sonic boom by eliminating the SST."

The object thus scheduled for extinction is a commercial aircraft flying faster than the speed of sound—possibly 2,000 miles an hour (a feat so far achieved only by military planes). According to Dr. John E. Gibson, whose article, "The Case Against the Supersonic Transport," appeared in *Harper's* (July 1966), in the wake of the SST the skies will be rent by "a path of pressure disturbance which may be as wide as 100 miles. The boom may only be a dull, window-rattling crack but it can easily be more. By failing to minimize the effect by flying at just the proper speed and altitude, an SST can inflict property damage and pain. . . ."

This indeed is what happened in 1964 when the government subjected the citizens of Oklahoma City to five months of overflights by military SSTs to test the effect of the boom. Fifteen thousand people complained bitterly; 4,000 sued for damages. One house was split in two by the boom. Results of earlier tests in Chicago and St. Louis were equally dismaying. In 1965, laboratory tests using a simulated boom were conducted for the government by a private engineering firm. More than half the subjects experienced increase in heart rate, as recorded by an electrocardiogram.

Yet the consultants blandly reported that "man adapts physiologically and psychologically with repeated exposure to sounds of this intensity."

This kind of "whitewash"—as he calls it—outrages Harvard's Dr. Shurcliff. Even though a prototype SST is already under construction—supported by a federal subsidy of nearly \$200 million—he is convinced the project can be slowed or halted if Americans really understand the threat. To spread the word he has organized the Citizens League Against the Sonic Boom (19 Appleton Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138).

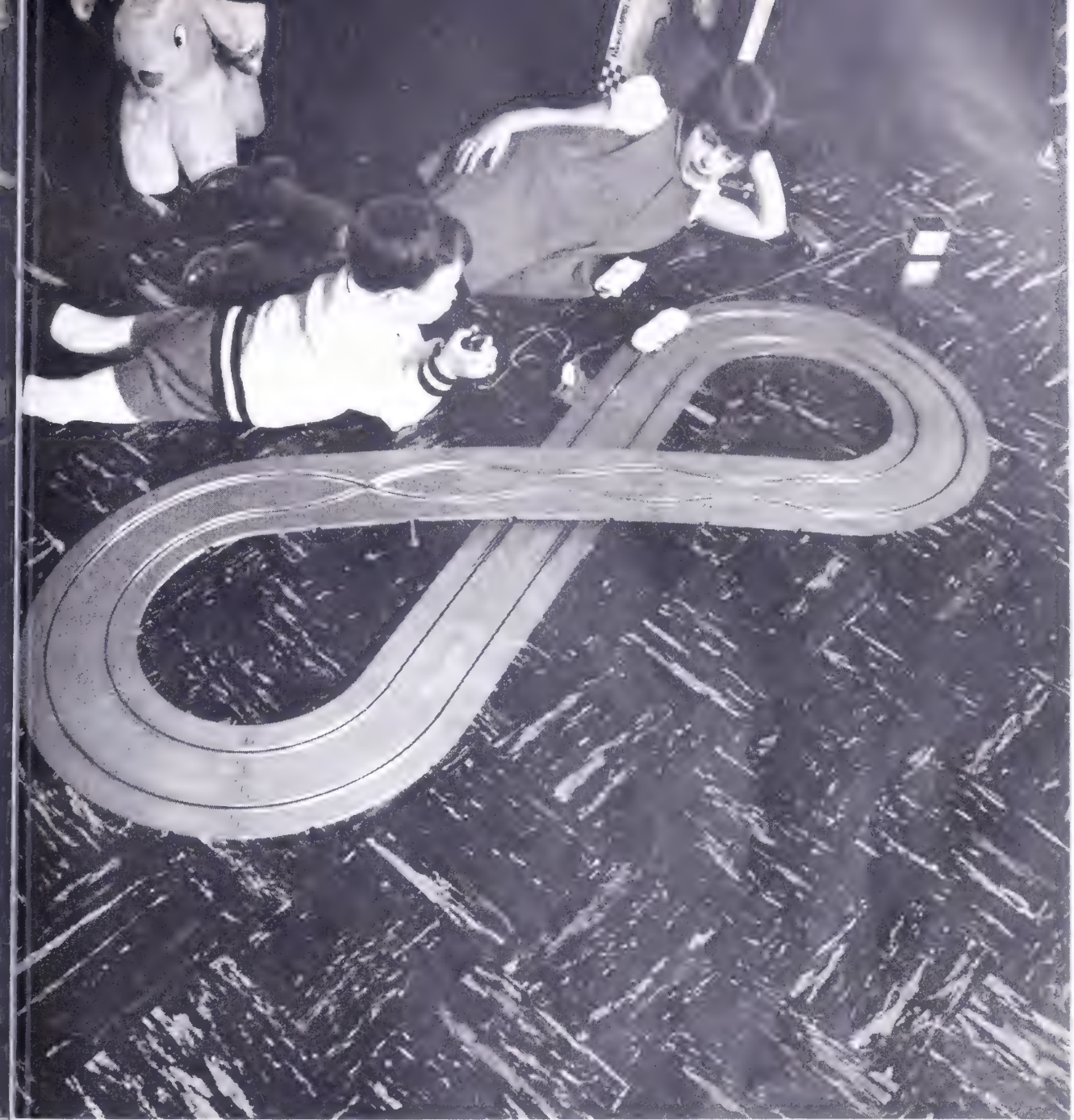
Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin is spearheading the opposition in Congress to a crash development program which, he suggests, may ultimately eat up four billion tax dollars. "What do we get for this huge investment of public money?" he asked in a recent speech. "We get a plane that cuts the air time between New York and Paris from six to two-and-a-half hours. This is perhaps an important accomplishment . . . to one or two per cent of the population—the high-powered international businessmen, the impatient jet set playboys and the like . . . [Meanwhile] a nuisance machine would crisscross the country with a carpet of sonic booms, a machine that would transform the world into a huge drop-forge foundry . . ."

Spittoons and Computers

The decay, corruption, and inefficiencies of legislatures in many states have been explicitly reported in the

pages of *Harper's* over the past several years—Kentucky (October 1963); Vermont (January 1964); New Jersey (April 1964); Nebraska (November 1964); Florida (November 1964); Montana (April 1966). Among the most explosive of such exposures was "The Illinois Legislature: A Study in Corruption," by State Senator Simon and Alfred Balk (September 1964), which led to an investigation by the State Crime Commission and some housecleaning in Springfield. Perhaps the most durable in its sequences was "The Last Chapter in the States," by Senator Joseph Tydings of Maryland, published in March 1966. After reading the article, a public-spirited thirty-year-old Baltimorean, George Wills, decided to take action. With the aid of some citizen volunteers supported by small contributions from local businessmen and from Ford and Carnegie Foundations, he drew up a blueprint for reform of the home state based on Senator Tydings' proposals. Through public hearings and energetic publicity, he mobilized lively support for his ideas, which were formally presented to the Maryland legislature in January.

"The first result of our hearings," Mr. Wills told us, "was a \$200,000 authorization for administrative assistance to legislators, backed by strict accounting procedures to insure proper use of funds. A rule was passed reducing the number of House members from eighteen to nine, assigning each delegate to a committee. We won partial approval of our financial recommendations by the budget committee to scrutinize



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utive spending on a year-round basis. The legislators promised to explore the possibilities of automation and even to take a firsthand look at the only computerized assembly in the country in Florida. The Assembly enacted the progressive tax reform bill that had previously been torpedoed by delays. And—finally—the legislature reapportioned itself.”

This is a handsome payoff, even though there is still, of course, a considerable distance to go to achieve Mr. Wills' announced goal of obliterating “the ‘spittoon’ image of rural assemblymen in blue jeans wasting seventy days of the taxpayers’ money every year.”

Behemoth on the Battery

Bulldozers, drills, and excavation rigs began in July to plow up a huge chunk of the lower Manhattan waterfront. Here will rise a 110-story super-skyscraper, the new World Trade Center. Thus a seven-year controversy has ended in a victory for the center's builder—the Port of New York Authority—and for the downtown banking and investment community and the powerful building-construction unions who vigorously supported the project. Among the opponents were such special-interest groups as the local merchants who will be uprooted; real-estate firms threatened by the addition of vast new office space which might lower

rentals generally; and most particularly the owners of the Empire State Building, soon to be only the city's second-tallest building and thereby forfeiting the income from major TV stations in the area whose transmitters have long topped its towers.

However, many civic-minded New Yorkers with no personal profit at stake—transportation experts, architects, and city planners—also battled against what Wolf Von Eckardt in *Harper's* of May 1966 called “a fearful instrument of uricide.”

Commenting on the controversy the British magazine, *The Economist*, in its July 1, 1967 issue observed: “City officials were able to use some of the opposition's arguments to wrest concessions from the Port Authority. The agency has agreed to pay for improvements to streets and sewers in the area and it will also fill in 24 acres of new land over the Hudson River.”

Although this battle is ended, there remains a live issue which was spelled out in *Harper's* of June 1960 by Edward T. Chase. The problem was restated this July by the *New York Times* in an editorial on the Trade Center (which it had somewhat belatedly opposed): “The Port Authority has never concentrated its wealth of talent and resources on the grubby but vital task of improving mass transportation facilities in the metropolitan area . . . [it] consented to taking over the ailing Hudson & Manhattan Railroad only as part of a deal that specifically limited its involvement with railroads and gave it the

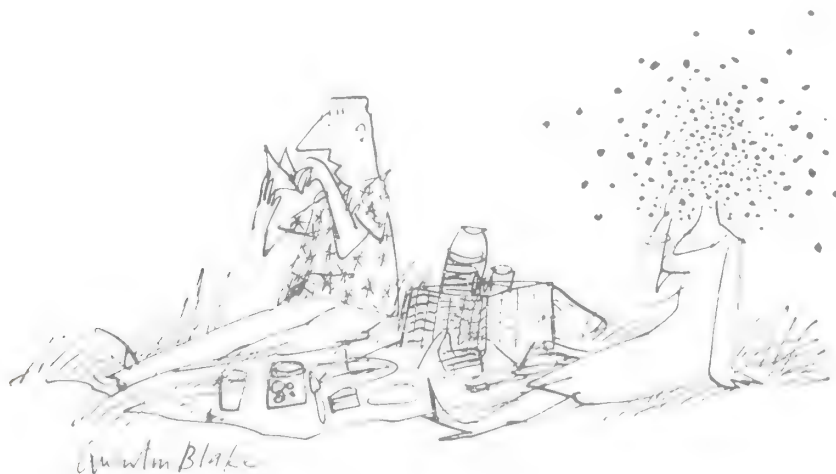
right to develop and operate the tentatively profitable trade center. There is now no stopping the center but there is need for a thorough examination of the Authority. . . .”

Same Old Boardwalk?

As an incorrigible American Medical Association watcher and producer we followed with somewhat melancholy fascination the convention proceedings this June in Atlantic City. Two decades have passed since Bernard DeVoto in a classic *Easy Chair* column, “Doctors Along the Boardwalk,” pronounced the AMA “bias, obscurantist, and reactionary to an astonishing degree.”

In 1967 the nation's healers chose as their president Dr. Milford Rouse of Dallas, an active member of the ultraconservative Association of American Physicians and Surgeons and a former director of Texas oil millionaire H. L. Hunt's Life Line Foundation. Facing resolutely backward, Dr. Rouse warned his colleagues of the perils of government planning. “We must increase the effectiveness of our opposition,” he said.

This seemed sound advice, given the AMA's losses in recent years. Although the AMA had spent millions to defeat Medicare, it became the law of the land; even some AMA members have begun to speak up in unmistakably progressive tones. One such was Dr. Lindsay E. Beaton whose admo-



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Harper's
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1. Manuscripts must be no longer than 1,500 words and must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only.
2. All entries must be accompanied by a completely filled-out entry blank.
3. The contest closes January 31, 1968. No entries postmarked after that date will be considered.
4. The editors of *Harper's Magazine* will be the judges of the contest. Their decisions will be final.
5. All manuscripts submitted will be the property of *Harper's Magazine* and will not be returned. The decision whether or not to publish entries will rest with the editors.
6. Teachers whose classes use the *Harper's Student Edition* are requested to screen manuscripts and submit only those which they deem of special merit.
7. Students in classes not using the *Student Edition* may enter the contest but must have the entry blank signed by a teacher.
8. Decisions will be announced in May 1968.
9. Mail manuscripts with entry blanks to:
Harper's Student Writing Contest
Harper's Magazine
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New York, N.Y. 10016

ENTRY BLANK

STUDENT'S NAME: _____

GRADE (freshman, sophomore, etc.): _____

SCHOOL OR
COLLEGE ADDRESS: _____

HOME ADDRESS: _____

TEACHER'S
NAME: _____

TEACHER'S SIGNATURE: _____

STATUS REPORT

tions appeared in our special supplement, "The Crisis in American Medicine" (*Harper's*, October 1960). Another, Dr. John Gordon Freymann, presented his prescription for modernizing the AMA in *Harper's* of August 1965. This year, three small but articulate medical organizations protested publicly against the AMA's social and economic policies (the Medical Committee for Human Rights, the largely Negro National Medical Association, and the Physicians Forum).

Even the convention itself showed some inner stirrings. For the first time in its history the AMA admitted that the shortage of doctors in America is of "alarming proportions." It came out in favor of liberalizing abortion laws among the lines of the model penal code of the American Law Institute. And it chose as president-elect—to take office next year—Dr. Dwight L. Wilbur of San Fran-

cisco. He is the son of the late Ray Lyman Wilbur who chaired the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care which, back in 1932, dared to dorse such "socialistic" notions as group practice and voluntary health insurance. The second Dr. Wilbur has not made known his philosophy yet; but if heredity and early environment shape character, the portents are cheerful.

As a small footnote to life with the AMA, we recall the Easy Chair of December 1965 in which John Fischer indignantly asked why the *Journal*, which takes in about \$10 million a year in advertising, asks writers to contribute to its pages gratis. This May Mr. Fischer received a note from the *Journal's* editor, Dr. Lester S. King. "Thanks to you," he wrote, "we even give an honorarium to our non-medical contributors." The rates were not stated.

THE MAN IN THE OCELOT SUIT

by Christopher Brookhouse

Our neighbor's dog ate
Our paper. My wife
Complained. They said get up
Earlier, go to work,
What do you do all night?
My wife said
We think grave thoughts, and laugh
Against establishments.

The dog kept eating the paper,
So I rented
An ocelot suit and sprang
Out of a ditch. The terrified

Dog never came back,
But our neighbors
Came, breathing hard, and ate
The paper themselves to set

Us straight and make the world
Safe from crackpots.
Now I loaf in my sleek
Ocelot suit, amusing the children.

When it is night,
I leap onto our neighbor's
Roof and devour their dreams.

What's so improbable
about Alcoa Aluminum
piping on shrimp?

Nothing! This Alcoa® Aluminum sea sled was designed to film the net-evading techniques of fish and shrimp. And to help increase harvests in the commercial fishing field.

There's excitement about the oceanography frontier at Alcoa. And our contributions reflect our great interest. Here are a few: We fabricated the backbone of an experimental under-sea defense system. We have built

submersible decompression chambers. We make and sell deep-submergence containers that range from 1 in. to a whopping 8 ft in diameter.

Why do improbable ideas come true at Alcoa? Because when it comes to new uses for aluminum in any industry, we begin by believing, and finish by proving, through total involvement.



Change for the better with
Alcoa Aluminum

 **ALCOA**



Fundador V.V.V.V.V.S.O.P.

Don't laugh. When we tell you what V.S.O.P. on a brandy really means, you're going to be very, very, very, very, very surprised.



Be prepared to throw away your old socio-economic brainwash and look out the window.

The V.S. in V.S.O.P. means the brandy is superior. Good thinking anyone who wants to get ahead in the brandy business.

The O means it's old. How old? You're rarely old.

The P means it's pure. Compared to what?

In truth, V.S.O.P. brandy represents the producer's opinion of his product. We think Fundador is Very, Very, Very, Very Superior. Pale, and we could put V.V.V.V.S.O.P. on our label. But it would mean very much, except

we'd be able to raise the price a bit.

So there is no V.S.O.P. on Fundador. Just the way it is where Fundador is made—Jerez, a small region of Spain.

Jerez is where sherry comes from. And Fundador Brandy is aged and blended the solera way, a subtle centuries-old method. Only brandy from Jerez is made this way.

The solera system gives Fundador the warm, mellow, good brandy, with the dryness that keeps many people away from brandy.

If, though, you need the assurance of V.S.O.P. on the label, we offer this Fundador do-it-yourself kit. Only ten cents. The price is your opinion of how many Fundadors we're worth that's on the bottle.

It's the only opinion that matters.

Harper's

magazine

William Barry Furlong

PERCY: EVERYBODY'S SECOND-BEST MAN

The GOP's golden boy is a personable mixture of ambiguity, strenuous clichés, and compulsive drives. Yet a certain idealism races his personality as well as his political style.

As speculation heightens in the 1968 Presidential race, a subtle but significant change has been taking place in the status of Charles H. Percy, junior Senator from Illinois. No longer is he a young man on the rise; he is *the* young man on the rise. Republicans cherish such men—the early Dewey, the eternal Stassen, the young Nixon. And Percy's credentials are quite as glittering. His base is in a state with a large electoral vote, where he won a decisive victory over an old Democratic war-horse, Senator Paul H. Douglas. He has the golden good looks and the deliberately modulated baritone of a candidate in the telegenic age, as well as access to the great fortune needed to wage a Presidential campaign—he estimates his own net worth at \$5 million, and many of his friends are even richer. As a Senator, he has offered bold programs to attack some of the most demanding issues of the day, including a new way of financing low-cost housing in the cities and a plan to limit the U.S. military commitment in Vietnam. Above all, he is equally acceptable to the liberals and the conservatives of his party, having somehow convinced both sides that he might be or really is one

of them. To accomplish this has involved a certain amount of vacillation on some touchy issues; disenchanted civil-rights leaders call his tactics "Percy-footing."

Though men of more rigid principles are irked by his ambiguity, others see it as an endearing human flaw among the strenuous clichés of his legend. Percy doesn't smoke or swear and indulges in nothing more alcoholic than an infrequent Dubonnet-on-the-rocks. He is said to rise between 5:00 and 6:00 A.M. to study the Bible and readings out of Christian Science in preparation for the family breakfast prayer meeting.

A compulsively self-driven man, he held four jobs simultaneously while he was in high school. At college, he was captain of the water polo team, president of his fraternity, and ran several highly lucrative campus businesses. He became a director of the Bell & Howell camera company at twenty-three and its president at twenty-nine. Once an acquaintance observed that the known outlines of his life were too good to be true. "That's my imperfection," Percy answered.

Politically, he manages to encompass the whole

range of Republican philosophies. He is at once a member of the internationalist Eastern Establishment and a product of isolationist Midwestern Republicanism. This takes the kind of flexibility he demonstrated in his 1964 race for the Illinois governorship. Previously he had announced that he would have voted for the 1964 Civil Rights Act if he had been in Congress. But now he needed the support of the Illinois Goldwater Republicans. So he repudiated state open-occupancy legislation (prohibiting discrimination in the sale or rental of private housing). "This type of legislation tends to excite people," he said in August 1964. "It gives them a symbol that is meaningless. Economic issues are much more important . . . Open occupancy won't solve housing problems." His opponent, Governor Otto Kerner, commented succinctly, "He'd rather switch than fight." In another less publicized switch, he resigned from a prime Eastern Establishment post—the board of directors of the Rockefeller-dominated Chase Manhattan Bank—presumably to convince the Goldwaterites that he wasn't guilty of liberalism by association.

Two sometimes incompatible forces appear to impel Chuck Percy: a profound idealism and an extraordinary drive for success. Idealist Percy, on taking over Bell & Howell, noted that there were no Negroes on the payroll. He called a meeting and told all foremen, supervisors, and department heads that Negroes would henceforth be hired on the same basis as whites. "Anyone who disagreed was free to resign," he said afterward. "No one did." Later, he supported cuts in U.S. import duties, even though his company's sales were threatened by Japanese cameras. "Any business built on a political base is built on sand," he says. "It's got to be built on a sound economic base."

Percy stood firmly behind Bell & Howell's sponsorship of such controversial TV documentaries as "Who Speaks for the South," "Cast the First Stone," and "Walk in My Shoes." When some Southern viewers threatened a boycott of Bell & Howell products, he calmly said, "You can't sponsor public-service programs without raising controversy. We think it is more important to focus on the realities of today than to live in the un-

realities of past days. There is an over-absorption with Westerns on television and I doubt that the West was ever as it's portrayed. The problem of treatment of minorities affects all of us."

Idealist Percy has urged other businessmen to do some serious soul-searching. "Should we go on paying an engineer who makes a new toy twice or three times as much as one who might unlock the secrets of the universe?" he asked. "Shouldn't our resources and our personnel be dedicated to significant purposes rather than trivial ones?" He responded in the same vein in 1964 when a Bell & Howell director urged him not to run for Governor because the state capital, Springfield, "is a slum; there's no place to go but down."

"If state government was held in that kind of ill repute by the responsible leaders of our society," Percy said, "it was something that badly needed attention and leadership."

Yet despite such inspirational words and deeds, a business colleague calls him "the most 'success-oriented' man I've ever met. All the years he was head of Bell & Howell they weren't marketing cameras. They were marketing success—Chuck Percy's success as the bright young man of business."

The First Hurrah

Success indeed is the keynote of his personal history. The poor boy whose family was on relief some thirty years ago is now a multimillionaire with a daughter married to John D. Rockefeller IV. This aura of success and its guiding pragmatic philosophy provide Percy's link to the "now" generation with whom—at forty-eight—he is striving hard to be identified. ("Our telephones are smoking banana skins again," says a pert receptionist in his Senate office when the phone system goes berserk.) The nimbus is similar to Bobby Kennedy's; according to one Chicago paper, Percy is actually pulling ahead of Bobby in the letter-getting derby.

Like Kennedy, he inspires an almost fanatical devotion among people for whom the odor of success is close to a psychedelic experience. At his 1966 victory party on election night there were, according to Mike Royko of the *Chicago Daily News*, "no judges, no aldermen, no ward bosses . . . just young men, lean and well-tailored, with razor-styled hair and permanent smiles. . . . It looked and sounded like New Year's Eve at a good, rich, exclusive club. . . . Now it was time for the first hurrah. Today the Senate! Tomorrow the White House! Well, maybe not tomorrow, but in six years

William Barris Furlong's career as a free-lance reporter has led him to explore such diverse subjects as sex education, space exploration, and sports. He has been a "Newsweek" correspondent in Chicago and Washington and a sports columnist for the Chicago "Daily News." His first article for "Harper's," a portrait of Senator Dirksen based on Mr. Furlong's political observations in Washington and in his home state of Illinois, appeared in 1959.

sure. Waiting can be such a bore, though. Why didn't NBC's computer declare Chuck Percy the president now?"

Of all the potential GOP Presidential candidates, Percy seems the only one touched with Kennedy-style glamour; he and his family are young, rich, beautiful, active, *involved*, archly international (the children are said to speak French at the dinner table) and comfortably cultural (his wife, Loraine, likes Japanese brush painting—"she has a Jacqueline Kennedy air about her," says the *Chicago Daily News*). Like Bobby Kennedy, Percy is enormously ambitious; he is also a moralist and Puritan who believes men should rise early, work hard, and strive to the far reaches of their ability. In the strenuous Kennedy tradition, he first met Loraine—his second wife—on a ski slope. But the differences between Percy and the Kennedys are as conspicuous as the similarities.

Percy is a small man—five foot eight—bland, kind, and with a sober manner that bespeaks high purpose. ("He smiles," says one reporter, "like a man whose corns hurt.") Never flustered or hurried, he moves at the same pace whether he has ten minutes or five hours in which to catch a plane. When Marrinson, his administrative assistant, attributes his rather episcopal mien to the situation he found himself in when he became president of Hall & Howell at twenty-nine and had to deal with men twenty-five or thirty years his senior in other companies. He adopted the measured manner in order not to seem "a young whippersnapper" in board rooms.

In personal give-and-take on "large" issues, Percy is informed, candid, penetrating, assertive. Barry Goldwater has called him perhaps the toughest man in the Senate (which may say more about Goldwater and the Senate than about Percy). His business background is always evident, particularly when he discusses some of the thornier aspects of public affairs. For example, last spring he was questioned on TV about his proposal that Asian nations provide the manpower to fight the Vietnamese war, thus allowing the U.S. to limit its forces. But suppose the Asian nations say no? Then what? Martin Agronsky asked. "I don't think that is an acceptable answer," said Percy. "Well, what would you do?" Agronsky persisted. "We don't accept 'no' for an answer on anything that happens in this country," said Percy; but he suggested no alternative. Once he'd entered a plan it *had* to succeed. That's the way it works in business.

Percy has the executive's skill in delegating authority; but he has also a certain taste for details. For example, last spring when his daughter's

wedding was being planned, the Percys and Rockefeller's decided to invite only as many people as the young couple could shake hands with during a two-hour reception. Timing the process, they found the rate to be six per minute. So 800 invitations were issued—the basic 720 plus a predictable percentage who would send regrets.

The Midas Touch

Percy is a Christian Scientist who follows the discipline of his faith strictly; he does not take drugs or consult doctors. But he holds no canonical suspicion of the medical or other sciences. As a University of Chicago trustee he repeatedly sought higher salaries for the medical school's doctors and researchers. In public life he has supported medical aid for the aged and other federal health and science programs. He has himself gone to doctors for medical examinations when required by the military or insurance companies. His children undergo medical examinations at school. When his first wife, a Congregationalist whom he never tried to convert, died in 1948 at the age of twenty-three—apparently of a penicillin reaction after surgery—Percy might have been forgiven for being bitter or righteous at a medical failure. Instead he permitted an autopsy in the interest of science.

He has an abiding belief in the rights of the majority. "The 99 per cent of the people who want the help of medicine want the best medicine possible," he says, explaining his support for federally financed research. For similar reasons he didn't oppose fluoridation of water though many Christian Scientists battled against it. "I looked at the arithmetic," he said. "How much is fluoridation helping in dental care? How many Christian Scientists are there in a community? Since the facts indicated that fluoridation helped, I thought the Christian Scientists could buy bottled water if they objected and let the overwhelming majority who were not Christian Scientists take advantage of fluoridation."

Percy's faith is a heritage from his mother, an ardent Christian Scientist and a professional violinist who—now in her mid-seventies—still plays with the Evanston Symphony Orchestra. His father, Edward Percy, was cashier of the Rogers Park National Bank in Chicago. In 1931, when Chuck was twelve, the bank failed. "Our phone rang till three in the morning," he recalls. "We finally heaped blankets on it to muffle the sound."

During the bleak Depression years the Percy's car was repossessed. So was Chuck's clarinet. The



family moved into a three-room apartment where the three children slept on daybeds. His mother played the violin in a WPA orchestra for \$90 a month. And Chuck won a plaque for selling more copies of *Country Gentleman* to city people "than any other urban salesman in the United States." At thirteen, he was delivering newspapers from 3:30 to 7:00 A.M. daily (and to 11:00 A.M. Sundays) for \$4.50 a week. In high school he added three other jobs to his schedule and still managed to graduate in the top 5 per cent of his class.

Chuck's father, unable to find employment in banking, worked as a night clerk in seedy hotels for \$35 a week. In whatever free time he had, Chuck tried to help his father get a better job. "I learned to type so I could write letters to various companies for him," he told me. "Those that bothered to reply usually said they had a policy of not hiring anybody over forty." (Edward Percy was then turning fifty.) In Sunday school, Chuck Percy approached one of his teachers about his father's employment problem. The man was Joe McNabb, president of Bell & Howell, a tough, crusty, self-made individual who ran the company with an iron hand. He found a spot for Edward Percy in the accounting department and by 1935 the Percy family was able to move to the suburbs.

Chuck also went to work for Bell & Howell in the summer, as one of four young men paid \$12 a week for answering customers' complaints: "Dear Madam, if you remove the lens cap from your camera you will find your results significantly improved."

In due course, he analyzed the complaints and found most of them could be handled by 40 basic answers which he composed. He wrote a report

pointing out that one man could now do the work of the whole department and recommending that his own job be abolished. Eventually the report reached Joe McNabb, who offered to send Percy to college in a co-op program sponsored by Bell & Howell. Percy, however, decided to accept a partial scholarship at the University of Chicago. There he waited on tables, became a proctor and counselor in a freshman dormitory, managed the libraries in the men's residences, and ran a cooperative purchasing operation for fifteen of the seventeen fraternities on campus. One major enterprise was a recruiting service for a group of small colleges who paid him 5 cents apiece for the names of high school prospects and \$10 for every prospect who actually enrolled. As the business grew he farmed out work to fellow students at 3 cents a name, \$5 per enrollee. He is said to have grossed \$150,000 his senior year, when his grade average dropped to C. "You're exactly the kind of student I'm trying to keep out of the University," said president Robert Hutchins.

After graduating in 1941 Percy went to work at Bell & Howell—by his choice in a small department, the war-contracts division—which he soon built into one of the firm's most prosperous operations. In 1942 he became a director of the company, then enlisted in the Navy in 1943. He emerged with a hearing defect which, today, somewhat handicaps him in conversation but which, he says, cannot apparently be helped by a hearing aid. He had meanwhile married Jeanne Dickerson, whose father was an executive of Bell & Gossett, pump manufacturers. (The resemblance in name to Bell & Howell gave rise to the false rumor that Percy climbed by marrying the boss's daughter.

ere is, in fact, no connection between the two companies.)

In 1947 when McNabb learned that he had a fatal illness, he decided that Percy should succeed him. He so instructed the board of directors, in a letter to be opened posthumously. McNabb died in January 1949, and Percy became president. When he left the company in 1958 its business had grown from \$13 million to \$100 million gross. It even survived some years in judgment to Chuck Percy. In 1957 he thought the market for medical cameras and projectors would flourish in the next five years. When the market didn't develop in the way he anticipated, Bell & Howell had to scramble to lease out its excess production capacity to other camera-makers. "They became nothing but a job shop for Polaroid," says one institutional investor on La Salle Street in Chicago.

Split-level Campaigning

In the 1950s Percy began to dabble in politics—locally as a Republican precinct captain, statewide and in national affairs as a highly effective fundraiser. In 1959, President Eisenhower, who—in private encounters—had been much impressed by LBJ's logic and pietistic rhetoric, asked him to head a 42-man committee which would define the Republican party's goals. The sequel was his selection as chairman of the 1960 platform committee. At that time some people were already talking of Percy as a possible vice-presidential running mate with Nixon—Mr. Clean with Mr. Mean, as some said. But the platform committee—Percy's first rush with political pros when they are playing for keeps—proved a bruising experience. In the end, as conservatives battled liberals in the spotlight of national TV, he yielded the chairmanship to Congressman Marvin Laird of Wisconsin, an expert parliamentarian who managed to restore a measure of order and cohesion to the scene.

The ordeal taught Percy how the Big Boys play politics. There were, he saw, no short cuts to the top. He would have to take the customary route through the thickets of Republican politics in Illinois where the party was in terrible disarray after more than a decade of subservience to Chicago's Cook County machine. In July 1963—with the election seventeen months away and a nasty primary fight inevitable—Percy announced that he was seeking the governorship of Illinois. His chief rival for the nomination was Charles Carpentier, secretary of state, who had a firm grip on the regular Republican organization, such as it was. "We knew from the start that we had 90 per cent of the

county chairmen against us," says Tom Hauser, who managed the campaign and was for some time after's Chicago director. So the Percy machine built a new organization of independent voters associated with Percy's name. With the campaign rapidly acquiring 1,850 new votes a day, Percy campaigned at some forty-four state and county fairs, and traveled close to 100,000 miles, often aided by as many as thirteen members of his family including his mother—who obtained, with other sons, Working out of a mobile headquarters called the "Chuck Wagon" he shook an estimated 80,000 hands. But the result was that by January 1964 he was far behind his opponent.

That there took place one of the strangest turn of events in Illinois was to mark Percy's political career from here on. Carpentier suffered a heart attack—suffered from the same and died from the same—Percy placed himself at the forefront of Carpentier's organization and did everything he could to prove that he was as conservative as the next man. He carried out Carpentier's pet campaign of opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, calling it an "error of man-one-vote as 'erroneous and simple minded';" he pushed his support for candidates supported by a majority of the Illinois delegation to the Republican convention. When the first Illinois delegate of the 1964 national convention voted for Barry Goldwater, Percy removed the trend and moved to support Goldwater. He wound up winning the gubernatorial nomination by a decisive margin.

The Republican National Convention in San Francisco was painful for Chuck Percy. He was publicly repudiated in his effort to become leader of the Illinois delegation; Senator Dirksen was chosen instead. Percy tried to carve out a carefully ambiguous position on extremism: he voted against a Rockefeller proposal that the platform condemn extremist groups by name (thus he could please the conservatives by citing this aspect of his record), then he voted for a Romney proposal that the platform condemn extremist groups in general (thus he could please liberals by citing this vote). He seemed to be tailoring his attitude to Senator Goldwater's famed "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice" speech according to whether he had a national audience or an Illinois one.

Percy's gubernatorial campaign, played from the start by Goldwater's candidacy, proved rough going. Percy had hoped to develop a "split-level" strategy focusing on state issues to the exclusion of the national ticket. The Presidential campaign, however, kept intruding on his plans, forcing him, for example, to acquiesce when Illinois Republicans decided to "disinvite" liberal Senator Jacob

Javits of New York to speak at a major rally and to substitute Senator Goldwater. In the course of the campaign Percy pronounced himself satisfied with Goldwater's stand on extremism.

Campaigning in his own behalf, Percy had obviously boned up on facts and figures. But he neglected to pass the time of day with local politicians. "He quickly got the reputation," said the *National Observer*, "of 'Chuckie Goodboy,' the gee-whiz wonder boy . . . who went through life looking for widows in distress." In one moment of inspiration Percy promised as Governor to "establish a giant state-wide taxpayers' suggestion box and ask citizens to write me to suggest ways we can cut out the waste of public money." This gesture, like his other stratagems, failed to fire the voters' imagination. Goldwater lost Illinois by 890,887 votes. Percy was defeated by 179,299.

The Winning Gamble

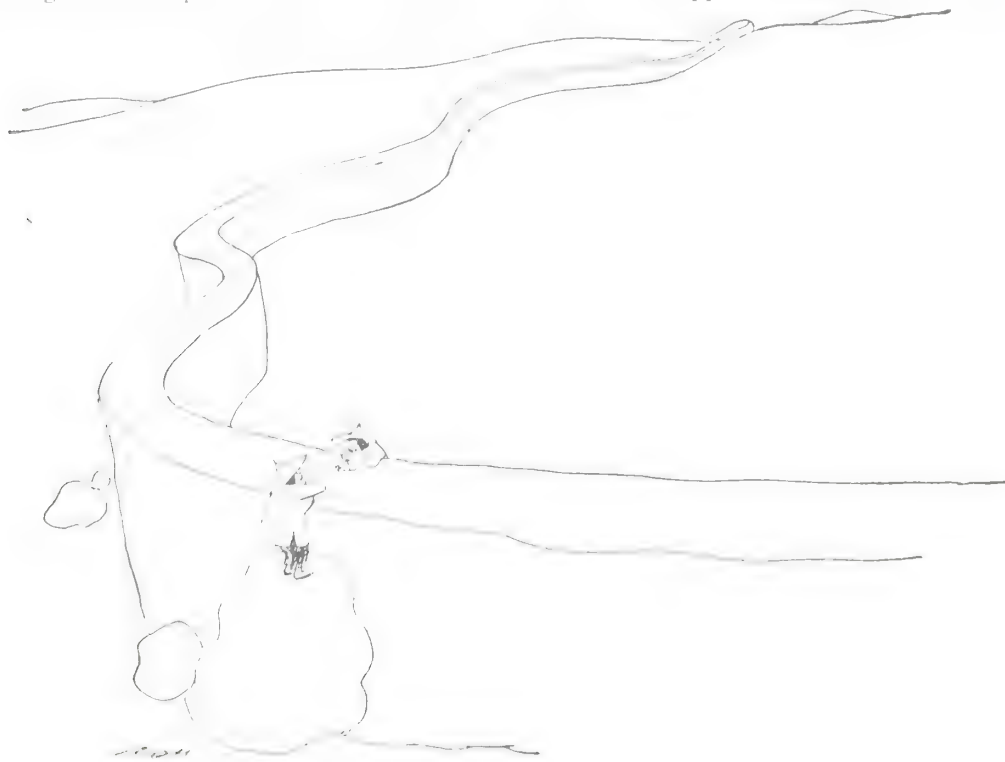
Percy reacted to his worst public failure with great resilience, blaming no one but himself. The question now was not whether he would run again but when and for what office. He made this plain by deciding not to resume the helm of Bell & Howell (though he was still chairman of the board). He chose instead to found a private welfare organization, the New Illinois Committee, whose goal was to fight poverty in the slums.

Politically his alternatives were either a second try for the governorship in 1968 or a Senate race

in 1966. That he chose the latter was an act of both daring and realism. Senator Paul Douglas was an apparently formidable opponent. On the other hand, many local Republican wheels far preferred the prospect of Percy in the Senate, where there is little patronage for the state party, to having him in Springfield whence flows all local largess. And if he lost to Douglas, Percy would be dead in Illinois politics, a prospect by no means dismaying to some indigenous Republicans. Thus ambiguously motivated, the local GOP backed him for the Senatorial nomination. And as he began his campaign "he started to listen as well as to talk," says one aide—and to mute the "gee-whiz golden-boy image" of the past. "We were aware of the sentiment that Percy seemed too perfect and we sat around trying to think which of his defects we could gracefully emphasize," said another assistant, but they couldn't think of any real blemishes.

Campaigning this time without his family, Percy paid more careful attention to details. Advance men with walkie-talkies roamed through his campaign trains; telephones were installed at tiny railroad depots so that reporters could file their stories en route; he even had the crease pressed out of his trousers when he learned that farm folk mistrusted his sharply-creased look.

In his speeches he called—among other things—for an all-Asian conference on Vietnam, an idea promptly approved by seven nations and in general by the Administration. On civil rights, however, his position was more equivocal. Earlier, in Jackson, Mississippi, he had said, "We must make it



mistakably clear that the traditionally progressive position of our party will never again be betrayed by appealing to a backlash of white assistance." But 1966 in Chicago was the year of Martin Luther King's crusade, the year, as Mike Wyko of the *Chicago Daily News* put it, when good Negro Democrats decided to go marching in the neighborhoods of good white Democrats." It was the year when the backlash was a political reality, and Senator Douglas, representing the north, bore the brunt of it.

Percy's supporters handled the issue by circulating in the appropriate neighborhoods a "Negro brochure" (which said he favored "open occupancy housing" without saying how) and a "white brochure" ("your home is your castle—let's keep it that way"). Democrats fought back by circulating the Negro brochure in white areas and vice versa for which trick Percy accused his opponent of unfair election practices. Douglas, in turn, countered that Percy was the first public figure to raise vacillation to the level of a moral principle." In addition to the backlash, Douglas had two other handicaps. One was age. Percy did not talk about it. ("We didn't even mention that his mother was as old as Douglas," said one aide.)

Then there was the murder of Valerie Percy on the night of September 17. The tragedy shook thousands of people who understood what it might mean to lose a daughter in such brutal fashion. For more than three weeks, Percy stopped campaigning (as did Douglas). When Chuck returned to the hustings it was on a more restrained note. And his public image changed. "There were a lot of people who couldn't identify with him, with all that success," says one close associate. "But when he lost Valerie, he was no longer just a bright young man; he was a grieving father, a man who could arouse other people's compassion. Suddenly he was somebody people could identify with."

Percy won by 422,302 votes, even beating Douglas by 81,474 votes in Cook County.

Dogged, Resourceful, Ambiguous

Once in Washington, Percy lost no momentum. In fact, contrary to the Senate's genteel tradition, he caused an immediate stir and became the center of speculative attention. This was, in part, because the other prospective GOP nominees were Governors and an ex-Vice President, living far from Washington and its hyper-active press corps. Percy gave the reporters something to write about. There was, for instance, his idea of financing low-cost housing through a mixture of public

and private funds, as was done for missilery in the Comsat program. Percy not only launched his proposal; he then lined up support for it from every Republican in the Senate and from one hundred Republican Representatives. Then he went after leaders in the major cities. The by-product of this idealistic effort was to make him the GOP's chief spokesman on urban affairs in a time when Presidential elections are won or lost in the big cities.

There are those who feel that Percy's natural home is in the East even though his real home is in the Midwest. They point to the fact that he seems more anxious to win the approval of the *New York Times* than that of the senior Senator from Illinois, Everett Dirksen. Since entering the Senate he has, in fact, differed with Dirksen on many matters, including repeal of Section 14B of the Taft-Hartley Act (the section most obnoxious to organized labor); ratification of the consular treaty (which Dirksen, of course, opposes); expansion of trade with Communist-bloc nations and truth-in-lending legislation. Percy opposes Dirksen's efforts to nullify the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote reapportionment decision and its ruling against school prayers.

Percy has, as yet, no large national following in Republican party circles; and he still has a long way to go to win the fealty of the GOP party regulars in Illinois, who will control the state delegation at the 1968 Presidential nominating convention. When he spoke at a fund-raising dinner during Chicago's mayoralty race last winter, only a few months after his enormous victory over Douglas, huge blocs of tickets had to be given away to prevent confronting him with a sea of empty tables. From the present outlook, the Illinois delegation is likely to favor Nixon or whatever conservative he designates.

Still—at a Presidential convention—Percy has much to offer his party. He is far more at ease with national and international issues than George Romney, and he has the advantage of his indomitable ambiguity. Chuck Percy could grace virtually any platform with virtually any running mate. (Romney—a Mormon—is an exception since the GOP is unlikely to nominate two Midwesterners of rather eccentric religious backgrounds.) But a Reagan-Percy ticket charms conservatives, as a Rockefeller-Percy ticket beguiles liberal Republicans. Clearly, Percy is the ideal No. 2 man, the man virtually everyone would "next most like to see President." On the other hand, if the Republican convention goes into a liberal-conservative deadlock, Percy, as the natural heir of everybody's good will, might conceivably turn out—in the end—to be everybody's No. 1 man.)

Paul Brooks

A COPPER COMPANY VS. THE NORTH CASCADES

Should the future of a national treasure depend on how a giant corporation defines its responsibility to the public?

As business corporations continue to grow, the distinction between private and public enterprise becomes less and less real. "Increasingly it will be recognized," wrote John Kenneth Galbraith recently, "that the mature corporation, as it develops, becomes part of the larger administrative complex associated with the State." So we are faced with the inevitable question: to what extent does a giant corporation have an obligation to serve the public interest, as well as its own executives and stockholders?

Right now this question is being posed in dramatic form in a remote roadless area of Washington's North Cascade Mountains, often known as the American Alps. The corporation is Kennecott Copper, a giant second in size only to Anaconda. Kennecott has announced plans for a huge open-pit mine at the heart of the Glacier Peak Wilderness: a region which, because of its unique natural beauty, is already a part of our national wilderness preservation system. Recently it has assumed new significance because of its close association with the proposed North Cascades National Park.* If the company's plans go through, a priceless scenic treasure will be destroyed. And a shattering precedent will have been created.

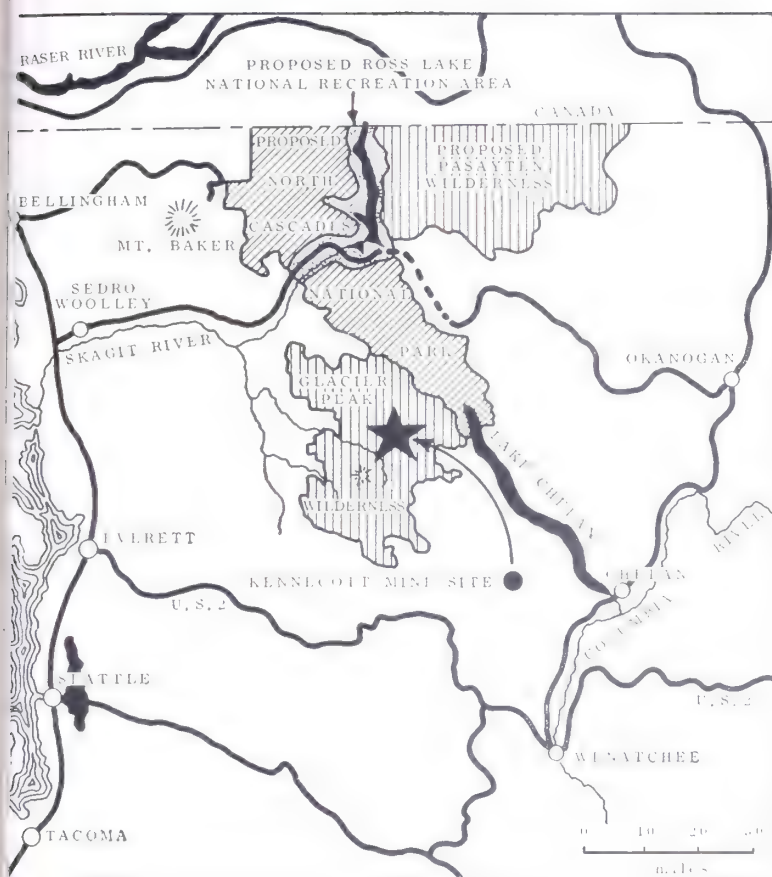
Unlike the earlier exploitation of the public domain by other companies through fraud and corruption, Kennecott's proposed action is strictly within the law. The issue is therefore more far-reaching and more complex than that of mere law enforcement. Kennecott does not, of course, own

these forested ridges and snow-clad mountains; they are public property, administered by the U. S. Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture. Kennecott does, however, own three hundred acres, and has unpatented mining claims on another three thousand. These claims were staked out under our free-and-easy mining laws at the turn of the century, and taken over by a Kennecott subsidiary some ten years ago. Under the Wilderness Act of 1964, areas officially designated as wilderness are protected from lumbering, road-building, mechanized travel, or from any other use incompatible with their pristine character. But prospecting is still allowed until 1984 (as it is not in a national park) and previously existing mining claims can be exploited. Like a buried bomb that hasn't been defused, this situation has haunted conservationists, who have wondered when and where the bomb might go off. Now they know.

The Glacier Peak Wilderness is vulnerable on another score. Until recently few persons outside the Northwest were aware that these American Alps existed. Far fewer have enjoyed the superlative view of Glacier Peak itself from the proposed mine site at nearby Miners Ridge—a view described as "the scenic climax of the entire North Cascades." Like the Great Smoky Mountains and the Olympics, the Cascades have survived until the present because of their inaccessibility. Offering no immediate economic opportunities, they have been ignored. Yet once modern technology has made their exploitation commercially profitable, they will be saved only through concerted action by an informed public.

Fortunately there are precedents, on the part of both individuals and corporations, for putting public interest ahead of private profit when unique

*The Glacier Peak Wilderness was originally recommended by the Park Service for inclusion in the National Park, but the final report of the North Cascades Study Team left it under the jurisdiction of the Forest Service. (See map.)



an assembly plant in the middle of New York's Central Park, the company would surely desist, both from a sense of public responsibility, and because the sale of Fords in the Manhattan area would be likely to fall off. Unfortunately, this principle applies only to a product with a trade name. Customers for copper tubing, for example, cannot be expected to know what company mined the ore, or what future public assets it may have destroyed in the process.

Nevertheless, great corporations are jealous of their public image and spend many millions to keep it fresh. Paper companies have recognized the recreational value of their vast timberlands, and on occasion have refrained from cutting along rivers and highways; even the ruthless exploiters of our virgin redwoods may yet be forced to save enough trees for an adequate national park. Several

natural values are concerned. One of the earliest and most famous is the public-spirited action on the part of the explorers who discovered the wonders of the Yellowstone, almost a century ago. Had they staked out personal claims and managed these rare geological phenomena as a tourist attraction, they would doubtless have made a handsome profit. Instead, following the precedent set in Yosemite Valley a few years earlier, they urged the then novel idea that the area be administered by the federal government for the enjoyment of all the people. Yellowstone thus became our first national park.

Unhappily, we cannot automatically expect such self-denial, least of all on the part of great corporations. As their directors are quick to point out, the stockholders' money is involved. To be sure when there are many stockholders they constitute a sizable segment of the interested public, as do the company's potential customers. Accordingly, even if it were legal and otherwise desirable for the Ford Motor Company, let us say, to build

years ago the world's largest public utility, Pacific Gas and Electric, abandoned its plan for an atomic power plant at Bodega Head north of San Francisco after a bitter fight by conservationists; more recently, the same company had second thoughts about locating a plant on Southern California's beautiful Nipomo Dunes. In the face of determined local opposition, B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company recently withdrew its request to locate an industrial plant on the banks of Maryland's famous Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. And Little Stony Point in the Hudson River Highlands was saved when Georgia Pacific Corporation voluntarily chose another location for its gypsum wall-board plant, after acknowledging that the scenic values of the original site could not readily be ignored. On the same river, Consolidated Edison may ultimately be prevented, through a new interpretation of public interest by the courts, from building a power plant at Storm King.

Federal agencies have made similar concessions. In the most publicized of all conservation battles, the Administration has withdrawn support for bills authorizing construction of dams in the Grand Canyon. Similarly, on the far-off coast of northwest Alaska, where it might be (and was) assumed that one could get away with anything, the all-powerful Atomic Energy Commission

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COMPUTATIONS AFTER DEPOSITING ONE FRESHMAN

by *E. A. Muir*

A classic sum of sun and elms
Arched neatly over his new world,
But our exchange of blunt farewells
Was little like our large intent,
With habit there as subtrahend.
The ride back was longer by just
One driver less but seemed like more.
And now a younger son becomes
An elder, postulating all
From his new quarters, voice and chores.
The cat expands, the dog declines.
The mother nervously negates
All talk about that other world
Except when she is counting socks.
And now accrues to us more house,
More cars, more television sets,
More meals from a roast, more peace and quiet
Than we really need.

abandoned plans for a bomb excavation experiment, when the effect on the region became publicly known.

Kennecott's excavation plans for Miners Ridge involve nothing quite so dramatic as atom bombs, but there are resemblances. Since the ore is low grade, only an open-pit mine is economic. "Hopefully," as their vice president in charge of mining, C. D. Michaelson, put it, there will be "thirty years of blasting." This will create a crater almost half a mile in diameter and five hundred feet deep, high on the ridge, reached by fifteen miles of access roads, through an area classified as wilderness. A mill will be constructed and tailings dumped into the valley below; waters will be polluted and probably poisoned. All this at the very core of the proposed National Park-Wilderness Area complex!

The news of this impending disaster broke late last year. Protest was immediate. The Sierra Club and the North Cascades Conservation Council, long aware of the threat, went into action. The Governor of Washington, speaking officially for his state, and the Secretary of Agriculture came out against the project. This is a case, said Secretary Freeman, "of balancing a priceless, yet intangible, national treasure against ledger sheets and profits. . . . The scenic values of this area are

as well known to the company as they are to you and me. The company can, if it so chooses, ignore these values; gouge out its road and begin operations. . . . But I cannot really believe that such an application will ever reach my desk." Some of Kennecott's own stockholders protested at their annual meeting. The company has a standard reply to all criticism: "Of course we're going ahead and mine. You can't desert property." They admit that Miners Ridge would be a tiny percentage of their total operation, but they fear the precedent. "If we are stopped here and in half a dozen other places that we plan to develop," says Mr. Michaelson, "then we would have to go out of business. Pressed further, they fall back on the surefire plea that it is essential to the war effort: "Have you a son in Vietnam?" Alas for Kennecott, this argument has already backfired. Miners Ridge would produce less than one-half of one per cent of the annual U.S. consumption of copper. Freeman says flatly, "Our present war effort will not suffer if Miners Ridge is left undeveloped. Neither will our civilian standard of living suffer."

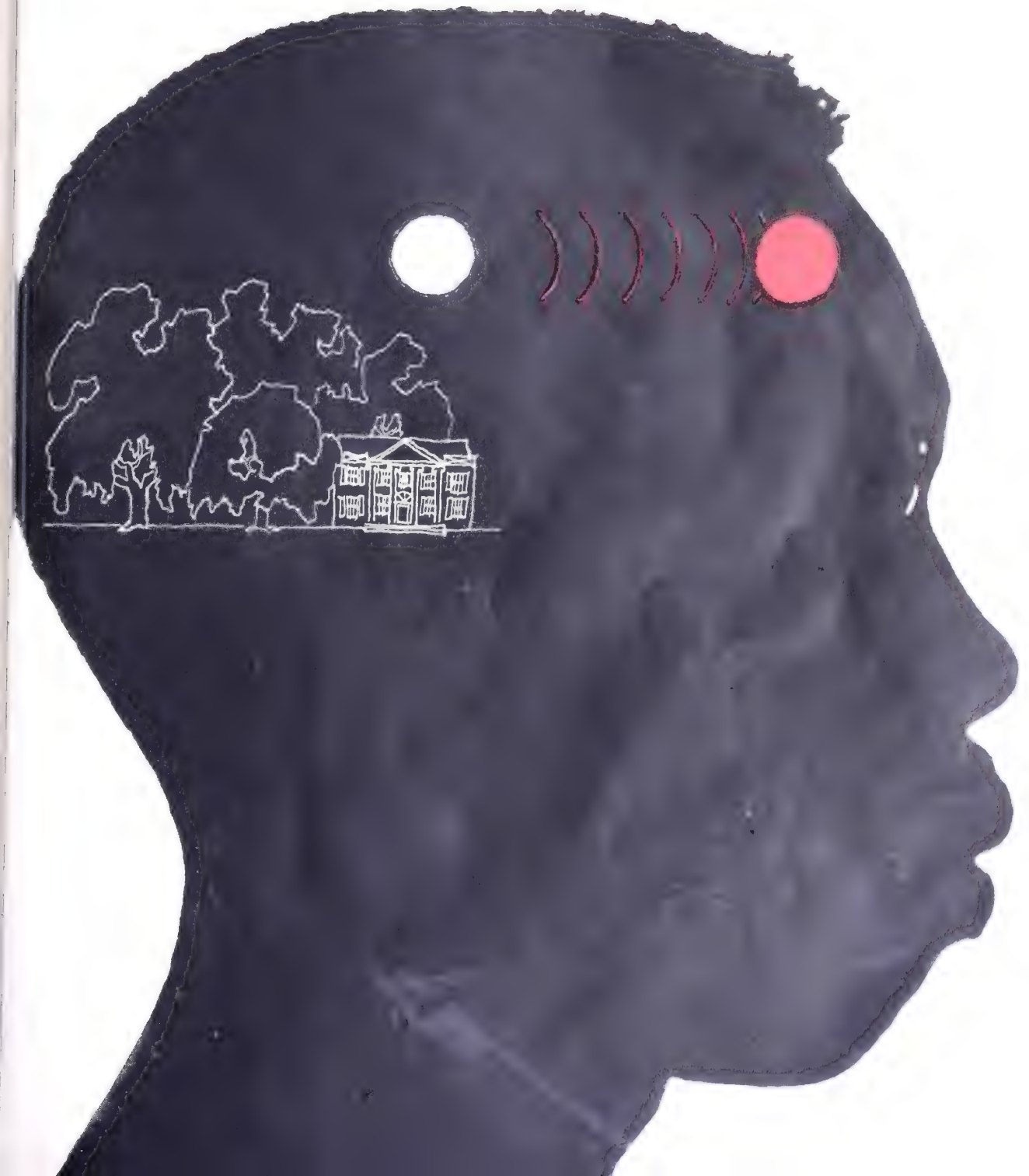
The final, unanswerable opinion comes—amazingly—from the Department of Defense. Assistant Secretary Paul R. Ignatius has written to Senator Henry M. Jackson, Chairman of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, who conducted hearings on the bill for a North Cascades National Park: "Because of the length of time necessary to bring the mine into production and the relatively small amount of additional copper that would result therefrom" it is doubtful that its contribution would be "sufficient to outweigh other important considerations, such as the inevitable damage to the natural beauty of the wilderness area."

So the lines are drawn. The outcome at Miner Ridge in the North Cascades may well become a decisive one in the nation's conservation battle as was Gettysburg's Cemetery Ridge in the Civil War. A bloodless victory is still possible. Edward P. Clifton, chief of the Forest Service, has already recommended legislation empowering the government to buy up mining claims at a fair price. If Kennecott holds back the dynamite and the bulldozers, it will lose little by a patriotic gesture which will be remembered as long as men love mountains.

In most aspects of modern life our great corporations have been forced to accept the obligations that go with wealth and power. Education, arts and letters, public health, elimination of air and water pollution have all come within their pattern of responsibility. Should preservation of natural beauty alone be excluded? On Miner Ridge, only Kennecott can answer.

William Styron

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER



Foreword

William Styron's extraordinary new novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, based on the only effective, sustained revolt in the annals of American Negro slavery, will be published by Random House on October 9. A little-known event in our past, and one almost ignored by the history books, the insurrection took place in a remote rural region of southeastern Virginia in the late summer of 1831. Nat Turner, the leader of the revolt, was a thirty-year-old educated slave who felt himself divinely ordained to annihilate all the white people in the region and, together with his followers, to escape to the Dismal Swamp nearby, where it was his purpose to set up an empire of fugitive black men. On August 21, 1831, heading in the direction of Jerusalem, the county seat, Nat Turner set forth with a small nucleus of disciples and began to wreak upon the white inhabitants death and devastation such as had never been seen in the South before. During the three-day uprising sixty white people were killed and every dwelling on the thirty-five mile path was plundered or destroyed. In all, seventy-odd Negroes took part in the insurrection, which was eventually put down by resistance from the white landowners and by units of the Virginia militia. By one contemporary estimate close to two hundred Negroes, slave and free, were killed in retaliation, some by forms of torture unimaginably horrible. Practically all the slaves involved were tried in court, and of these seventeen were hanged—among them their leader, Nat Turner, who had failed to plead guilty because, as he said, he “felt no guilt.”

Little is known about Nat's early life and the motivations for the revolt, and the meager details of the rebellion itself are contained in a slim document entitled “The Confessions of Nat Turner,” which were taken down from Nat's lips as he awaited trial by a lawyer named Thomas Gray. Gray—a racist like most white men of his time—was nonetheless so impressed by Nat as to say of him that “for natural intelligence and quickness of apprehension he is surpassed by few men I have ever seen.” Surely it would have been the greatest irony for this tragic and magnetic figure that his desperate bid for liberty caused in the end only the most tyrannical new controls upon Negroes everywhere—the establishment of patrols, further restrictions upon movement, education, assembly, and the beginning of other severe and crippling restraints which persisted throughout the slaveholding states until the Civil War. Nonetheless, Nat Turner's revolt had far-reaching effect; a shock wave of panic ran throughout the entire South and the realization that their black servitors were, after all, capable of violent retribution continued to haunt white men throughout the following decades.

In his re-creation of this catastrophic event, William Styron has adhered to the known facts of the revolt wherever possible. In those areas, however, where little is known of Nat's early life and the germination of the revolt (and this is most of the time) the author has allowed himself the utmost liberty of imagination in reconstructing that distant yet close antebellum world, attempting to create what, in his own words, is “less an historical novel in conventional terms than a meditation on history.” The entire novel is narrated from the point of view of Nat Turner himself. The following 45,000-word excerpt, which comprises the central portion of the book, is a long reverie that takes place in Nat's mind as he lingers in jail through the cold, autumnal days before his execution.

Once when I was a boy of twelve or thereabouts, and living with my mother in the big house at Turner's Mill, I remember a fat white man who stopped one night and had supper with my owner of that time, Samuel Turner. This traveling man was a bluff, hearty soul with a round red face, cruelly pockmarked, and a booming laugh. A dealer in farm implements—plows and harrows, shares and cultivators and the like—he traveled up and down the country with several huge wagons and a team of dray horses and a couple of boys to help him, stopping for the night at this or that farm or plantation, wherever he happened to be peddling his wares. I no longer recall the man's name (if I ever knew it) but I do remember the season, which was the beginning of spring. Indeed, it was only what this man said about the weather and the season that caused me to remember him at all. For that evening in April, I was serving at the supper table (I had just recently begun this chore; there were two older Negroes in attendance, but it was my apprentice duty alone to replenish the glasses with cider or buttermilk, to pick up whatever fell to the floor, and to shoo away the cat and the dogs) and I recollect his voice, very loud but genial, as he orated to Marse Samuel and the family in the alien accent of the North: "No sir, Mr. Turner," he was saying, "they is no spring like it in this great land of ours. They is nothing what approaches the full springtide when it hits Virginia. And, sir, they is good reason for this. I have traveled all up and down the seaboard, from the furthest upper ranges of New England to the hottest part of Georgia, and I know whereof I speak. What makes the Virginia spring surpassing fine? Sir, it is simply this. It is simply that, whereas in more southern climes the temperature is always so humid that spring comes as no surprise, and whereas in more northerly climes the winter becomes so prolonged that they is no spring at all hardly, but runs smack into summer—why, in Virginia, sir, it is unique! It is ideal! Nature has conspired so that spring comes in a sudden warm rush! Alone in the Virginia latitude, sir, is spring like the embrace of a mother's arms!"

I remember this moment with the clarity of a great event which has taken place only seconds ago—the breath of spring still in my nostrils, the dusty evening light still vivid and golden, the air filled with voices and the gentle clash of china and silverware. As the traveling man ceases speaking, the clock in the far hallway lets fall six thudding cast-iron notes, which I hear through the soft yet precisely enunciated cadences of Samuel Turner's own voice: "You are perhaps too complimentary, sir, for spring will soon also bring us a plague of bugs. But the sentiment is well taken, for indeed so far Nature has been kind to us this year. Certainly, I have but rarely seen such ideal conditions for planting."

There is a pause as the sixth and final chime

lingers for an instant with a somnolent hum, then dwindles away dully into infinity, while at this same instant I catch sight of myself in the ceiling-high mirror beyond the far sideboard: a skinny undersized pickaninny in a starched white jumper, the toes of one bare foot hooked behind the other leg as I stand wobbling and waiting, eyes rolling white with nervous vigilance. And my eyes return quickly to the table as my owner, for the traveling man's benefit, gestures with his fork in a fond, circular, spacious motion at the family surrounding him: his wife and his widowed sister-in-law, his two young daughters around nineteen or twenty, and his two nephews—grown men of twenty-five or more with rectangular, jut-jawed faces and identical thick necks looming above me, their skin creased and reddened with sun and weather. Samuel Turner's gesture embraces them all; swallowing a bite, he clears his throat elaborately, then continues with warm humor: "Of course, sir, my family here can hardly be expected to welcome such an active time of the year, after a winter of luxurious idleness." There is a sound of laughter, and cries of "Oh, Papa!" and I hear one of the young men call above the sudden clamor: "You slander your industrious nephews, Uncle Sam!" My eyes wander to the traveling man; his red, evilly cratered face is crinkled in jollity, and a trickle of gravy threads its way down his chin. Miss Louisa, the eldest of the daughters, smiles in a vague and pretty way, and blushes, and she lets drop her napkin, which I instantly scurry to retrieve, replacing it upon her lap.

Now in the twilight the merriment slowly subsides, and the conversation proceeds in easy ruminative rhythms, the women silent, the men alone chatting garrulous and full-mouthed as I circle the table with the china pitcher of foaming cider, then return to my station between the two thick-necked nephews, resume my one-legged heron's stance, and slowly turn my gaze out into the evening. Beyond the veranda the pasture slopes away green and undulating toward the pinewoods. On the coarse weedy grass a score of sheep munch placidly in the yellow light, trailed by a collie dog and a small, bowlegged Negro shepherdess. Past them, far down the slope where a log road separates the lawn and the looming forest, I can see an empty cart drawn by two flop-eared mules, making its last trip of the day from the storehouse to the mill. On the seat of the cart sits a Negro man, a yellow straw hat raked down upon his head. As I watch, I see that the man is trying to scratch his back, first his left arm snaking up from his waist, then his right arm arching down over his shoulder as the black fingers grope in vain for the source of some intolerable itch. Finally, as the mules plod steadily down the slope and the cart ponderously rocks and veers, the man stands up with a lurching motion and scrapes his back cowlike up and down against the side post of the cart.

For some reason, I find this wonderfully amusing and I suddenly am aware that I am giggling to myself, though not so loudly that the white people may notice. Long moments pass as I watch the cart drift rocking across the margin of the woods, the man seated again as cart and mules pass with a distant drumming of hooves and creaking axles over the little bridge, then around the murky lower rim of the millpond, where two white swans glide stately and soundless, finally vanishing behind the forest-shadowed white shape of the sawmill with its dull and sluggish rasp of metal-tortured timber drifting up faintly through the dusk: *hrrush, hrrush*. Closer now, the yap of the collie dog starts me out of my daydream, and I turn back to the table and the bright tinkling collision of china and silver, the traveling man's voice broadly ingratiating as he speaks to Marse Samuel: "... a new line of sundries this year. Now for instance, I have some pure sea salt from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, for preserving and table use only, sir . . . They is nothing better in the market . . . And so you say they is ten people here, including the overseer and his family? And sixty-eight grown Negroes? Presuming it goes mostly for salt pork then, sir, I should say five sacks will do you nicely, a splendid bargain at thirty-one dollars twenty-five cents . . ."

Now again my mind begins to wander. My thoughts stray outdoors once more where the brilliant fuss of chattering birds intrudes in the fading day—blackbirds and robins, finches and squawking jays, and somewhere far off above the bottomlands the noise of some mean assembly of crows, their calls echoing venturesome and conning and harsh. Again the scene outside captures my attention, so now slowly and with irresistible pleasure I turn to gaze at the coarse green slope with its slant of golden light and its nimble bustle of many wings, the flower bed only feet away ferny and damp with the odor of new-turned earth. The little black bowlegged shepherdess has vanished from the pasture, sheep and collie too, leaving behind a haze of dust to tremble in the evening light. Rising on fat whirlpools of air, this haze fills the sky like the finest sawdust. In the distance the mill still rasps with a steady husking noise above the monotonous roar of water from the sluiceway. Two huge dragonflies dart across the evening, wild and iridescent, a swift flash of transparency. *Springtime*. Worried that my excitement will show, I feel my limbs stretch and quiver with a lazy thrill. A sense of something quickening, a voluptuous stirring courses gently through my flesh. I hear the blood pulsing within me like some imagined wash of warm oceanic tides. In my mind I echo the traveling man's words—*Full springtide, spring, spring*, I find myself whispering to myself—and this awakening brings to my lips the shadow of a grin. I feel half stunned, my eyes roll like marbles. I am filled with inexpli-

cable happiness and a sense of tantalizing promise.

As the traveling man's voice drifts back into hearing, I turn again and feel the gaze of my mistress, Miss Nell, upon me, and I look up the and see her mouth forming the whispered word "cider." I grasp the heavy pitcher with two hands and again make my circuit of the table, filling the glasses of the women first, taking pains that not a drop is spilled. My care is meticulous. I hold my breath until the edge of the table swims dizzily before my eyes. Now finally I am at the elbow of the traveling man, who, as I serve him, ceases his talk of commerce long enough to look down at me and good-naturedly exclaim: "Well, I'll be durned if that crock ain't bigger than you are!" I am only half aware that he is addressing these words to me, and I am unconcerned as I pour the cider, replace the glass, and continue my tour around the table. "Cute little nipper too," the traveling man adds in an offhand tone, but again I make no connection between myself and what is said until now drawing near to Miss Nell, I hear her voice, gentle and indulgent as it descends from the rare white prodigious atmosphere above me: "And smart, you wouldn't believe! Spell something, Nat." And then to the traveling man: "Ask him something to spell."

Suddenly I am fastened to my tracks and I feel my heart beat wildly as I realize that I am the focus of all eyes. The pitcher in my hands is as heavy as a boulder. He beams down at me; the radish-red broad cheeks are all benevolence as the man pauses, reflects, then says: "Can you spell 'lady'?" But abruptly, before I can reply, I hear Samuel Turner interrupt, amused: "Oh *no*, something difficult!" And the traveling man scratches the side of his pitted face, still beaming: "Come well," he says, "let's see, some kind of flower . . . 'Columbine.' Spell 'columbine.'" And I spell without effort and instantly but in a pounding fury of embarrassment, the pulse roaring in my ears as the letters tumble forth in a galloping rush: "... i-n-e, spells *columbine*!" And the laughter at the table that follows this, and a shrill echo from the walls, make me realize in dismay that I am yelling at the top of my lungs.

"It is I am sure a kind of unorthodoxy, and considered thus by some," I hear my master say as I resume my station, still flustered and with a mad working heart, "but it is my conviction that the more religiously and intellectually enlightened Negro is made, the better for himself, his master and the common weal. But one must begin at tender age, and thus, sir, you see in Nat the promising beginnings of an experiment. Of course, it is late for this child, compared with white children yet . . ." As I listen to him speak, not completely comprehending the words, my panic and embarrassment (which had been made up in equal parts of childish self-consciousness and terror at the thought that I might publicly fail) diminish, fa-

way, and in their place I feel (tongue even more
 a sense of pride and accomplishment. (The
 all, I may have been a loudmouth, but I did know
 the word, and I sensed in the sunny laughter a
 aurel, a tribute. All of a sudden the secret pleasure
 take in my exploit is like a delectable itch within,
 and though my expression in the mirror is glum,
 abashed, and my pink lips are persimmon-sour, I
 can hear my insides stirring. I feel wildly alive. I
 hiber feverishly in the glory of self.

But I seem to be quickly forgotten, for now the
 traveling man is again talking of his wares: "It is
 the Carey plow, sir, of stout cast iron, and I calcu-
 late it will supplant all plows presently in the
 market. They has been a big demand for it in the
 Northern states . . ." Yet even as he talks and my
 thoughts wander astray again, the proud glow of
 achievement hangs on, and I am washed by a mood
 of contentment and snug belonging so precious
 that I could cry out for the joy of it. Nor does it
 go away. It is a joy that remains even as the pine-
 woods begin to crowd ragged trembling shadows
 onto the deserted pasture, and a horn blows far off,
 long and lonesome-sounding, summoning the Ne-
 groes from the mill and the distant fields. As ab-
 ruptly as some interrupted human grumble, the
 sawmill ceases its harsh rasp and husk, and for a
 moment the silence is like a loud noise in my ears.
 Now twilight deepens over the meadow, where
 cats no bigger than sparrows are flickering and
 darting in the dusk, and I can see through the
 evening shadows in the distance a line of Negro
 men trooping up from the mill toward the cabins,
 their faces black and barely visible but their voices
 rising and falling, wearily playful with intermit-
 tent cries of laughter as they move homeward
 with the languid, shuffling, shoulder-bent gait of a
 long day's toil. Snatches of their talk rise up in-
 distinctly across the field, sounds of gentle, tired
 skylarking in the twilight: "*Hoo-dar*, Simon! . . .
Shee-it, nigger! . . . Cotch you, fo' sho!" Quickly I
 turn away (could there have been a whiff of some-
 thing desperate and ugly in that long file of
 sweating, weary men which upsets my glowing
 childish household spirit, disturbs the beatitude
 of that April dusk?) and circle the table with my
 pitcher one last time while the two other Negro
 house servants, Little Morning and Prissy, clear
 away the dishes and light thick candles on pewter
 candelabra that fill the darkening room with a
 pumpkin-hued glow.

My master is talking now, his chair pushed back,
 the thumbs of both hands hooked in the pockets
 of his vest. He is in his early forties (to be precise,
 he will be forty-three at five-thirty in the morning
 on the twelfth day of the coming June, accord-
 ing to one or another of the old house servants,
 who know more about the events in white people's
 lives than white people do themselves) but he looks
 older—perhaps only to me, however, since I hold
 him in such awe that I am forced to regard him,

physically as well as spiritually in terms of the
 same patriarchal and venerable grandeur that
 glows forth from those Bible pictures of Moses
 on the mount, or an angelic light exploding in
 bearded triumph at the transfiguration of Christ.
 Even so, the wrinkles around his mouth are early;
 he has worked hard, and this accounts for the c-
 lines and for the cheek whiskers which end in
 small tufts whiter than a cottontail's butt. "Ugly
 as a muskrat," my mother has said of him, and
 perhaps this is true: the angular face is too long
 and horselike, the nose too prominent and beaked,
 and, as my mother also has observed, "Lawd
 didn't leave Marse Sam a whole lot of jawbone."
 So much for my master's chin. But his eyes are
 kindly shrewd, luminous; there is still strength in
 his face, tempered by a curious, abiding sweetness
 that causes him ever to seem on the verge of a
 rueful smile. At this time, my regard for him is
 very close to the feeling one should bear only to-
 ward the Divinity.

"Let us adjourn to the veranda," he says to the
 traveling man, pushing back his chair. "We usu-
 ally retire more or less promptly at eight, but to-
 night, you and I will share a bottle of port while
 we make out a requisition for my needs." His hand
 falls lightly on the shoulder of the traveling man,
 who is rising now. "I hope you will forgive me if
 it sounds presumptuous," he continues, "and it
 is a most unusual thing for me to say, but for a
 peddler who has the difficulties of so much travel,
 you sell an extremely reliable line of wares. And
 this, sir, as you must be aware, is of the greatest
 importance in a region like ours, removed so far
 from the centers of commerce. Since last year
 I have taken the opportunity of commending you
 to my friends." The traveling man shines with
 pleasure, wheezing a little as he bows to the
 women and the young men, then moves on toward
 the door. "Well, thank you, sir . . ." he begins,
 but my owner's voice interrupts, not rude, not
 even abrupt, but in continuation of his praise:
 "So that they shall be as satisfied as I have been
 in the past. And what did you say was your to-
 morrow's destination? Greenville County? Then
 you must stop by Robert Munson's place on the
 Meherrin River . . ."

The voices fade, and while I busy myself around
 the table, helping the old man Little Morning and
 the young woman Prissy clear the dishes, the rest
 of the family rises, slowly scattering in the last
 brief hours before bedtime: the two nephews to
 attend to a mare ready to foal, Miss Nell to take
 a poultice to a sick Negro child in the cabins, the
 three other women—all astir with gay anticipa-
 tion as they bustle toward the parlor—to read
 aloud from something they call *Marmion*. Then
 these voices too fade away, and I am back in
 the kitchen again amid the clumping of crudely
 shod Negro feet and the sharp stench of a ham
 hock steaming on the stove, back with my tall,

beautiful mother banging and grumbling in a swirl of greasy smoke.

"Thaniel, you better get dat butter down in de cellar lak I told you!" she calls to me, back in my black Negro world . . .

But that evening in the early darkness while I lie awake on my straw bed, the word *columbine* is like a lullaby on my tongue. I caress the word, whispering it over and over again, letting each letter form its own shape, as if suspended magically above me in the night. I lie at the drowsy edge of sleep, listening to the sounds of evening, to the feathery fuss and clumsy stir of chickens in their shed, a far-off howling dog, and from the millpond a steady passionate shrilling of frogs numberless as stars. All around me the smell of manure is rank and strong like the earth itself. Presently I hear my mother's footsteps as she moves with a tired *slat-slat* of bare calloused feet from the kitchen, enters our tiny room, and lies down beside me in the dark. Almost at once she is fast asleep, breathing in a gentle rhythm, and I reach out and lightly touch the rough cotton shift above her ribs, to make certain that she is there. Then at last the spring night enfolds me as if with swamp and cedar and with drowsy remembrance, and dimly I hear a whippoorwill call through the dark, the word *columbine* still on my lips as I sink away into some strange dream filled with inchoate promise and a voiceless, hovering joy.

better of it, remained quiet: the white boy was still too scared of me even to answer. So again I lay back against the plank, shivering, and fell into feverish doze when once more I was lying in the little boat, my spirit filled with a familiar yet mysterious peace as I drifted through the afternoon quiet of some wide and sunlit river toward the sea. In the distance I heard the ocean booming with the sound of mighty unseen breakers crashing on the shore. . . . Then this vision glimmered out and I awoke, raging with fever, and I fell asleep again, only to awake sometime later in the day with the fever diminishing and my brow cool and dry and the remnant of something frail and unutterably sweet, like a bird call, lingering in my memory. Then not very long after this the fever commenced again and my mind was a wash and flow of nightmares, nightmares filled with unending moments of suffocation . . .

And so in this way, between waking and oblivion, with these reveries, voices, recollections, passed the days and nights before the day of my execution . . .

My mother's mother was a girl of the Coromantee tribe from the Gold Coast, thirteen years old when she was brought in chains to Yorktown aboard a schooner sailing out of Newport, Rhode Island, and only a few months older when she was sold at auction beneath a huge live-oak tree



It was memories like this which stayed with me all through the few days left until my death. During the night just after the trial I came down with some kind of fever, and when I awoke in jail the next morning my arms and legs were trembling with the cold, even though I was soaked in sweat and my head was afire and swollen with pain. The wind had risen and in the sunless morning light, pale as water, a blast of cold air howled through the open window, bringing with it a storm of gritty dust and pine needles and flying leaves. I started to call out to Kitchen, to ask him to fetch a blanket to stop up the window, but then I thought

in the harborside town of Hampton, to Alpheus Turner, who was Samuel Turner's father. I never laid eyes on my grandmother—nor for that matter a Coromantee girl—but over the years I hear about her and her kind, and in my mind's eye it is easy to see her as she squats beneath the live oak tree so many years ago, swelled up with child, panting in a slow fright, lifting her face slightly at Alpheus Turner's approach to reveal a mouth full of filed teeth, and raised tattoos like whorls of scattered birdshot on her cheeks, patterns blacker even than her tar-black skin. Who knows what she is thinking at the moment Turner draws near

Although his face is illuminated by a beneficent smile, to her it is a fiendish smirk, and besides he is white, white as bone or skulls or deadwood, whiter than those malevolent ancestral ghosts that prowl the African night. And his voice is the voice of a ghoul. "*Gnah!*" he roars as he touches her, feeling the soundness of her limbs. "*Fwagh!*" He is saying only "Good!" and "Fine!" to the trader, but in her terror she believes she is about to be eaten. The poor thing nearly takes leave of her senses. She falls from her perch on the block and her mind reels back in space and time toward some childhood jungle memory of warm, enveloping peace. As she lies asprawl, the dealer's line of talk is to her a witch doctor's jabber of disconnected croaking sounds, having to do with ritual chops and stews. "They all take such fright, Mr. Turner. Never mind! A fine little heifer! Aye, look at them fat tits! Look how they spring! I'll wager she pops a ten-pound boy!"

But that same summer it was my mother who was born (publicly begat upon the same slave ship by some unknown black father) and it became well known around Turner's Mill that when my young grandmother—who by this time had been driven crazy by her baffling captivity—gave birth to my mother, she was sent into a frenzy, and when presented with the babe, tried to tear it to pieces.

I expect that if my grandmother had not died soon after this, I would have later become a field or timber hand at the Turner place, or maybe a mill hand, which was only a small cut better. But on account of my grandmother I was lucky and became a house nigger. My grandmother died within days of my mother's birth, refusing to eat, falling into a stupor until the moment of her last breath. When it was said that the black skin turned to the gray of ashes, collapsing in upon the inhabiting bones until the body of the child (for that is what she was) seemed so fragile as to be almost weightless, like a whitened, burnt-out stick of lightwood ready to crumble at the softest touch. For years there was a cedar headboard in the Negro graveyard, not far from the mill, with carved letters which read:

"TIG"
AET. 13
BORN AN
HEATHEN
DIED BAPTISTED IN CHRIST
A.D. 1782
R.I.P.

That graveyard is in an abandoned corner of a meadow, hard by a scrubby grove of juniper trees and loblolly pine. A plain pole fence, dilapidated to begin with but long since fallen into splintery

ruin, sets off the place from the rest of the field; many of the headboards have toppled over to rot and mingle with the loamy earth, while in the spring those that remain become half hidden in a jungle of wild coarse greenery—skunk cabbage and cinnamon fern and a prickly tangle of jimson weed. In the summer the underbrush grows so thickly that you can no longer see the mounds where the Negroes are laid to rest. Grasshoppers sail through the weeds with small scaly whickers, and ever so often a black snake slithers among the green, and on August days the odor is ripe and rank and very close, like a hot handful of grass. "How come you all de time studyin' dat grabeyard, 'Thaniel?" my mother says. "Ain't no place fo' chillun to go studyin' 'bout." And it is true: most of the Negroes avoid the place, filled with superstitious dread, and this in some measure (the rest being lack of time; attention to the dead requires leisure) is the reason for the unsightly disrepair. But there is a leftover savage part of me that feels very close to my grandmother, and for a couple of years I am drawn irresistibly back to the graveyard, and often I steal away from the big house during the hot break after midday dinner, as if seeking among all those toppled and crumbling wood markers with their roll call of sweetly docile and abbreviated names like so many perished spaniels—"Peak" and "Lulu" and "Yellow Jake"—some early lesson in mortality. How strange it is, after all, at age thirteen to ponder the last resting place of your own grandmother, dead at thirteen herself . . .

But the next spring it is all gone. A new graveyard will be laid out at the edge of the woods, but before that—because it is drained and level and easy to get at—even this tiny remnant of cropland is needed, to raise sweet potatoes. I am filled with wonderment at how quickly the graveyard vanishes. It takes less than half a morning—burnt off by a gang of black field hands with casks of turpentine and blazing pine fagots, the weather-worn cedar headboards consumed by flame, the dry underbrush crackling and hissing as the bugs spring up in a swarm and the field mice scuttle away, the cooling black char leveled down by mule team and harrow, so that nothing remains of "Tig," not the faintest trace nor any vestige of the rest—of the muscle, sleep, laughter, footsteps, grimy toil and singing and madness of all those black unremembered servitors whose shaken bones and dust, joining my grandmother's in the general clutter underground, are now made to complete the richness of the earth. Only when I hear a voice—the voice of a Negro man, an old field hand standing by amid the swirling smoke, slope shouldered, loose-lipped, grinning with a mouthful of blue gums, gabbling in that thick gluey cornfield accent I have learned to despise: "Dem old dead peoples is sho gwine grow a nice passel of yams!"—only when I hear this voice do I begin to realize,

for nearly the very first time, what the true value of black folk is, not just for white men but for niggers.

So because my mother was motherless, Alpheus Turner brought her up out of the cabins and into his own home, where she was reared by a succession of black aunts and grannies who taught her nigger-English and some respectable graces and where, when she grew old enough, she became a scullery maid and then a cook, and a good cook to boot. Her name was Lou-Ann, and she died when I was fifteen, of some kind of tumor. But I am ahead of myself. What matters here is that the same happenstance that caused my mother to be brought up in Alpheus Turner's house caused me in the course of events to become a house nigger, too. And that may or may not have been a fortunate circumstance, depending upon how you view what came to pass in Jerusalem so many years later.

"Quit *pesterin'* 'bout yo' daddy," says my mother. "What make you think I knows where he done run off to? What his name? I done tol' you dat twenty times. He name Nathaniel jes' like you! I done tol' you dat, now quit pesterin' 'bout yo' daddy! When he run off? When de las' time I seen him? Law me, chile, dat so long ago I ain't got no rec'lection. Les' see. Well, Marse Alpheus he died 'leven years ago, bless his name. And seem lak 'twarn't but a year after dat when me an' yo' daddy was cou'tin'. Now dere was some fine-lookin' man! Marse Alpheus done bought him in Petersburg fo' to work strippin' logs in de mill. But yo' daddy he too smart fo' dat kind of low nigger work. And he too good-lookin', too, wid dem flashin' bright eyes, and a smile—why, chile, yo' daddy had a smile dat would light up a barn! No, he too good fo' dat low kind of work, so Marse Alpheus he brung up yo' daddy to de big house and commenced him into buttlin'. Yes, he was de number-two butteler helpin' out Little Mornin' when first I knowed yo' daddy. Dat was de year before Marse Alpheus died. And me an' yo' daddy lived right here together dat time—a whole year it was—right in dis room . . .

"But quit *pesterin'* 'bout dat, I tells you, boy! How I know *where* he done run off to? I don' know nothin' 'tall 'bout dat mess. Why sho he was angered! Ain't no black man goin' run off less'n he's angered! Why? How I know? I don' know nothin' 'bout dat mess. Well, awright, den, if you really wants to know, 'twas on account of Marse Benjamin. Like I tol' you, when Marse Alpheus die 'twas Marse Benjamin come to own ev'ything on account of he was de oldest son. He five years older dan Marse Samuel so he gits to own ev'ything, I mean de house an' de mill an' de land an' de niggers an' ev'ything. Well, Marse Benjamin he a good massah jes' like Marse Alpheus, only he

kind of young an' he don' know how to talk to niggers like his daddy. I don' mean he nasty wicked or nothin' like dat; no, he jes' don' know how to ack *easy* with nobody—I means wif de folks an' niggers. Anyways, one evenin' yo' daddy he buttlin' at de table an' he do somethin' 't Marse Benjamin think ain't quite right an' he hollers at yo' daddy. Well, yo' daddy he ain't used havin' no one *holler* at him like dat, an' he tur' aroun' still smilin', see—he always smilin', 't man—an' he mock Marse Benjamin right back. Marse Benjamin he done said somethin' 't 'Nathaniel, dis yere silver is filthy!' An' yo' daddy he say: 'Yes, dis yere silver is filthy!' Only he *hollerin'* at Marse Benjamin back, smilin' jes' as pretty as you please. Well, Marse Benjamin he jes' fit to be tied, an' he gits up right dere in front of Miss Elizabeth an' Miss Nell an' Marse Samuel and all de chilluns—dey jes' young things d' 'bout yo' age—and what he does, he whops yo' daddy across de mouf with his hand. Dat's all he does. One time—he jus' whop him one time across de mouf an' den he sit down. I'se lookin' in at de door by dat time an' all de family's in an awful commotion at de table, Marse Samuel stewin' 't fussin' an' sayin' to Marse Benjamin, 'Lawd knows he was uppity but you didn' have to whop him 't that!' an' all, an' de chilluns all a-cryin', leastw' de girls. 'Cause you see, Marse Alpheus he did like to smite no niggers anyways an' he never do it much, but whenever he done it he always take keer to do it way off in de woods out of sight of de white folks an' de black folks, too. So de fambly d' ain't never seen a black man hit. But dat ain't no nem'mine fo' yo' daddy. He jes' come on out dere and he march straight through de kitchen with dis yere smile still on his face an' a little bif-strick of blood rollin' down his lip, an' he jes' keep marchin' on back to de room where we stays a dis yere room right yere, chile!—an' he packs some food in a sack, an' dat night he done light o' fo' good . . .

"Where he done went to? How I know 'bout dat? You says on account of you'd like to find him. Lawd, chile, ain't nobody goin' find dat black man after all dese many years. What you say? Did he say nothin', nothin' at all? Why sho he did chile. An' ev'ytime I thinks of it my heart is ne' 'bout broke in two. Said he couldn' stand to be hit in de face by nobody. Not *nobody*! Oh yes, de black man had pride, awright, warn't many blame mens aroun' like him! And lucky too, why, he must had him a whole bag full of rabbit foots! Air many niggers run off dat dey don' soon cotch some ways. But I don' know. Said he was goin' run off to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and make him lot of money an' den come back an' buy me an' yo' into freedom. But Lawd, chile! Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, dey say dat's a misery long way off from here an' I don' know where yo' daddy ever went."

Two hundred yards or so behind the room where my mother and I stay, at the end of a path through the back meadow, is the ten-hole privy shared by the house servants and the mill hands living in the compound of cabins near the big house. Sturdily built of oak and set above the steeply sloping bank of a wooded ravine, the privy is divided by a board partition; five holes are for women and small children, the other five are for the men. Because the big house is isolated from mill and field, and because the affairs of house servants transpire as if in a world apart, this privy is one of the few places where my daily life intersects with the lives of those Negroes whom already I have come to think of as a lower order of people—a ragtag mob, coarse, raucous, clownish, uncouth. For even now as a child I am contemptuous and aloof, filled with disdain for the black riffraff which dwells beyond the close perimeter of the big house—the faceless and nameless toilers who at daybreak vanish into the depths of the mill or into the fields beyond the woods, returning like shadows at sundown to occupy their cabins like so many chickens gone to weary roost. Most of my way of thinking is due to my mother. It is the plague of her life that amidst so many other comparative comforts she must still make that regular trek to the edge of the ravine and there mingle with the noisy rabble so beneath her. “Hit’s a shame in dis world,” she fusses to Prissy. “Us folks in de house is quality! And we ain’t got no outhouse for our own selfs, hit’s a cryin’ shame! I’ll vow dem cornfield niggers is de akshul *limit*. Ev’y one dem chillun dey lets pee on de seat, and don’ none of ’em close down dem lids, so’s it stinks like misery. Druther go to de privy settin’ ’longside some ole sow dan one dem cornfield nigger womans! Us house folks is *quality*!”

Equally disdainful, I avoid the morning rush, training my bowels to obey a later call when I can enjoy some privacy. The earth around the entrance to the men’s side (which I have used since I was five) is bare of vegetation, black hard clay worn glossy smooth by the trample of numberless bare or broganed feet, imprinted daily with a shifting pattern of booted heels and naked toes. Designed to prevent either malingering or seclusion—like the doors to all places frequented by Negroes—the privy door too is lockless, latchless, swinging outward easily on leather hinges to reveal the closet within drowned in shadows, almost completely dark save for slivers of light stealing in through the cracks between the timbers. I am used to the odor, which is ripe, pungent, immediate, smothering my nose and mouth like a warm green hand, the excremental stench partly stifled by quicklime, so that the smell is not so much repellent to me as endurable, faintly sweetish like stagnant swamp water. I raise one oval lid and seat myself on the pine plank above the hole. Between my thighs light floods up from the slope of the ravine and I look downward at the vast brown stain

splashed with the white of quicklime. I sit here for long minutes, in the cool beatitude and calm of morning. Outside, somewhere in the woods, a mockingbird begins a chant which ripples and flows like rushing water, ceases, commences again, falls ineffable and pure through the tangle of grapevine and the honeysuckle and the tree-shadowed thickets of ivy and fern. Here within, amid the sun-splashed gloom, I relieve myself in pleasant unhurried spasms, contemplating a blackberry-sized spider weaving in one corner of the ceiling a thick web which shakes, stretches, trembles in milky agitation. Now through the walls of the privy, from the distant back porch of the big house, I hear my mother calling. “Thaniel!” she cries. “You, Nathaniel! Nathan-yel! You, boy! *Better come on here!*” I have dallied too long, she wants me near the kitchen to fetch water. “Nathaniel Turner! *You, boy!*” she cries. The mood of contentment dwindles away, the morning ritual nears its end. I reach out toward a tattered sack on the floor—a crocker sack filled with corncobs . . .

All of a sudden a searing heat seizes me from underneath; my bare bottom and balls feel set on fire and I leap up from the seat with a howl, clutching at my scorched nether parts while smoke floats up through the hole in a greasy white billow. “Ow! Ow! Daggone!” I shout, but it is mainly from surprise—surprise and mortification. For even as I cry out, the pain diminishes and I gaze back down through the hole, beholding the grinning light-brown face of a boy my age. He stands off at the edge of the mire below, grasping in one hand a blazing stick. With his other hand he is clutching his stomach in an agony of delight, and his laughter is high, loud, irrepressible. “Daggone you, Wash!” I yell. “Jest daggone yo’ no-good black soul!” But my rage is in vain, and Wash keeps laughing, doubled up amid the honeysuckle. It is the third time in as many months that he has tricked me thus, and I have no one but myself to blame for my humiliation.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. BADMAN
Presented to the World in
 A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. WISEMAN
 AND MR. ATTENTIVE

WISEMAN. Good morrow, my good neighbor, Mr. Attentive; whither are you walking so early this morning? Methinks you look as if you were concerned about something more than ordinary. Have you lost any of your cattle, or what is the matter?

ATTENTIVE. Good sir, good morrow to you. I have not as yet lost aught, but yet you give a right guess of me, for I am, as you say, concerned in my heart, but it is because of the badness of the times. And, Sir, you, as all our neighbors know, are a very observing man, pray, therefore, what do you think of them?

WISE. Why, I think, as you say, to wit, that they are bad times, and bad they will be, until men are better; for they are bad men that make bad times; if men, therefore, would mend, so would the times. It is a folly to look for good days so long as sin is so high, and those that study its nourishment so many...

The life of a little nigger child is dull beyond recounting. But during one summer month when I am nine or ten a couple of curious events happen to me, one causing me the bitterest anguish, the other premonitions of joy.

It is midmorning in August, hot and stifling, so airless that the dust-stained trees along the edge of the distant woods hang limp and still, and the grinding of the mill seems blurred, indistinct, as if borne sluggishly through heat waves trembling like water above the steaming earth. High in the blue heavens, buzzards by the score wheel and tilt and swoop in effortless flight over the bottomlands, and I lift my eyes from time to time to follow their somber course across the sky. I squat in the shadow of the little room projecting from the kitchen, where my mother and I live. From the kitchen comes the odor of collard greens cooking, the smell faintly bitter and pungent; midday dinner is far off, I feel my insides churning with hunger. Although I am not underfed (to be the child of the cook is to be, as my mother constantly points out, the "luckiest little nigger 'live'") I seem nonetheless to exist at the edge of famine. On the sill of the kitchen window above me, a row of melons, half a dozen pale globes, stand ripening in the shade, unattainable as gold. I consider them gravely and with a yearning that brings water to my eyes, knowing that even to touch one of them would fetch upon me calamity like the crack of doom. Once I stole a pot of clabber cheese, and the walloping my mother gave me left me sore as a carbuncle.

It is my duty to wait here near the door, to carry water and bring up things from the cellar, to run errands for my mother whenever she commands.

My chores today are light, for it is a slack moment in the year when the corn crop has been laid awaiting harvest, and the mill works at half-tide. During such a lull it has always been the custom of the brothers Turner, together with their wives and children, to make their annual trip to Richmond, leaving the place for a week or so in the hands of the overseer. Since with the family away my mother has only to cook for ourselves and the household servants—Prissy and Little Morning and Weary and Pleasant—time hangs heavy for me, and the boredom is like a knife-edge at the back of my skull. It is not an unusual situation, because to a Negro child, denied the pleasures of schooling, there is generally nothing to do, nothing at all; reading no books, taught no real games, and twelve or so too small to work, black children exist in a monotony like that of yearling mules in pasture, absorbing the sun, feeding, putting on flesh, all unaware that soon they will be bored down for life with harness, chain, and traces.

My own condition is more than usually solitary, since the Turner children with whom I might ordinarily be expected to play are a good deal older than I, and either help run the plantation or are off at school; at the same time, I feel myself set apart from the other Negro children, the children of the field hands and mill hands who are scorned by my mother. Even Wash (who is the son of one of the two Negro drivers, Abraham, almost the only Turner slave with any responsibility at all) I have drawn away from as I have grown older, in spite of the fact that his circumstance put him a notch above the common cornfield type. At six or seven we played crude games together, climbed trees, hunted for caves in the dark ravine, swung on grapevines at the edge of the woods. Leaning over the brink of the ravine, we tried to see who could pee the farthest. Once we stood in a shadowed clearing near the swamp, and with our skinny black arms outstretched, in self-inflicted torture, marveled as a swarm of fat mosquitoes engorged themselves on our blood, finally dropping to earth like tiny red grapes. We built a fort of mud and then smeared our naked bodies with the liquid clay; drying, it became encrusted, a dull calcimine, ghostly, and we howled in mad delight at our resemblance to white boys. Once we dared to steal ripe persimmons from the tree growing behind Wash's cabin, and were caught in the act by his mother—a light West Indian woman, part Creole, with black ringlets around her head like writhing wet serpents—and were thrashed with sassafras switch until the welts stood up on our legs. Wash's sister had a doll that Abraham had made for her; fashioned of jute sacking, its head was an old split maple doorknob. Whether it was meant to be a white baby or a nigger child I could never tell, but I regarded it with wonder; aside from a cast-off cracked wooden top I had gotten at Christmas from one of the young Turners,

was the first toy I can remember. On gray winter days when rain streamed from the heavens, Wash and I crouched in the poultry shed, with pointed sticks tracing patterns upon the white damp crust of chickenshit. For a while it became my favorite kind of play. I drew rectangles, circles, squares, and I marveled at the way two triangles placed together in a certain way formed that mysterious star I had seen so often when (curiosity getting the better of me as I trailed my mother through Samuel Turner's library) I risked a glimpse of the pictures in a gigantic Bible:



I scratched this design over and over again on the lime-cool, bittersweet-smelling white floor of the chicken shed, a hundred interlocking stars engraved in the dust, quite heedless of Wash, who stirred and fidgeted and mumbled to himself, bored quickly, unable to draw anything but aimless lines.

But these were dumb little games, the brainless play of kittens. As I grow older now there steals over me the understanding that Wash has almost no words to speak at all. So near to the white people, I absorb their language daily. I am a tireless eavesdropper, and their talk and comment, even their style of laughter, vibrates endlessly in my imagination. Already my mother teases me for the way I parrot white folks' talk—teases me with pride. Wash is molded by different sounds—even now I am aware of this—nigger voices striving clumsily to grapple with a language never taught, never really learned, still alien and unknown. With such a poor crippled tongue, Wash's way of speaking comes to seem to me a hopeless garble, his mind a tangle of baby-thoughts; so gradually that I barely know it, this playmate floats away out of my consciousness, dwarfish and forgotten, as I settle deep into my own silent, ceaselessly vigilant, racking solitude.

I cannot as yet read *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, not even the title; my possession of it terrifies me, because I have stolen it, yet at the same instant the very idea of the book fevers me with such insupportable excitement that I can feel a loosening in my bowels. (Although I have come late to the joys of reading and still cannot properly "read," I have known the crude shapes of simple words ever since I was six, when Samuel Turner, a methodical, tidy, and organized master, and long impatient with baking alum turning into white flour and cinnamon being confused with nutmeg, and vice versa, set about labeling every chest and jar and canister and keg and bag in the huge cellar beneath the kitchen where my mother dispatched me hourly every day. It seemed not to matter to him that upon the Negroes—none of whom could read—these hieroglyphs in red paint would have no effect at all: still Little Morning would be forced to dip a probing brown finger in

the keg plainly marked MOLASSES, and even so there would be lapses, with salt served to sweeten the breakfast tea. Nonetheless, the system satisfied Samuel Turner's sense of order, and although at that time he was unaware of my existence, the neat plain letters outlined by the glow of an oil lamp in the chill vault served as my first and only primer. It was a great leap from MINT and CITRON and SALTPETRE and BACON to *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, but there exists both a frustration and a surfeit when one's entire literature is the hundred labels in a dim cellar, and my desire to possess the book overwhelmed my fear. Even so, it had been a dismal moment. In Samuel Turner's library, where my mother had gone to fetch a new silver ladle for the kitchen, the books had been locked up behind wire, row after row of lustrous leather-swaddled volumes imprisoned as in a cage. On the morning I accompanied her there, I lingered long enough to be captured by the sight of two volumes, almost exactly alike in size and shape, lying together on a table. Opening one of them, seeing that it was aswarm with words, I was seized with the old queasy excitement in my guts, and fright clashed with greedy desire. My yearning won out, however, so that later that day I crept back to the library and took the book, covering it with a flour sack and leaving behind its companion—something which I later learned was called *Grace Abounding*. Just as I had expected, and to my wild anxiety, the fact that the book was missing was gossiped throughout the house. Yet I was not alarmed as I might have been, since I think I must have instinctively reasoned that although white people will rightly suspect a nigger of taking almost anything that is not nailed down, they would certainly not suspect him of taking a book.)

This morning, squatting in the shadow of the kitchen, I think longingly of *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, wondering if I can summon the courage to remove it from its hiding place and try to read it without being found out. Finally I get up and sidle toward the place where it is hidden. I have stored the book underneath the house—part of which is elevated above the ground—in a dark shelf-like recess formed by one of the great oak sills. There spiders stir in the gloom and in the dim light hundreds of flying ants swarm in a pale flutter of brownish transparent wings. Protected by its flour sack, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* reposes in the dark. I creep forward on my knees a yard or so, reach up and remove the sack, then inch back toward the edge of the house where a splash of sunshine falls on the damp bare earth. Here I turn about and sit down with my legs crossed. I open the book and sunlight floods the white page, hurting my eyes. It is cool here, with a ferny smell of dampness, and mosquitoes moon about my ears as I begin my laborious journey through a wild strange country where words of enraging size, black and incomprehensible, blos-

som like poisonous flowers. My lips move silently, I trace sentences with a quivering finger. Thick words with mysterious syllables, lugubrious and fathomless, obstruct my way like great logs and boulders; small words are no better, obdurate as hickory nuts. I press on in despair, searching for the key, hunting for the soft and sweetly familiar, SUGAR, GINGER, CAPSICUM, CLOVES.

Suddenly I hear footsteps stamping up the dirt path from the cabins and I draw back underneath the house, hidden again, watching. It is the black driver, Abraham. A stout, muscular Negro, very dark, he is dressed in the green denim shirt which is the badge of his authority; he hurries along up the path, sweating in the fierce morning heat, a set, stern, indignant look frozen on his face as his broganed feet tramp the ground inches from where I lay in hiding and then clatter up the back steps into the kitchen. Moments pass and I am aware of nothing. Soon I steal out toward the patch of sunlight again, preparing myself to read, when now I hear voices from up above, in the alcove between the kitchen and the pantry. Abraham is talking to my mother and his tone is agitated, tense, severe.

"You better *had*," he is saying, "you better jes' *had*, Lou-Ann. Dat man he mean as pizen! I knows. You better light on out ob here!"

"Shoot," I hear my mother say, "dat man ain't no trouble. He gib me a bad time an' I smack him one wid dis yere kettle—"

"But you ain't seed him dis time!" Abraham breaks in. "He worse'n I ever seed! An' ain't no



famby folks aroun' to say ary word! I jes' tellin' you, Lou-Ann, dat's all I got to say!"

"Shoot, he ain't goin' gib Lou-Ann no bad time. Leastwise not today . . ."

I hear them move from the alcove, the footsteps shuffling on the timbers above my head, their voices becoming indistinct. Presently they are silent and then I hear the door slam open and Abraham's

heavy tread as he thunders down the back stoop and past me once more, his feet sending up small puffs of dust, half trotting now in the direction of the mill.

The mystery, and my perplexity, last only a moment. As soon as Abraham has vanished around the corner of the stable, I sidle out on my behalf again to the edge of the house, throwing open the book. The morning is still once more. While I bend my head down to study the open page, my mother begins to sweep in the kitchen above. I hear the steady *whisk-whisk* of the straw broom on the floor, then the sound of her voice, so faint that it can barely make it out, as she commenced a long, some song.

"Bow low, Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come and lock de do',
An' carry de keys away . . ."

The song lulls and distracts me, draws me away for a moment from the maddening printed lines. I listen to her sing, and my head falls slowly against a cedar post of the house while I gaze away drowsily at the buildings and shops and stables stretching westward to the swamp, the Negro cabins below them somnolent in the morning heat, and high above all the buzzards in patient and unceasing soar and swoop and meditation, a noiseless quivering tilt of black wings over some dying thing fallen in the far-off woods, hapless and struggling. Nearby, two Negroes with a wagon and mule team shamble up from the woods toward the mill. I hear their laughter and the jingle of a harness, and they pass out of sight. Once again I smell the collard greens steaming; hunger swells inside me, then hopelessly dies. "*Bow low, Mary, bow low, Martha,*" my mother sings, rich now, as far, and I let my eyelids close together, and soon seem to be in a kitchen—is it this one I know so well?—at Christmas, and I hear the voice of some white mistress (Miss Elizabeth? Miss Nell?) calling out *Christmas gift!* in a cheery voice, and drink the sweet eggnog descending to me from above in short greedy gulps, which does nothing to assuage my hunger. Then Christmas fades away and I am in a honeysuckle glade, filled with the humming hum of bees. Wash is with me, and together we watch a horde of Negroes laboring with hoes in a steaming field of young corn. Like animals, glistening with sweat, brown backs shining mirror-bright beneath the blazing sun, they plant their hoes in unison, *chop-chopping* beneath the eyes of a black driver. The sight of their dumb toiling fills me with a sickening dread. Huge and brawny the driver looks like Abraham, even though he is not Abraham, and now he spies Wash and me and turning about, comes toward us. *Gwine git me two little nigger boys,* he says, smiling, *Gwine git me two little boys to chop de corn.* Terror sweeps through me. Voiceless, in mad flight, I plunge through the honeysuckle, treading air as if across

empty space back through a sunlit morning toward the refuge of the kitchen looming near, where now a sudden low hubbub of voices interrupts my fright, waking me with a different fright. My eyes fly open and I crouch forward beneath the house, alert, listening, heart pounding.

"Gwan outa here!" my mother cries. "Gwan away! I ain't havin' no truck with you!" Her voice is shrill, angry, but edged with fear, and I can no longer understand the words as she moves to another part of the room above. Now I hear another voice, this one a man's deep grumble, thick and somehow familiar, but speaking words I am unable to make out as I scramble to my feet at the edge of the house and stand there listening. Again my mother says something, insistent, still touched with fear, but her voice is blotted out by the man's grumble, louder now, almost a roar. Suddenly my mother's voice is like a moan, a single long plaintive wail across the morning silence, making my scalp tingle. In panic, wishing to rush away but at the same time drawn as if by irresistible power to my mother's side, I run around the corner of the house and up the back stoop, throwing open the kitchen door. "There, God damn, ye'll have a taste of me big greasy," says a voice in the shadows, and though I am blinded by the sudden darkness, seeing only two blurred shapes wrestling together near the pantry, I now know who the voice belongs to. It is the white man named McBride—since winter the overseer of the fields—a yeasty-faced, moody Irishman with a shock of oily black hair and a bad limp, also a drunkard who has whipped Negroes despite the Turner brothers' rules to the contrary. My mother is still moaning, and I can hear McBride's stringy breathing, loud and labored like that of a hound dog after a run.

Blinking, my eyes take in the scene, and I am aware at once of two things: of the fruity odor of apple brandy from a bottle shattered into splinters on the kitchen floor and of the broken neck of this bottle glinting in a shaft of sunlight, clutched in McBride's hand and flourished like a dagger at my mother's neck. She is on her back upon a table in the pantry, supporting the full weight of the overseer, who with his other hand fumbles and fights with her clothes and his own. I stand rooted at the door, unable to move. The jagged neck of the bottle clatters to the floor, shattering in a powder like greenish snow. All at once a kind of shudder passes through my mother's body, and the moan is a different moan, tinged with urgency, and I do not know whether the sound I hear now is the merest whisper of a giggle ("Uh-huh, aw-right," she seems to murmur) for McBride's voice, thick and excited, obliterates her own—"There now, me beauty, ye'll have *earrings*," the words an awful sigh—and he makes a quick convulsive motion, while her brown long legs go up swiftly to embrace his waist, the two of them now joined and moving in that same strange and brutal rhythm

which I have witnessed with Wash through the cracks of half a dozen cabins and which in the madness of complete innocence I had thought was the pastime, or habit, or obsession, or something, of niggers alone.

I fly from the house, headed for nowhere; my only notion is to keep running. Around the stable I scamper, past the weaver's shed, past the smoke-house and the blacksmith shop, where two ancient black codgers idling in the shade gaze at me in slow wonder. On around the barn I run, faster and faster, across the edge of the apple orchard and along the other side of the house through a shimmering white spider web that clings to my face in damp feathery strands. A stone punctures my bare toe in a tiny starburst of pain, but nothing hinders my flight; I am bound for the ends of the earth. A hedgerow blocks my way; I plunge through it, alighting upon a stretch of sunblasted brown lawn above which tiny butterflies flutter in a swarm of bleached wings like the petals of daisies, swooping up now to escape me. With pinwheeling legs, flailing arms, I hurdle a new ditch and commence rushing down the ailanthus-shaded lane leading to the country road when now, abruptly, my pace slackens, I begin a slow dogtrot which in turn becomes a walk, feet scuffing along. Finally I stop in my tracks, staring at the forest rising up like an impenetrable green wall beyond the fields. There is no place to go.

For long moments I stand in the shade beneath the ailanthus trees, panting, waiting. It is hot and still. Far off, the mill rumbles in a dull undertone, so faint I can barely hear it. Insects stir and fidget among the weeds, their swift random industry like a constant stitching noise amid the heat. I stand and wait for a long time, unable to go farther, unable to move. Then at last I turn and slowly retrace my steps up the lane and across the lawn in front of the house—taking care that Little Morning, pushing a sluggish rag mop on the veranda, will not see me—and now cautiously I part the brittle sticks and branches of the parched hedge, slipping sideways through it, and then dawdle across the lot to the kitchen.

As I come back to my hiding place beneath the house, the door of the kitchen smacks open with a clatter and McBride appears on the rear stoop, blinking in the sunlight, running a hand through his black disheveled hair. He does not see me as I creep back under the house, watching. He blinks steadily, and with his other hand he adjusts one gallus on his shoulder, then runs his fingers over his mouth—a curious, tentative motion almost of discovery, as if touching his lips for the first time. Then a slow and lazy smile steals over his face and he lurches down the steps, missing the last one or not fully connecting with it, so that the heel of his boot makes a sudden popping noise against the timber while at the same instant he sprawls forward, regains his balance and stands erect, wob-

bling slightly, muttering, "*God blast!*" Yet he is still smiling, and now I can see that he has caught sight of Abraham, who just at this moment is rounding the corner of the stable.

"Abe!" he shouted. "*You, Abe!*"

"Yassuh!" I hear the voice call back.

"They's ten hands pickin' worms down in the bottom cornfield!"

"Yas, Mistah Mac!"

"Well, you fetch they black asses out of there, hear me!"

"Yas, Mistah Mac! Ah do dat!"

"Hit's too hot even for niggers!"

"Yassuh!" Abraham turns and hustles down the slope, his green shirt plastered black with sweat against his shoulders. Then he is gone and it is McBride alone who seems to fill the entire space within my sight, prodigious even as he stands weaving, grinning to himself in the blighted, sun-baked yard, prodigious and all-powerful, yet mysterious in his terrible authority, filling me with dread. The appearance of his round, heavy face, uplifted to the sun in dreamy pleasure, sickens me inside, and I feel a sense of my weakness, my smallness, my defenselessness, my *niggerness* invading me like a wind to the marrow of my bones.

"God blast!" he says finally, with baffling glee, and lets out a soft happy cry, totters a bit, and fetches his booted foot up against the remains of a decayed bucket, which flies off in splinters across the yard. In dismay, a great old hen squawks, flees toward the shed, and a cloud of snuff-brown barnyard manure floats aloft like the finest powder, amid tiny pinfeathers bursting everywhere. "God blast!" McBride says again, in a kind of low shout, and he is off and away, limping, in the direction of his own house down the slope. *God blast!*

Like something shriveled, I draw up within myself underneath the kitchen, the book shut now as I clutch it to my chest. The smell of cooking greens is still warm and pungent on the air. Presently I hear my mother's feet on the floor above, the broom whisking against the boards, her voice again, gentle, lonesome, unperturbed and serene as before.

"For Jesus come and lock de do'

An' carry de keys away..."

On another morning later that same month, the rain comes down in great whistling cataracts, whipped into spray by a westerly wind and accompanied by cracklings of lightning and thunder. Fearful for the book's safety, I rescue it from its precarious shelf beneath the house and steal up the kitchen steps, taking refuge in the pantry behind a barrel of cider. Outside the storm rages but there is enough light to see by, and I crouch in the apple-sweet damp with the book thrown open upon my knees. The minutes pass, my legs grow numb be-

neath me. The book with its ant-swarm of words is like an enemy, malevolent, wearisome, incomprehensible. I draw taut, crucified on a rack of boredom, yet I know I am in the presence of a treasure; lacking the key to unlock it, I possess that treasure nonetheless, and so with grubby fingers and gritty eyes I persevere...

All at once, very close to me, there is a noise like a thunderclap and I give a jump, fearful that the house has been hit by lightning. But now as I look up I see that it is only the great cedar door to the pantry which has been thrown violently open, flooding the room with a yellowish chill light; in the entry stands the tall, stoop-shouldered, threatening shape of Little Morning, his bloodshot eyes in a leathery old mean wrinkled face gazing down at me with fierce indignation and rebuke. "Dar, boy!" he says in a hoarse whisper. "Dar! I do foun' you out at last! *You de one dat stole dat book lak I figured all de time!*" (How could I have known then what I realized much later: that with suspicion founded upon the simplest envy, he had been spying on me for days? That this creaking old man, simple-headed and unlettered and in the true state of nigger ignorance for a lifetime, had been sent into a fit of intolerable jealousy upon his realization that a ten-year-old black boy was going through the motions of learning to read. For that was the uncomplicated fact of the matter, doubtless dating from the time when, correcting him, watching him haul up from the cellar a keg of MOLA-SSES instead of the keg of OIL he had been ordered to fetch, I had answered his haughty *How you know?* with a superior *Be-cause it say so*, leaving him flabbergasted, spiteful, and hurt.)

Before I can reply or even move, Little Morning has my ear pinched between his thumb and forefinger, and in this way hoists me to my feet, propelling me out of the pantry and into the kitchen, pulling me forward and with an insistent pinch and tug stretching the skin of my skull as he stalks down the hallway. In helpless tow, I flounder after him, the book clutched against my chest. The tail of Little Morning's frock coat flaps in my face; the old man utters hoarse indignant breaths, *huffanapuff huffanapuff*, mingled with threats chillingly dire: "Marse Samuel gwine fix *you*, boy! Marse Samuel gwine send yo' thievin' black soul to Georgia!" Fiercely he yanks at my ear, but the pain seems nothing, obliterated by terror so vast that the blood rushes down in red sheets before my eyes. I half swallow my tongue and I hear my voice strangled, *aaaagh, aaaagh, aaaagh*. On we press down the dark hallway, past ceiling-high window streaming with rain, lit by lightning flashes; regard the heavens with twisted neck and eye upside down. "I *knowed* you was de rascally littl debbil dat stole it!" Little Morning whispers. "I *knowed* it all de time!"

We burst into the great hall of the house, a part of the mansion I have never seen before. I glimpse



a chandelier blazing with candles, walls paneled in glossy pine, a stairway winding dizzily upward. Yet my impression of these things is brief, fleeting; filled with horror, I realize that the lofty room is crowded with white people, almost the entire family—Marse Samuel and Miss Nell and two daughters, Miss Elizabeth, one of Marse Benjamin's sons, and now Marse Benjamin himself, clad in a glistening wet rain cape as he plunges through the front door in a spray of water and a gust of cold wind. Lightning crackles outside and I hear his voice above the drumming of the rain. "Weather for the ducks!" he shouts. "But, Lord, it smells like money! The pond's spilling over!" There is a moment's silence and the door slams shut, then I hear another voice: "What have we got, Little Morning?" The old man lets go of my ear.

"Dat book," he says. "Dat book dat was stole! Dis yere de robbah dat done it!"

Nearly swooning with fright, I clutch the book to my chest, unable to control my voice and the sobs welling up *aaaagh aaaagh* from deep inside. I would weep; but my anguish is in a realm beyond tears. I yearn for the floor to open and swallow me. Never have I been this *close* to white people, and

their nearness is so oppressive and fearful that I think I am going to vomit.

"Well, bless my boots," I hear a voice say.

"I just don't believe it," says another, a woman's.

"Whose little darcy is that?" asks still another voice.

"Dis yere Nathaniel," says Little Morning. His tone is still heavy with anger and indignation. "He belong to Lou-Ann in de kitchen. He de culprick. He de one dat snitch de volume." He wrests the book from my grasp, regarding it with scholarly lifted eyebrows. "Dis de volume dat was took. Hit says so right here. *De Life and de Death of Mr. Badman* by John Bunyan. Hit de selfsame volume, Marse Sam, sho as my name's Little Mornin'." Even in the midst of my fright I am aware that Little Morning—the old humbug—has memorized the title by ear and is fooling no one with this display of literacy. "I knowed it war de same book when I cotched him readin' it in de pantry."

"*Reading?*" The voice is that of Marse Samuel, wondering, quite incredulous. I look up now, slowly. The white faces, viewed

for the first time so closely—especially those of the females, only lightly touched by sun and weather—have the sheen and consistency of sour dough or the soft underbellies of mushrooms; their blue eyes glint boldly, startling as ice, and I regard each yawning pose, each freckle, with the awe of total discovery. "Reading?" Marse Samuel says now, with amusement in his voice. "*Come* now, Little Morning!"

"Well, natchel he warn't exactly readin'," the old man adds contemptuously. "He jes' lookin' at de pitchers, dat's all. Hit was on account of de pitchers dat he took de book anyways—"

"But there are no pictures, are there, Nell? It was your volume, after all—"

Could it have been, as I sometimes thought years later, that at that moment I sensed a fatal juncture, realized with some child's wise instinct that unless instantly I asserted my small nigger self I would be forever cast back into anonymity and oblivion? And so could it have been that right then—desperate, lying, risking all—I mastered my terror and suddenly turned on Little Morning, howling: "'Tain't so! 'Tain't so! I can *so* read the book!"?

Whatever the case, I remember a voice, Samuel

Turner's, his wonder and amazement fled, saying in sudden quiet, judicious, tolerant tones, silencing the family's laughter: "*No, no, just wait, maybe he can, let us see!*" And as the storm grumbles far off to the east, diminishing, the only sound now rain dripping from the eaves and a distant angry chattering of wet bluejays in the ailanthus trees, I find myself seated by the window. I have begun to cry, aware of white hovering faces like ghostly giant blobs above me, and whispering voices. I struggle briefly, pawing through the pages, but it is beyond all hope: I cannot manage a single word. I feel that I am going to suffocate on the sobs mounting upward in my chest. My distress is so great that Marse Samuel's words are miles beyond comprehension—a muffled echo I can only dredge up from memory years later—when I hear him cry out: "You see, Ben, it is true, as I've told you! They will try! They *will* try! And we shall teach him then! Hurrah!"

The most futile thing a man can do is to ponder the alternatives, to stew and fret over the life that might have been lived if circumstances had not pointed his future in a certain direction. Nonetheless, it is a failing which, when ill luck befalls us, most of us succumb to; and during the dark years of my twenties, after I had passed out of Samuel Turner's life and he and I were shut of each other forever, I spent a great deal of idle and useless time wondering what may have befallen my lot had I not been so unfortunate as to have become the beneficiary (or perhaps the victim) of my owner's zeal to tamper with a nigger's destiny. Suppose in the first place I had lived out my life at Turner's Mill. Suppose then I had been considerably less avid in my thirst for knowledge, so that it would not have occurred to me to steal that book. Or suppose, even more simply, that Samuel Turner—however decent and just an owner he might have remained anyway—had been less affected with that feverish and idealistic conviction that slaves were capable of intellectual enlightenment and enrichment of the spirit and had not, in his passion to prove this to himself and to all who would bear witness, fastened upon *me* as an "experiment." (No, I understand that I am not being quite fair, for surely when I recollect the man with all the honesty I can muster I know that we were joined by strong ties of emotion; yet still the unhappy fact remains: despite warmth and friendship, despite a kind of *love*, I began as surely an experiment as a lesson in pig-breeding or the broadcasting of a new type of manure.)

Well, under these circumstances I would doubtless have become an ordinary run-of-the-mill house nigger, mildly efficient at some stupid task like wringing chickens' necks or smoking hams or polishing silver, a malingering wherever possible yet withal too jealous of my security to risk real censure or trouble and thus cautious in my tiny

thefts, circumspect in the secrecy of my afternoon naps, furtive in my anxious lecheries with the plump yellow-skinned cleaning maids upstairs in the dark attic, growing ever more servile and unctuous as I became older, always the crafty flatterer on the lookout for some bonus of flannel or stew beef or tobacco, yet behind my stately paunch and fancy bib and waistcoat developing, as I advanced into old age, a kind of purse-lipped dignity known as Uncle Nat, well-loved and adoring in return, a palsied stroker of the silken pates of little white grandchildren, rheumatic, illiterate, and filled with sleepiness, half yearning for that long death which at long last would lead me to rest in some tumbledown graveyard tangled with chokeberry and jimson weed. It would not have been, to be sure, much of an existence, but how can I honestly say that I might not have been happier?

For the Preacher was right: *He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.* And Samuel Turner (whom I shall call Marse Samuel from now on, for that is how he was known to me) could not have realized, in his innocence and decency, in his awesome goodness and softness of heart, what sorrow he was guilty of creating by feeding me that halo of learning: far more bearable no loaf at all.

Well, no matter now. Suffice it to say that I was taken into the family's bosom, so to speak, falling under the protective wing not only of Marse Samuel but of Miss Nell, who together with her older daughter Louisa spent the quiet winter mornings of several years—"riding their hobby." I remember they called it—drilling me in the alphabet and teaching me to add and subtract and, not the least fascinating, exposing me to the serpentine mysteries of the Episcopal catechism. How they drilled me! How Miss Nell kept after me, never forgot these glossy-haired seraphs with their soft tutorial murmurs, and do not blame me too much when I say—I shall try not to allude to it again—that there was at least one moment during the earthquake twenty years later when I lingered on the memory of those sweet faces with a very special and savage intensity.

"No, no, Nat, not *sucklings* and babes—babes and *sucklings*!"

"Yessum. *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.*"

"Yes, that's just right, Nat. Now then, vers three and four. Slowly, slow-ly! And careful now

"*When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained.* And—And—I forgets."

"Forget, Nat, not forgets. No ducky talk! Now *What is man*—"

"Yessum. *What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visiteth him* Well, uh—And, *For thou hast made him a litt*

lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor!"

"Wonderful, Nat! Oh, wonderful, wonderful! Oh, Sam, there are you! You should just *hear* Nat coming along! Come here, Sam, sit beside us for a moment and listen, sit here by the fire! Listen to our little darky recite out from the Bible! He can speak it from memory as well as the Reverend Eppes! Isn't that so, Nat, you smart little tar baby, you?"

"Yessum."

But suppose again that it had been Marse Samuel who had died, instead of Brother Benjamin. What then would have happened to that smart little tar baby?

Maybe you will be able to form your own judgment from some things I overheard on the veranda one sultry, airless summer evening after supper, when the two brothers were entertaining a pair of traveling Episcopal clergymen—"the Bishop's visitants," they called themselves—one of them named Dr. Ballard, a big-nosed, long-jawed bespectacled man of middle years garbed entirely in black from the tip of his wide-brimmed parson's hat to his flowing cloak and gaiters buttoned up along his skinny shanks, blinking through square crystal glasses and emitting delicate coughs behind long white fingers as thin and pale as flower stalks; the other minister dressed like him in funereal black but many years younger, in his twenties and bespectacled also, with a round, smooth, plump, prissy face which at first glimpse had caused me to think of him as Dr. Ballard's daughter or maybe his wife. Not as yet advanced to the dining room, I labored in the kitchen as Little Morning's vassal, and it was my duty at the moment to fetch water from the cistern and to keep the smudge pot going: positioned upwind in the sluggish air, it sent out small black-oily clouds of smoke, a screen against mosquitoes. Across the meadow, fireflies flickered in the dusk, and I recall from within the house the sound of a piano, the voice of Miss Elizabeth, Benjamin's wife, breathless, sweet, in quavering, plaintive song:

"Would you gain the tender creature,
Softly, gently, kindly treat her..."

Though usually the sedulous snoop, I had paid no attention to the conversation, fascinated instead by Benjamin, wondering if this would be one of those evenings when he fell out of his chair. As Marse Samuel and the ministers chatted, I watched Benjamin stir in the chair, heard the wickerwork crackling beneath his weight as he let out a sigh despairing and long, raising his brandy glass on high. While Little Morning came forward to serve him he sighed again and the sound was aimless, distracted, dwindling off into a little *uh-uh-uh* like the tail end of a yawn. I think I recall Dr. Ballard glancing at him uneasily, then

turning back to Marse Samuel. And the *uh-uh-uh* sound again, not loud, still pitched between yawn and sigh, glass half-filled with syrupy apple brandy extended negligently in midair, the other hand clutching the decanter. I watched his cheeks begin to flush, blooming tomato-pink in the twilight, and I said to myself: Yes, I think again tonight he might fall right on out of that chair.

But even as I watched him I heard him suddenly exclaim: "Ha!" Then he paused and said: "Ha! Ha! Jesus bloody Christ! Come out and say it!" And then I realized that despite his yawns and rude noises, he was listening to Dr. Ballard and so then I too turned and gazed at the minister, who was explaining: "—and so the Bishop is marking time, as he says. We are at the crossroads—that is the Bishop's own expression—we are at the crossroads, marking time, awaiting some *providential wind* to guide us in the right direction. The Bishop is so gifted in his choice of expressions. At any rate, he is aware that the Church all too soon must make some decision. Meanwhile, as his visitants, we are able to send him reassuring news as to the condition of the slaves on at least *one* plantation." He paused, with the bleak and wintry suggestion of a smile.

"It will be so reassuring for the Bishop," said the younger minister. "He will be interested, too, in knowing your general views."

"General views?" Marse Samuel inquired.

"General views on the institution itself," Dr. Ballard explained. "He is greatly concerned to know the general views held by—how shall we say it?—his more *prosperous* parishioners."

For a long moment Marse Samuel was silent, his face drawn and reflective as he sucked at a long clay pipe. It was becoming dark. A mild gust of wind, feather-light upon my own brow, sent an oily curl of smoke across the veranda. In the distant swamp, frogs sang and throbbed in a wild, passionate monotone. Little Morning approached Dr. Ballard with a silver tray balanced on the tips of black fingers. "Is you gwine have some mo' port wine, mastah?" I heard him ask.

Still Marse Samuel remained silent; then finally he said in a slow and measured voice: "Doctor, I will be as direct with you as I can. I have long and do still steadfastly believe that slavery is the great cause of all the chief evils of our land. It is a cancer eating at our bowels, the source of all our misery, individual, political, and economic. It is the greatest curse a supposedly free and enlightened society has been saddled with in modern times, or any other time. I am not, as you may have perceived, the most religious of men, yet I am not without faith and I pray nightly for the miracle, for the divine guidance which will somehow show us the way out of this terrible condition. It is evil to keep these people in bondage, yet they cannot be freed. They must be educated! To free these people without education and with the prejudice

that presently exists against them would be a ghastly crime."

Dr. Ballard did not immediately answer, but when he did his voice was detached and indistinct. "How interesting," he murmured.

"Fascinating," said the other minister, sounding even more faraway.

Suddenly Benjamin lurched erect from his chair and walked to the far edge of the veranda. There in the shadows, unfastening himself, he commenced to piss into a rosebush. I could hear the noise of a lordly stream of water, urgent, uninterrupted, a plashing cascade upon leaf and thorn and vine, and now Benjamin's voice above the spatter: "Oh, my beloved brother! Oh, my brother's bleeding heart! What a trial, what a tribulation to dwell with such a saint, who would try to alter the mechanism of history! A *saint* he is, reverend visitants! You are in the presence of a living, breathing saint! Yas!"

Dr. Ballard blushed, murmuring something I could not understand. Watching from behind the smudge pot, I was suddenly tickled and I had to smother my amusement behind my hand. For the minister, in a desperate fidget, was obviously unaccustomed to conversing with anyone who was in the process of taking a piss, which Benjamin did without a flicker of a thought and in the most public way whenever he drank in the company of men. Yet now Dr. Ballard, though agitated, had to pay even more deference to Benjamin than he did to Marse Samuel, for distant and apart as Benjamin may have been this evening he was still the older brother and the plantation's titled owner. I watched joyfully as the minister's lips became puckered and bloodless; bespectacled eyes gazed in wild discomfort at Benjamin's back. Suddenly the torrent ceased and Benjamin wheeled about, languidly lacing up his fly. Weaving a little, he crossed the porch, drawing near Marse Samuel and letting his hand fall upon the back of his brother's neck; as he did so, Marse Samuel glanced up at him with a sour-sweet look, rueful, glum, yet touched with quiet affection. Although they were so dissimilar as to seem born of different families, even the most unobservant house servant was aware of the strong bond between them. They had quarreled many times in the past in their fraternal and peaceable way, seeming oblivious of all eavesdropping (or more likely they did not care) and many a black servant gliding around the dinner table had divined enough of their talk to know where each brother stood, philosophically, at least about his body if not his soul.

"My brother is as sentimental as an old she-hound, Doctor," Benjamin said in an amiable voice. "He believes the slaves are capable of all kinds of improvement. That you can take a bunch of darkies and turn them into shop owners and sea captains and opera impresarios and army generals and Christ knows what all. I say differently. I do not

believe in beating a darky. I do not believe, either in beating a dog or a horse. If you wish my belief to take back to the Bishop, you can tell him that my belief is that a darky is an animal with the brain of a human child and his only value is the work you can get out of him by intimidation, cajolery, and threat."

"I see," Dr. Ballard murmured, "yes, I see what you mean." The minister was paying Benjamin close attention, with a squint-eyed look yet still very deferential. "Yes, I do see clearly what you mean."

"Like my sentimental and most gentle-hearted brother," Benjamin continued, "I am against the institution of slavery too. I wish to Jesus it had never come to these shores. If there was some kind of steam engine you could invent to plant cotton or cut timber, another to pull suckers, another fire machine to set out in the field and chop tobacco still another big grand machine to come chugging through the house, lighting the lamps and settling the rooms in order—"

There was an attentive burst of laughter from the two ministers, the younger one tittering behind his fingers while Dr. Ballard made small chuckles and Benjamin himself continued, appreciatively grinning, with one hand resting friendly and familiar on his brother's shoulder. Still the sour-sweet expression lingered on Marse Samuel's face and the faintest outline of a sheepish little smile. "Or a machine, I fancy," Benjamin went on, "that when the mistress of the household prepared herself for an afternoon's outing, would harness up the mare and bring Old Dolly and the gig around to the front entrance, and then with its strange mechanism set the lady down on one seat and itself on another and prod Old Dolly into a happy canter through the woods and fields— If I invent a machine like that, I vow, invent a machine like that, furthermore, that won't eat you out of your house and home, that won't lie and cheat and thief you blind, that is efficient instead of being a paragon of blockheadedness and sheer stupidity, that you can lock away at dark in its shed like a pumping engine or a spinning jenny without fear that this machine is going to get up in the dead of night and make off with a prize goose or your fattest Guinea shoat and that when this machine is worn out and beyond its usefulness, you can discard it and buy another instead of being cursed with a no-account old body that conscience dictates you've still got to supply with shoes and molasses and peck of corn a week until the age of ninety-five. Hey! Invent a machine like any of these, gentlemen, and I will say a happy adieu to slavery this moment I can lay my hands on the likes of such mechanism!" He paused for a moment, taking a swallow from his tumbler, then he said: "Needless to say, I do not see in the near future the possibility of such a machine eventuating."

There was a brief spell of silence among the

company. Dr. Ballard continued to chuckle faintly. Miss Elizabeth had ceased singing, and now in the deep shadows of evening I could hear only the whine of mosquitoes at bay beyond the cloud of dark smoke, and nearby the soft insistent cooing of a mourning dove, a dull fretful sigh—*weehoo-hoo-hoo*—like a sleepy child in pain. Dr. Ballard crossed his legs abruptly, then said: "Well, from the general tenor of your remarks, Mr. Turner, I presume—well, how shall I say it?—I presume that you feel that the institution of slavery is—well, something we must *accept*. Would that be a proper interpretation of your remarks?" When Benjamin failed to reply immediately, still gazing down with a crooked bemused smile at Marse Samuel, the minister went on: "And would it also be accurate to discern in what you have just said a conviction that perhaps the Negro lags so far behind the rest of us—I mean, the white race—in *moral* development that, well, for his own welfare it might be best that he—well, be kept in a kind of benevolent subjection? I mean, is it not possible that slavery is perhaps—how shall we say?—the most *satisfactory* form of existence for such a people?" He paused, then said: "*Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.* Genesis, ninth chapter, twenty-fifth verse. Certainly the Bishop is not completely disinclined to take this viewpoint. I myself—"

But he hesitated, falling silent then, and the whole veranda was quiet, disturbed only by the creaking of chairs.

As if his mind had wandered far away, Benjamin stood there and made no reply, gazing gently down at Marse Samuel, who sat very still in the gathering dark, calmly chewing on his pipe but with a woebegone expression, strained and pinched. He made a movement with his lips, thought better of it, said nothing.

Then Benjamin looked up and said: "You take a little slave like that one there—" And it was an instant before I realized he was speaking of me. He made a gesture toward me with his hand, turning about, and as he did so the others turned too and suddenly I could feel their eyes upon me in the fading light. *Nigger, Negro, ducky*, yes—but I had never heard myself called a *slave* before. I remember moving uneasily beneath their silent, contemplative gaze and I felt awkward and naked, stripped down to bare black flesh, and a wicked chill like cold water filled the hollow of my gut as the thought

crashed in upon me: *Yes, I am a slave.*

"You take a little slave like that one there," Benjamin went on, "my brother here thinks he can take a little slave like that and *educate* him, teach him writing and arithmetic and drawing and so on, expose him to the masterpieces of Walter Scott, pour on the Bible study, and in general raise him up with all the amenities of learning. Gentlemen, I ask you, in all seriousness, ain't that a *whang-doodle* of a notion?"

"Yaanh-s," said Dr. Ballard. The "yes" was a thin whickering sound high in the nose, vaguely distant and amused, *gauch-s*.

"Although, gentlemen, I do not doubt that given my brother's belief in colonization and emancipation and his faith in education and God knows what all, given his passion to prove that a ducky has the native gifts granted to the average college professor, he could take a little slave like that one there and teach him the alphabet and his sums and the outlines of geography and right before your eyes you'd think his case was proved. But, gentlemen, let me tell you, my brother does not know darkies like I do. Either that or his saintly belief in reform prevents him from seeing the truth. For, gentlemen, I know better, I know darkies better. I'll swear to you that if you show me a little ducky whom you've taught to read the complete works of Julius Caesar forward and backward in the original Latin tongue, I will show you a ducky who is *still* an animal with the brain of a human child that will never get wise nor learn



honesty nor acquire any human ethics though that darky live to a ripe old age. A darky, gentlemen, is basically as unteachable as a chicken, and that is the simple fact of the matter." He halted, then slowly yawned: "Ah, time for bed!"

The ministers and Marse Samuel rose, murmuringly chatting, but now as night fell and the bright globe of a full moon rose radiant above the distant woods, I felt Little Morning squeeze me hard on the flesh of my arm, a signal, and I ceased listening to anyone talk, turning to help the old man carry bottles and glasses from the veranda, dousing the smudge pot with sprinkled water, busying myself with a mop against the planks of the pine floor. The chill in my bones would not leave nor was I able for a long time to banish from my mind the thought which hung there as if written on a banner: *I am a slave*. After some minutes, returning from the pantry, I saw that Benjamin had disappeared, and then I spied Marse Samuel lingering alone at the edge of the veranda. He leaned with one hand propped against the railing and his eyes seemed to follow the two ministers as they made their slow way, black against a blacker black, into the shadows of the night. "God watch over your dreams, Mr. Turner!" the younger one called in a tone girlish and clear.

"And your dreams too," Marse Samuel replied, but his voice was the thinnest murmur and they could not have heard it. Then he was gone from the veranda and I stood suddenly afraid, listening to Little Morning all agrumble, in gloomy discussion with himself as he limped stiffly among the chairs. A fragrance of tobacco smoke still hung sweetly on the hot still air. For a moment the two ministers, groping their way across the lawn toward the wing of the house, were illuminated in a shaft of moonlight; then they vanished for good among the shadows, while the moon itself, rising behind a black frieze of sycamore trees thick with summer leaves, was suddenly obscured, pitching house and lawn into smothering darkness. *Well, I am a slave*, I thought, and I shivered in the windless, sultry night which seemed—just for an instant—to surround me cold and treacherous and, more somberly, beyond the hope of ending, as if its long ticking course through the hours might lead only to a deeper darkness, without waking, without green glimmerings of dawn or the sound of cockerow.

Only a few months after this Benjamin died, way out in the swamp, crushed beneath a gigantic bald cypress just as he was engaged in brandy-befuddled remonstrance with two black timber hands. The Negroes later claimed that they had tried to warn of the great tree toppling at their master's back, but their gesticulations and whispers had been ignored, and they themselves had skipped lightly away as the monster crashed down upon poor drunken Benjamin. Certainly from the

rate at which Benjamin had begun to stow away liquor, the story seemed true enough. Among the Negroes for years after there were dark hints barely spoken, of foul play—but for myself I doubted it. Slaves have put up with far meaner owners than Benjamin.

Anyway, whatever final constraints Marse Samuel may have felt about continuing my education were removed by his brother's passing. Beyond doubt Benjamin would never have been a cruel master, a nigger-breaker. But if Benjamin's death brought no rejoicing among Negroes, it would not be accurate either to say that any were plunged into mourning. Even the dumbest slave shellin' corn down in the most rundown and ramshack cabin had gotten wind of at least the general drip of Marse Samuel's charitable notions, and they knew they had passed into more promising hands, so on the day of Benjamin's funeral, as the score of humble darkies gathered with sorrowing downcast looks behind the big house and the more musically inclined lifted their voices in tender lament

"O my massah's gone! massah's gone!
My massah's gone to heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind!"

—the insincerity of their simple words was as plain as the difference between gold and brass . . .

And so during all those boyhood years when the horn blew at the first crack of dawn, when Abraham stood at the edge of the stable in the still starlit dark trumpeting in sad hoarse notes the awakening call which brought firelight flickering at the doors of the cabins down the slope—the horn did not blow for me. I alone could stir and turn and sleep another hour, until the full light of sunup roused me to my kitchen chores long after the other Negroes had vanished to mill and wood and fields. Not for my soft pink palms—accustomed to the touch of silver and crystal, of pewter and glossy oiled oak—was the grimy feel of the hoe handle and the sickle and the ax. Not for me was the summer heat of the blacksmith shop or the steaming, gnat-mad fields of corn or the bone-cracking labor of the woods, rump deep in decay, ing slime, or the racket and toil of the mill wheel, the weight of grain and timber ruptured the gut and twisted shoulders and spine into a stooped attitude of toil as immutable as statues carved in black marble. And although Marse Samuel—certainly a bountiful master by any standard—could never be accused of starving his Negroes, it was nonetheless not the field-hand diet of hog and hominy to which my palate became accustomed but finer fare, lean ham and game and pastry leftovers to be sure, but I rarely knew what it was like not to partake of the same food that the Turners themselves enjoyed.

As for work itself, it would be a stretch of the truth to say that my days were idle; indeed, the memory of my youth at Turner's Mill is one of

constant hustling about the house from dawn until dusk. But honestly recollected, my tasks were light, far from the sweat and stink of the field. I cleaned, I washed, I scrubbed; I polished doorknobs and built fires and learned to set a meticulous table. The hand-me-down clothes I received were baggy, but they didn't scratch. Off and on for another year or two I continued with my lessons under the tutelage of Miss Nell, a patient, wispy creature who because of some private inner crisis had intensified her already fervid religious bent, now abandoning not only Walter Scott but even John Bunyan and all such secular work in favor of the Bible, especially the Prophets and the Psalms and the Book of Job, which we continued to read together beneath a great tulip poplar, my young black woolly head brushing her silken bonnet. Do not consider me impertinent when I say that years later, immersed in the project which is the reason for this account, I breathed a silent word of gratitude to this gentle and motherly lady, from whose lips I first heard those great lines from Isaiah: *Therefore will I number you to the sword, and ye shall all bow down to the slaughter, because when I called, ye did not answer . . .*

It seems to me now, as a matter of fact, that it was Miss Nell who inadvertently conveyed to me the knowledge of my own very special standing within the family, during a spell of illness, a year or so before my mother died, which I reckon to have been in the autumn when I had just turned fourteen. I did not know then nor was I ever told the name of my affliction, but it could not have been anything but grave, for I passed dark streams of blood from my bladder and for days and nights I was racked by an aching fever which sent my mind off into crazed visions and nightmares through which daylight and dark, waking and sleeping were hopelessly jumbled together and my surroundings became as unreal to me as if I had been transported into another land. Dimly I recall being moved from the corn-shuck bed I had shared for so long with my mother to some other room in the house, where I lay upon an enormous bedstead with linen sheets amid the hushed sound of whispers and tiptoeing footsteps. There in my delirium I was attended to every moment; my head was gently lifted; I drank water from a tumbler held to my lips by soft white hands. These same pale hands reappeared constantly, hovering over my eyes as in a dream to cool my burning brow with strips of flannel dipped in cool water. After a week I slowly began to recover, and the week following this I returned to my mother's room, quite infirm at first but after a while ready to resume my daily chores. Yet I was never able to forget how in the midst of my sickness—during a single moment of clarity which came over me before I fell back into a fevered nightmare—I heard Miss Nell's tearful voice, her whispered words beyond the strange door of the strange

room: "Oh Lord, Sam, our little Nat! Poor little Nat! We must pray, Sam, pray, pray! He mustn't be allowed to die!"

I became in short a pet, the darling, the little black jewel of Turner's Mill. Pampered, fondled, nudged, pinched, I was the household's spoiled child, a grinning elf in a starched jumper who gazed at himself in mirrors, witlessly preoccupied with his own ability to charm. That a white child would not have been so sweetly indulged—that my very blackness was central to the privileges I was given and the familiarity I was allowed—never occurred to me, and doubtless I would not have understood even if I had been told. Small wonder then that from the snug, secure dominion of my ignorance and self-satisfaction I began more and more to regard the Negroes of the mill and field as creatures beneath contempt, so devoid of the attributes I had come to connect with the sheltered and respectable life that they were worth not even my derision. Let some wretched cornfield hand, sweating and stinking, his bare foot gashed by a mishandled hoe, make the blunder of appearing at the edge of the veranda, with a piteous wail asking that I get old massah to please fetch him some kind of "portice" for his wound, and I would direct him to the proper rear door in a voice edged with icy scorn. Or should any black children from the cabins invade, no matter how guilelessly, the precincts of the big house and its rolling lawn. I would be at them with a flourished broomstick and shrill cries of abuse—safe however behind the kitchen door. Such was the vainglory of a black boy who may have been alone among his race in bondage who had actually read pages from Sir Walter Scott and who knew the product of nine multiplied by nine, the name of the President of the United States, the existence of the continent of Asia, the capital of the state of New Jersey, and could spell words like Deuteronomy, Revelation, Nehemiah, Chesapeake, Southampton, and Shenandoah.

It must have been during the spring of my sixteenth year that Marse Samuel took me aside on the lawn after one midday dinner and announced a rather surprising change in the routine of my life. Despite the sense I had of belonging and of a closeness to the family, I was not of course really of the family and there were intimacies I was denied; days and weeks might go by without Marse Samuel paying any note of me, especially during the long busy seasons of planting and harvest, and thus those special moments when I was the object of his attention I can recall with the greatest clearness and intensity. On this particular afternoon he spoke of my work in the house, commending me on my alertness and industry and on the good reports brought to him by Miss Nell and the young mistresses regarding the nimble way I applied myself not only to my lessons but to my daily chores.

Now, all this was laudable, he said, and the

duteous way I attended to my work was something in which I myself should take pride. The fact remained, however, that I owned too much ability and intelligence to labor for long as a house servant—a career which could not help stunting and diminishing the capacities he felt I had for development and lead me early into a barren dead end. Did I not honestly think that such a way of life was suitable only for rickety old codgers like Little Morning or ancient mammies with bandannas and rheumy eyes and with a bulge of snuff in their wrinkled cheeks? Certainly a boy who had learned as much as I had could not contemplate such a fruitless lifetime with anything but despondency and dread.

self into this new fresh field of learning with all the delight and anticipation and hungry high spirits of a white boy setting off for the College of William & Mary and an education in the mysteries of law. Marse Samuel had, for one thing, just recently acquired the services of a master carpenter, a German from Washington called Goat (it occurred to me long afterward that this could not have been the proper spelling, that it must have been something like Godt, but no one ever told me otherwise and in my recollection the man remains forever Goat), and it was these hands into which my owner delivered me for further instruction. For two years under the guidance of Goat I learned the carpenter's trade in the dusty shop



For a moment I was unable to answer. I do not believe that I had ever thought of the future; it is not in the mood of a Negro, once aware of the irrecoverable fact of his bondage, to dwell on the future at all, and even I in my state of relative good fortune must have simply assumed without thought that the days and years which stretched out before me would present only the familiar repetitious and interminable clutter of dirty dishes, chimney ashes, muddy boots, tarnished doorknobs, chamber pots, mops, and brooms. That something *different* might befall my lot had never occurred to me. I do not know what I was about to reply when he slapped me gently on the shoulder, exclaiming in an eager, hearty voice: "I have grander plans for this young darky."

Grand plans indeed. The beginning of an apprenticeship in carpentry, which, as it turned out for long years, was of as little use to me or anyone as so much rotting sawdust clogging a millwheel. But I could not have known that then. I flung my-

down the slope between the big house and the cabins. I had become fairly good-sized for my age and was strongly muscled and capable with my hands; all this combined with the fact that I had more than the rudiments of an education, and could measure and calculate nearly as well as any grown white man, made me an able student of the craft and I quickly learned to handle the saw and the adze and the plane and could set a row of joists parallel and straight beneath the laths of a new cornerib roof almost as skillfully as Goat himself. Goat was a large beefy man slow of movement and of words. Outside of carpentering, he seemed content to live by himself and to raise chickens. He had a crown of wispy hair and a shaggy beard the color of cinnamon and he supplied emphasis to his slow, cluttered, growling speech with choppy motions of knobbed and beefy hands. We were able to say little enough to each other, yet somehow he taught me carpentry well and I always felt grateful to him.

One thing about the carpenter's shop has always lingered in my mind and I should tell it, even though it concerns a matter I would hesitate to tell on had I not resolved to make this account as truthful as possible. Like most boys of sixteen or thereabouts I had begun to feel severely the pressures of my new manhood, yet I was in an unusual position compared to the other Negro boys, who found an easy outlet for their hunger with the available and willing little black girls whom they took during some quick stolen instant at the edge of a cornfield or amid the cool concealing grass of a stand of sorghum down at the edge of the woods. Isolated as I was from the cabins and such activity, I grew up in almost total ignorance of these fleshly pleasures, and whatever further knowledge I might have gained was confounded by the fear and this was a fear I must confess I was unable to shake totally free of even in later life) that adventures in this sphere were unholy and obnoxious in the sight of the Lord. Nonetheless, I was a vigorous and healthy boy, and try as I might to fight down temptation I could not resist accepting the opportunity to excite myself whenever the force of my desire became overwhelming. For some reason at that time it seemed plausible to believe that the Lord would not chastise me too harshly so long as I was moderate in taking my pleasure, and thus I limited these solitary moments to once a week—usually Saturdays, close enough to the Sabbath as to make my penitent prayers on that day all the more forceful and devout.

I would go to a small, low-ceilinged storage shed that was connected to the carpenter's shop by a door which I could lock with a peg and thong. It was always a nameless white girl between whose legs I envisioned myself—a young girl with golden curls. The shed smelled strongly of freshly hewn lumber and there was a resinous odor of loblolly pine, pungent and sharp enough to sear the nostrils; and often in later times, walking through wintertime heat past a stand of pine trees, that same icy and redolent odor of cut timber would arouse my senses and I would feel a sudden surge and stiffening at my groin as I thought of the carpenter's shop and as the memory began aching to turn, mingling tenderness and desire, of my vision of the golden-haired girl with her lips half open and whispering, and my young self so many years before crouched panting in the pine-smelling quietness.

I suspect that it was a kind of loneliness, together with the fact that I had an amount of leisure not granted to many other slaves, which impelled cause me at this time so zealously to precipitate myself into a study of the Bible, where I acquired—even at that early age—such a reverence and a sense of majesty in the presence of the psalms and in the teachings of the great Prophets that I resolved that no matter where my destiny took me, no matter what humdrum tasks befell my

lot in later years, I would become first and foremost a preacher of the Word. At Christmastime one year Miss Nell made me a gift of a Bible—one of several left at Turner's Mill by an itinerant messenger of the Bible Society in Richmond. "Heed this good book, Nathaniel," she said in her soft and distant voice, "and happiness shall attend you wherever you go." I will never forget my excitement as she pressed the brown leather-covered Bible into my hands. Surely at that moment I must have been (though all unaware) the only black boy in Virginia who possessed a book.

My joy was so great that I became dizzy, and I began to tremble and sweat, though windy drafts swept through the house and the day was bitterly cold. I was overtaken by such a bewildering emotion that I could not even thank the good lady, but merely turned and went to my little room, where I sat on the corn-shuck tick in the slanting icicle light of Christmas afternoon, quite unable to lift the cover and look at the pages. I recall the scent of cedar logs burning in the kitchen beyond the wall behind me, and the kitchen warmth stealing through the cracks of the timbers at my back. I recall too the echo of the spinet piano dimly tinkling far off in the great hall of the house and the sound of white people's voices lifted in song—*Joy to the world! the Lord is come*—while with the Bible still clutched unopened in my hands I gazed through a warped and crinkled isinglass window-pane to the sere windswept slope outside: there a mob of Negroes from the cabins was trooping toward the house. Muffled up against the cold in the coarse and shapeless yet decent winter garments Marse Samuel provided for them, they straggled along in a single line, men, women, pickaninnies, prepared to receive *their* gifts—a beanbag or a hunk of rock candy for the children, a yard of calico for the women, a plug of tobacco or a cheap jackknife for the men. They were a disheveled, ragged lot, and as they clumped past on the frozen ground near the window I could hear the babble of their voices, filled with Christmas anticipation, laughter high and heedless, and loutish nigger cheer. The sight of them suddenly touched me with a loathing so intense that it was akin to disgust, belly-sickness, and I turned my eyes away, throwing open the Bible at last to a passage whose meaning was lost on me then entirely but which I never forgot and now in the light of all that has since come to pass shimmers in my memory like a transfiguration: *I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction . . .*

Except for Marse Samuel and Miss Nell (and that single fleeting recollection of Brother Benjamin), there is little enough I seem to be able to remember about the Turner family. Miss Elizabeth—Benjamin's widow—remains but a shadow in

...copy-looking, hawk-elbowed woman, she sang hopefully in a quavering voice and whenever I try to conjure her up in memory it is mainly the voice that lingers—disembodied, pinning, frail as a reed, a fluty desiccated Anglo-Saxon whine. She was tuberculous, and since her ailment required her to be often on the coast near Norfolk, where it was thought by the doctors that the damp salt air was curative, I saw her infrequently and then only from afar.

Benjamin's two sons had both studied something called Progressive Agronomy at the College of William & Mary, and soon after his father's death the older son, Willoughby, removed himself and his bride to a smaller dwelling at the lower, thickly wooded edge of the plantation; from this house, called the New Retreat, he supervised as his father had before him the logging and timber-cutting operations of the Turner enterprise, and I kept to the plantation and my mother's will.

The other agronomist, Lewis, who was a bachelor—ruddy-faced and stocky and about thirty—shared with his uncle in the management of the plantation and in effect had become the general overseer upon the abrupt departure of the inebriate McBride, whom Marse Samuel eventually learned to tolerate. I have no idea whether Lewis had any love for one of the houseman's encounter with my mother although I'm fairly certain that the man, perhaps daunted by her basic unwillingness, never dared to approach her again. Whatever, it is testimony I believe to Marse Samuel's tolerance and patience—and is perhaps the most touching touching—generous in his nature—that he not only put up with McBride's drunkenness long beyond the point when another gentleman planter would have sent him packing, but became aware of his proclivity to Negro women a full two years after everyone else on the place had noted the marvel of at least three little slaves born with a palish cast, light curly hair, and a long fat Irish lip.) Lewis was an easygoing master (though I do not believe overly bright; he made errors in his speech which I in my young black wisdom secretly sneered at), and he tended to follow his uncle's guidance in most practical matters including the handling of Negroes, and in his treatment of those who came within his purview was more or less fair and good-humored, which is all that any slave could ask. When he was not at work he seemed to be most of the time out in the woods on horseback or shooting birds in the meadows, and thus stayed pretty much apart from the Negroes and such private affairs as they might be concerned with. I suspect that the imagination to have.

Of the Turner men, there remains only to speak of Marse Samuel's two daughters, Miss Louisa and Miss Emmeline. The older girl, Miss Louisa, ended her mother in my earliest instruc-

tion, as I have already recounted; and the swift assured way in which I learned to read and spell and do my sums gives me reason to believe that she was an excellent teacher. But our relationship in the end was so short-lived that it is hard for me to summon up an image of her. When I was around fourteen she got married to a young land speculator from Kentucky and moved away with him forever, leaving my tutelage completely in the hands of my protectress, her Scripture-besotted mother.

Miss Emmeline was the last, the youngest. At the time I am speaking of she was twenty-five, perhaps a little more, and I worshiped her—from great distance, of course—with the chaste, evangelical passion that could only be nurtured in the innocent heart of a boy like myself, reared in surroundings where women (at least white ladies) seemed to float like bubbles in an immaculate effulgence of purity and perfection. With her lustrous rich auburn hair parted at the center and her dark intelligent eyes and the sweet gravity of her mouth which lent to her face such an air of noble calm, she would have been a great beauty even in a society far removed from this backwater, where work and isolation and the weather tended quickly to harshen a white mistress' charms. Perhaps city life had had something to do with this, since after attending the female seminary nearby in Lawrenceville she had gone north to Baltimore, and there she had spent several years in the home of a maternal aunt. During that time, she had fallen victim (or so it was rumored—and so it was bruited about the kitchen by Prissy or Little Morning or one of the house servants, all of them by training chronic snoopers) of an unhappy love affair—so grievous that it had threatened a physical decline—and thus Marse Samuel had summoned her home, where she now helped Miss Nel in the management of the household. Eventually it seemed that her spirits were restored, and she fell without strain into the routine of a young plantation mistress, attending to the ill and the feeble in the cabins, laying up preserves and making fruit cakes, and in the spring and summer taking care of the cultivation of a large vegetable garden not far from the carpenter's shop.

The vegetable garden was her particular devotion; she planted by herself all the seeds and seedlings, and for hours on end, her head sheltered by an enormous straw hat, she would labor side by side with the two small Negro girls who were her assistants, plucking weeds beneath the hot summer sun. Working in the carpenter's shop, I would often raise my eyes and watch her secretly, bewitched, suddenly short of breath, yearning with a kind of raw hunger for that moment which I knew was about to arrive, and did—that moment when pausing to look upward at the sky, she let her fair and slender fingers pass lightly over her damp brow, all the while remaining motionless upon her

ees, the eyes gently reflected, her teeth glinting through slightly parted lips, a vein throbbing at her temple while she gazed at me quite unawares the first glimpse, face to face, of her serene, proud, astonishing smooth-skinned beauty.

Yet my passion for her was singular, miserably and obscurely mixed with my own religious feelings. I believed in purity and goodness, and there was something about her total beauty—a freshness, but a restless and lonely independence of manner, a proud serenity about the way in which she moved—which was pure and good in itself, like the disembodying, transparent beauty of an imagined angel. In later life, of course, I learned that such an inclination for a beautiful white

stress on the part of a black boy was not at all common, despite the possibility of danger, but at the time my adoration of her seemed to me eerie, unique, and almost insupportable, as if I had been afflicted at the roots of my soul by some divine madness. I do not believe that during this year-long period of my worship she spoke ten words to me and I dared say nothing to her except to breathe once or twice a queasy “Yessum” or “O’m” to some casual question. Since I no longer worked in the house our paths crossed seldom, and I only asked the Lord that I be allowed sight of her once or twice a day. Naturally she had been there for a number of years of my unusual standing as a privileged young servant, but her mind was on anything but a nigger boy and although her manner toward me was not unkindly she seemed only faintly conscious of the fact that I lived and breathed. Once from the veranda she called me to help her hang a flowerpot; in my jangled fumbling and confusion I nearly allowed the pot to fall, and when, standing at my side, she caught my bare arm and a shower of earth and cried in a sharp voice, “Fat! Silly goose!” the sound of my name on her lips was as cooling as a benediction and the contact with her white fingers was like the touch of fire.

Then one night in late summer about a year after Miss Emmeline’s return to the plantation from Baltimore, there was a party at Turner’s Mill—and this in itself was an event worthy of note. Social affairs at the plantation were rare (at least within the memory of my time at the big house), not only because of the remoteness of the place but because of the perilous conditions of transportation—deep fords, fallen trees, and washed-out roads making intercourse between the various Tidewater estates in each case a major venture, not to be considered lightly or to be un-



dertaken in an impetuous mood. Once in a great while, however—every two years or so, usually in the late summer when the crops were laid by—Marse Samuel would decide to have what he called, humorously, an “assemblage,” and a score of people would come from miles around, planters and their families from the James and Chickahominy Rivers and from down in North Carolina, people with names like Carter and Harrison and Byrd and Clark and Bonner arriving in elegant coaches and accompanied by a hustling, noisy entourage of black nursemaids and body servants. They would stay for four or five days, sometimes as long as a week, and daily there would be fox hunts with the hounds of Major Vaughan, whose plantation was not far away, and turkey shoots and contests in horsemanship, pistol matches and picnics and a great deal of contented somnolent, easy palaver among the ladies on the veranda, and at least two fancy balls in the great hall, bedecked for each evening’s merriment in yards of pink and blue bunting. It was my duty on these occasions (after I had reached the age of sixteen or thereabouts) to act in the capacity of “chief usher,” a title which Marse Samuel bestowed upon me and which involved my supervision of all the Negro help outside of the kitchen. (It is possibly a measure of Marse Samuel’s confidence in me that he entrusted me with this position, as young as I happened to be; doubtless on the other hand I simply *was* quicker and smarter than all the rest.) Caparisoned for a week in purple velvet knee-length pantaloons, a red silk jacket with buckles of shiny brass, and a white goat’s-hair wig which culminated behind in a saucy queue, I must have presented an exotic sight to the Carters and the Byrds, but I reveled in my role and took great pleasure in bustling about and lording it over the other black boys—

most of them enlisted from the fields, dumb callow kids all thumbs and knobby knees and popping eyes—even though each day I was kept feverishly busy from dawn to dusk. It was I who greeted the carriages and coaches and helped the ladies dismount, I too who rode herd on Lucas and Todd and Pete and Tim, making certain that they polished each night each gentleman's boots, that they cleaned up the litter on the lawn, that they hurried about ceaselessly, fetching ice from the ice cellar, retrieving a lady's lost fan, tethering horses, untethering them, doing this, undoing that. I was the first to arise long before dawn (to help Little Morning prepare daily a stirrup cup of whiskey for the fox hunt was one of my most important chores) and nearly always the last to retire, and the fact that I was up and about at a truly unearthly hour was the only reason that caused me one morning, between ball and hunt, to nearly stumble over Miss Emmeline and someone else in the moonless and murky dark.

It was not the loud whisper of her voice that shocked me so much—though I instantly distinguished it—but the Lord's name in her mouth, uttered in a frenzy, the first time in my life I had heard blasphemy on a woman's tongue. And so astonished was I by the words that as I stood there rooted in the dark it did not just then occur to me to consider the event which occasioned them, and I thought she was in some great and nameless peril: "Oh mercy . . . oh God . . . oh Jesus . . . wait! . . . oh Jesus . . . now wait! . . . quick . . . put it back . . . now then . . . slowly . . . oh Jesus Christ . . . slowly! . . . wait!"

A man's soft groan from the lawn behind the hedge now made me aware of the other presence, and I remained half-paralyzed, fascinated yet suddenly sick nearly unto death at the sound of the Savior's name spoken thus, as if He had been stripped shamelessly naked by the hot urgency of her lips. "Wait, wait!" she again implored, and a gentle sigh came from the man's throat, and once more she continued her rhythmic whispering: "Oh mercy . . . mercy . . . wait now, slowly! . . . oh Jesus . . . oh Christ . . . oh Christ . . . oh yes, *now!* . . . Oh mercy . . . mercy . . ."

Abruptly then, in a prolonged and dwindling little sob, the voice died and all was silent, and I could hear nothing but the piping of frogs in the millpond and a dull thumping of horses against the stable stalls and the sound of my own heart racing madly, so loud that I thought surely it must be heard above the sighing of a night wind in the sycamore trees. I stood there unable to move, my spirit a shambles from chagrin and shock and fear. And I recall thinking wretchedly: This is what comes of being a nigger. It ain't fair. If I wasn't a nigger I wouldn't find out about things I don't want to find out about. It ain't fair.

Then after a long silence I heard the man's voice, impassioned, tremulous: "Oh my love Em,

my love, my love, *Em* my love!" But there was no reply from Miss Emmeline and time crept by slowly and painfully like something crippled and old, causing my mouth to go dry and a numbness premonitory with the clammy touch of death, to spread a tingling chill through my legs and thigh. At last I heard her voice again, placid now, composed, but edged with contempt and bitterness: "Finally you've accomplished what you've been after for ages. I hope you're satisfied."

"Oh Em, my love, my love," he whispered. "Leave me."

"Stay away from me!" she said, her voice rising now in the darkness. "Stay away from me, do you hear! If you touch me, if you say another word for me I'll tell Papa! I'll tell Papa and he'll *shoot* you for *ravishing* your own cousin."

"But oh my darling Em!" he protested. "You *consented* to—Oh *Em*, my love, my dear—"

"Just stay away from me!" she repeated, and again she fell silent and there was no sound for a long while until suddenly I heard her burst out in words touched with raw and abandoned despair: "Oh God, how I hate you. Oh God, how I hate this place. Oh God, how I hate life. Oh *God*, how I hate God!"

"Oh don't, Em!" he whispered in a frantic voice. "My love, my love, my love!"

"This God damned *horrible* place. I would even go back to Maryland and become a whore again and allow the only man I ever loved to sell my body on the streets of Baltimore. Get your God damned hands *off* me and don't speak another *word* to me again! If you do I'll tell Papa! Now leave me, leave me, leave me, *leave me alone!*"

I have spoken elsewhere in this narrative, among more than once, of a Negro's ubiquity and the learning he acquires, so often unbeknownst to white people, of the innermost secrets of their hearts. That evening was one such time, but it seemed to me, too, as I watched Miss Emmeline rise from the grass and in a rustle of taffeta disappear into the blue shadows of the house and then saw her cousin Lewis rise also and slouch off miserably through the night, that no matter how much covert knowledge a Negro possessed there were questions always left unanswered and a mystery, and that therefore he should not feel himself too wise or all-knowing. Certainly this was true in regard to Miss Emmeline, who, all the while I pondered her after that evening, became ever more wrapped in a dark and secret cloak. She did not speak another word to Lewis nor, so far as I was able to observe, did he dare speak to her; her threat, her admonition triumphed, and some months later the poor man left Turner's Mill entirely, going down to Louisiana to try to set himself up in sugar or cotton.

As for what I heard and saw that night, please do not consider my account simply well, *marvellous*—for in truth such an episode had the effect

tering my entire vision of white women. For the glow of saintliness which had surrounded Emmeline in my mind dimmed, flickered out, appeared; it was as if she suddenly stood disd and the fascination she held for me was of ferent order, just as my hopeless and unending tration was of a different kind though no less re. For a while I was still maddened by her. I ll worshiped her beauty from a distance but I uld not help but be shaken to my guts by the ls of blasphemy I had heard her utter, which inflamed my thoughts, and like pinpoints of pricked and agitated my very dreams. In my fancies she began to replace the innocent, imagi- girl with the golden curls as the object of my ing, and on those Saturdays when I stole into rivate place in the carpenter's shop to release pent-up desires, it was Miss Emmeline whose white full round hips and belly responded ly to all my lust and who, sobbing "mercy, ey, mercy" against my ear, allowed me to par- of the wicked and godless yet unutterable of defilement.

One day in October just after I became eighteen ay recollected with that mysterious clarity of al days upon which transpire the greatest of ev—I discovered the actual outlines of that fu- which Marse Samuel had envisioned for me al these weeks and months and years.

was a Saturday, one of those dusty, ochereous mnal days whose vivid weather never again is so sweet and inviting after youthful time of overy: wood smoke and maple leaves blazing in rees, an odor of apples everywhere like a winy ha, squirrels scampering for chinquapins at the ed of the woods, a constant stridor of crickets ng the withering grass, and over all a ripe y heat edged with feathery gusts of wind ling of charred oak and winter. That morning d as usual risen early and gone to the shop, re I busied myself in loading some short two- ours on a barrow. Marse Samuel had only a days before made his seasonal inspection of eld hands' cabins, finding several of them in a e of sorry dilapidation. This day Goat and I ld set up the two-by-fours as underpinning a couple of new floors; afflicted by the sum- 's seepage and rot, many of the old timbers dissolved into a kind of crumbling splintery dust, the cabins themselves then exposed to raw damp earth and infested by field mice, hes, ants, beetles, and worms. Although I had vn very fond of my apprenticeship as a car- er and took pride in my growing mastery of craft, I despaired with a passion that part of ob which required me to work on repairs to the ns. For one thing alone (and this in spite of all se Samuel's efforts to teach a fundamental nliness) there was the odor—the stink of sweat grease and piss and nigger ofal, of rancid

pork and crotch and armpit and black toil and straw ticks stained with babies' vomit—an abyssal odor of human defeat revolting and irredeemable. "Ai, yi, yi," Goat would whisper to the air in his German rattle, "dese people is not animals even," and lifting a post or beam would make a convulsive face and spit on the floor. At such moments despite myself, the blood-shame, the disgrace I felt at being a nigger also, was as sharp as a sword through my guts.

But that bright morning, appearing at the shop door with a cheery smile, Marse Samuel rescued me before I had even gotten well along on my task. "Throw a saddle on Judy, Nat," he said, "we're off to Jerusalem." Behind the look of humor on his face there was something secretive, conspiratorial, and he lowered his voice to say: "Come November third, Miss Nell and I will have been married for a quarter of a century. I must needs celebrate this anniversary with an appropriate gift." He plucked me by the sleeve of my shirt, drawing me outside the shop. "Come now, let's saddle Judy and Tom. I need company to share this splendid day. But you musn't breathe a word about the gift, Nat!" He looked about him right and left, as if fearful of being overheard, then said in a whisper: "Someone sent news from over at the Vaughan's place that a jeweler from Richmond will be passing today through town."

I was of course wonderfully pleased—not alone because I was freed of an ugly job but because I liked riding so much and always stole a ride on the rare occasions I was given the opportunity, and also because Jerusalem itself was an exciting place for me; although it was no more than fifteen miles away, I had been there only once several years before and then the little village touched me with wonder despite the solemnity of our mission. That time too I had gone with Marse Samuel, but in a wagon, to help pick out a headstone for my mother's grave. No cedar headboard for her, no weed-filled corner of some field splashed with tatterdemalion wild flowers. My mother, alone among all the Negroes at Turner's Mill, had been laid honorably to rest in the family plot among white folks (scant yards away, indeed, from the unsentimental Benjamin, now spinning in his coffin) with a marble headstone not one inch smaller nor a shade less white than theirs. I am no longer oppressed by the fact (as I was for so many years after I had grown to manhood and was able to reflect long and hard on these matters) that the name on that headstone was not a nigger woman's forlorn though honest "Lou-Ann" but the captured, possessed, owned "Lou-Ann Turner."

We rode out the long front lane over a carpet of fallen leaves. At the entrance to the lane half a dozen field hands supervised by Abraham were clearing a drainage canal which rimmed a part of the land; Marse Samuel greeted them with a loud halloo, and they in turn stood erect and

grinned in a servile show of doffed hats and loose-limbed droll shufflings, shouting back: "Mawnin', massah!" and "Fare 'ee well, Marse Sam!" I eyed them with aloof, privileged disdain. Their calls echoed behind us even as we set out through the woods by way of a leaf-strewn sunken wagon track leading toward the log road which would take us to Jerusalem. It was a gusty, brilliant morning alive with tossing branches and swirling eddies of leaves beneath us. Marse Samuel's horse, a glittering black Irish hunter, quickly set the pace and took the lead and for half an hour or so we rode without speaking through the forest until finally, slackening his gait, Marse Samuel let me draw abreast and then I heard him say: "I hear that you are quite a young craftsman." I found no way to answer these words which were both so pleasing and discomfiting, and I kept quiet, risking only a swift glance at Marse Samuel and catching his eye then shifting my gaze a bit. I saw a pleasant twinkly look on his face, a kind of half-smile as if he were on the verge of divulging a secret. He sat upon a horse with great style and presence; his flowing hair had become a silvery gray in the past few years, and more lines creased and webbed his face, adding to his dignity; for an instant I imagined I was riding in the company of a great Biblical hero—Joshua perhaps, or Gideon before the extermination of the Midianites. I could say nothing as usual; my awe of him was so great that there were moments when I could no more reply to him than if someone had sewn up my lips.

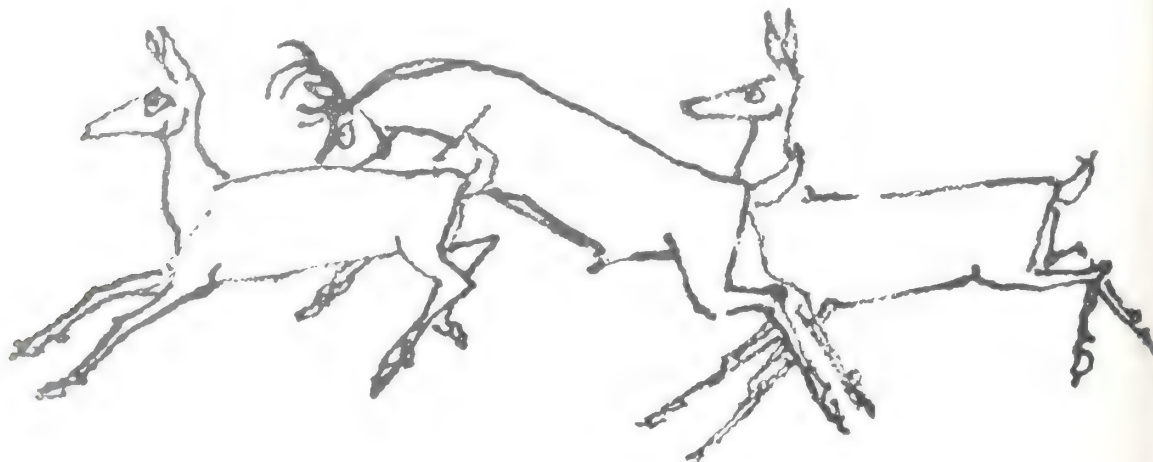
"Mr. Goat told me that you planed down and finished twenty sills and chimney girts as smooth and as clean as could be, mortise and tenons and all and not one bad joint nor a single timber to throw away in the lot! Fine work, my excellent young carpenter! What I expect I shall have to do—"

Was he on the verge then of telling me what he had to say later? Perhaps. But I do not really know, for at that instant Marse Samuel's horse suddenly reared in a panic and the mare too

heaved up beneath me, neighing with alarm, leapt across the wagon trace three deer bolted in bounds from a thicket, a buck and two does dappled in the leafy morning light; they flew past us in floating shapes wild-eyed and silent until one after another they struck the blanket of leaves on the far side of the road and vanished into the woods with a clamorous diminishing storm of thudding hooves and snapping branches. "Hoo, Tom!" Marse Samuel shouted, reining in his horse, calling him, and I too tightened in the mare, and for a moment we stood there in the checkered flickering light, gazing at the place where the white tails the deer had melted into the woods, listening for the sound of the plunging feet vanished far among the trees. But it had given us both a start. "A yard farther and they'd have been on top of our Nat!" Marse Samuel called with an uneasy laugh and he swung Tom around and galloped ahead saying no more until a few minutes later when the wagon trace ended, merging with the log road which led to Jerusalem. "Then shall the lame leap as an hart," he said, glancing back at me, "and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness—How does it go, Nat?"

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert," I answered. "And parched ground shall become a pool, and the thine land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes."

"Yes, yes," he replied. We had drawn to a stop near the end of the trace, beneath a grove of gnarled and ancient apple trees once part of a large cultivated grove but now turned back to the underbrush and the wildwood. Fallen from the branches apples by the bushel lay in disordered piles in rows in a shallow ditch at the edge of the trace scattered ranks of the red and yellowish fruit were faintly rotting with a cidery odor. Even as we stood there others fell, *plop-plopping* on the ground. Gnats swarmed over all, barely visible and the two horses bent down their necks at



an to munch at the apples with succulent munching sounds. "Yes, yes," Marse Samuel said, "I had forgotten. I had forgotten." He smiled suddenly, adding: "By God's grace I can afford to for—the Bible with *you* to rely on. *For in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert*—Lord Almighty, would that it were really so." He looked about him for a moment, searching the distances with a hand shielding his eyes from the bright sun. "Lord Almighty!" he said in. "What a desolate prospect hereabouts!" He looked about me too but could see nothing of the ordinary: apple trees, road, fields, distant woodland—all seemed to be in place.

He turned and regarded me soberly. "Those are now, Nat. Take those deer for example. Used to be you never saw any deer on this trace, up in this quarter. Too many people around that kept them down. Fifteen, sixteen years ago when you were but a small tadpole the woods would be re-echoing with gunfire in November, December when old John Coleman and his boys would be bringing up venison. They kept the deer population down to a proper size. Let his darkies hunt, too. I had a big driver named Friday who was one of the best deer shots in all of Southampton. But it's all gone now. When the deer come back it means poorer times. It means the people have gone." He looked around again, the expression on his face still the same, worried, thoughtful. "This grove here," he murmured, "John Coleman's too. Taken care of, these trees gave the sweetest Jonathans ever you could ask. Now look at them, all gone to pieces, only for the worms. God, what a pity! What a waste and a shame!"

He said little else for a while as we rode at a slow trot toward Jerusalem. Something seemed to have taken possession of his thoughts and he remained buried within himself, lost in some troubled reverie which contrasted suddenly and strangely with his happy mood of the early morning but which of course I could not presume to intrude upon. We rode in silence for an hour or a little more, the log road lying straight and level under a roofbeam before us, the woods at either side like a whispery wall, wind-thrashed and afire with leaves. Here, unlike the tamed land around Turners Mill, it seemed a true wilderness, for the copper and gold landscape was astir with wilder life: partridge and pheasant sprang up behind the edge of the road, and from the forest's windswept roof fat grouse exploded, booming as they sought the sky. Squirrels and cottontails scrossed the road all along the way. Once a red squirrel considered us from his perch on the trunk of an alien oak; seated panting, grinning, his tongue lolling out between rows of small wicked teeth.

Yet even as we rode along I was made aware—because of what Marse Samuel had said—of the strange bleak tracts of land which at intervals broke up the forest, patches of scrubby bramble-

choked earth which had once been tobacco fields but now lay in fallow ruin. Scrub oak and pine saplings poked up through these meadows; the earth was raw and weedy and great stretches of chalky, storm-runnled earth upon which nothing could grow blotched the landscape like open wounds. Here and there a forlorn last growth of stripped tobacco stalks stuck up through the briars in stiff withered spines. As we rode past one of these fields I could see on the far horizon the remnants of a great old farmhouse with its roof caved in; the tumbledown outbuildings surrounding it, rotting and abandoned like the ruined offspring of something itself long dead, made the distant view even more sinister, and I turned away from it, beginning to share Marse Samuel's pensive mood without knowing exactly why, and rode silently along behind him as the woods closed in again on either side around us.

There was little movement on the road, and such of it as there was seemed to be coming toward us away from Jerusalem: two peddlers' wagons, several farmers in gigs and buggies—all of whom Marse Samuel hailed, being hailed warmly in return with elaborate, deferential greetings—and a half-blind old free Negro woman named Lucy, a ragpicker well known in the region, quite drunk and crazed and astride a spavined moth-eaten mule, who when Marse Samuel pressed a few pennies into her bleached palm, cackled in a voice which followed us for half a mile: "Bress yo' soul, Marse Samuel, you Jesus hisself! Yes, you des Jesus hisself . . . Jesus hisself. . . *Jesus hisself!*"

In the outline of a vast arrowhead, flashing and wavering, a flock of geese raced south high in the pure blue above; a gust of wind caught Marse Samuel's cloak, blowing it about his head, and as he reached up to recover it he said: "How old are you now, Nat? Eighteen, am I correct?"

"Yes sir, Marse Samuel, I turned eighteen first day of this month."

"Mr. Goat has splendid things to tell me about you," he went on. "It's really most remarkable the progress you've made." He turned to look at me with the suggestion of a smile. "You're quite an unusual ducky, I suppose you know."

"Yes sir, Marse Samuel, I reckon I am." I do not recall replying with immodesty; that I was in many ways both exceptional and fortunate was a fact of which I had long been well aware.

"You have by no means acquired what is known as a liberal education," he said. "That was not my intention nor within my powers, even though I am sure that young people of your race will get that kind of learning someday. But you seem to be equipped now with the best part of an elementary schooling. You can read and write, and you can count. You have the most amazing knowledge of the Good Book of anyone within my ken, and that includes several white ministers I know. You will doubtless take on much more learning as you go

forward, so long as books are within your reach. In addition to all this you have gained command of a craft, and are exceedingly skillful at everything which has been taught you. You are the walking proof of what I have tried so hard and usually so vainly to persuade white gentlemen, including my late beloved brother, namely, that young darkies like yourself *can* overcome the natural handicaps of their race and at least acquire such schooling as will allow them to enter into pursuits other than the lowest menial animal labor. Do you understand what I am getting at, Nat?"

"Yes sir, Marse Samuel," I said, "I understand fine."

"In three years you will be twenty-one, you will have attained your manhood. Until then I wish to see you function on a new basis at the Mill. Commencing tomorrow, you will work only half a day at the shop under Mr. Goat's direction. During the rest of the time you will act as assistant driver on the plantation, working together with Abraham in controlling the affairs of the fields and the mill itself but answerable only to me. During some of that time this fall I will be seeking your assistance in putting my library in order; it is in sorry need of straightening out. That last shipment from the factor in London contained over one hundred volumes in agronomy and horticulture alone, not to speak of the rest of my books and those of my father's which stand in need of arrangement. Do you think you can help me in all this?"

"I will certainly try, Marse Samuel, I will most surely do my best."

"There may be some items which will be a bit of a trick for you as yet, but you will learn in the process and I think all in all we shall manage handsomely." He had reined in his horse, and I stopped too; now we stood abreast at the edge of the road and Marse Samuel clutched the pommel of his saddle in a gloved hand, watching me gravely. The road was empty of travelers here, desolate, traversed by small whirlwinds of brown leaves and gritty dust. Flat fields of briers rolled away to the rim of the horizon, a wasteland of dying thorns; somewhere far off a wildfire in the woods burned unchecked and its fragrance, sharp with cedar, floated around us in a powdery sweet haze.

"Now, I have long debated in my mind and heart," he went on slowly, "whether to tell you of this other decision, for fear that it would hinder you in some way or cause you to occupy your head with fanciful notions when you should be attending to your work."

I could not think what it was he was preparing to tell me but there was something in the tone of his voice that put me on the alert, anticipating, and in a wild and sudden fantasy I thought: Maybe he's going to say that if I do everything right he'll give me old Judy; he let Abraham have a horse only two years ago . . .

"When I was up in Richmond this last August I saw Mr. Bushrod Pemberton, who has taken great interest in the news I have had to convey him in regard to you—"

A vision of the mare disappeared, and I was thinking instead: What has Richmond got to do with me? And Mr. Bushrod Pemberton? What does either of them got to do with anything in this world?

"Mr. Pemberton is one of the wealthiest gentlemen in Richmond. He is an architect and a builder of houses and he is in great need of skilled hands right now. Besides being a man of cultivation and learning, Mr. Pemberton shares most of the ideas I myself possess about the use of labor. In his business in Richmond he employs many accomplished free Negroes and slaves as carpenters, bricklayers, tinsmiths, and other artisans. What I propose to do, Nat, is simply this. If all goes well with you during the next three years—and I have no reason to doubt that anything will go awry—"

He's going to hire me out, I thought, he's going to hire me out to Mr. Pemberton, that's what he's going to do. I began to feel a creeping fear, thinking: So he trained me all these years just so he could hire me out in Richmond to Mr. Bushrod Pemberton—

"—Then I shall send you to Mr. Pemberton, under whose employ you will work as a carpenter for the following four years. Mr. Pemberton lives in a beautiful old home in the shadow of St. John's Church. I have seen the quarters where he sleeps his servants; they are in a quiet alleyway behind the house and I can tell you, Nat, that even a darky could wish for a nicer place to live. As for other things, Mr. Pemberton is engaged in building a block of fine row houses in the center of town, and I expect you will fit in perfectly on the job from the very beginning. You will pay me half the wages you earn from him—"

So it is all as simple as that. He's getting rid of me. And so what all this means is that I will have to go away from Turner's Mill. It ain't fair. It ain't fair.

"—retaining the other half for yourself in savings for the future. Thereupon, at Mr. Pemberton's good report of your labor—and again I have no doubt that this might be anything but exemplary—I shall draw up the papers for your emancipation. You will then at the age of twenty-five be a free man."

He paused and gave my shoulder a soft nudge with his gloved fist, adding: "I shall only stipulate that you return to Turner's Mill for a visit every blue moon or two—with whichever young darling girl you have taken for a wife!"

Suddenly I realized that he was trembling with emotion. He ceased talking and blew his nose with a loud honk. Baffled, helpless, I opened my mouth but my lips parted on a fragile wisp of air, unable to speak a word, and just at that moment he turned

side brusquely and tapped his horse into a quick trot, calling back: "Come on, Nat, time's flying! We must get to Jerusalem before that jeweler has sold out all his pearls!"

A free man. Never in a nigger boy's head was there such wild sudden confusion. For as surely as the fact of bondage itself, the prospect of freedom may generate ideas that are immediately obsessed and half-crazy, so I think I am being quite exact saying that my first reaction to this awesome unanimity was one of ingratitude, panic, and self-concern. And the reasons were as simple and natural as a heartbeat. Because such was my attachment to Turner's Mill—the house and the pods and the serene and familiar landscape which had composed my entire memory and the act of my *becoming* and had fashioned me into what I was—that the idea of leaving it filled me with a homesickness so keen that it was like a bereavement. To part from a man like Marse Samuel, whom I regarded with as much devotion as it was possible to contain, was loss enough; it seemed almost insupportable to say goodbye to a sunny and generous household which, black though I was, had cherished me as a child and despite all—despite the unrelenting fact of my niggerness, the eternal subservience of my manner and the leftovers I ate when now and my cramped servant's room and the occasional low chores I was still compelled to do, and the near-drowned yet lingering and miserable collection of my mother in a drunken overseer's arms—had been my benign and peaceable universe for eighteen years. To be shut away from this was more than I thought I could bear.

"But I don't want to go to any Richmond!" I heard myself howling at Marse Samuel, galloping after him now. "I don't want to work for any Mr. Emberton! *Naw sir!*" I cried. "Unh-unh, I want to stay right here!" (Thinking now of my mother's words long ago, and still another fear: *rather be a low cornfield nigger or dead than a free nigger. Dey sets a nigger free and only thing it po' soul gits to eat is what's left over of de garbage after de skunks an' dogs has et...*) "Jaw!" I yelled. "Unh-unh!"

But all I could hear was Marse Samuel shouting at me but to his horse, now plunging ahead through flying and pinwheeling billows of autumn leaves: "Hey, Tom! Old Nat won't feel that way for . . . long . . . will . . . he . . . boy!"

And of course he was right. For many months afterward I worried off and on about my future in Richmond. But my worst fears began to melt away when that morning as we approached Jerusalem, when like some blessed warmth there slowly crept over me an understanding of this gift of my own salvation, which only one in God knew how many thousands of Negroes could hope ever to receive, and was beyond all prizing. I would have, after all, several years before I'd be leaving Turner's Mill. As for the rest, to be a free man in a fine city

working at a trade he cherished was not a fate to be despised; many a poor outcast white man had inherited far less, and therefore I should give thanks unto the Lord. I did so that day in Jerusalem, while waiting for Marse Samuel in the shadow of a stable wall, taking my Bible from the saddlebag and praying alone on my knees while carts clattered by and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer rang out like the clang of a cymbal: *O God, thou art my God; early will I seek Thee . . . because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee . . .*

Yet that afternoon on the way back to Turner's Mill, just as my joy and exultancy grew and I listened to Marse Samuel describe the kind of good work that would be in store for me in Richmond (he too was in radiant spirits, he had bought Miss Nell a resplendent gold and enamel French brooch and was glowing with pride), we encountered on the road a sight so troubling that it was like a shape of darkness passing across the bright October sun, and it looms over my memory of this day as persistently as the recollection of some exhausted moment toward the year's end when one looks out and finds that all is hushed and that night has begun to fall, and there steals over the tongue the first flat dead taste of winter.

The slave coffle had halted at the side of the road, not far below the clearing where the wagon trace began. Had we started out ten minutes later it would have been on its way again, we should not have seen it. I began to count, and I saw that there were about forty Negro men and boys skimpily clad in ragged cotton shirts and trousers; they were linked to each other by chains that girdled their waists and each was manacled with double cuffs of iron which now lay loose in their laps or on the ground. I had never seen Negroes in chains before. None of them spoke as we passed, and their silence was oppressive, abject, hurtful, and chilling. They sat or squatted in a line straggling through the fiery mounds of fallen leaves at the wayside; some were chomping on handfuls of corn pone in a listless fashion, some dozed against each other, one gangling big fellow rose as we approached and walleyed and expressionless began to piss into the ditch, a small boy of eight or nine lay weeping desperately and hopelessly against a fat middle-aged shiny liver-colored man gone sound asleep where he sat. Still no one spoke, and as we moved on I heard only a faint chinking sound of their chains and now the single lugubrious plunking of a jew's-harp, very slow, tuneless, and with a weird leaden monotony, like someone pounding in senseless rhythm on a crowbar. The three drovers were youngish sort of sun-reddened men, fair-haired and moustached, and all wore muddy boots; one of them carried a leather bull-whip and it was he who tipped his wide straw hat to Marse Samuel as we came up to them and stopped. The chains chinked faintly in the ditch,

and the jew's-harp went *bunk-bunk-bunk-bunk*.

"Where are you bound?" Marse Samuel said. He had lost all trace of his gaiety now, and his voice sounded disturbed and strained.

"Dublin, in Georgia, sir," was the reply.

"And where do you hail from?" he asked.

"Up in Surry County, near Bacon's Castle, sir. They done broke up the Ryder plantation and these here is Ryder's niggers, sir. Georgia bound, we is."

"When did you leave Surry?" Marse Samuel said.

"Morning of the day afore yesterday," the drover said. "We'd be a heap further along excepting we took a wrong turning after dark somewheres up in Sussex and got ourselves proper lost for a bit." He grinned suddenly, exposing teeth so black with tobacco stain that they seemed almost lost in the hollow of his mouth. "It ain't always easy to find the way down here, sir. In Jerusalem we got many misdirections. Are we headed the right way for Carolina and the routes south, sir?"

But Marse Samuel failed to respond to the question then, exclaiming in a voice touched with disbelief: "The Ryder plantation too! And these are the Ryder Negroes. Lord God, things must be getting bad up there when—" But abruptly he broke off and said in reply: "Yes, you should arrive at Hicks' Ford after nightfall. Then I believe there is an overland trace which will take you across the line to Gaston, thence down to Raleigh by the regular route. When do you expect to reach your destination in Georgia?"

"Well, sir," the drover replied, still beaming. "I has taken many a gang of niggers from Virginia down to Georgia though never from Surry before on account of the trading gentleman I works for is Mr. Gordon Davenport, who has bought most of his niggers up on t'other side of the James in counties like King William and New Kent. The niggers from up there is mostly old stock Lower Guinea niggers with short leg shanks and poor constitutionals and seeing as how you can't walk niggers like that for more'n twenty miles a day you'd be lucky sometimes to make Savannah River inside of six weeks. And has to lash the mortal shit out'n 'em all the way." He paused and spat into the leaves. "But see, sir," he continued patiently to explain, "I happens to know that these Southside niggers from Surry and Isle of Wight and Prince George is most all of them late-stock true Upper Guineamen with long shanks and healthy constitutionals, by and large, and you can get twenty-five even thirty miles a day out of 'em easy, even the bitches and young'uns, and hardly ever have to lay on none of 'em a stroke of the whip. Which is all fine with me. So I reckon that except for floods and such like we will fetch Dublin the second week in November."

"And so the Ryder place is finished too!" Marse Samuel said after a long pause. "I knew it was

failing but—so soon! The last grand old place in Surry; it is hard to believe!"

"'Tain't hard to believe, sir," the drover said. "Land up there has got so miserable poor you can't make a gift of it. Ain't nothing but the acorns to eat in Surry, sir. They say a bluejay flyin' over has to tote his own food—" One of the other drovers began to chuckle and snort.

As he spoke, my mare who was disposed to sidle at times sidestepped her way a few yards down the line away from the drovers, tossing her mane and drawing to a nervous stop near the place where the jew's-harp was dully strumming. *Bunk-bunk*. Suddenly the noise ceased and the mare jerked about and I could hear the chinking of the chains along the ditch and the child's heartbroken wail as he sobbed without ceasing against the plump liver-colored grayhead who now blinked awake and cast rheum-filled dreamy eyes down at the little boy, murmuring: "Das awright." He stroked the child on his kinky brown head and said again: "Das awright." And then he began to repeat the phrase gently, over and over, as if they were the only words he knew: "Das awright . . . das awright . . ."

Without warning a gust of wind came up, and a moment's shadow crossed the face of the day, and the frost-tinged shuddering breeze ran down the line of Negroes, shoveling the leaves up around their decrepit lumpish shoes, flicking the edges of their cotton sleeves and the cuffs of their gray-tattered trousers. I felt myself give a shiver, then as quickly as it had come the shadow vanished, the day brightened warmly like a blossom, and at that moment I heard at my elbow a voice soft and slick as satin: "Isn't you gwine give Raymond a nice sweet potato, honey chile?"

I ignored the voice, still listening to Marse Samuel, who was saying: "I presume they are separating Negro families in Surry then, otherwise you'd have a number of women in this coifle."

"'Deed I couldn't say, sir," the drover replied. "Mr. Davenport jest hires me to drive 'em."

"Pretty please, honey chile," the voice below persisted, "isn't you got a nice sweet potato for ole Raymond? Us is jes' sick of apples. And pone. Sour apples from de road an' pone. Us is jes' sick of dat mess. Come on, honey, isn't you got a nice sweet potato fo' Raymond? Or a tiny ole piece of bacon?"

I looked down and saw a freckled ginger-colored Negro, squat and muscular, with thick lips and a sparse reddish head. Thirty-five or perhaps forty, he had the blood in him somewhere of an Irish overseer or the scion of a James River manor or a traveling Pennsylvania tinker; from the way he sat with a certain shabby yet subtle prestige—maybe it was the manner in which the two boys chained on either side had cozied up against him, or the impudence of the jew's-harp clutched in one thick clumsy hand—I could tell that deference was paid and due him: there was a Raymond on every



plation. It was surely owing to his white blood
Raymond achieved his eminence but also to
e native bankerish wit and sagacity which,
ever forlornly crippled, made him store up a
ger authority and was ever a beacon for all the
rs. What caused an eclipse of the moon? Ray-
d knew. *Hit caused by a gret mystery cloud
i' up out'n de swamp.* Was there a way to cure
umatism? Ast old Ray. *Make you a portice of
entine wid red earthworms and de juice of a
onion, dat's de onliest way.* Having a little
ble with your old woman at night? *Git you de
on dat she's thowed away when she got her
mthlies and wear it sewed up inside yo' pants,
I'll start a woman humpin'.* When would the nig-
be free? *In 1842, I seed it in a dream, niggers
e by a wooden-legged white man from up in
Pis, France.* And so the talk goes round among
niggers: *Ast ole Ray. Raymond he know near
t ev'ything in de whole wide world.* Won't it be
times down in Georgia? *Naw, dat's rich peo-
es' country, dat's why us is goin' dar. Niggers
n in Georgia eats fried eggs three times a
...*

What yo' name, sweet?" he whispered up at me.
Nat," I said. "Nat Turner."
Where you live at, honey chile?"
Live at Turner's Mill," I said, "down-county."
ittle called-for were the words I uttered next
I have wondered since why the Lord did not
nch out my tongue. "My mastah's goin' to set
free in Richmond."

"Well, ain't dat jes' de nicest thing," said Ray-
mond.

"God's truth," I replied.

"Come on, sugah," he importuned in his glossy
voice, "don't a rich nigger boy like you got a bite
to eat for ole Raymond? My, dat's a pretty bag
on dat saddle. I bets dey's all kinds of nice things
to eat in dat bag. Come on, sugah, give ole Ray-
mond a bite to eat."

"Dey's on'y a Bible in dat bag!" I said impa-
tiently, though full-lapsed into a field nigger's
tongue. I gave the mare a slap behind the ears,
checking her crabwise gait, and brought her about
toward Marse Samuel. Late afternoon had begun
to settle down upon us as we stood there, it had
grown cold. Light from the descending sun fell
amid the October leaves and through woodsmoke
and haze lay streaming upon a tangled desolation
of weeds and brambles, so furiously luminous that
it seemed a field ready to explode into fire. Draw-
ing near Marse Samuel I heard the jew's-harp
again, *bunk-bunk-bunk.*

"Come, we must be on our way," he said to me,
wheeling about, and we turned together then; for
some reason I hesitated and stopped entirely, gaz-
ing back, and he said again: "Quickly! Quickly!
We must be on our way!"

Now moving again down the long line of Ne-
groes, I was aware that the jew's-harp had stopped
playing; we came by the place where Raymond
sat in his chains and I heard him call to me as
we trotted past—the voice sweet and slow, high-

pitched, not unkind, as ever knowing and prophetic and profound: "Yo' shit stink too, sugah. Yo' ass black jes' like mine, honey chile."

At along about this time in my life—it must have been the following spring—I came to know a Negro boy named Willis. Save for Wash and my mother and house servants like Little Morning, Willis was the first Negro I was ever close to. Two or three years younger than I, the son of a woman who had done much of the weaving at the Mill and who had died that winter of some lung complaint, he had caught Marse Samuel's eye as a suitable replacement for me in the carpenter's shop, now that my duties called for me to work in the shop only half a day. As soon as I saw him at work, learning how to plane and hammer under the tutelage of Goat, I could understand why Marse Samuel had chosen him to be my successor, for unlike most Negro boys—who become clumsy and ruined for anything but the sloppiest jobs after four or five years of bent-over toil chopping and hoeing in the cornfields, and in whose hands a hammer only turned into a weapon to fracture their own shins—Willis was skillful and neat, a quick learner, and he gained Goat's favor and approval almost as quickly as I had done. He could not read or write a word, of course, but he had a sunny, generous, obliging nature and was full of laughter; despite my early suspicion of him—a hangover from my lifelong contempt of all black people who dwelt down the slope—I found something irresistible about his gaiety and his innocent, open disposition and we became fast friends. Considering my habitual scorn, I do not know why this happened; perhaps it was as if I had found a brother. He loved to sing as he worked, helping me brace a timber, the voice a soft little rhythmical chatter:

"Gonna milk my cow, gonna catch her by de tail,
Gonna milk her in de coffee pot, po' it in de pail."

He was a slim, beautiful boy with fine-boned features, very gentle and wistful in repose, and the light glistened like oil on his smooth black skin. His only faith, like most of the Negroes, was in omens and conjurs: with the long hairs from the cock of a bull that had died of the bloat he had tied up three fuzzy patches on his head, to ward off ghosts; the fangs of a water moccasin he wore on a string around his neck, a charm against fever. His talk was childish and guileless and obscene. I was very fond of him; feeling thus, I was troubled for his soul and longed to bring him out of ignorance and superstition and into the truth of Christian belief.

It was not easy at first—leading this simple, unformed, and childlike spirit to an understanding of the way and an acceptance of the light—but I can recall several things working in my favor. There was his intelligence for one thing, as I have said: unlike so many of the other black boys, half-

drowned from birth in a kind of murky mindlessness in which there appeared not the faintest reflection of a world beyond the cabin and the field and the encompassing woods, Willis was like some eager, fluttering young bird who might soar away if only one were able to uncage him. Perhaps growing up near the big house had something to do with this; only briefly had he known the drudgery of the fields. But there was also the mere fact of his nature, which was—different. He had come into life blessed with an unencumbered, happy spirit, bright and open to learning; everything about him was lively, dancing, gay, free of that stupid and brutish inertia of children born to the plow and the hoe.

More than all this, however, was the sway I kept over him by virtue of what I had simply become. I possessed an unusual position and authority, especially for a Negro who was so young, and I was certainly fully conscious of the respect and awe in which I was held by all the black people at the Mill now that it had become known that I was second only to Abraham in control. (Being too young, too dumb, too prideful at the time, I could not have realized—as I sat astride Judy in some noisy timber lot thronged with toiling Negroes aloof, disdainful, intoning from a requisition in voice ostentatiously educated and loud—how much sour resentment boiled behind those awed, respectful glances.) Owning such power and advantaging myself of Willis's innocence and the trust he had in me, I was able eventually to bring him into an awareness of God's great handiwork and the wonder of His presence abiding in all the firmaments. Do not think ill of me when I confess that it was during these hours with Willis in that spring of my eighteenth year, praying with him in the stillness of a noontime meadow, exhorting him to belief as I clutched my Bible with one hand and with the other pressed long and hard on the smooth heft of his shoulder until I could feel him shudder, and sigh in response to my whispered supplications—"Oh Lord, receive this poor boy Willis, receive him into Thy almighty care, receive him into belief, yes, Lord, yes, yes, he believes," and Willis's voice in a gentle fluting echo, "Das right Lawd, Willis he believes"—do not think ill of me, say, when I confess that then for the first time like a yellow burst of sunlight which steals out from behind a cloud and floods the day, there swept over me the mysterious sense of my own hidden yet implacable and onrushing power.

That spring I remember we went fishing together on Saturdays and Sundays. A muddy creel wound through the swamp beyond the millpond. The walnut-brown water was thick with bream and catfish and we sat long morning hours in a swarm of gnats on the slippery clay bank, angling with pine poles we made in the shop, our hooks fashioned from bent nails upon which we skewered crickets and earthworms. Far off the mil-

ned, a muffled watery rushing and mumbling. The light here was diaphanous, the air warm and drowsy, astir with darting buggy shapes and the twittering of birds. One day, his finger pricked by a hook or the sharp spine of a fish, Willis cried out "Ackin' Jesus!" he yelled—and so swiftly that I hardly knew what I was doing I rapped him sharp across the lips, drawing a tiny runnel of blood. "A filthy mouth is an abomination unto the Lord!" I said. His face wore a broken, hurt look and he held up to lightly finger the place where I had struck him. His round eyes were soft and childlike, trusting, and suddenly I felt a pang of guilt and at my anger, and a rush of pity swept through mingled with a hungry tenderness that stirred in a way I have never known. Willis said nothing, his eyes were brimming with tears; I saw the assassin fangs dangling at his neck, bone-white and startling against his shiny bare black chest. I reached up to wipe away the blood from his lips, pressing him near with the feel of his shoulders slippery beneath my hand, and then we somehow fell on each other, very close, soft and comfortable in a sprawl like babies; beneath my exploring fingers his hot skin throbbed and pulsed like the throat of a pigeon, and I heard him sigh in a faraway voice, and then for a long moment as if set free into another land we did with our hands together what, before, I had done alone. Never had I known that human flesh could be so sweet.

Minutes afterward I heard Willis murmur: "In, I sho liked dat. Want to do it agin?" For a time I couldn't bring myself to look at him, avert my eyes, keeping my gaze up toward the stream through leaves atremble like a forest of green fluttering moths. Finally I said: "*The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.*" Time passed and Willis said nothing, then I heard him fidget on the ground next to me, and he fell, chuckling: "You know what jizzom puts me behind of, Nat? Hit look jes' lak buttermilk. Look de."

My skin still tingled with pleasure, a tired gentle curious feeling which at the same time I felt to be danger and a warning. I recall a catbird high in the water oak above, swinging like a rag amid the branches, jabbering and screeching; gnats whirred madly in the air around my ears, beneath my skull the clay bank was as cold as a sliver of ice. *They kissed one another, and wept one with another, I thought, until David exceeded. And he died and departed. And Jonathan went into the*

... "Come on," I said rising. He pulled his pants up and I led him to the edge of the creek.

"Lord," I said in a loud voice, "witness these two sinners who have sinned and have been unclean. Thy sight and stand in need to be baptized." "Das right, Lawd," I heard Willis say.

In the warmth of the spring air I suddenly felt

the presence of the Lord very close, compassionate, all-redeeming, all-understanding, as if His great mercy dwelt everywhere around us like the leaves and the brown water and the chattering birds. Real yet unreal, He seemed about to reveal Himself, as fresh and invisible as a breath of wind upon the cheek. It was almost as if God hovered in the shimmering waves of heat above the trees, His tongue and His almighty voice trembling at the edge of speech, ready to make known His actual presence to me as I stood penitent and prayerful with Willis ankle-deep in the muddy waters. Through and beyond the distant roaring of the mill I thought I heard a murmur and another roaring far up in the heavens, as if from the throats of archangels. Was the Lord going to speak to me? I waited faint with longing, clutching Willis tightly by the arm, but no words came from above—only the sudden presence of God poised to shower Himself down like summer rain, and the wild and many-voiced, distant, seraphic roaring. "Lord," I cried, "Thy servant Paul has said: *And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.* That's what he said, Lord, that's what he said! You know that, Lord!"

"Amen!" Willis said. Beneath my fingers I could feel him begin to stir and shudder and another "Amen!" came from him in a gasp. "Das right, Lawd!"

Again I waited for God's voice. For an instant indeed I thought He spoke but it was only the rushing of the wind high in the treetops. My heart pounded wildly and I recall thinking then: Maybe not now. Maybe He don't want to speak now, but at another time. A thrill of joy coursed through me as I thought: He's just testing me now. He's just seeing if I can baptize. He's going to save His voice for another time. That's all right, Lord.

I turned to Willis, tugging at his arm, and together we went out into water waist-high where I could feel the mud squirm warm between my toes. Off near the other bank a little water snake scurried along like a whip on the surface of the creek, in frantic S-shaped ripples disappeared upstream; I took it as a good omen.

"*For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body,*" I said, "*whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit . . .*"

"Amen," said Willis. I grasped the back of his head and shoved him under, pressed him down beneath the foaming murky waters. It was the instant of my first baptism, and the swift brief exaltation I felt brought a sudden flood of tears to my eyes. After a second or two I brought him up in a cloud of bubbles, and as he stood there dripping and puffing like a kettle but with a smile as sweet as beatitude itself on his shining face, I addressed myself to the blue firmament.

"Lord, I am a sinner," I called. "Let me be saved

by these redeeming waters. Let me henceforth be dedicated to Thy service. Let me be a preacher of Thy holy word. In Jesus' name, amen."

And then I baptized myself.

Walking back to the Mill that afternoon we passed down a lane of dogwood, white and pink in wanton lovely splashes, and a mockingbird seemed to follow us through the woods, making a liquid chanting sound among the wild green leaves. Willis kept up a steady excited chatter all the way—we had caught half a dozen bream—but I paid little heed to him, being lost in thought. For one thing, I knew that I must consecrate myself to the Lord's service from this point on, as I had promised Him, avoiding at all costs such pleasures of the flesh as I had experienced that morning. If I could be shaken to my very feet by this unsought-for encounter with a boy, think what it might be, I reflected, think what an obstacle would be set in my path toward spiritual perfection if I should ever have any commerce with a *woman*! Difficult as it might become, I must bend every effort toward purity of mind and body so as to unloose my thoughts in the direction of theological studies and Christian preaching.

As for Willis—well, I realized now that loving him so much, loving him as a brother, I should do everything within my power to assure his own progress in the way of the Lord. I must first try to teach him to read and write—I figured he was still not too old for learning; that accomplished, maybe it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that Marse Samuel might be persuaded that Willis, too, was fit for freedom and could be set loose in the outer world—Richmond perhaps!—with a grand job and a house and family. It would be hard to describe how much it pleased me to think of Willis free like myself in the city, the two of us dedicated to spreading God's word among the black people and to honest work in the employ of the white.

The thought filled me with such hope and joy that I stopped on the path beneath the dogwood trees and there in the clear spring air knelt with Willis in thanksgiving and blessed him in the Lord's name, replacing before I arose again his moccasin fangs with a tiny white cross I had carved from the shinbone of an ox.

Whenver in later times I recollected that day and thought of my first eighteen years, it seemed to me that all that long while it was as if I had been mounting a winding and pleasant slope toward the distant hills of the Lord, and that that day was a kind of promontory on the way. Not knowing the future, I had expected to pause at this lofty place and then go on, proceeding upward by gentle stages to the remote, free, glorious peaks where lay the satisfaction and fulfillment of my destiny. Yet as I say, whenever I reflected upon that eighteenth year of mine and that day and the events which quickly followed, it was plain to me

that this promontory had been not a restful station but an ending: beyond that place there was no gentle, continuing climb toward the great heights but a sudden astonishing abyss into which I was hurled like a willow leaf by the howling winds.

One long weekend late that spring there was to be a Baptist camp meeting just outside of Jerusalem. A well-known revivalist named Deacon Jones would be the leader, coming all the way down from Petersburg, and Baptists for miles around were expected to meet there—hundreds and hundreds of planters and farmers and their families from a dozen counties, some traveling from as far away as the coast of North Carolina. Tents would be pitched, for four days and nights there would be singing and praying and feasting from wild turkey and barbecue. There would be a laying-on of hands and organ and banjo music, and general salvation for all lucky enough to attend. Some of the slave owners, I knew, would bring what Negroes they owned and these privileged souls too might partake of the spirit of the revival, and would be welcome just like the white people to approach the holy bench, even though few of *them* would get a taste of the turkey or the barbecue. When I learned of the camp meeting I became greatly excited, and I asked Marse Samuel if I might be permitted to go for the Saturday gathering, taking several of the servants in one of the wagons. I intended to include Willis and Little Morning, who had gotten religion many years before and was ailing now and feeble and with a pitiful wandering mind, might be going to his last revival. Although Marse Samuel was an Episcopalian he had long ago put churchgoing out of his head; yet he did not scorn the Bible and often sought ways that Negroes might be led into religious instruction, myself of course being the chief example. Then when I asked him if I might go on this Saturday expedition he readily gave his permission and said that he would write out a pass for the group, warning me only that I should return before nightfall and that I must keep an eye on the other Negro who might fall into the hands of the wise and knowing darkies from some James or Blackwater River plantation; these were smart darkies who had been exposed to white river men and trade and thus to vice, and they would literally swindle our innocent backwoods Negroes out of their trousers or their shoes.

Ever since the day I baptized Willis, I had begun to teach him to count and also to read, using the Bible as a primer and spelling out the words on the back wall of the shed next to the carpenter's shop with a cattail dipped in lampblack as a kind of brush to write the letters. It pleased me to see how quickly he responded to my instruction; if I persevered, and took advantage of every opportunity I was sure that it would not be long before he knew the alphabet and would be able to see the connection between the letters and the words in such

ple line as the third verse of the entire Bible, which of course goes: *And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.* Willis too was excited by the prospect of going to the camp meeting. Although I myself had never been to such a revival, new from tales told long ago by my mother and Little Morning just what sort of colorful bustle and activity might be expected, and thus I was anxious to tell Willis all about it and infect him with my own anticipation. On the afternoon before the day of the camp meeting I borrowed two juicy chickens from Goat's brood, promising to pay him for the extra work, and I made up a large and festive meal for us Negroes who were going: fried chicken, a rare treat, and a couple of loaves of steaming bread I was able to wheedle out of Abraham's wife, who had become cook at the big house—and I put the chicken and bread in a small box together with a jug of sweet cider, placed all in the carpenter's shed where it would be safe from pilfering black hands, and then went to bed at a very early hour since we would be leaving for Jerusalem long before dawn the next morning. At about midnight I was awakened by a faint whisper and, suspended like clinking bells above my face, the tinkling of a lantern in whose sudden yellow glow the eyes of a little Negro girl as round as eggshells. It was one of Wash's younger sisters—another of Abraham's number-children—and she mumbled that I must come down to the cabin right away, her daddy had sent for her daddy was miserable sick. I dressed and followed the girl down the slope through the moon-katydid-filled, balmy night and there in the dim light I found Abraham as the girl had said, feverish and in bed, coughing and hacking away, his forehead black chest glistening with streams of sweat in the glare of the lamp.

"Tain't nothin', Nat," he said weakly. "Hit jes' my misery I gits ev'ry springtime. I gwine be awright come next week." After a pause he went on: "It nem'mine dat. Marse Samuel done told me I s to take dem four boys up to whar de trace bins at two in de mawnin'. What time hit now?" "I just heard de clock ring twelve," I said. "What boys you talking about, Abe?" "Marse Samuel done hired out four boys to chop acco' fo' two weeks over to de Vaughans' place. Vaughan's got a wagon dat's gwine meet our wagon up whar de trace commences. I uz supposed to carry dem boys up dere but now I got dis misery, you got to carry 'em, Nat. Dat's at two o'clock, git on now an' let dis po' sick man rest his bones. I gwine be awright."

"But I'm goin' to the camp meeting, Abe," I started to protest; "all this time I figured on the camp meeting."

"You kin *still* go to de camp meetin', boy," he insisted; "you just ain't gwine git a whole lot of sleepin', dat's all. Now git on, Nat, and carry dem boys on up dere in de wagon. Dey waitin' right now

behin' de stable. Here, you got to take dis yere paper."

Of course Abraham was right about the camp meeting: I might still make it to the beginning of the trace and back, pick up Willis and Little Morning and the others and be off to Jerusalem just as I had planned—provided only that I was willing to do without sleep, a minor burden. What I had not counted on, however, was that among those four Negro boys I must take to meet the Vaughans' wagon, among those sleepy black faces upturned to the moonlight in the hushed luminous space of ground behind the stable's lowering wall, was that of Willis himself, and my heart gave a sickening heave as I caught sight of him and as there came over me a chill, clammy sense of betrayal.

"But he said you could go to the camp meeting!" I fumed while I harnessed up the two mules, shortening their traces amid the manure-sweet stable gloom. Willis padded drowsily about barefooted in the darkness, helping me, saying not a word. "*Daggone*, Willis!" I whispered urgently. "He didn't mention *nothin'* at all about bein' hired out to Major Vaughan. *Nothin'*! Now daggone it, you goin' to be over at the Vaughans' for two weeks choppin' tobacco and maybe it'll be a whole 'nother year before you get to go to a camp meetin'." I was nearly frantic with disappointment, and the radiant globe of pleasure and anticipation in which I had buoyantly dwelt for so long cracked and fell away from me like shattered glass as I yanked the mules out onto the moon-drenched lawn and, wildly impatient, urged the boys up into the wagon. "Daggone it," I said, "I fixed fried chicken and there's *cider* too! C'mon, nigger boys, move yo' butts!" The three other boys scampered up over the tailgate; young field hands of fifteen or sixteen, they giggled nervously as they clambered into the wagon; all three of them wore rabbits' feet attached to a leather bracelet on the left ankle—that year a plantation fashion; one boy was able to disgorge at will large bullfrog belches and this he began to do without ceasing, bringing forth from the other boys squeals of childish laughter. Willis climbed onto the seat beside me. "Git up, mules!" I said angrily. It was the first time I had ever felt even the trace of disillusionment with Marse Samuel and this strange new feeling itself added to my distress. "Daggone Marse Samuel anyway!" I said to Willis as we set forth down the lane. "If he was going to hire you out to the Vaughans for two weeks, how come he didn't tell me and you first so we wouldn't get all prepared about goin' to the camp meeting?"

In a little while my chagrin and anger drained away, fading off into that mood of resignation to which most Negroes become accustomed sooner or later, no matter what the occasion. After all, there were worse blows, I figured as we rocked along slowly through the moon-white woods; suppose Willis could not go to *this* camp meeting, did it

really matter? Certainly there would come along other revivals I could take him to, and his failure to attend this one would make but a tiny gap in his spiritual education. I looked at him tenderly as the moon spread a pale light over his features; nodding next to me, he was half asleep, his delicate lips apart and his eyelids fluttering in a fight against slumber. I aroused him with a nudge and a question: "What's two and three?"

"Five," he said after a pause, rubbing his eyes.

"And three and four?"

"Seven." He began to say something else, hesitated, then went on: "Nat, how come you figures Marse Samuel done hired *me* out? I'se a 'prentice carpenter."

"I don't know," I said truthfully. "I reckon they need extra hands over there. But that's all right. Marse Samuel only hires out to good people, I know that, and the Vaughans are quality folk, treat you well. Anyway, listen, it ain't but for two weeks, no time at all. Then you'll be back and we'll have more teaching. What's three and eight?"

"Fo'teen," he said, yawning hugely.

Behind us in the cart the three boys had gone to sleep, sprawled against each other lifeless and limp in the moonlight. The night was clamorous with frogs and katydids, warm, fragrant with cedar, clear like day, the moon powdering the trees in light as starkly white as the dust of bone. The lop-eared mules, plodding along with a crushed rasping sound against the dewy weeds, found their way ahead as if they knew the road by heart, and I let the reins go slack in my hand, drowsing too, and fitfully slept until the end of the trace, roused only once and then dimly by the high wail of a bobcat miles off in the swamp, its distant scream echoing through some perplexed strange dream like the sound of claws scraped in anguish across the bare face of the heavens.

Presently I felt Willis stir on the seat and sensed the other boys moving about behind me; then I woke with a start and realized that the mules had stopped. Here in the moonlight at the end of the trace I saw the log road stretching east and west through the weeds and now against the trees the outline of the Vaughans' wagon, huge and canvas-covered and motionless, the floppy white roof making it look like the picture of a sailing ship, foundered now upon the edge of the forest. The figures of two white men disengaged themselves from the shadows of the wagon, and one of them—a portly gentleman with a plump aging face beneath a shiny wide-brimmed planter's hat—approached as we sat there, and said to me in a not-disagreeable voice: "You Abraham?"

"Nawsuh," I said. "I'se Nat. I'se de numbah-two driver. Abraham he done took sick, yassuh, 'deed he took real sick." Nigger gabble.

He drew closer to the wagon and all of a sudden a tinkling musical sound and a jaunty little tune interrupted the silence, sending a spooky chill up

my back, and then I saw that the man had taken from his vest a silver watch and had opened it, and that it was from this watch that the music was coming, in miraculous plinkety notes, as if he held a tiny spinet piano and tiny pianist—I thought of one of the beribboned Turner ladies—imprisoned in his hand. My wonder-struck eyes might have betrayed me, for the man said then: "Quar a little timepiece, no? A triumph of the watchmaker's art. That, my boy, is Loodwig van Beethoven." He snapped the watch shut, strangling the music in mid-passage "And you are no more than ten minutes late and deserve praise for your promptitude. Look alive, boy!" He tossed up at me a plug of chewing tobacco, which I caught in my air. "Now then, Abe—or what's your name—you have four young hands for the Vaughans here, right? And a paper for me to sign which you will take back to your master." He turned aside from me for an instant and called in a breezy, amiable voice toward the back of the wagon: "All right boys! Up now into the other wagon! Hop to, lad! We've nearly to Greensville County to go tonight! Willis and the other boys scrambled down off the perch and moved somnolently toward the Vaughans' great white wagon across the road. "Sleep, heads, I see!" he said with a chuckle. "Well, you find the Major's wagon a cozy enough place for a snooze. Hop to now, me young bucks! Hurry up and we'll be on our way!"

"Goodbye, Nat," Willis said, starting across the road.

I made a silent, parting wave to Willis and watched as the man spread the paper which Abraham had given me against the footboard beneath my legs and scratched something across it with a stubby quill, humming to himself in a breathy hoarse voice the same tune he had just let loose from his watch. "Todd," he whispered, "Jim Shadrach, Willis . . . There, boy," he added finally: "you take that receipt back to your master, and mind that you don't lose your way. Go home straight away, do you hear me? Good night, ladies, die."

"Good night, massah," I said. I watched him cross the log road and mount the wagon with slow and corpulent difficulty, seating himself next to the other white man, a shaggy blur in the moonlight, who tapped all four mules into an ambling start, then gave the hindmost mule a sharp and savage stroke with his whip, causing the wagon to sway out of the ditch, groaning as it picked up a ponderous sluggish speed and continued to totter and sway in a precarious lopsided angle above the log road and with a great noise like the collision of countless barrels gained a final momentum, the uproar diminishing as the white shape passed westward through the moon's relentless glare and out of sight.

The Vaughans' ain't west, I thought. The Vaughans' place is east.

sat there without moving. One of my mules mped wearily, setting the traces to jingling. Around me in the woods the sound of frogs was numberless and deafening, shrilling in a ceaseless ensate choir like wind through a million reeds. Almost imperceptibly the moon sank slowly behind a hicket of cypress trees, and the log road was dowed in a tangle of bent silhouetted limbs and inches, black as human arms. From the south a little breeze sprang up and I heard a whispering—a stirring across the leafy roof of the forest. "Lord?" I said aloud.

Still I listened to the soft and sibilant rustling along the moonlit treetops, and I held my breath waiting for the sound of some immanent, hovering voice.

"Lord?" I called again. But as I sat listening the wind died, and along with it the whispering and rustling, the unspoken voice, and the night again was enveloped in a shrilling of frogs, a ripe hot chirruping of katydids among the trees.

I must have waited there for an hour or more. Then slowly I started back—with an emptiness as I had never felt before—knowing that I did not have to read the paper in my hand to make sure of what I already knew, thinking misery, fiercely: Willis. And those boys! Gone, Lord. In gone for good! Listen, Lord. Not hired out. Vaughan's, not anything but that man with the watch who was nothing but a nigger trader. Simple as that, yes, Lord! Not hired out but Jesus Christ Almighty sold . . . Sold, Lord, sold!

And he was saying: "One might think I was a blockhead not to know why you've been moping around for so long and regarding me so accusingly. But though I will take the blame for poor management of an already bungled transaction, I will live to still steadfastly defend myself from any charge of insensibility. For is that not what you find me guilty of?"

"I don't understand what that word means," I said. "The charge of—something."

"The charge of insensibility. The charge that I somehow blithely allowed you to arrange to take the boy to a camp meeting while fully aware that he was to be sold before you ever got to Jerusalem. Which brings me to another matter that I could mention in passing. And that is the camp meeting itself. I was in Jerusalem that Friday, which as you may remember was the first day of the revival. I believe I counted no more than twenty-four of the faithful, not including several stray cats and dogs, at the meeting grounds. They packed up and left the next day, and had you gone there with your wagonload of wild-eyed apostles I would have been greeted by a deserted field of grass. Which only goes to show that this benighted countryside cannot sustain a religious revival any more than it can feed itself. So I mention in pass-

ing that I saved you from a bad disappointment. But as for the lad in question, I must only repeat that I had no more idea that you were taking *him* to that camp meeting than I had knowledge that the two of you were what you describe as inseparable friends. Lacking eyes in the back of my head, or a seventh sense, I can scarcely be asked to mark the relationship between every human being among the eighty or so of all colors that exist on this property. And I think it was a great Frenchman, Voltaire, who said that the beginning of wisdom is the moment when one understands how little concerned with one's own life are other men, they who are so desperately preoccupied with their own. I knew *nothing* about you and that boy, nothing at all."

I remained silent, wetting my lips with my tongue and feeling desolate and miserable, gazing at the library floor.

"I have told you more than once now that had you come to me the next day and stated your case—had you made yourself immediately clear instead of for two weeks casting me these looks of *canine* reproach—I should have taken steps to get the boy back, buy him back even though that might mean money and travel to an extent quite out of the ordinary. But I must try to convince you that surely by now he has passed through the Petersburg market—though even of the place I cannot be really certain, it may be that he was taken to a sale in Carolina—whatever, that he has been passed on into some buyer's hands and must now be on the way to Georgia or Alabama, though one can hope that a kindly Providence has seen fit that he somehow remain in Virginia. This, however, I sincerely doubt. The fact remains that he would now seem to be all but irrecoverable. I am in no way blaming you for lacking the presence of mind to come to me earlier when I may have been able to do something about it. I am only asking you now to try to understand the impossibility of my position. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," I said after a moment. "Yes, I do but—"

"Yes, *but* again," he interrupted, "you are still eaten up about that one thing that will not let you alone. Even though you say you told him of your own surprise, you are devoured by the terrible idea that the boy for the rest of his life will think that you were a party to, an accomplice in, his disposal. Am I correct in this? Isn't that what you said you are unable to shake from your mind?"

"Yes," I replied, "that's right."

"Then what can I say? Say that I too am sorry? I've said that over and over to you before. Perhaps he will think that, perhaps not. Possibly it would be better for your peace of mind if you envisioned him thinking charitably of you—if indeed it occurs to him to think of you as being involved in his disposition at all—envisioned him thinking of you only as an unwitting and ignorant dupe in the whole transaction, which you were. But if he

thinks otherwise, I can only repeat again and for the last time that I am sorry. There is nothing else that I can say. Understand again: I had no idea that Abraham would fall ill and that you would become the—the instrument by which those boys were delivered into—into other hands." He halted then and looked at me, lapsing into silence.

"But—" I began slowly, "but I—"

"But what?"

"All right." I went on, "I see pretty well, I guess, about Willis, you didn't know about him and I. How I was teaching him and all. But this other thing I don't understand. I mean, going out at night like that and thinking they was going to be hired out at the Vaughans'." I paused. "I mean, everyone was going to know what really happened anyway, by and by. Or not by and by. Soon."

He looked away from me and when he spoke at last his voice was faint and faraway; suddenly I realized how weary he seemed, how gaunt were his cheeks and how red-rimmed and vacant were his eyes. "I will be truthful with you, I was quite simply troubled—afraid. I got confused, lost my bearings. Only twice do I recall darkies ever being sold away from here—both times by my father, both of the darkies, I'm afraid, crazy people who were a threat to the community. Furthermore and aside from that, there has never until now been any need. So I had never sold off hands before, and as I have readily admitted, it was a bungled transaction. I had not wanted the word to get around. I was afraid of the trouble and unrest that would ensue once the darkies knew that some of the people were being sold. So in my confusion I conceived the idea of disposing of the first four under the cover of night and in the guise of a fortnight's hire to Major Vaughan. I thought that somehow the shock would be less this way, that it would be easier for the place to become accustomed to their absence. Worst of all, I conspired with a trader. It was folly to expect anything to come of this method. It was devious and cowardly. The duplicity! The masquerade! I should have done it in broad daylight with all the plantation as gaping onlookers to a plain and simple sale, with money changing hands in full view. Of the entire proceedings the only redeeming feature may be that at least I tried to make certain that my first sale would involve no separation of families. It was unfortunate for you, perhaps imponderably unfortunate for your young friend, that my resolve to pick only boys who were old enough to make the break, boys who additionally had already been orphaned and who thus had no family ties to sever—well, it was unfortunate that *he* was one of four who answered to that description." He halted again, remaining silent, then said in a faint voice: "I'm sorry, God, how sorry I am, that Willie . . ."

"Willis," I said, "And so you just had to sell them. There just wasn't any other way."

His back was to me now, he stood facing the

great high window open to the spring garden, and his voice, dim enough at the outset, was barely audible and I had to strain to hear it, as if it belonged to someone so infirm and depleted, or lacking in spirit or hope, that whether the word could be understood was at last a matter of indifference. He went on as if he hadn't heard me.

"Well, soon all of them will be gone—everything—not just the land now utterly consumed by this terrible weed, not just the wagons and the pigs and the oxen and the mules but the men too, the white men and the women and the black boys—the Willises and the Jims and the Shadrachs and the Todds—gone south, leaving Virginia to the thorn bush and the dandelions. And all this we see here will be gone too, and the mill wheel will crumble away and the wind will whistle at night through these deserted halls. Mark my word. It is coming soon."

He paused, then said: "Yes, I had to sell the boys because I needed the money. Because anything nonhuman I had to sell was unsellable. I cause those boys were worth over a thousand dollars and only through their sale could I begin to make the slightest inroad upon those debts I had accumulated for seven years—seven years during which I have lied to myself night and day in an effort to believe that what I saw around me was an illusion, that this mutilated and broken Turner's Mill would survive in spite of itself, that no matter how wrecked and eaten up the soil, no matter how many men and chattel began to move south to Georgia and Alabama, Turner's Mill would forever be here grinding out timber and meal. I now it is timber and meal for ghosts." He ceased speaking for a moment, then again the weary voice resumed: "What should I have done instead? Set them free? What a ghastly joke! No, they had to be sold, and the rest of them will be sold too, and soon Turner's Mill will stand a dead hulk like the others on the landscape, and somewhere in the far South people may remember it but it will be remembered as if it were the fragment of a dream."

For a long time now he fell silent and then finally he said (or I *think* he spoke my name, I was straining so hard to hear), "Nat . . ." And when he spoke again, his voice was the barest murmur as if whispering from the far bank of a stream against a rising wind. "I sold them out of desperation to hang on pointlessly a few years longer." He made an abrupt gesture with his left arm, and it seemed that he passed his hand in a quick angry motion across his eyes. "Surely mankind has yet to be born. *Surely* this is true! I am only something blind and uncomprehending coexisting in such a mean conjunction with its own flesh, its own kind. How else account for such stammering, clumsy, hateful cruelty? Even the possums and the skunks know better! Even the weasels in the meadow mice have a natural regard for their own blood and kin. Only the insects are low enough

o do the low things that people do—like those ants that swarm on poplars in the summertime, greedily husbanding little green aphids for the honey—they secrete. Yes, it could be that mankind has yet to be born. Ah, what bitter tears God must weep at the sight of the things that men do to other men!" He broke off then and I saw him shake his head convulsively, his voice a sudden cry: "In the name of money! *Money!*"

He became silent and I stood waiting for him to continue, but he said nothing, turned with his back toward me in the dusk. Afar and high above I heard Miss Nell call out: "Sam! *Samuel!* Is there anything wrong?" Yet again for a long while he made no sign, no motion, so at last I moved quietly toward the door and left the room.

Three years after this episode (and a galloping wift three years they seemed to me)—a month before my twenty-first birthday and at just about the time I had originally been destined to start my life anew in Richmond—I was removed from Marse Samuel's purview and passed into the temporary custody of, or fell under the protection of, or was rented out to, or was borrowed by, a Baptist preacher named the Reverend Alexander Eppes, pastor to an impoverished flock of farmers and small tradesmen living in a district called Shiloh about ten miles to the north of Turner's Mill. For a long time I was never quite clear as to the relationship between me and the Reverend Eppes. Yet till one thing is certain, and this is that I was not sold," in the unadorned, mercenary sense of the word. The other Negroes at Turner's Mill might be sold—and sold they were, with depressing regularity—but the notion that I could be disposed of in this way was, up to and including the moment when I passed into the hands of the Reverend Eppes, quite inconceivable. Thus for the next three years, aware though I might have been of the uncertainty of the future that lay before me, I never thought once that Marse Samuel would not still insure my freedom in Richmond as he had so eagerly promised—and I kept up this sunny optimism and complacency even as I watched Turner's Mill and all of its land and its people and its chattel and its livestock disintegrate before my eyes like one of those river islands at flood time which slowly crumbles away at the edges, toppling all of its drenched and huddled ragtag occupants, coons and rabbits and black snakes and foxes, into the merciless brown waters.

The Negroes—because they were by far the most valuable of the property, because at anywhere between four hundred and six hundred dollars apiece they represented the only safe, solid capital which Marse Samuel could liquidate in order to meet his creditors' incessant demands (the creditors too were packing up and leaving the Tidewater, hence an urgency in their claims)—the Negroes began to be sent off at a steady rate, in twos and threes or

singly, a family here, another there, though often months might go by without a sale. All at once would appear a man in a gig, a gentleman with white side-whiskers and a thick gold watch chain, stamping the mud from his mirror-bright boots. In the library I would serve biscuits and port from a silver tray, listening to Marse Samuel's voice wan and weary in the summer dusk: "It is the traders who are an abomination, sir, the traders! That they will generally pay more means nothing to me. They are unscrupulous, sir, and would think nothing of separating a mother from her only child. That is why, helpless as I am in this dreadful situation, I can at least insist upon dealing with a gentleman . . . Yes, with one bad exception, so far all my sales have been with gentlemen like yourself . . . You are from the York County Fitzhughs, you say? Then you must be a cousin of Thaddeus Fitzhugh, a classmate of mine at William & Mary . . . Yes, the last lot of people I sold was to a gentleman heading west to the Boonslick country, I believe, in Missouri; I sold him a family of five . . . A most humane and learned gentleman from Nottoway he was . . . You are favored by the gods, sir, as you must know, to have a mill situated near a city like Richmond, free of the burden, the curse of land . . . I do not know, sir, it is clear that time is drawing short for me here. Perhaps I shall go to Kentucky or Missouri too, though I have heard of interesting prospects in Alabama . . . Come now, I will show you George and Peter, the best mill hands I have left, you may be sure that they are uncommonly likely Negroes . . . Only a few of my darkies will have been fortunate enough to remain in Virginia . . ."

So George and Peter would go, or Sam and Andrew, or Lucy and her two young boys, packed off in a wagon which I myself would often drive to deliver them in Jerusalem, and always I was haunted and perplexed by the docile equanimity and good cheer with which these simple black people, irrevocably uprooted, would set out to encounter a strange and unknown destiny. Although they might cast backward what appeared to be the faintest glimmer of a wistful glance, this final parting from a place which had been their entire universe for years caused them no more regret than did the future cast over them worry or foreboding: Missouri or Georgia were as far away as the stars, or as near as the next plantation, it was all the same to them, and with despair I marked how seldom they seemed to bother even bidding farewell to their friends. Only the rupture of some family tie I felt could grieve them, and such calamities did not happen here. Twittering and giggling, they mounted the wagon poised to carry them to an impossible fate at the uttermost ends of the earth, and they could speak only of an aching knee, the potency of a hairball from a mule's stomach as a charm against witches, the proper way to train a dog to tree a possum, and mumble incessantly

about eating. Slumbrous in broad daylight, they would flop asleep against the side boards of the wagon, pink lips wet and apart, nodding off into oblivion even before they had been taken beyond the gate, even before they were carried past the bounds of that land which had composed the entire smell and substance and geography of their lives and whose fields and meadows and shimmering woodland now dwindled away behind them, unseen and unremarked, forever. They cared nothing about where they came from or where they were going, and so snored loudly or, abruptly waking, skylarked about, laughing and slapping each other, and trying to clutch at the passing overhead leaves. Like animals they relinquished the past with as much dumb composure as they accepted the present, and were unaware of any future at all. Such creatures deserved to be sold, I thought bitterly, and I was torn between detestation for them and regret that it was too late for me to save them through the power of the Word.

And so at last an alien quietude and stillness settled over the plantation, a hush so profound that it was in itself like the echo or reverberation of a faint remembered sound upon the ear. Finally it was not alone the Negroes who were disposed of but all the rest—the mules and the horses and the pigs, the wagons and the farming implements and the tools, saws, and spinning wheels and anvils and house furniture, buggies and buggy whips and spades and scythes and hoes and hammers, all and anything movable or unhingeable and detachable and worth more than half-a-dollar. And the absence of these things left a silence astonishing and complete. The great mill wheel, its last revolution accomplished, lay idle on its oaken shaft bedecked with dried mattings of greenish pond weed and grass, motionless now, the deep-throated steady grumble and roar as much a memory as those other diurnal sounds, far more faint yet persistent, that had echoed in all weathers season after season from dawn till dusk: the *chink-chinking* of hoes in the distant cornfields, sheep bleating on the lawn and a Negro's sudden rich laughter, an anvil banging in the blacksmith's shop, a snatch of song from one of the remotest cabins, the faint crashing in the woods of a felled tree, a stirring within the big house, a fidget and a buzz, a soft musical murmur. Slowly these sounds diminished, faded, became still altogether, and the fields and rutted roadways lay as starkly deserted as a place ravaged by the plague: weeds and brambles invaded the cornfields and the meadows; sills, frames, and doors fell apart in the empty outbuildings. At night, where once glowing hearths lit each cabin down the slope, now all lay in suffocating dark like the departure of the campfires of some army on the plains of Israel.

As I have already said, Marse Samuel soon found that it was not possible for me to be delivered to that Mr. Pemberton in Richmond on my

twenty-first birthday as he had hoped. Through the solemn moments of one evening after supper he explained to me how the depression which afflicted the Tidewater had washed over the city too, and how the market for such clever labor as I might provide had severely diminished—indeed was “busted,” as the saying goes. Thus my master was faced with a troublesome dilemma. He could not on the one hand simply set me free without a period of “seasoning” in the hands of a responsible person: all too many young Negroes, given their freedom without sponsorship, without some protection, had found themselves one morning beaten senseless, their papers stolen, bumping about in a daze as the wagon wheels rumbling underneath their cracked skulls bore them south to the fields of cotton. At the same time to take me with him to Alabama (that is where, almost at the last moment, he decided to try the remnants of his luck) would altogether defeat his plans for me, since opportunities for the rich life of a free Negro craftsman were almost nonexistent down in those townless river-bottom swamps and stews. So finally Marse Samuel had decided upon a provisional course, entrusting my body to the good Christian shepherd of whom I have spoken, the Reverend Eppes—this devoted and pious gentleman who could be expected to complete the documents in regard to my freedom as soon as the times got better up in Richmond (as they surely would) and who as recompense for his compassion and his overseeing of my destiny would receive the fruits of my labor for a while, *gratis*.

And so there came a September morning, hot and throbbing with the sound of locusts, when Marse Samuel bade me farewell for all time.

“I told him we were leaving this morning,” he said to me, “so the Reverend Eppes should be here to fetch you sometime around noon, maybe before. As I have told you before, Nat, you need have nothing to worry about. Although a Baptist, the Reverend Eppes is a gentleman of great probity and kindness and will treat you in exactly the manner I would wish. You will find him a man of simplicity, and of modest resources, but he will be good to you. I shall be in touch with him by post from Alabama, and I shall be in touch with my own representatives in Richmond. And thus after a year or so, no more, the Reverend Eppes will arrange for your apprenticeship in Richmond and your eventual emancipation in just the same way I would have done had I been here. It is all written up in the agreement we made in Jerusalem and its legality is unquestioned. More important, though, Nat, is the trust I have in the Reverend Eppes. He will provide for all your needs, physical and spiritual. He is truly a gentleman of humanity and honor.”

We stood in the shade of a great sycamore tree; the day was sultry, breathless, the air close and damp like a warm mouth-enveloping hand. The

for wagons with which Marse Samuel would make the long trip were ready, waiting, the mules snorting and stirring in their traces. The rest of the family—the older nephew and his wife, Miss Feline, Benjamin's widow, Miss Nell—had gone away already; they had stopped down in Raleigh with cousins or (in the case of the older ones) had begun a sojourn in Petersburg, whence Marse Samuel would summon them once all was safely established on Alabama soil. Of the Negroes, only Prissy and Little Morning and Abraham and his family were left; house Negroes, they had memories of happy times, and they wept loudly at the mourning lot crammed into one wagon. In this I had said goodbye to them all, kissing Prissy and clasp- ing Abraham in a warm mute embrace and, at last, taking Little Morning's cold old- man's feeble hand and pressing it to my lips; his hair white as frost now, palsied and totally gone from his head, he lay propped sightless and uncomprehending at the rear of the wagon, heading south at his life's withered and weary end from the only home he had ever known. The mules snorted and stamped in their traces. Try as I might, I seemed unable to stifle my grief.

"You musn't take on so, Nat," Marse Samuel said; "it is not like a death, it is like a new life for all of us. We shall always be in touch by the post. Ad you—"

He paused for an instant, and I knew that he too was moved. "And you—*you*, Nat—think of the freedom that you will have, after all! Keep that in mind always and the sorrow of this parting will fade in your memory. The *future* is all that matters in our lives."

Again he ceased speaking and then, as if struggling to choke back his own feelings, began to say all sorts of commonplace things in a forced voice touched with false cheeriness: "Come now, Nat, chin high! . . . The receiver of the land, Judge Evers in Jerusalem, is sending around a man who will remain here as the custodian and he might even be here today . . . Meanwhile, Prissy has left noontime dinner for you in the kitchen . . . Chin high, Nat, chin high always and goodbye! . . . Goodbye! . . . Goodbye!"

He embraced me awkwardly, swiftly. I felt his whiskers against my cheek, and heard Abraham's whip crack far ahead like a musket. Then he turned about and was gone, and the wagons were gone, and it is the last I ever saw of him.

I stood in the lane until the final echo of the wheels vanished rattling in the distance. My desolation was complete. As sundered from my root and branch as a falling leaf fluttering on eddies of air, I was adrift between that which was past and the things yet to come. Great boiling clouds hung over the far horizon. For a long moment I felt myself like Jonah cast into the deep, in the midst of the sea, with floods compassing me about and all the world's billows and waves passing over me.

And now I began to look forward to the coming of the Reverend Eppes, but it took an almighty long time for him to fetch me. All morning I sat on the steps of the bare veranda, stripped of its furniture, waiting for the clergyman to arrive, awaiting the sound of hoofbeats, the rattle of some conveyance coming up the lane. It was hot and muggy and a moist haze with a hint of storm about it blurred the greenish sky; by late morning the sun burned down through murky waves of heat, so oppressive that even the locusts became still and the birds retreated, silent, to the leafy blue sanctuary of the woods. For two or three hours I read from my Bible, committing several Psalms to memory. (My Bible was the only possession I had to take away from Turner's Mill save for these things: a single change of denim pants, two cotton shirts, an extra pair of what are elegantly known as nigger brogans, some little bone crosses I had carved, a needle and some thread, a pewter cup left to me by my mother, and a ten-dollar gold piece which Marse Samuel had given me the day before. It was a matter of custom that the person into whose hands I was delivered would supply the rest of my needs. The gold piece I had sewn into the belt band of my pants, and I kept everything wrapped in a large blue bandanna.) It seemed appropriate to the moment, suspended as I was between two existences, troubled by abandonment and loss, heartsick at the void I felt upon the departure of all the dearest and best friends I had ever known, yet at the same time obscurely excited by the promise of a new world, liberty, the fruition of all those dreams I had entertained in the recent past of myself a freedman jauntily striding toward church or job down some Richmond boulevard—it seemed appropriate to this mingled mood, as I say, that I study a Psalm in which sorrow and exaltation were joined, and I recollect that it was Psalm 90 that I put to memory that morning, the one beginning, *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations, and which contains the verse that goes: A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night . . .*

Noon came and went, the coppery sun sank toward the afternoon: still no Reverend Eppes, and I was hungry. I remembered then (having in my absorption forgotten) the meal waiting for me, and so with my sack thrown over my shoulder I walked back through the bare, deserted halls to the kitchen. There on a shelf over the great brick hearth was the last meal ever to be served here to a Turner: four pieces of fried chicken, half a loaf of shortening bread, sweet cider in a cracked mug—decent big-house food, proper for a farewell repast, thoughtfully covered by a worn clean flour sack as a screen against flies. That I recall with great clarity such small details may have something to do with the overall sense of ominousness, the spidery disquietude and perplexity which, like

the shadows of vines creeping up a stone wall in descending sunlight, began to finger my spine as I sat on the window sill in the empty kitchen eating that chicken and bread. The stillness of the plantation was at this instant almost complete, so oppressive and strange that I suddenly thought, jittery with a vague terror, that I had been stricken by deafness. I ceased eating for a moment, both ears cocked and straining, waiting for some sound outside—a birdcall, the plashing of a duck on the millpond, a whisper of wind in the forest—to convince me that I could hear, but I heard nothing, nothing at all, and my panic swelled until just then the startling noise of my own bare callused foot scuffling roughly on the pine floor reassured me: I chided myself for my silliness and continued eating, and was further soothed by a fly's insensate deafening mutter as it settled on the topmost edge of my ear.

But the feeling of an ominous hush and solitude would not leave me alone, would not fade away, clung to me like some enveloping garment which, try as I might, I could not ease from my shoulders. I tossed the chicken bones down into the weed-choked flower bed below the kitchen window, and wrapping the remains of the bread carefully in my sack along with the broken mug—I thought it would become of use somehow—ventured out into the great hall of the house. Dismantled of everything that could be moved—of crystal chandeliers and grandfather's clock, carpets and piano and sideboard and chairs—the cavernous room echoed with a tomblike roar to my sudden sneeze. The reverberation smashed from wall to wall with the sound of waterfalls, cataracts, then became silent. Only a lofty mirror, webbed with minute cracklings and bluish with age, embedded immovably between two upright columns against the wall, remained as sure proof of past habitation; its blurred and liquid depths reflected the far side of the hall, and there four immaculate rectangles marked the vanished portraits of Turner forebears; two stern gentlemen in white wigs and cocked hats, two serene ladies with modest bosoms bedecked in ribbons and flounces of pink satin, they had been nameless to me yet over the years as familiar as kin: their absence was suddenly shocking, like swift multiple deaths.

I went back out on the veranda, again waiting for the sound of hooves and wheels, and again there was only silence. Even then I had begun to feel that I was alone, abandoned, forgotten, and that no one was going to come and fetch me; the sensation caused me fear and foreboding but part of the emotion was not unpleasant, and way down inside I felt my bowels stirring with a mysterious, queasy, voluptuous thrill. I had never felt this way before and tried to put it out of my mind, laying my sack down on the veranda steps and strolling to the small promontory at the side of the house, where in almost one glance it was possible to sur-

vey the entire prospect of abandoned dwelling decaying shops and sheds and ruined land—an empire devastated by the hordes of Gideon. The heat had become wicked, unrelenting, pouring down from a smudged, greasy sky in which the sun pulsated like a faint pink coal through the haze. As far as my eye could reach, the cabins lay in weatherworn rows to the vast bottom cornfield, now a majestic jungle of weeds, sunflowers, and impenetrable green bramble. The sense of excitement—gut-deep, warm, squirmy, returned irresistibly. I watched the scene, as my eyes lingered on the ranks of empty cabins then returned to regard the shops close by, the outhouses and stables and shed and the big house looming near, unpeopled and silent in the terrible heat.

Only a dripping of water through the cracked millpond dam disturbed the silence now—only a steady unhurried dripping and nearby the flickering hum of grasshoppers in the weeds. I tried to force back the sharp and growing excitement but even as I did so I felt my pulse pounding and the sweat flowing beneath my arms in streams. There was no wind, the trees in the surrounding woods were quiet; yet because of this very stillness they seemed a solid mass stretching out on all sides of me in perfect circumference to the last boundaries of the world, an all-pervading triumphant mass of greenery. Nothing but this still and ruined plantation existed; it was the very heart of the universe and I was the master not alone of it, being at the present instant but of all its past and hence all its memories. Solitary and sovereign as I gazed down upon this wrecked backwater of time, I suddenly felt myself its possessor; in a twinkling I became white—white as clabber cheese; white, stark white, white as a marble Episcopalian. I turned about and moved to the very crest of the slope, hard by the circular drive where carriages had come and gone and ladies in crinolins and taffeta had lightly and laughingly dismounted upon carpeted footboards, their petticoats spilling on the air like snow as I steadied their outstretched arms. Now, looking down at the shops and barns and cabins and distant fields, I was no longer the grinning black boy in velvet pantaloons for a fleeting moment instead I owned all, and I exercised the privilege of ownership by unlacing my fly and pissing loudly on the same worn stone where dainty tiptoeing feet had gained the veranda steps a short three years before. What strange, demented ecstasy! How white I was! What wicked joy!

But my blackness immediately returned, the fantasy dissolved, and I was again overtaken by wrenching loneliness and a pang of guilt. The Reverend Eppes did not appear, though I strained my ears for the sound of his approach on the road. I went back to my Bible once more, reading and committing to memory one of my favorite passages—the story of Samuel and the ark of the covenant.

ile afternoon lengthened and light dimmed on veranda and thunder grumbled and heaved tly on the smoky horizon.

s it grew dark I knew that the Reverend Eppes ld not arrive that day. I got hungry again and a twitch of sharp discomfort when I realized there was no more to eat. Then I remembered shortening bread in my sack, and when night I ate the rest of the loaf, washing it down water from the cistern behind the kitchen. de the house it was as black as the swamp moonless night, clammy and stifling, and I nbled aimlessly about while clouds of mosqui-whined about my ears. My little bedroom had i stripped bare like all the rest, and there was use sleeping there, so I lay down on the floor he great hall near the front door with my sack pillow beneath my head.

hen along about what must have been eleven ock a storm descended on the plantation, scar-me out of wits and sleep; titanic lightning s illumined the dark, in flashes of eerie green ined the deserted mill and the millpond, where ly rain swept the surface of the water in windy ets and torrents. Cracklings of thunder rent the vens, and a single shaft of lightning suddenly ke in two a huge old magnolia nearby in the ds, toppling half the behemoth to earth with uealing and a groaning like a stricken mad-i. The night filled me with terror. I had never wn such a storm, never in my life; it seemed pecial storm ordained by God, and I hid my d between my sack and the bare planks of the r, wishing that I had never been born. At last storm slackened, dwindled away with a soft oping noise and I raised my head up, recollect-the flood: *The fountains also of the deep and windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain n heaven was restrained . . .* I whispered thanks he Lord in a prayer, and finally went off to p, listening to the wet sound of an owl, blown in he storm, as it stirred and shivered somewhere h on a ledge of the hall above me, fussing t-oo, hoot-oo, hoot-oo.

hen I heard a voice—"Git on up, boy"—and I ke in a dazzle of morning light to see and feel toe of a black boot prodding me awake—not a tle prod, either, but an insistent sharp boring-between my ribs which caused me to gasp and instantly onto my elbows, gulping morning as if I had been half drowned.

You Nat?" I heard the man say. Even as he ke I knew it was the Reverend Eppes. He was d from head to toe in clerical black; moth-eaten k preacher's leggings he wore too, level with eyes now, and I saw that several buttons were sing and for some reason the gaiters exuded, seemed to exude, a sour, worn, unclean smell. eyes traveled up the length of his long black-shanks and his seedy black mohair frock coat lingered for the barest instant on the face,

which had a skinny, big-nosed, pentecostal, Christ-devoured, wintry look of laughterless misery about it; bespectacled with oval wire-framed glasses, belonging to a man of about sixty, redly wattled in the neck like a turkey gobbler's, bitter of countenance and opaque of eye, it was a face graven with poverty, sanctimony, and despair, and both my heart and my belly suddenly shriveled within me. If nothing else, I knew I had had my last piece of white bread for some time to come.

"You Nat?" he said again, more insistent now. It was a barren and suspicious voice, nasal, full of cold November winds, and something in it warned me that with this clergyman it would not do to display any educated airs. I scrambled to my feet and retrieved my sack from the floor and said: "Yas, massah, das right. I'se Nat."

"Git on in that buggy down 'ere," he ordered.

The buggy was at the veranda steps, drawn by the most pathetic sway-backed old spotted mare I had ever seen. I clambered up onto the worn seat and waited there in the sunlight for half an hour or more, watching the sad old nag switch her tail against a hide covered with sores upon which flies supped greedily and listening to the muffled commotion made by the Reverend Eppes as he stamped about in the far recesses of the house. Finally he returned and climbed up on the seat beside me, bearing with him two huge iron pothooks (I had thought it impossible that the house could yield anything else to a scavenger) which he had managed to yank with his great raw-knuckled fists out of the solid oak of a kitchen wall. "Gee up Beauty," he said to the horse, and before I knew it we had gone down the lane beneath the trees shrill with locusts, and Turner's Mill, abandoned to the beetles and the meadow mice and the owls, was out of my life forever.

We must have traveled several miles up the wagon trace before the Reverend Eppes spoke again. During this part of the journey, the sorrow and the sense of dislocation and loss I had felt—the ache of desperate homesickness which had tormented me ever since I had been left alone the day before—was obscured by the pure fact of hunger in my stomach, and I thought longingly of yesterday's chicken, and felt my insides painfully rumbling, all the while hoping that if the Reverend Eppes opened his lips to utter a thought it would be a thought concerning the question of food. But this was not to be.

"How old you be, boy?" he said.

"I'se twenty, massah," I replied, "twenty-one come de first day October." It is good for a Negro, when trying to ingratiate himself with a strange white man, to convey an impression of earnest simplicity and this may often be achieved by adding to such a reply as mine some phrase like "Das de truth," or "Das right." I think that I must have tacked on them a sweet and open "Das de truth," and by so doing made the mistake of arousing in

the Reverend Eppes a further consciousness of my youth, my innocence.

"You ever git any of them little nigger girls in the bushes?" he said. A funky stale smell seemed to pour from his threadbare clothes, an odor of grease and soil and deep poverty; I wanted to avert my nose but dared not. There was something about the man that filled me with an uneasiness verging on dread. Dismayed by his question, I felt myself honestly unable to answer and tried to let myself off the dilemma in typical nigger fashion by a slow soft giggle and a great mouthful of inarticulate syllables. "Aa! Eeh—Haw!"

"Mr. Turner done told me you religious-minded," he said.

"Yassuh," I replied, hoping that religion would work to my advantage somehow.

"So you religious-minded," he went on. He had a dry barren voice, monotonously reedy and harsh, like the crepitation of a cricket in the weeds. It seemed impossible that such a voice could ever exhort people to anything. "And if you religious-minded, then you shorely know, boy, what King Solomon son of David said about women, 'specially whores. He said a whore is a deep ditch, and a strange woman is a narrow pit. She also lieth in wait as for a prey, and increaseth the transgressors among men. That right, boy?"

"Yassuh," I said.

"He said by means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread, and the adulteress will hunt for the precious life. That right, boy? He said keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a strange woman. Lust not after her beauty in thine heart, neither let her take thee with her eyelids. You *know* that's right, boy."

"Das right," I replied, "yassuh, I 'spect das right." We had not looked at each other; I sensed rather his wintry and eaten face next to mine, gazing despairingly straight ahead, and I smelled the sour, yeasty odor seeping from his clothes; my mouth went as dry as sand.

"But a young man," he said, "now that's a different idea. A young man is beauty and sweetness. He said eat thou *honey*, because it is good, and the honeycomb which is sweet to thy taste. Eat thou *honey*. That right, boy? He said the glory of young men is their strength and the beauty of old men is the gray head. He said when thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid, yea, thou shalt lie down. Yes, boy? Hope deferred maketh the heart sick but when the *desire* cometh, it is a tree of life. The true root and the tree of life, praise God."

"Yassuh," I sighed wretchedly.

We rode for a long time in silence. We had taken a side turning off the trace and passed now through country I had never seen before. It was poor, eroded land with weed-choked red-clay fields bare of habitation. Scraggly pine groves stretched across the landscape, and high in the blue above

us turkey buzzards swooped and wheeled, touching me with gloom and with visions of bleached skeletons, decayed flesh, and slow suffering deaths. A smoky haze hung over the land, and crows cried dismally from afar. It was as if all the people had suddenly vanished from the earth.

"Tell me something, boy," he said finally, the reedy voice suddenly strained, hesitant yet fraught with some terrible decision. "I hear tell a nigger boy's got an unusual big pecker on him. That right, boy?"

I became feeble with anxiety and could make no reply. The buggy had stopped and we rested in the shade of a spindly old oak, half-dead in a shroud of leaves prematurely yellowing and withering, the great hulk of its trunk smothered in the green fecund moist embrace of honeysuckle and Virginia creeper. Dizzy with apprehension, I kept my eyes fixed toward my feet. A fragrance of honeysuckle mingled with the presence now of the Reverend Eppes; he was sweating in streams, and I could see the sweat as it drained from beneath his black shiny cuff and onto the back of the great ungainly sun-blistered hand which now tensely clutched his knee.



"You know what I hear tell, boy?" he went on, placing the same tight and tormented hand on the fleshy part of my upper leg. His voice trembled, his old ugly red fingers trembled, and I too felt myself trembling inwardly as I made a silent, urgent plea to the heavens: *Lord? Are you there, Lord?* A cloud passed over the day then, and sudden breath of coolness came, borne as if on the air freshening in the treetops; now with a least tremor the coolness fled, light blossomed blindingly, and the stench of the Reverend Eppes once more was sour and close. "I hear tell your average nigger boy's got a member on him inch or longer'n ordinary. That right, boy?"

I remained as silent as the space within a tom

eling the quivering fingers on my thigh. When I made no reply, he fell somberly quiet, then after a long moment he squeezed down remorselessly on my flesh and whispered: "You goin' to mind me, y?"

But this time when I failed to answer, he removed his hand from my leg and we started off slow, squeaking dustily along northward through the sullen and woebegone countryside. Perhaps half an hour passed before he spoke again, and the dry ageless cricket's voice was filled with despair and hatred and love and misery and retribution as he said: "You *better* mind me! You *jest* *better* mind me, that's all, you hear!"

Time grows brief in this chronicle of my early years. My residence with the Reverend Eppes was short-lived. There remains need to tell only of the day in which the Reverend Eppes's stewardship of my fortunes led me not toward that freedom I had for so long anticipated as a natural consequence of the transfer of my person into his custody, but toward something entirely and surprisingly different.

It had been Marse Samuel's intention, I believe, that I labor only for a short while in the service of the minister. However, it turned out that I worked there for less time than Marse Samuel must even have imagined. As you have doubtless seen, one of Marse Samuel's characteristics was a touching ingenuousness and faith in human nature; being a poor judge of people anyway, it was especially unfortunate that abstaining as he did from formal religious observance, he should still retain a traditional respect for and trust in the godness of the clergy. This trust was a central mistake. I think that in handing me over to the Reverend Eppes he envisioned a charming, benign, and mutually satisfying relationship between an honorable old bachelor preacher and his black acolyte—already "religious-minded" and learned in the Scripture—the two of us dwelling in perfect Christian concord as I celebrated with honest labor the spiritual harvest that his age and wisdom might shower upon me. What a splendid vision. What tender dreams of charity one hopes blessed by late master's slumber amid the balmy Alabama night!

Well, old Eppes ceased trying to ravish me (and this is one of the few tolerable aspects of my stay) fairly early on, so that by the time autumn arrived I was free at least of that worry, which for a spell had been a burdensome one. There had been a few days after my arrival at Shiloh when he had amused me in the sagging, pestilential two-hole outhouse which served both his own pitiful dwelling and the church; there, cossetting me loudly again with proverbs and other suasions from Holy Spirit, he tried to break me down by the same route he had traveled on the day of our first encounter, his big old beak leaking the dew of frustration

onto his upper lip and his voice a paradigm of anguish as he clutched at me amid the swarming flies. But one day he made a great and defeated shudder, and with wormwood in his mouth, abandoned the quest, to my relief and puzzlement. Only much later, when I grew older and considerably more reflective, did it occur to me that his desire for me, intense as it was, must have been at war with and was finally exceeded by his desire for my domination. Had he reached his lesser goal, had I submitted to his malodorous gropings, he would have gained a pet but lost a slave; it is not easy totally to master someone you've bugged behind the woodpile, and if I had become the compliant vessel of his cravings he might have found it much harder to run me until my legs felt like stumps.

Which is what he did—eighteen and twenty hours a day, seven days a week, *especially*, I should add, on Sunday—and for the first time in my life I began to sense the world, the *true* world, in which a Negro moves and breathes. It was like being plunged into freezing water. Further, I soon realized that my predicament was made even more onerous by the fact that I was the only slave in Shiloh, a grim and pious little crossroads community of some thirty-five souls. Small farmers for the most part, scratching for life itself in arid patches of corn and sweet potatoes, these were the leftovers and castoffs from the same cataclysmic depression which had sent the more prosperous of their fellow citizens, like Marse Samuel, to the far South: failed overseers, one-armed tinkers, bankrupt country storekeepers, reformed drunks, God-maddened paralytics, they were a bleak and undone brotherhood of true believers with scarcely a dollar to divide among them and only the hope of the soul's rescue through total immersion to preserve them and their goiterous women and pale, straw-haired, worm-infested children from absolute disintegration.

As the only two-legged chattel in Shiloh, then, it befell my lot not only to do the chores for the Reverend Eppes—to chop kindling and haul spring water and feed Beauty, the sway-backed mare, and shell corn and slop the three pigs and build the morning fires, acting both as a sort of grotesque valet to the preacher in the shack he called a parsonage and as a sexton at the rickety church—but to be of service to the rest of the congregation as well. As I deviously learned, the good pastor had never been in possession of a Negro before (that I must have become, however briefly, the answer to a lifelong prayer is a fact which often touched me in later years), and in the first flush of enthusiasm over the bonanza that I represented, he obviously had a deep Christian urge to share me equally with the members of his flock. Thus all that fall and winter—one of the most frigid years within living memory—I found how swiftly the body loses its sap and the soul its optimism through having one's energies split three dozen ways. It

seemed to me that I had been plunged into a hallucination in which I had parted from all familiar existence and was suddenly transformed into a different living creature altogether—half-man, half-mule, exhausted and without speech, given over to dumb and reasonless toil from the hours before dawn until the dead of night. In the tiny three-room parsonage I slept in what was called the kitchen, on a straw tick covered with rags near the back door. Bitter winds moaned through all the cracks in the house; even stoked to the limit the fireplace gave scant warmth; when banked at night it gave no heat whatever, and as I lay shivering on the floor in the dim light I could see ice congealing on the surface of the preacher's chamber pot. He snored cavernously all night long, throbbing like a mill wheel through my restless dreams. Sometimes he would give a great strangled noise and wake up chattering disconnected words from the gospel. "I also *am* of Christ!" he howled once, and another night I saw his white nightshirted shape lurch upright as he wailed: "*Lordness*, O ye Jews!" Even in the unbelievable cold the house was fetid and rank like a chicken pen in summer.

Lord, what a time! How I yearned for the days and months to pass and for the winter to end; how I waited for the moment to come when I would be delivered from this pesthole, to Richmond and into freedom. But it became an endless and wicked season, with no relief in sight. Thrice monthly the post coach came through from the south, but the mail it dropped off was scanty anyway, and there was never a letter from Marse Samuel—certainly not a word for me nor (at least so far as I was able to tell) any message to the Reverend Eppes. And so I labored through icy months, sustained by the gloomy comfort of Ecclesiastes, whose words I managed to put to memory in the few moments wrested each day from sleep and work. It was good to realize, as I hauled away the contents of the privy in a leaky bucket, that all is vanity; the great Preacher succored me through hours of ceaseless toil.

In the mornings I sweated for the Reverend Eppes, chopping wood, toting water, sweeping, whitewashing the outer timbers of the house and the church—an unending task not made easier by the fact that the whitewash often froze on the brush. After midday dinner (we bowed our heads together in blessing and then ate in silence in the kitchen, he on the single chair, I crouched on my haunches on the floor, devouring a meal that was unvaryingly terrible—fatback and corn pone drenched in molasses—but at least abundant: in that fearsome weather my protector could not afford to have his labor source lose power through meager victualing: there would come a rattling of wagon wheels outside on the frozen rutted ground, and a cry: "It's me, George Dunn, Parson! I've got the nigger this afternoon!" And off I

would go to the Dunn place three miles away at the edge of the pinewoods, there to work for another six hours felling trees, burning brush, emptying privies, shelling corn, or performing any of a dozen low and muscle-wrenching chores it might strike a doomed, chilblained red-necked Baptist farmer needed doing. Other days I often walked to my afternoon's labor, trudging two miles or more along some snow-covered woodland path, to arrive finally with freezing toes at a shack or cabin in the clearing and hear a woman's voice from the front stoop: "*Leander!* The nigger's here!" I began to feel myself loutishly half-existing, my identity fading, as a Percheron must feel if it feels, never more so than those times when after hours of frostbite and sweat on the roof of a barn, I was compelled to carry back to the Reverend Eppes the actual rental for my labor—a silver dollar rarely, most often a cramped, brain-tormented:

Rev. Eppes, I. O. U.

\$0.50 U.S.

Use of nigger 5 hours

Ashpenaz Groover, 12 Jan.

on a scrap of coarse brown paper, or a crock of pickled okra, a pound of goat cheese wrapped in a flannel rag, or a jar of candied sweet potatoes—delicacies, moreover, I never got to taste. No one beat me, and I was rarely even scolded. Generally speaking, I was accorded the cheerful respect due any superbly efficient mechanism.

My despair and loneliness grew until the existence I led seemed a nightmare from which I was frantically trying to arouse myself; the burden of my daily wretchedness felt an actual weight, heavy and immovable, bearing down like a yoke upon my shoulders. For the first time in my life I considered the extremity of running away (following honorably in my father's barefooted path), but I was dissuaded from such a course not alone by the two hundred miles of trackless and freezing wilderness which lay between myself and Pennsylvania, but by the fear, of course, that in so doing I would simply forfeit the very liberty I had been assured was soon to be mine. Yet all remained the same. With a fingernail purchase on freedom, I found myself laboring like an ox. Every ten days the mail coach came up from the south, and departed, leaving no advice from Marse Samuel. Despair and gloom pressed down upon me like merciless hands. Each morning I awoke praying that on *this* day I would be taken to Richmond, there to be delivered into the hands of that civilized and enlightened master whose only concern was eventually to obtain my freedom. The moment never arrived. I squatted silently with the Reverend Eppes in the drafty kitchen, choking down my corn pone and molasses. Overhead, day after sullen day, the sun was a wafer of light barely visible, wanly tracing the hours across a creepy black sky dreamed by Jeremiah.

I cannot calculate what my value was in cheese and okra but I made a mental accounting of the hard cash I brought in, and figured that between October and the middle of February I earned for the Reverend Eppes a total of \$35.75.

About the services in the ramshackle church keeping four stoves fueled all afternoon and evening with hickory logs made Sunday one of my most arduous days; it is best to remain for the most part quiet, drawing over these mysteries—as Sir Walter Scott might say—a prudent veil. For although I myself in later years acquired great power in preaching and exhortation, and found myself deeply stirred by the way in which people took flame from the Word and became exalted by it, sometimes losing possession of all their senses; and although through total abandonment it is often possible to obtain a close communion with the Spirit—nonetheless these white people at Shiloh were a scandal, whooping and shouting and bubbling at the mouth as the Reverend Eppes asked them through hellfire in his dry cracked voice, and amid the sweat and steam, falling into a kind of ultimate frenzy, stripping to their underdrawers, male and female, and riding each other areback up and down the aisles. It seemed to me Babylonian, a mockery, and I was always glad when the Sunday night service was over and I could clean up the mess they made and go to bed.

Once at dusk, coming back from a weary afternoon's work at a farm deep in the pinewoods, I paused for a short while in the middle of a clearing. Heavy snow lay over the floor of the woods and in the trees, and there was not a sound anywhere. Darkness was pressing on fast, and I knew that if I did not get back to the parsonage before nightfall I would surely lose the way and just as surely freeze to death in the forest. Yet for some reason I was not frightened by the notion; it seemed a friendly and peaceable idea, to fall asleep amid the snow and the pines and never wake up—delivered into the bosom of eternity, forever safe from mean and dishonorable toil. It was a blasphemous, faithless vision but somehow I thought God might understand. And for a long moment I loitered there in the cold, silent clearing, watching the gray twilight descend, half-yearning for the light to overtake me and enfold me close within its benign, chill, indifferent arms.

But then I recalled the new life which awaited me in Richmond and the grand future I would have as a free man, and a sudden panic seized me. I began to run through the snow, faster and faster, and reached the parsonage just before the last light faded from the sky.

On February 21, 1822, in the village of Sussex Courthouse, Virginia, the Reverend Eppes sold me into bondage for \$460. I'm certain that this sum is true because I watched Evans or Blanding—I do not know which one—of Evans & Blanding, Incorporated,

auctioneers, pay that amount in twenty-dollar bills as we stood in the anteroom of the nigger pen that the traders had set up in a crumbling brick tobacco warehouse on the outskirts of the village. The date, too, I know to be exact because it was outlined in flagrant red upon a big corporate wall calendar, not ten feet from where we stood, along with the inscription in ragged journeyman printer's type:

\$ \$ \$
PLAY SAFE WITH "E. & B."
SPOT CASH PAID FOR
LIKELY NEGROES
\$ \$ \$

The fifteen-mile trip by buggy up across the county line from Shiloh, the sale itself—everything had taken less than half a day. It had all happened before I could even think about it. And I stood there in the windy barnlike building, clutching my sack and watching the old preacher convey me into a trader's hands.

I recall crying out: "But you can't do this! You and Marse Samuel had a written agreement. You was to take me to *Richmond*! He *told* me so!"

But the Reverend Eppes said not a word, counting bills, each golden second climbing from penury to riches, his spectacles frosting up as with wettened forefinger and eagerly moving lips he verified his booty.

"You *can't*!" I shouted, "I've got a *trade*, too! I'm a carpenter!"

"Somebody hush the nigger up!" I heard a voice say nearby.

"That nigger boy, gentlemen," the preacher explained, "is a little tetch'd in the head about that one item. But he jest bully where it matters. He jest a *bully* worker. Got right smart strength for one so slender, and a good mind on him—can actual spell out some words, and has a God-fearin' spirit. Reckon he might be a likely stud, too. Mercy, ain't this been a winter?" Then without further comment he turned and on a frosty blast of air was gone.

I cannot make sense out of most of the rest of that day. I do recollect, however, that in the evening, as I lay slumped in the crowded, noisy pen with fifty strange Negroes, I experienced a kind of disbelief which verged close upon madness, then a sense of betrayal, then fury such as I had never known before, then finally, to my dismay, hatred so bitter that I grew dizzy and thought I might get sick on the floor. Nor was it hatred for the Reverend Eppes—who was really nothing but a simple old fool—but for Marse Samuel, and the rage rose and rose in my breast until I earnestly wished him dead, and in my mind's eye I saw him strangled by my own hands.

Then from that moment on (until the occasion of beginning this account of my life) I banished Marse Samuel from my mind as one banishes the

memory of any disgraced and downfallen prince, and refused to give him ten seconds' thought ever again.

One night soon after this there was a thaw and it started to rain. Torrents of water came down, lashed by a bitter west wind. Later the temperature began to fall and the rain turned to sleet, so that by the next morning all of the countryside was sheathed in a glistening, crystalline coverlet of ice, as if dipped in molten glass. Finally the sleet stopped, but the sky remained leaden and overcast, and the ice-encrusted woods seemed to merge without definition into the glassy and brittle underbrush of the fields, casting no shadow. That day, after I had been sold at auction to Mr. Thomas Moore, we rode back south out of Sussex Courthouse in a wagon drawn by two oxen, and the wheels squealed and crackled against the white troughs of ice in the rutted road and the iron-shod hooves of the oxen crunched cumbersomely on the hard frozen earth.

Moore and his cousin, another farmer whose first name was Wallace, sat hunched up on the seat behind the oxen, and I leaned up to the rear of them on the wagon's open tailboard with my feet dangling over the edge. It was fearsomely cold and as we creaked along I shivered, although the frayed woollen overcoat which was the single legacy of my stay at the Reverend Eppes's gave me a certain protection against the wind. Yet it was not the weather which now concerned me, but an irreparable and still, to me, inconceivable violation of my all too meager property. For less than an hour before, after having bought me, Moore had found and grabbed the ten-dollar gold piece I had so carefully sewn up inside my extra pair of pants. Like some avid little weevil or roach he had homed as if by the sheerest primitive instinct upon my few possessions and within seconds had extracted the gold piece from the belt band, ripping the seam, his round small pockmarked rustic's face puckered with sly relentless triumph—"I figgered a nigger once't lived at Turner's Mill ud steal him some loot," he muttered to his cousin—as he bit down on the coin, then thrust it into the pocket of his jeans.

All my life I had never owned so much as a tin spoon, and the gold piece had been the only real treasure I had ever possessed; that I had kept it so briefly and had parted with it so quickly was something I could barely comprehend. I had wanted to save it against the time when I might start a church in Richmond, now it was gone. Coming as it did after three days' and nights' wait in the nigger pen—my limbs poorly warmed and even more poorly nourished on cold cornmeal mush—and joined with the quick disposal of my body to Mr. Thomas Moore, this final act of piracy left me numb and beyond outrage, and I sat stiff, bolt upright on the tailboard of the wagon, clutch-

ing my sack tight against my lap with one hand and with the other holding the Bible pressed against my chest. I felt a dull ache around the edge of my jaw and wondered in a distant way at the reason for it, then recollected that it had been caused by Moore's begrimed and knobby fingers when he had thrust them into my mouth to ascertain the soundness of my teeth.

I listened vaguely to the conversation between Moore and his cousin Wallace, the words coming as if from yards and yards away, from the tree-tops or across the margin of a remote and snow-covered field.

"They was this hoor I knowed in Norfolk, on Main Street, name Dora," the cousin was saying, "she would do it three ways if'n you'd pay a dollar-fifty-fifty cents each way and take all afternoon." He began to snort and chuckle, his voice thickening. "Second time you shoot, hit jest like a covey of quail flyin' straight out yo' ass—"

"Sho," Moore put in, chuckling too, "sho, I knowed this other hoor who done it three ways, name of Dolly—"

I put their godless talk out of my mind and stared at the glassy and desolate woods, silent now save for the remote noise, every so often, of a branch cracking beneath the weight of ice or the pattering faint sound of a hare as it scampered through the frozen meadows. I shivered suddenly and felt my teeth clicking together in the fierce cold. We had approached a fork in the road, and as I turned my head slightly I glimpsed a wooden signpost sparkling beneath transparent ice and two crude painted signs, one pointing to the southwest:

N. CAROLINA VIA HICK'S FORD

The other to the southeast:

SOUTHAMPTON COUNTY LINE 12 MI.

All of a sudden the wagon stopped and I heard Moore say: "Hit's the right-handed fork to Southampton, ain't it, Wallace? I recollect that's what Pappy said to take when we come back out of Sussex. Ain't that what he said, Wallace?"

Wallace was silent for a moment, then he murmured in a puzzled voice: "Goddam me, I can't recollect *what* he said." He paused again, finally adding more confidently: "If'n we hadn't come up here by way of that trace through the marsh, I'd know for sure, but now hit *do* seem to me he said take the right-handed fork comin' back. Yah, I could swear he said the right-handed fork. The left-handed fork'll end you up in Carolina. Gimme 'nother suck on that jug."

"Yah," said Moore, "that's what he said now, I know for sure, the right-handed fork. That sho is what Pappy said."

A whip cracked on the cold air, the hooves of the oxen resumed their crunching on the rutted road, and as we took the right fork southwest to-

ard Carolina, I thought: Trouble is, since neither them ignorant scoundrels can read we're likely get into worse problems if I don't set them straight right away, right now. We'll sure end up at twenty miles south of here. Anyway, I might get warm sooner.

I turned around and said: "Stop the wagon." Moore's head swiveled about to face me, the coked little eyes bloodshot, bulging, incredulous. He could smell an odor of brandy the length of the wagon. "What did you say, boy?" he murmured. "Stop the wagon." I repeated. "this way goes Carolina."

The wagon stopped, wheels sliding and squealing against the ice. Then the cousin turned about, incredulous too, silent, staring, licking his pink melting lips amid a scraggle of reddish beard.

"How you know this way goes to Carolina?" Moore said. "Jest how do *you* know?"

"The sign said so," I replied quietly. "I can read."

Moore and his cousin glanced at each other, then back at me.

"You can read?" said Moore.

"Yes," I said, "I can read."

Again they exchanged quick suspicious glances, and the cousin turned to me, glaring, and said: "Try him, Tom. Try him with the writin' on that shovel."

Moore held up a shovel which had lain clotted with earth below them at the front of the wagon. Along its ashwood shaft ran an inscription burnt deep and deep with a branding instrument.

"Read them words there, boy," said Moore.

"It says, 'Shelton Tool Works, Petersburg, Virginia,'" I replied.

The shovel clattered back onto the floor of the wagon, and as I once more turned around I saw the white woods roll before my eyes in a slow blurred procession of glittering ice-crowned trees while the wagon itself wheeled about in a clumsy half-circle then moved briefly north to the signpost, pivoted, and resumed its ponderous journey south-east now, toward Southampton. An emptiness clutched my stomach as I realized suddenly how hungry I was, after three days on cornmeal mush. Never had I known such hunger before, never in my life, and I was astonished at the urgency of its pain, the desperation of its clamorous appeal deep within my guts.

Moore and his cousin brooded quietly for a long while, then at last I heard Wallace say: "Onliest nigger I ever knowed about could read was a free nigger up in Isle of Wight. Had him a little shoe-cobblin' business in Smithfield and wrote out letters and such for some of the white folks. When he died they cut open his head and looked at his brain and it had wrinkles in it just like a white man's. And you know, they was a story 'bout how some of the niggers got holt of a part of that brain and actual *et* some of it, hopin' they'd git smart too."

"Hit don't do no good far a nigger to git learnin'," Moore said somberly; "hit don't do no good in any way whichever. Like Pappy says, a nigger with a busy head is idle with the hoe. That's what Pappy says."

"A nigger with learning bound to git uppity," Wallace agreed.



"Hit don't do no good in any way whichever."

"I'm hungry," I said.

Like the hunger, I had never felt a whip before, and the pain of it when it came, coiling around the side of my neck like a fire snake, blossomed throughout the hollow of my skull in an explosion of light. I gasped and the pain lingered, penetrating to the inside of my throat, and I gasped again, feeling that the pain might throttle me to death. Only at that moment, seconds later, did the noise of the whip impress itself on my mind—oddly quiet, a sedate whickering like a sickle slicing through air—and only then did I raise my hand to touch the place where the rawhide had cut my flesh, sensing on my fingertips a warm sticky flow of blood.

"When I gits ready to feed I'll tell ye, hear me?" said Moore. "And say *master!*"

I was unable to speak, and now again the whip struck, in the same place, blinding me, sending me affoot outside myself on a reddish cloud of pain.

"Say *master!*" Moore roared.

"*Mastah!*" I cried in terror. "*Mastah! Mastah! Mastah!*"

"That's better," said Moore. "Now shut up."

Once in the last days before my trial, when I was pondering my own death and was filled with a sense of the absence of God, I remember Mr. Thomas Gray asking me what had been the various things in time past that God had spoken to me. And although I was trying to be truthful I had been unable to answer him exactly, for it was the most difficult kind of question and had to do with a mysterious communion which was almost impossible to explain clearly. I told him that God had spoken to me many times and had surely guided my destiny but that He had never *really* given me any complicated messages or lengthy commands; rather He had spoken to me two words, and always

these words alone, beginning on that day in the back of Moore's wagon, and that it was through these words that I was strengthened and that I made my judgments, absorbing from them a secret wisdom which allowed me to set forth purposefully to do what I conceived as His will, in whatever mission, whether that of bloodshed or baptism or preaching or charity. Yet just as they were words of resolution they were words also of solace. And as I told Gray, God had a way of concealing Himself from men in strange forms—in His pillar of cloud and His pillar of fire, and sometimes even hiding Himself from our sight altogether so that long periods on earth would pass during which men might feel that He had abandoned them for good. Yet all through the later years of my life I knew that despite His hiding Himself for a while from me, He was never far off and that more often than not whenever I called He would answer—as He did for the first time on that cold day: "I abide."

I wiped the blood from my neck and crouched down shivering into my overcoat. I listened to the wheels crunching and bumping along the rutted road, uneven here and littered with fallen icy branches, so that the wagon yawed and heaved and pitched me back and forth in a soft rhythm against the boards. Moore and his cousin were silent. A cold winter wind breathed suddenly across the roof of the woods.

"Lord," I whispered, raising my eyes. "Lord?"

Then high at the top of the icy forest I heard a tremendous cracking and breaking sound, and that voice booming in the trees:

I abide.

I clutched my Bible against my heart and leaned against the boards as the wagon, heaving and rocking like a rudderless ship amid a sea of frozen glass, bore me southward again into the dead of winter.

William Styron emerged as a literary figure of major importance with the publication of his first novel, *Lie Down in Darkness*, in 1951. He was then twenty-six. He wrote two other novels, *The Long March* (1953) and *Set This House on Fire* (1960) before beginning work on the story of Nat Turner, a subject of special, long-standing interest to him. Mr. Styron was born in 1925 in Newport News, Virginia, near the locale of the Turner revolt.

In an essay, titled *"This Quiet Dust,"* that appeared in the April 1965 issue of *"Harper's,"* Mr. Styron described his attempt as a novelist to understand and re-create Nat Turner. He wrote: "Innumerable white Southerners have grown up as

free of knowledge of the Negro character and soul as a person whose background is rural Wisconsin or Maine. Yet, of course, there is a difference, and it is a profound one, defining the white Southerner's attitudes and causing him to be, for better or worse, whatever it is he is to be. . . . The Negro may feel that it is too late to be known, and that the desire to know him reeks of outrageous condescension. But to break down the old law, to 'know' the Negro, has become the moral imperative of every white Southerner. I suspect that my search for Nat Turner, my own private attempt as a novelist to re-create and bring alive that dim and prodigious black man, has been at least a partial fulfillment of this mandate. . . ."



SWISSAIR

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Am Flögel:
Andor Vidak

Wenn Katelbach kommt

Bahnhofkino Aktualitätenkino
im Mäupfischhof

Durchgehend Vorführung
12-23 Uhr (Sa ab 13 Uhr)

Amüsante Unterhaltung mit 6 kunterbunten
farbigen Trickfilmen

Dirig. Das Haus der ... 12.00 Uhr
ab 9. Jahrg. 3.00 abgaben 8.00

David T. Bazelon

CLIENTS AGAINST LAWYERS

A guide to the real joys of legal practice

What happens between lawyer and client today goes something like this: The lawyer sits at the elbow of the businessman while contracts are being negotiated, that is, while a deal is being made. Then, once the principals feel an agreement has been concluded, the lawyers assure them it has not. After much further negotiation, the lawyers "draft the contract"—*reduce the deal to written law*—and pass it back and forth accompanied in each passage by increasingly minute argumentation (e.g., "We believe in all fairness that the law of Luxembourg should govern in the event of non-performance under Para. V(c)(ii)" etc., etc.). Once they have decided that neither party can be further hoodwinked or bullied, the typist prepares many copies to make "doubly sure" (making doubly sure in this special fashion is 28 per cent of law practice), and the clients sign all of them. Then they smile at each other and shake hands, while glancing sidelong at their lawyers, who are still scowling (it's part of the fee-action). This little drama, in numerous manifestations, is the beginning of law—perhaps, even, the final heart of it as well.

Lawyers and clients don't really like one another. Oh, they *act* friendly enough—they play golf, eat and drink, nightclub together, and so on. But they really *can't* like each other: the forces that bring them together preclude it. The client owns things or has power or both, but he comes to the lawyer because he needs the latter's brains and savvy to protect and otherwise make sense out of what he owns or controls. In brief, the client feels, If you're so smart, why aren't you rich? While the lawyer (knowing that this is the way the other feels) reverses the proposition and replies silently, Since you're so rich, why aren't you smart enough to do without me?

There is another aspect to the relation. A very smart lawyer* once advised me about going to law school. "Don't," he said. "You'll get terribly bored with it. It won't hold you, intellectually." I tried

to explain how ambitious I was trying to be; that I was already fairly well bored with being an unplaced, general-purpose intellectual; and I added, somewhat petulantly, that everybody had always said I would make a good lawyer.

"Okay," he said, "but go home and ask yourself one question, very seriously—are you a big enough son of a bitch? Because that's really what it takes—not to practice law, but to like it. The lawyer is a kind of witch-doctor, a shaman, to the American businessman. The client comes to you feeling guilty about what he's done or is getting ready to do, and one of the things he is paying you for is to carry his guilt for him. He's going to leave that in your office with the rest of his problem, with the technical part of it. The only satisfied client is the one who has convinced himself—with your help—that *you* are the thief, the conniver, the guilty party. You have to be a very aggressive son of a bitch to put up with that sort of thing. And unlike a psychoanalyst, you know, you're stuck with the projection—you don't get a chance to straighten him out later on."

He was right, too, as I later found out. Anyway, I went home and thought about it, realizing with some embarrassment why it was that everybody had always said I would make a good lawyer, and I ended up convincing myself that the law was the only safe place for somebody with my special talents. As it turned out, compared to the very best in the field, I was only moderately well qualified. I may say, moreover, that I used up all my meanness during my time in the law and have been a sweet,

David Bazelon has been a practicing corporate lawyer as well as a visiting professor at Rutgers Law School. He has written extensively for magazines on political economy and related subjects, and contributes frequently to "Commentary." His books include "The Paper Economy" (1963) and "Power in America: The Politics of the New Class" (1967) and, as a Guggenheim Fellow, he is currently working on a study of the role of lawyers in America.

* David Riesman.

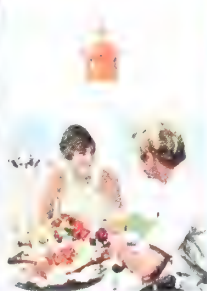
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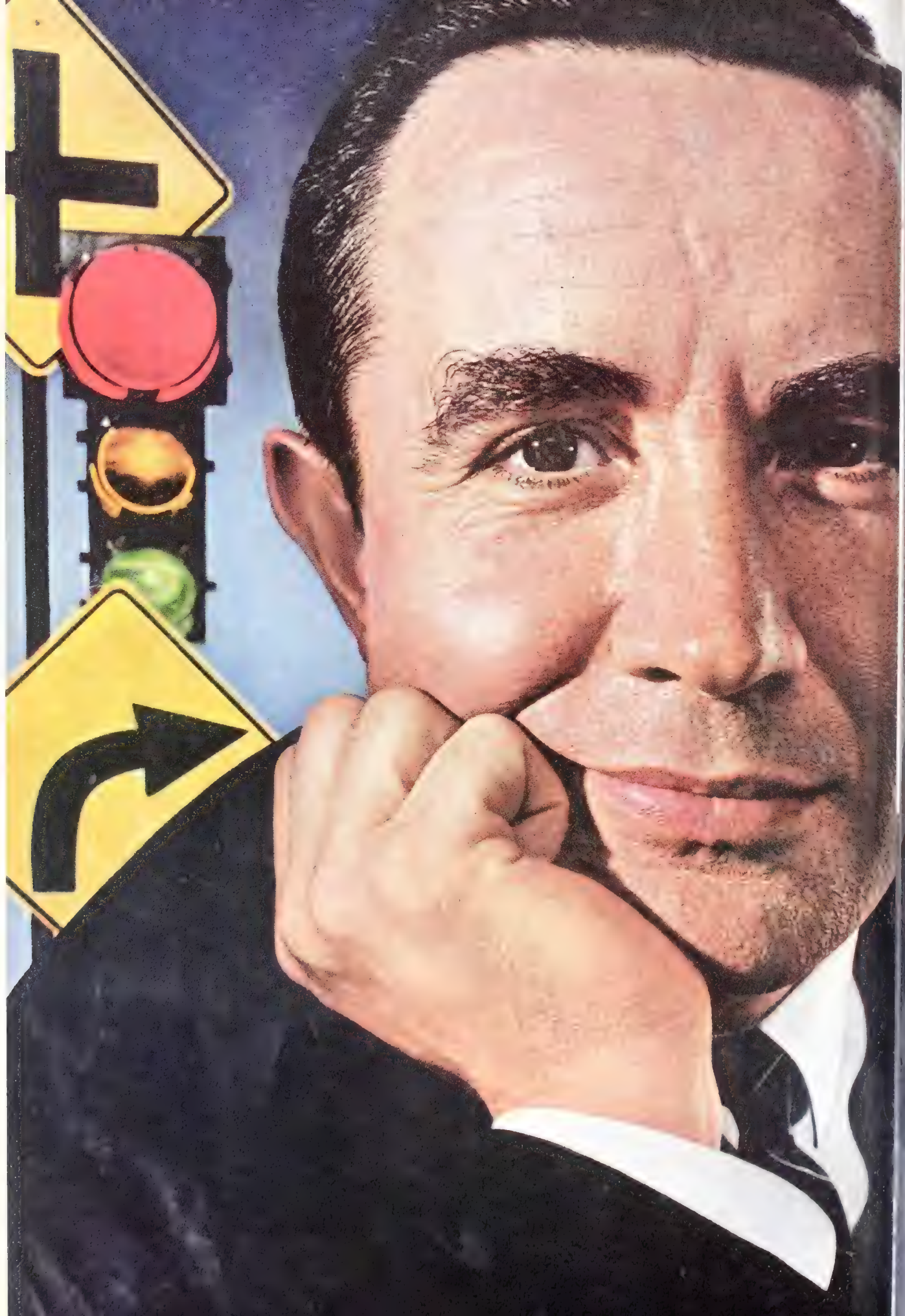
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This traffic scientist wants to make your driving life more enjoyable.

What's he doing at IBM?

Dr. Denos C. Gazis is proving that mathematical theories and IBM computers can help bring more order out of today's traffic chaos.

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And it's another example of how IBM experts in many fields are using computers to help solve problems that affect every corner of our lives.

The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, red, sans-serif font. A small registered trademark symbol (®) is located at the bottom right of the logo.

A photograph of a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky. The bottle is dark glass with a gold label that reads "Johnnie Walker Black Label". The cap is gold with a signature. To the left of the bottle is a pinecone with a gold ring around its base, featuring a red crosshair. A plaid ribbon is draped over the pinecone. The background is a warm, orange-brown color.

Put your
best friends
on your
Black list.

(Over 40 expensive Scotch whiskies
blended into 1)

gentle, irrelevant, all-purpose intellectual ever since.

Once in practice, my comprehension of the client took a very practical turn, since I did not find myself with a great deal of time for sociological speculation. While learning my trade I did note, however, that clients lie a great deal. In the arduous process of preparing for trial, for example, half the show is to entice your own man into revealing more than selected items of the story, and doing so sooner rather than later. A smart young lawyer soon recognizes what lies behind his client's faulty memory and other fumbling: the guy is just marking time waiting for you to indicate which lie is apt to win the case. Many clients seem to feel that is the only clear and substantial reason for hiring a lawyer in the first place. Anyway, it's the reason they understand best (and are most prepared to pay for).

This kind of interview can easily degenerate into an extremely sophisticated ballet, since the lawyer must know the facts in order to advise as to which fabrication will earn the fee (a really good lie, after all, is only an edited version of the truth), but he wants the client to take full responsibility for the lie. Otherwise you get blamed morally as well as financially if the case is lost. Perjury charges, much less convictions, are extremely rare in civil actions.) A style worthy of Diaghilev has been worked out whereby the attorney says, wistfully, "Gee, that's too bad. If he had offered the money when your wife—in fact, my witness" (*brief pause*)—"was still in the room, we might have him on a unilateral contract. As it is, we're stuck with *quantum meruit*"—the latter made to sound like rubbery pizza. There are infinite variations on this little *pas de deux*. Of course, not everybody is a toe dancer. A colleague once told me of a flat-footed client who answered, in effect, "Okay, my wife *was* in the room," followed by several minutes of awkward silence.

Who's Irrelevant?

As in all professional work, the activity of the lawyer breaks down into two categories: (1) handling the client, and (2) doing the work. These cannot be separated in fact—that would jeopardize the fee and other interpersonal communication—but must be kept distinct conceptually in order to accomplish the actual work. The point is that the client is not really very important but he doesn't know this and, since he is incapable of believing it, you are not permitted to tell him, not even with a slightly elevated eyebrow. As a consequence, in

the best-run offices there is a wholly needful division of staff labor between the legal technician and the client-man. Unfortunately, the man who handles the client is closer to the source of income and so gets much more of it (like premium pay for combat duty). Since the technician thinks *he* does all the "work," this can create a very nasty situation within the office. In point of fact, this intra-office tension is the price paid for the smooth front of professional mystique presented to the outside gullible world.

What happens, without this division of labor, is that the client barges into the office, claps his hand to his forehead, and shouts, "He stole from me!" or, "He's going to steal from me!" or, "I'm having trouble stealing from him!"*

The client is very emotional, even though he may be dissembling. Very soon, if not immediately, it becomes clear just what he wants from you. If perchance you are too busy (or the fee is too high) to go out and shoot his tormentor right now, then perhaps he will settle for some absolutely brand-new form of Chinese torture to be set in motion early tomorrow morning at the latest, and would you please describe it in exquisite detail now; don't rush, he has the rest of the afternoon to devote to this problem. If you are a client-man, you begin to sell him the sympathetic junk he wants. If you are a technician, you might, being frightened by his hysteria, begin to explain to him that the law does not always or so easily permit such forms of convenient homicide. Also, clients tend to get quite confused about whether they are appealing to a lawyer's sense of justice, or his ordinary desire to get a little bit richer as soon as possible. Inexperienced men or young lawyers, who begin immediately to turn their minds from the "client-problem" to the problem-of-the-client, can be stampeded into forgetting the point of the whole matter as regards this special fellow, namely, the fee.

Besides the fee, all the lawyer needs from the client is certain selected facts (selected by the lawyer, that is). But the client is filled with nagging irrelevancies, and quickly becomes a pest. He's always on the phone wanting to know what's happening, although if you told him the truth he

*Better than 90 per cent of the problems in law practice have to do with money—what we call property rights—rather than with personal rights. In most places, criminal law is practiced as a professional obligation, since most criminals can hardly support themselves, much less a lawyer as well. Marital problems are handled by amateur psychiatrists, or as a professional favor to otherwise hopeful and well-heeled clients; and civil rights and civil liberties are there for a handful of enthusiasts.

wouldn't know what you were talking about, since he's not a lawyer. So you turn him over to the client-man, if, happily, there is one around. If not, you turn on the client-side of your brain, and sell some more of That Stuff. But the client is irrelevant. I realize that there is no legal practice without clients, but still he is irrelevant to the actual work of the law—when there is any other work than keeping the guy happy or well-conned. (It should be perfectly obvious by now that I was no good at all when it came to peddling the mystique: no desk-side manner, so to speak. I had some kind of horrible compulsion to try to explain what was happening, and what I was going to do next, and matters like that.)

You Only Win the Case

The key to the lawyer-client relationship is the way lawyers think. This is actually rather interesting for its own sake. Since the medieval head-of-a-pin fellows were displaced, technical legal thought amounts perhaps to the most advanced and highly trained misuse of the human intelligence we have as yet achieved.

The client is interested in his own actual situation; the lawyer is interested only in translating that human situation into legal terms. This is proper professional practice, and you begin to learn how to do it in law school. For the first few months the process is very weird, and the student is quite disoriented. Then all of a sudden you get the point: *nothing real is involved*. What is substituted for "reality" is "winning the argument." After you get going and when you get good at it, the less reality in the winning argument, the tastier it is. Many almost-good lawyers go under at this point—something springs loose in their heads, they literally identify unreality with legal logic, and then they feel they must, poor souls, bull their way through the rest of their professional lives. They are perpetually recurring victims of a dream of the Completely Unreal Bullheaded Winning Argument.

Put another way, it is one thing in law to figure out the *substantial* issues—they usually come down to *Did he or didn't he?* and *How much?*—and quite another to discover the points on which to fight out the case. These are made up of rules and precedents more or less irrelevant to the human, or readily recognizable, substance of the case. For instance, in jockeying for the settlement price in a matter I worked on many years ago, it became important to get a court order to examine the *records of the defendant corporation in New*

York rather than in Los Angeles. The former was inconvenient for him, and he was a man who liked his convenience, to say the least. We won the argument, with a fancy arrangement of precedents, by working out a noble theory about the perfect relationship between venue, state of incorporation, and principal place of business. (It was so good, I hardly understood it myself, although I created it.)

If we left the matter here, it would be very misleading because you would be free to imagine that winning the argument and defining reality were somehow still or eventually related, as in other areas of thought. In the law, they are not. That is because, in law, you never really win the *argument*. You only win the *case*. And this, in fact, makes other good lawyers try twice as hard to win the argument on the *other* side the next time. In the law, you win the argument only by reference to the past, almost never by reference to present reality. (When the latter happens, as in major revolutionary cases, scores of law review articles are written to prove that it didn't happen or shouldn't have happened—in the best articles, both.)

This is the character of legal argument—not the character of the best lawyers. Because (I will finally admit it) the best lawyers are exceptionally intelligent people, among the most intelligent our society permits to come into being. *They are the best because they know what they are doing instead of believing in it.* They have to, to win all the unreal arguments.

The client, please note, does not win arguments; he wins only things and conditions. What the laity considers to be the most distasteful characteristic of the lawyer—his cynicism, his ability, even devotion, in *advocating any cause*—is exactly the measure of his achievement. In their own terms, lawyers elevate themselves professionally by arguing at different times, opposite sides of the same great issue. Some achieve even more, and sit in judgment in the matter on a third occasion. This seeming triplicity is the ultimate in the law, for the lawyer; but the general public is revolted.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty the client has in understanding the law and the lawyer is that he cannot get over his initial assumption that there is a major difference. There is none. *The law is what lawyers do.* Very good lawyers, who know this, waste absolutely no time at all trying to figure out what the law is (and infinite time figuring out what the cases say, and can be made to say). They just do it, *i.e.*, go about trying to win another argument. Many unimaginative lawyers, it is true, slavishly imitate past winning arguments, from which derives the quaint notion that such argu-

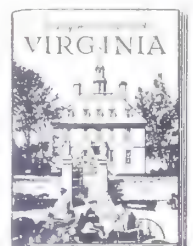


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ments are the law, and are distinct from the lawyer making them. The greatest professional satisfaction comes from nibbling away at such ancient winners, and finally overturning them. (Justice Holmes called this "the genius of the common law"; he liked to talk like that.) As a quick and important example, the clear old rule for the responsibility of corporate managers to stockholders—the great winning argument of an earlier day—had been to adapt the analogy of the strict accountability of a personal trustee. But corporations are much more complicated than personal trusts, and a series of smart, well-paid lawyers began to chew away at the edges of trustee accountability by frightening judges with the prospect of the detailed review of corporate affairs (as in a trust accounting). Thus the principle arose that courts will not question matters of "business judgment." This principle, which began as a minor exception, is now so dominant a winning argument that the only fun left is trying to prove that the business-judgment rule does not cover absolutely *all* forms of corporate theft. Meanwhile, no one outside of the law reviews even has time to suggest that this game be interrupted long enough to devise some relevant rules for corporate responsibility today.

But Is Intelligence Enough?

I used to have the recurrent fantasy, when I was practicing, that one day I would get out of the office-library and into court, carrying my own briefcase on a big matter involving some dramatic issue of justice (not just which of the Bobbsey Twins got mommy's money). My opening statement always began, "Now look, fellas . . ." and continued with a dazzling plea to the opposing attorney and the judge to join with me in a great creatives-human effort to knock off the professional happiness pills and dispose of this matter so as to further the progress of humanity and American culture, and save everybody a lot of time and wasted effort. It was really a major address in favor of nonlegal thought. This fantasy helped me to realize my deeper motivation: all I had ever wanted to be, it turned out, was an ordinary itinerant preacher. Let somebody else tend the dogma; somebody who was really interested enough in the power derived from an expert manipulation of it.

Dogma and power, these are the two opportunities presented by the law as such. At the top of the profession, the first requires great technical accomplishment and consequently affords a technician's deep satisfaction. The second, of course, has been the stuff of ruler-ship throughout the

ages; in the hands of a top-flight lawyer, it is today cleanly and beautifully sophisticated.

As an extreme example of dogma in the law: a partner once caught me staring out of the window and as punishment gave me the crud-job of revising purchase-order "boilerplate." This is the trade name for the fine print nobody reads (it's unreadable, on purpose) which is printed on the back of contracts of sale. "Read" it sometime. It's incredible—an accretion of disclaimers derived from ancient but still nerve-wracking decisions on implied warranties, breaches entitling revocation consequential damages, and similar horrors. The funniest part is that the various boilerplate on a request to quote, an answering quotation of price the final purchase order, and the post-final acceptance language on a shipping order, may well create such a bowl of legal chop suey that no one is able to sue on anything; it's much like two dinosaurs in an ultimate and impossible approach, or two obese lovers who can't get close enough to smooch. In too great a degree, law is rationalism gone wild; rationalism as symptom. *Oh, to romp in the green fields, away from the madness of men!*

True enough, there are definite satisfactions available to members of the metropolitan legal elite. Some few lawyers even make some real money, even practicing law. But it is a demanding and even exhausting career. The *distinctive* advantage of the law is the opportunity to use your intelligence-as-trained in the course of each day. All skill involves intelligence, broadly defined—what I refer to is intelligence narrowly defined more specifically as the capacity of abstract reasoning and imagining: *the intellectual's intelligence*. Every day you go into a good law office you have another chance to prove to yourself how smart you are, and to make a nice living while playing this game.

But it is rather hard for a grown man to spend his whole life playing games with himself; particularly such an egotistical one as proving again and again an element of superiority which you know you began with. After a time, one develops a strong desire to accept it as proven and get on to something more interesting or worthwhile or at least less enervating. In the law, this is mostly to move over into the client's game in areas where intellectuals are reluctantly welcomed—to take on a more direct participation in the system of business and state and other institutional power.

There is a big change under way in the legal profession, which reflects the even bigger change in society: in general, toward the managerial preoccupations of administering a complex technological society. In brief, the elite lawyer is becoming



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a structural trouble-shooter in business and other administration. Since the law is what the lawyer does, this is changing the nature of law itself. The law has become more a matter of administration, and is becoming noticeably less concerned with the proper tending of dogma. In the end, this process will possibly result in the creation of new dogma or ideology; meanwhile, we have all become empiricists.

The Intellectual Vanguard

The legal world has become infinitely complicated and specialized since the New Deal—all that legislation, all those administrative agencies, the war taxes, in sum, all those *jobs*, derived from all that *lack* of precedent. Not out of liberal commitment but just to keep one's head above water, the whole legal process became unavoidably functional to an untoward degree.

Many members of the legal elite have relied on this shift toward administration to move out from practice proper into governmental work and even politics; to the law schools as a newly-paved road to advanced political and other institutional participation; to executive-advisory positions directly with the institutions, whether corporate, charitable, foundation-academic, social action, labor, new financial, or whatever. The effect of this has been that the lawyers have reconstituted themselves as the advance guard of the New Class in America. It is not advertising, magazine, or book publishing executives, not union or civil-rights activists, not movie or television producers, not teachers, stock salesmen, or new-money-men, and not even the foundation and academic hustlers—but lawyers who remain the only general, inevitable and utterly practical vanguard of the intellectuals in the West. They will do anything, anywhere, and, if you pay extra, also come on for a five-a-day as the high priests of property and propriety, to the guaranteed satisfaction of any and all paying audiences.

It isn't the oldest, but it is the most professional of professions. Doctors, for example, are inevitable idealists because, hard as they try and no matter how dollar-driven they may be, they cannot get away from the anxious fact that animal existence ~~depend on their work~~; they cannot avoid being the technicians of life-and-death. Religionists and academics were long ago housebroken and isolated, to stop the spread of spiritual infection; this is so clear that it is sometimes hard to recall that many of them did not at the outset welcome their trained irrelevance as if it were some kind

A LEGAL PARTY LINE

Our roving contributing editor, Larry L. King, writes: Recently the medical doctors and lawyers of West Texas decided to bury their various hatchets arising from law suits which keep on splitting the two professions into hostile camps. The doctors hosted at Odessa Country Club. There was first a two-hour cocktail party, which in retrospect looks like bad planning, and then a banquet at which the biggest doctor muckety-muck there welcomed the lawyers with a stiff, formal little speech. Warren Burnett, one of the best-known trial lawyers of the Southwest, a master of the high sardonic, who had been in dogged attendance at the cocktail party, had been tapped to respond on behalf of the lawyers. He made a short but memorable speech. Rising, he dropped his voice low and said, "During the course of these festivities, I have taken judicial notice of the arrival of our doctor-hosts and their ladies, in limousines and mink, all or most of them wearing expressions of superior knowledge or secrets known only to themselves and/or God. I feel moved to remind our hosts that while *their* professional antecessors were bleeding George Washington with leeches and teaching that the night air was poisonous, *my* professional antecessors were drawing up the Constitution of these United States—as noble a document as known to the minds of men or angels. I thank you one and all." End of party.

of fulfillment. But the lawyer, dealing almost always with the most pressing nonsense of the human race and almost always calling on his ultimate capacity of intelligence and word-use in the service thereof, is the one perfect professional.

We've been at this game a long time, you see; and we've gotten very good at it. Also, our product, all in all, is still more important in this country than these other and newer forms of morale-building. The dream of justice is still a greater dream than that of mouth-wash purity. Thurman Arnold, with Falstaffian tenderness, has said, "The function of the law is not so much to guide society as to comfort it." I would add: comfort in part by entertaining. We were the first entertainers on the frontier, only later sharing stage space with snake oil laudanum barkers, blackface minstrels, and other con men. Law is an eternal dream, and indulging it as a form of personal expression remains one of the big differences between utterly bureaucratic societies, like Russia, and our messily bureaucratic one. The administrative mode will win out, of course; but the better lawyers will exact a handsome price, in more ways than one. As always with the smart boys, the client pays.

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A Stegner, a MacLennan, and a Sontag

by Paul Pickrel

All the Little Live Things, by Wallace Stegner, Viking, \$5.75.

Return of the Sphinx, by Hugh MacLennan, Scribner, \$5.95.

Death Kit, by Susan Sontag, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.75.

Wallace Stegner's new novel, *All the Little Live Things*, is told by a character named Joe Allston, a man in his sixties who has been driven by the death of his only son to throw up a career as a successful literary agent in New York and retire with his wife to rural California. The son's death may or may not have been suicide—at least he managed to fritter away thirty-seven years in all the ways that seem to Joe the most unproductive our society affords (at the end he was an overage surf-bum); and Joe's decision to call it quits is an expression of his disgust with the irrationality and waste in modern life that his son typified for him.

But in the Eden of retirement the old serpent is still working full time. Joe turns passionately to gardening, only to find that nature is as destructive as she is creative: for every beauty there is a blight. An unkempt graduate student squats on Joe's land in a tent, reviving his old conflicts with his son. Worst of all, a wonderfully life-trusting young neighbor discovers that she is simultaneously pregnant and fatally ill.

All this makes a moderately interesting novel, but it is too schematic, and the scheme probably doesn't say very much that readers of mature years haven't already figured out for themselves. It is hardly news that nature is both cruel and kind, that the

raft of order floats precariously on a flood of irrationality and waste. What is best in the book are the passages of straightforward nature-writing, where Stegner shows a fine ability to look at things with clear eyes and describe them in clear prose.



In *Return of the Sphinx*, the Canadian novelist Hugh MacLennan also deals with a father and son. Here the scene is Montreal. The father, Alan Ainslie, is a wounded veteran of the second world war (RCAF) who has had a distinguished career and now serves in a ministerial post with the central government in Toronto; and the son, Daniel, who is French on the side of his dead mother, is an active and dedicated member of the movement to separate French Canada from the rest of the nation. Both are deeply concerned for the Canadian future, but they represent two different concepts of involvement, of relevance. The father, coming out of the generation of the Depression and the war, accepts history because he has lived through some of it. For him involvement means working with men and institutions as they are, however regrettably; he is committed to Can-

ada's survival as a single nation. Son, on the other hand, though in his own way at least as deeply involved with his father, demands purity of commitments. For him institutions are irredeemably compromised and history is essentially irrelevant. He suffers from "the mysterious ailment that is speaking through the mouth of all over the world today."

This situation is presented with great point and vigor. MacLennan, a highly intelligent novelist who never sinks to the commonplace. Though he draws of Canadian politics and conviction (he catches the exactness of Canadian anti-Americanism) and he is particularly happy in his minor characters, especially an enigmatic but powerful elderly politician, at the end the book is a little disappointing because it never deeply involves the emotions. Although the son finally comes to a recognition of the reality of his father's existence in life, through discovering who his father was, it remains a solution more fictional than human, a very artificial piece of novel-writing rather than an inevitable confrontation.

Susan Sontag's second novel, *Death Kit*, has as its main character a man called Diddy who works as a publicity writer for a manufacturer of microscopes. A month after he has attempted suicide he is sent by his company to a business conference in upstate New York, but on the way two events occur that change his

Mr. Pickrel, who started reviewing books for "Harper's" in 1954, is professor of English at Smith College.

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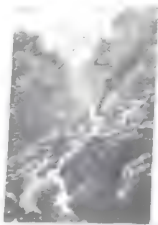
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The first is that the train he is traveling on has to stop in a tunnel and he gets out, strikes up a taunting conversation with a workman on the tracks, and kills him. The second is that in his coach he meets and falls in love with a blind girl named Hester who is traveling with her aunt to the same city he is for surgical treatment on her eyes.

But even to say that much about what happens in the book may be misleading, because it is of the essence of Miss Sontag's novel that the reader never knows for sure the difference between what is happening and what Diddy thinks is happening, and neither does Diddy. The whole thing takes place in some indeterminate zone between ordinary reality and hallucination. There seems, for instance, to be incontrovertible evidence that a workman really was killed on

the tracks (at least a newspaper says so), but whether Diddy did it is a mystery to both him and the reader. At times the blind girl Hester seems to be a figment of Diddy's imagination; at other times she does seem to be the aunt who accompanies her. The aunt belongs to the ordinary world of public reality.

Much of the book is excellent, clever, and the prose is magnificent, and the small but annoying mannerisms have their point but are hardly worth it. Oddly enough, Miss Sontag is successful when she sticks to traditional novelistic methods, as in the scene, for instance, where Diddy goes to see the widow of the dead workman brilliantly realizes the lost woman and her world. On the other hand, the end of the book, which is pure hallucination (of course), is contrived and tedious.

Cool, Crisp, a Little Tart

by Andrew Turnbull

A Prelude: Landscapes, Characters and Conversations from the Earlier Years of My Life. by Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.50.

Edmund Wilson's criticism stimulates, challenges, and invigorates. His lightest production in this vein suggests the sureness and sharpness of a master. One marvels at an intellectual energy haring off in so many directions without losing itself in mere diletantism, as one admires it for escaping the overspecialization of our compartmented age. In Wilson's essays the language is lucid and direct—that of a man who has been there and knows what he is talking about. The tone is cool, crisp, a little tart, like a pickle with a pleasant taste. An enthusiasm so discriminating and restrained has, when it breaks through, the power of lifting its subject, and the freshness and innocence of the judgments—their homemade, hand-wrought quality—compels our interest at every turn. The hallmark of this mind is balance, fairness, common

sense. Though skilled at punning on romantic delusions and extensions, Wilson is never the professional debunker; after the severest lectures he is resolute to remind what is valuable and enduring in an author or a work. For all his candor and prejudices, his occasional bluntness and arrogance, he leaves an impression of largeness and generosity, of whole-souled devotion to literature, and of humility in genuine accomplishment.

A Prelude is the first installment of the journal which he began keeping at the age of nineteen, not as a record but from a desire—so he tells us in his preface—"to catch some of the things that struck me as significant or interesting." He was blessed with a powerful and unswerving sense of literary vocation. A man becomes

Andrew Turnbull, author of a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, completing a biography of T. S. Wolfe, emphasizing his relationship to editor Maxwell Perkins.

THE NEW BOOKS

by listening to his own voice, oring and taking delight in his al idiom as Wilson was doing urnal, and to read it is to real- v quickly he jelled, how early le and fundamental viewpoint ormed. He has supplemented urnal with latter-day reminis- which extend our knowledge of gins and youthful associations, r glimpsed in such retrospec- eces as "The Author at Sixty," olfe," "At Laurelwood," and ld Stone House." *A Prelude* is species of autobiography cov- is childhood in Red Bank, New rs, his student days at Hill and ton, his year as a cub reporter New York, and his two years in the m during the first world war—the E experience being underscored by elusion of a pair of short stories at rew out of it.

re this potpourri there rises the ag of a shy, gentlemanly, preco- u boy with the mark of the only n upon him, the pet, though he es ot seem to have been spoiled in evious ways. His bright, pecking nity, which presages the critic d wide-ranging reporter, has a of the macabre; the diary of st trip abroad when he was n, which opens the volume, con- an admirably clear and func- on description of the medieval e instruments in the tower of an berg.

Wilson's youth was clouded by pa- difficulties. He tells us that "the phere in Red Bank was oppres- My poor father was usually ab- in eclipse in some sanitarium hat were then called 'neurast- s'—he did not even come to my e graduation—and though I felt orry for my mother, I found it rly difficult to talk to her, partly e she was deaf and partly be- we had so little to talk about. On urneys back to Red Bank, I used ke notes of topics about which I communicate with her." Tem- entally, he was akin to his a brilliant, irritable trial law- high integrity who had hoped political career—he was for a Attorney General of New Jersey who had been alienated from e life by the crassness and ma- ism of the Gilded Age. Young n reacted against his mother's

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THE NEW BOOKS

fashionable and worldly values, and yet from her he did perhaps inherit some of his interest in social milieu. His early life was insular; he knew hardly anyone outside of his large and interesting assortment of relatives. But with the widening perspectives of school and college, he began to fill out his canvas, to notice shades of difference between New Yorkers and New Englanders, between Eastern and Midwestern snobs, between the attitudes engendered by Yale fraternities and Princeton clubs.

Wilson had a saving instinct for growth and completeness. Aware that he lacked the common touch, he would seek to acquire it by enlisting as a private in an Army hospital unit when most of his friends were in officers' training. And though his temper was rational, self-possessed, and authoritative, though he escaped the emotional upheavals and lacked the greedy, indiscriminate love of life which characterizes the youth of the high-powered, imaginative creators, he kept trying his hand at poetry, plays, and fiction, and his impulse to practice as well as preach goes a long way toward explaining the insight and vitality of his criticism.

A *Prelude* describes the background of his intense secularity. Wilson's old-fashioned antipathy to religion as a dangerous and hampering superstition recalls the freethinkers' animus toward the Jesuits in the eighteenth century. As a boy he disliked the moral pressure exerted on him by his Grandmother Wilson, a Presbyterian minister's wife who read him the Bible and instructed him, and he admired his other grandfather, a physician descended from the New England Mathers who threw over the Calvinist dogma and discipline after suffering from it in his youth. "When it got to the point in this country when people questioned and rebelled against Calvinism," writes Wilson, "it was rejected with real detestation; no one who had been oppressed by it wanted ever to hear about it again." Wilson would draw his inspiration from such courageous skeptics as James Joyce and Justice Holmes. And yet how puritan he has remained—this moralist and literary precisionist and self-exacting student of human affairs who evolved from the non-drinking, girl-shy, anti-club collegian of the journal. What could be

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THE NEW BOOKS

puritan than the cerebral and the sexuality of his tale. "The 1788 with the Golden Hair"? Mason has described his favorite, Dean Gauss, as belonging to a good eighteenth-century Princeton which has always managed to get between the pressures of a New Presbyterianism and a rich suburbanism," and taking stock of himself in 1955, he wrote that he lately been coming to feel that, as an American, I am more or less in eighteenth-century." Influenced by Eliot and Menckens at the Harvard career, he carried forward the tradition of the Enlightenment with a belief in tolerance, progress, and inexhaustible pleasures of the mind. In the range of his interests, in

his skill at amassing information and presenting it in sprightly and agreeable form, Wilson resembles the French Encyclopedists, especially Diderot. That universal scholar once visited the workshops and consulted the workmen to write his summaries of the mechanical arts. Had Wilson lived two centuries earlier, one could imagine him, like Diderot, unburdening himself on the social implications of the mechanistic theories of the universe or on the baneful effects of emotional repression on nuns. Wilson arrived in the dawn of our nineteenth-twenties, and with the stoutness and vigor of his Puritan forebears he has upheld the claims and hopes of the Enlightenment through the nineteenth-century succeeding decades.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Roderick Cook

Fiction

Time of Friendship, by Paul...

A fine collection of strange and beautiful stories—strange only in the sense that most of them are set in Africa, and so have an ambience that may be unfamiliar to the average reader of the average *New Yorker*. But beautiful they are, particularly one called "He of the Assemblies," wonderful in its use of Moroccan myth and reality. The final story set in the U. S., about a young boy's hazy Christmas gifts taken away, "A Bug (too good for him)," has the texture of the best of Saki.

St., Rinehart & Winston, \$4.95

ght of Watching, by Elliott

Novel based on the amazing story of how most of the Jewish population of Denmark was safely evacuated to Sweden, in two weeks, in October 1943. In 1940, the King of Denmark was forced to flee to the Nazis without a fight, but refused to consider that

Danes were not the same as other Danes. Remarkably enough, Hitler accepted this attitude, and for three years no anti-Semitic action was taken in Denmark. Finally, in the fall of 1943, the Gestapo decided to strike, and picked the High Holy Days as the best time to do so. But the underground was able to plan an evacuation before this—through the tip-off of a German official. It appears that some of the unwarlike and humanitarian characteristics of the Danes had rubbed off on some of the Nazis, and over 8,000 Jewish lives were saved, partly, as one of them said afterwards, by a few Germans looking the other way.

This bit of nonfiction fiction concentrates on how the first boatload got away, and the fiction part of it is far too intent on action-packed melodrama. But enough of the nonfiction comes through to make it more than

Mr. Cook, who has reviewed books for "Harper's" for several years, writes also for the theater and TV.



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Minotaur, Minotaur . . ., by William Mathes.

"Or would you rather be a fish?" as Ring Crosby used to sing. The hero of this good first novel obviously would, as he spends most of the early part of the book underwater in an aqualung—sometimes in an aquarium, sometimes even in a deserted swimming pool. The point is that he likes the Silent World much better than the noisy world he finds on dry land, with all the clever, dehumanized creatures he seems to fetch up with all the time. He gets involved later in a lot of fantastic but strangely real adventures, and ends up realizing (macabre undertones of 1984 here) that if you want to go on living, you have to find some way of trying to love the only life you've got.

Basically this is another story of an "outsider" and "lack of communication"—the warp and woof of the modern novel (and, God knows, of modern life). But it is written in such bright, wise, and altogether attractive style that, as in a lot of good books, the plot doesn't bother you.

Delacorte, \$4.50

Quarry, by Jane White.

The story of three teen-age boys who kidnap a younger boy, at random, hide him in a quarry, and later kill him. As the boys leave, the quarry caves in. The murder is covered up. The boys go back to school. There is no motive, no remorse, no punishment, no guilt. It's an example of the sort of horror that has appalled us as recently as the Moors murders in England.

But this book (quite a success in England and already much touted here) puts a different kind of horror on top of this. For the authoress, herself a wife and mother, seems very happy to have taken the old Leopold and Loeb case, expanded it a bit, added genteel dashes of Oedipus, lapsing Catholicism, and homosexuality, and worked the whole thing over with pretentious clichés, polishing it off with an inane denouement. The only way Miss White shows any real guts is by putting in, as a minor character, a successful literary critic. But he is made to talk in a lot of self-conscious

Victorianisms, is given eyes that "sleepy but alert," a tendency to "shaken with a kind of satirical mirth," and the name "Savory." Savory is the word for this. Given its whole subject matter, objectionably shoddy.

Harcourt, Brace & World, \$

Nonfic

The Chinese Looking Glass, by his Bloodworth.

The author of this splendid (Far Eastern foreign correspondent for the London *Observer* for two years) explains that China, because of its greater antiquity and the character of its people, has always been the rest of the world barbaric, pertinent, and unnecessary. It always wanted simply to exist, sufficiently, within its natural boundaries, knowing that it is Best. A just doesn't care if the West thinks this is nonsense.

Most of the book is an entertaining account of the legends, history, fortune, and character of the Chinese. A lot of this is funny. All of it is interesting and illuminating. The author does a good job of going backward and forwards through 3,000 years of history, to show how something said in 270 A.D. compares with the author's Chinese wife, or the Chinese servant, said yesterday in Singapore. (It's not very different.) The backwardness and forwardness of the Chinese themselves—their mixture of sophistication and primitivism—is constantly fascinating. It is good to be reminded that by the time Shakespeare was born, the Chinese had lost more culture than we had begun to find.

A lot of the book involves stories of fantastic cruelty and carnage, performed in the name of supremacy and pride. But this will seem disgusting and foreign only to those who conveniently forgotten the atrocities committed in the West in the name of Christianity, for instance. The interesting and important thing to remember is that most of the havoc wrought by the Chinese was done in China themselves. The internal struggle in China today seems, after reading the book, not much different from what they have been for 3,000 years, whether we of the West comprehend them or not.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

the main things the author show, at the end of the book, and why Mao Tse-tung seems natural leader of the Chinese except that he doesn't get to h pretty clothes, he is, notion on, the twentieth-century art of the old Chinese emle has a background of great derring-do. He writes books sms. (His are no sillier than the old sages.) In a country ships ancient families, he has elf up as Instant Ancestor. concern, says the author, is ne national "face" and make for the Chinese to live in ter two centuries of humiliat-exploitation. However for-idea of communism may be to cratic West, it is a "natural" ha, and, once one gets a clue e Chinese figure it out, it has e to do with the "Commua" is the bogey of the West. Farar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95

y, by Stanley Weintraub. en quite a year for Beardsley, gust exhibitions to *Salome* or teeny-boppers. But this is catchpenny effort to cash in eaze: the author was working iography years before the ad set in. And it shows. ear, from this book, that of he *fin-de-siècle* characters. dy, by virtue of his work and e was the archetype of them all. h not existed, somebody in the arnation bunch would have him up. He started drawing at fourteen; gained a repu- y twenty; was famous by wo; and dead by twenty-five. a chronic consumptive all f. But in this short time, he in not only quality, but ti. Sensing that the days of a roses were indeed not to be f him, he drove himself, but yal 'nineties fashion) never ec. When his health permitted, en constantly with the Smart ar never at the drawing board. ze illustrations would appear at of the week, as if by magic. tall, gaunt figure, fantastic id the long face of some for-oman god, he even looked ical—more so than Max Beer- (who was a good friend of his) Wilde (who wasn't; he said



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nate and give depth to many of the larger events in a quite extraordinary career . . . The General is a first-rate raconteur . . . Invaluable autobiography."—Cabell Phillips, front page *N. Y. Times Book Review*. A new national bestseller, \$6.95 at all book-sellers.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

of Beardsley's drawing: "It one's nerves and is cruel").

Max said the best thing Beardsley, particularly ab being a totally "literate" art did someone who lived so sho and drew so much ever have read all that his drawings that he had read? Well, he did had," said Max, "an instincti tion all about everything adds a strange ray of illumin the aura round this genius and-white.

It was not entirely whin provoked Max to say, on his tirement from the arts in belong to the Beardsley There have been many goo about this period, and Mi traub's is the equal of any Bra

Edward and the Edwardis Phillipe Jullian. Translated ter Dawnay.

Queen Victoria, as we kn born to succeed, and lived to all directions—except that of est son, Albert Edward, Pa Wales, Heir Apparent to th of Britain for fifty-nine yet ward (he dropped "dear Papa the minute he got to the thro at royal loggerheads for mo life, with "dear Mama" and stood for. This book is a br count of what Edward stoo home, in Europe, in society small extent, in politics. He as an endearing, rather gi sport, devoted to wine, women and gossip, not necessarily order. He was very popular British public, and never opened a book in his life.

Finding in France a part was denied at home, he was "convinced Francophile," so nice idea to have a life of him by a distinguished French au historian. The odd thing is th sounds like Nancy Mitford. I M. Jullian (abettied by the Peter Dawnay) had decided English history what Miss has done for French. His sy this is lavish—a very Ed word, as the author notes; word for the sort of praise expect from readers of thi entertaining book.

Viking, \$6

Performing Arts by Richard Schickel

SPANISH FILMS: PARADOXES AND HOPES



Carlos Saura

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROCH
FOR LIFE MAGAZINE

ies Carlos Saura, the young
director of a widely ac-
recent film called *The Hunt*,
the tiny trend toward the lib-
on of artistic life in his native
continues, his work may eventu-
er from it. For him, as well as
ers of his generation, "to give
natural"; and if Spain should
rself to freer artistic expres-
wonders if matters would not
in "a mess." His generation's
ity has, after all, been tem-
n adversity and opposition.
version of the present hard
ication machine into a soft
the American style—would rob
and his colleagues of those very
along with production subsi-
hat currently satisfy their
psychological and economic
a, of course, would rather face
ils of freedom than the prob-
now deals with. "I prefer that
change and that I do worse
he says. A lean, loosely-coiled
of a man, shaggy-haired, in-
y dressed, and wearing fash-
enormous glasses, his very
nce typifies the coolly-quest-
it of the new European gen-
a is also representative of a
ill struggling, but no longer
e breed in Spain. One measure
much his country has changed
is simply that he exists there
A still better measure is that
others like him are drawn to
te on the possibilities of creat-

ing a deeper artistic and intellectual
thaw. And it is revealing that he is a
film director—not a playwright or a
novelist or a musician or graphic art-
ist. Indeed, if there is to be a genuine
liberalization for artistic creation in
Spain, movies are probably the stra-
tegic medium, the one which has al-
ready created a breach in official hos-
tility to creativity and which may
widen that breach enough for the
other arts to follow.

Saura is under no illusions about
present conditions. "To work is pos-
sible," he says, "but it is terrible." He
knows that his generation's ability to
keep going depends on catching the
attention of foreign audiences, creat-
ing a favorable impression of Spain
abroad, and making a sizable contri-
bution to the economy by bringing
back, in addition to critical acclaim,
foreign exchange in amounts large
enough to help close the gap in Spain's
balance of payments. Perhaps no-
where in the world today is the fact
that movies are both an art and a busi-
ness as forcefully illustrated as it is
in Spain. It is the huge economic po-
tential of film that is responsible for
the chance being given to Saura and
other moviemakers. Their ability to
make movies that succeed in the inter-
national art film market will deter-
mine whether the government will
continue its present generous policies
toward film. Since the latest, most
liberal system of government assist-
ance has been operating for only three
years, it is too soon to attempt a sur-
vey of its results. Indeed, *The Hunt's*

significance, beyond its very real mer-
its, is as a film that proves the new
policy can actually work.

The new men in charge of Spain's
economic revival have obviously ob-
served what a thriving motion-picture
industry can do for European nations.
For one thing, it brings back foreign
exchange from world markets. It bol-
sters tourism and refurbishes na-
tional images (consider how *The Shop
on Main Street* and *Loves of a Blonde*
have changed our ideas about Czecho-
slovakia). Enigmatic, isolationist
Spain, with its famous *leyenda negra*
(black legend) and its equally famous
social and cultural backwardness,
would find films useful not only in the
immediate economic sense, but as a
public-relations device. And it has a
couple of natural advantages which
make its potential for solid economic
achievement far greater than that of,
say, the Czechs. It is strategically lo-
cated for film production. Moreover,
it has a climate and a variety of ter-
rain that has lost none of its appeal
to foreign film-makers since the late
Robert Rossen made the first of
Spain's postwar spectaculars, *Alex-
ander the Great*, there in 1955. Fi-

Richard Schickel has pursued the sub-
jects of film and the theater for
many magazines, including "Life"
and "Harper's." He is the author of
three books about films: "The Stars,"
"Movies," and "The Disney Version,"
a biography of Walt Disney to be pub-
lished this winter by Simon & Schus-
ter. He is currently working on a
study of Goya.

nally, there is a huge, culturally allied, film-conscious market in South America, long dominated by American products, but quite naturally a potential source of profitability to Spain.

The trouble is that, as Saura and others close to the Spanish film scene say, culturally Spain continues to suffer from the effects of its Civil War and the decades of unrest that preceded it. The list of Spanish names which loom large in the cultural history of the century is a distinguished one—Picasso, Juan Gris, Joan Miró, Salvador Dalí, Miguel Unamuno, Salvador de Madariaga, Ortega y Gasset, Pablo Casals. But it is largely a list of exiles and emigrés. The greatest of Spanish poets, García Lorca, never had a chance to escape; he was shot by Falangist troops early in the war. The only Spanish film director of world class, Luis Buñuel, is also an absentee. The effect of what Ortega called a “long coma of egotism and idiocy” was to create back home not one, but several, lost generations—generations that were out of touch with a living contemporary Spanish life. The same thing happened to the rest of the country, out of touch, too, with the main impulses of the modern temper elsewhere (because of stringent travel regulations and censorship).

As a result there is little interest in modern art of any kind in Spain. The Prado is always busy, but the Museum of Modern Art, a mausoleum of native academic apings of the Impressionist and Postimpressionist styles, is deservedly deserted. Thirteen per cent of the nation is illiterate and the per capita expenditure on books is about a dollar a year. Theater fares a little bit better. It is heavily subsidized

and, under a new director, the National Theater in Madrid has been performing revitalized productions of Spanish classics; meanwhile the six theaters that have been erected in the capital since 1962 have offered a few examples of the new European theater as well as one or two contemporary Spanish plays on social themes. Still, it is the frothy, forgettable farce that tends to draw the audiences. The only unqualified success has been a government program which encourages regional dance companies to preserve traditional folk forms, drawing them together in Madrid once a year for a well-regarded festival.

In all honesty, it cannot be said that the average Spaniard knows or seems to care about what he is missing. Traditionally, he has preferred to gather news and opinions during the course of his early evening stroll along the *paseo* or in one of the cafés to which that stroll inevitably leads. Over the last thirty years this national preference has become a necessity, since the press, though recently freed of censorship, remains tightly controlled. A large number of Spaniards supplement the news in their own newspapers with a communist radio station in Prague which beams seven hours of shortwave programming at Spain and hooks a large audience by including the crime news that is officially banned from the press.

The Spaniards are equally addicted to other forms of recreation—the soccer matches, which are far more popular than the bullfights, despite the reviving presence of El Cordobes in the arena; television, with its heavy reliance on syndicated American action shows, even a particularly sudsy soap opera that seems to cut across

all class lines, appealing, as one *rileño* reports, to “the aristocratic ladies and their maids as well.”

And finally, there are the movies. The government claims that the Spanish cinema market is the “second in Europe” and the boast is probably not an idle one. There are over 1,000 movie houses in Spain, and in the last year for which figures were released, 425 million admissions were sold and \$852 million taken in at the box office. Typically, American movies outdraw the local product by more than two to one and the most popular Spanish films tend to be the ones that most successfully imitate the traditional American genres. Despite this difficulty, Spain ranks fifth in the world in film production, thanks in part to the generous program of government support. Producers receive a subsidy amounting to 15 per cent of the Spanish box-office gross of a film, and exhibitors are forced to show Spanish movies one day out of four, in return for which they get a subsidy, ranging from 5 to 10 per cent of the gross. In addition, this is most important for directors like Saura, there is a “Special Week” category for films displaying “national artistic ambition” or “outstanding moral, social, or educative value.” These pictures get a double subsidy: exhibitors receive double credit for running them, and they are eligible for state advances to help cover production costs.

The idea here is obvious. The average Spanish film has almost no appeal outside Spain, while the average art film, Spanish-made or foreign, has no appeal within the country. The once-promising idea of promoting production with outsiders has much of its attractiveness due to rising costs, and the films so produced see the work of Samuel Bronckorff generally fared badly abroad. The new program is designed to encourage young men willing to work inexpensively and eager to make artistic statements interesting to a world audience. At the same time, it aims at developing a domestic audience for them among a burgeoning middle class that has yet to claim its inherent right to be middlebrow. So far it cannot be said that either has been achieved.

After thirty years of silence, very little interesting work has

“By Zeno, Protagoras, the square is the hypotenuse does equal the sum of the square of its sides!”

PERFORMING ARTS

tics as well as serious film-ve been conditioned to expect om Spanish directors and, of the liberal-intellectual suspi-any artistic product from Spain abides. Therefore, the al Spanish director whose ins a film-festival prize and achieves international distribu-regarded as something of a He has unusual difficulty in the kind of career that men onioni, Truffaut, and Polan-been allowed to create. This nfortunate, for directors of the eand early 'sixties like Luis a, Juan Bardem, and Miguel all graduates of the state-d film school in Madrid, have ns worthy of the highest red as free of political taint as Polish and Czech movies. If hg, their relationship with the audience has been even more Saura's experience with *The* typical. Regarded by critics the government officials who him to make it as *my es*-his tense, tight little explorathe psychology of bloodlust less than a week in Madrid, to small and actively hostile es.

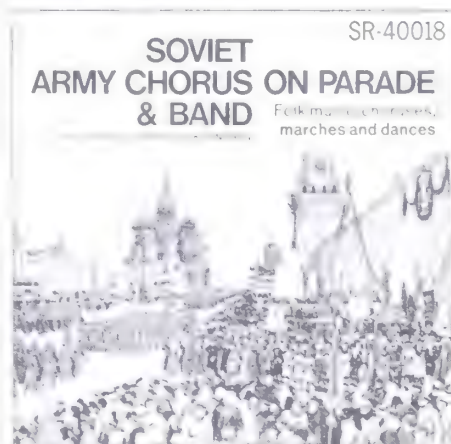
the man he claims as his spir-ther, Luis Bunuel, Saura was Aragon, a region noted, as he "confronting reality directly, in an almost harsh way, with-terfuge or evasion." This he s the great characteristic of etwar European generations tainly of the film-makers he mires. In Spain, especially in primitive countryside, it re-ossible to catch the more bru-acts of existential absurdity, ng it in stark, simple images y that is not always possible echnologically advanced na-foreover, the process of mod-on, with the change it forces ensibilities, often provides just of conflicts which reveal basic confusions and needs in par-vivid terms. *The Hunt*, with ings of the wish to die and the to kill may have been "very u," but it was also very human. ew film, *Peppermint Frappe*, ith the peculiar mixture of re-sexual longing and quasi-s veneration that he finds in ditional Spanish attitude to-

ward women. Such mixtures, he ob-serves, are not unknown elsewhere.

Some years ago, Saura was asked to leave the faculty of the state film school partly because of his inability to contain his criticisms of the gov-ernment, but mostly because of his general pessimism, which ran counter to the regime's insistent optimism. Now, because Spain is so belatedly eager to join the modern world, and because a lively film culture is, like a national airline, a touchstone of mod-ernism, Saura and others like him are getting a chance to vent their "pes-simism" on a scale far larger than they dreamed possible less than a decade ago. Ironically, the economic necessity of destroying the black legend requires the tacit encourage-ment of its statement on a very large scale, since that legend is the young Spanish artist's basic and essential subject. In effect, their needs and the current art spirit of the world have placed the government in the faintly comic position of claiming that Span-ish pessimism is as strong, dark, bracing, and interesting as anyone else's.

No one can predict how long this attitude will persist. What will hap-pen, for instance, if one of the young men creates a brew as bitter as Bunuel's *Viridiana*, produced in 1961 and the director's first Spanish film in twenty-five years? The government backed the film, disowned it when it was finished, briefly allowed some of its bureaucrats to claim it when it looked as if it would win the grand prize at the Cannes festival, and fi-nally dismissed most of the officials involved in the affair. Bunuel's trou-bled career is never far from the minds of men like Saura. "Great as his films are they would have been still greater if he could have stayed in Spain; abroad he has had always to contend with people who do not understand the Spanish mind," he says. In short, the artist's compulsion to pursue the truth of his private vision constantly carries him close to the threat of exile from his native ground which, particularly for the Spaniard, is that vision's greatest source of nourishment. It will take much constancy on the part of the government—and much courage, too—before men like Saura can free themselves from the lessons of recent history. []

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For a complete listing of all Angel and Melodiya/Angel recordings, ask your dealer for "The Angel Library of Fine Recordings". Or write Angel Records, Box 105, Dept. HM, Los Angeles, Calif. 90028.



Music in the Round *by Discus*

THE AVANT-GARDE IN RUSSIA AND POLAND

Up to now, as far as most Western listeners are concerned, Russian music starts with Glinka and ends with Shostakovich and Prokofieff. We know that composers in Russia seem to be as common as plastic dolls in a five-and-dime, but we hear almost none of their music. Before World War II, thanks to Serge Koussevitzky, we had our ration of Kabalevsky, Miaskovskiy, Khachaturian, and some of the other prominent Russians. Koussevitzky was interested in the then-modern Russian school, and gave us representative samples. Since his death we have been having only tantalizing snippets. For example, there does seem to be an avant-garde school in the Soviet Union. Last spring there was a concert at Sarah Lawrence College in which the music of Andrei Volkonsky, Edison Denisov, and several others was played, and this was music of the post-Webern school: extremely advanced, with serial textures, and completely divorced from Socialist Realism. More questions were raised than answered. Is this music typical? What is the extent of the Russian avant-garde? How much freedom do the composers have?

We do know that there is more freedom than in Stalin's day. But very little has been written about current Soviet music, and most of the new generation of Soviet composers might as well be working on the other side of the moon. Only one name has recently penetrated to the West—Rodion Schedrin. He is around forty years of age and has attracted the interest of some Western conductors, Leonard Bernstein among them. This season the New York Philharmonic will present the world premiere of a Schedrin commission. Thus a recent Melodiya Angel record (R 40011, stereo only) is of special interest, for it offers the first chance to hear two fairly large-scale works by one of the more highly

touted Russians. The pieces are a concerto for orchestra named **Mischievous Melodies**, and a suite from the opera, **Not Love Alone**. Irina Arkhipova is the mezzo-soprano in the suite, and the orchestra in both works is the Moscow Philharmonic conducted by Kiril Kondrashin. (It might be mentioned that on the record the composer's name is spelled Shchedrin. This is over-fussy transliteration. And why should the record label be named Melodiya instead of Melodia or, more simply, Melody?)

One listens to both Schedrin pieces with a sinking heart. The music is cheap. Obviously Schedrin is a professional, in that he can assemble and orchestrate a piece of music. But this is collage rather than music: a bit of Prokofieff pasted here, a bit of Shostakovich there, some Mussorgsky elsewhere. The music tries, often, to be light and graceful, but it ends up cutesy and arch. Or it tries to be serious and ends up ponderous. This is official Soviet music at its most obvious and most cynical. Schedrin knows what the Union of Composers wants, and he is going to give it to them. If he keeps on this way, he is sure to end up the next Kabalevsky or Khrennikov: a composer whose ideas are sterile and who is going to blow as the party winds blow. The irony is that Schedrin is the kind of composer who is sure to walk off with all the kudos and commissions, unless things are going on in Russia that we know nothing about.

What a difference between the vapidity of these Schedrin pieces and the content of an album devoted to music from Poland! Of all the countries in the Communist bloc, Poland has from the beginning had the most adventurous painters, sculptors, and musicians. Some of them have achieved international recognition. The leader of the avant-garde musical

school, Krzystof Penderecki, is thirty-four-year-old composer of something of a legend in the West. Recently his *St. Luke Passion* was played in London and created a sensation. He is one of the wild men on the national scene, working with globs of tone in an idiom that puts together everything from jazz to serial elements in a mad *mélange*.

He is represented on the Polish disc with his *To the Victims of Hiroshima*. The other three composers are Grazyna Bacewicz, born 1909, with her *Music for Strings, Pumps and Percussion*; Tadeusz Baird, born 1928, one of the prominent Polish avant-gardists, with his *Four Songs* (six songs for soprano and orchestra); and Kazimierz Serocki, born 1922, with his *Sinfonietta for String Orchestras*. The New York Philharmonic is conducted by Witold Rowicki, and Stefania Woytowicz is the soprano (Philips 600141, or 900141, stereo).

All of this music was composed between 1956 and 1961. The Penderecki piece is scored for fifty-two instruments, and, listening to the music without score, one guesses that every instrument has its own part. It starts with a high-pitched squeal, and the demonium. Can Penderecki have heard the music of Ives? The piece has some Ivesian devices in *Hiroshima* among them the trick of building to a ferocious fortissimo dissonance and then suddenly releasing it to more consonant pianissimo. *Hiroshima* is a powerful and effective work, full of personality, and of the most impressive on this disc.

The Baird song cycle stems from the Viennese dodecaphonic school. It is a competent but conventional example of twelve-tone writing. Both Bacewicz and Serocki pieces go back where for their inspiration—Bach. These two composers are said to be writing in a different style these days; but when they compose respectively, the *Music for Strings, Pumps and Percussion* (even the title is Bartókian) and *Sinfonietta for Two String Orchestras*, a ten years ago, they obviously were under the spell of the great Hungarian composer. But even at that time music is stronger and more adventurous than the calculated romanticism of a Schedrin.

Getting back to the Russians:

(Listen to this page)

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COMING IN HARPER'S

"Every generation," Thoreau wrote, "abandons the old like a stranded vessel."

Seldom has this insight been more relevant. *Harper's* has asked distinguished members of three generations to compare their experiences and their most significant differences. The participants in this special feature in the October issue, **A Dialogue Among the Generations**, include:

● **Walter Lippmann.** The dean of American journalists recalls "the two or three generation gaps I have lived through" and makes a moving and elegant case for "that deposit of human values which persist."

● **William Jovanovich,** critic and publisher, compares his concerns as a political radical in the 'thirties with the preoccupations of activists today. "While I wanted to know the right things," he remembers, his son (who has just graduated from Harvard) "wants to feel the right ways."

● **Paul Potter,** former president of Students for a Democratic Society and now a poverty worker in the Boston slums, responds to Mr. Jovanovich's challenge in an unsentimental appraisal of the old radicals and the New Left. Will young reformers, he asks, always have to look forward to being, twenty years later, disillusioned, affluent, and smug?

● **Alfred Kazin,** one of the most respected of American critics and teachers, asks how the artist—especially the young artist—can react to the rich, permissive, often ugly society he finds himself in. Many artists, he says, are turning out self-indulgent, inferior work. He suggests a realistic, humane alternative.

● **Ronnie Dugger.** The young editor of a lively muckraking newspaper declares that his generation is the first to live in post-sexual-revolution times. "We are free of many unhealthy restrictions," he says, yet he wonders whether ethical behavior is any easier to define now than it was for his elders.

These essays will be followed by outspoken comments from four of the country's leading college journalists.

Plus a full regular issue including:

Some sharp questions about why our medical schools are not producing enough—or good enough—doctors and what should be done about it, by **Dr. Oliver Cope**, Professor of Surgery at Harvard Medical School.

God Is Rich by **Alfred Balk**, which reports on the \$80 billion in church-held property and investments (including girdle factories) that are tax-exempt.

W. C. Fields, a hilarious memoir by **Corey Ford**

Powers, a new story by **Isaac Bashevis Singer**

Stop the Bombing? by **John Fischer**

Questions of Passion by **Robert Kotlowitz**

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Schedrin disc is one of the early fruits of an arrangement made a year between Capitol Records and the Russian recording industry. Under the terms of a three-year contract, Capitol (or E.M.I., the parent company in England that also sponsors the Angel label) has access to any disc made in Russia after a certain date. Releases of large-scale Russian works are promised, plus, of course, recordings featuring the famous Russian instrumentalists. One of the most ambitious to date is a complete **Katerina Ismailova** by Shostakovich (Melodiya/Angel 4100, 3 discs, stereo only).

This is the opera originally known as *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*. Shostakovich composed it in the mid-1930s, and it promptly got him into trouble. Up to then he had been the fair-haired boy of Russian music. But Stalin walked into a performance of the opera at the Bolshoi and just promptly stalked out. He thought the libretto was un-Russian and the music a horror. When Stalin did not say anything, there were repercussions, and for over twenty years after that, Russian creative figures walked on eggshells. Nobody could afford to take chances. One's life quite literally may have been at stake. Certainly Shostakovich changed. From the *enfant terrible* of Russian music, he turned into a frightened figure, composing music reflective of ideology rather than of himself.

Katerina Ismailova still carries considerable punch. Time has smoothed out its dissonances, and the work is no longer a shocker, but it still has a great deal of intensity. The music, despite its new title, is heard pretty much as it originally was. Shostakovich merely made a few minor changes, and the score was rehabilitated in the early 1960s. It remains one of the masterpieces of the modern Russian school, infinitely superior to the official junk that litters the Russian opera houses—operas like Shostakovich's *The Decembrists* and Shebalov's *Taming of the Shrew*. The performance of *Katerina Ismailova* has the peculiar authenticity which characterizes present Russian music. When the New York City Opera staged *Katerina*, a few seasons back, it was a good attempt. But these records are the real thing.

October 1967 75 cents

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**Dialogue Between
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Trouble is, the best things in life are either illegal, immoral or fattening or cost \$160.



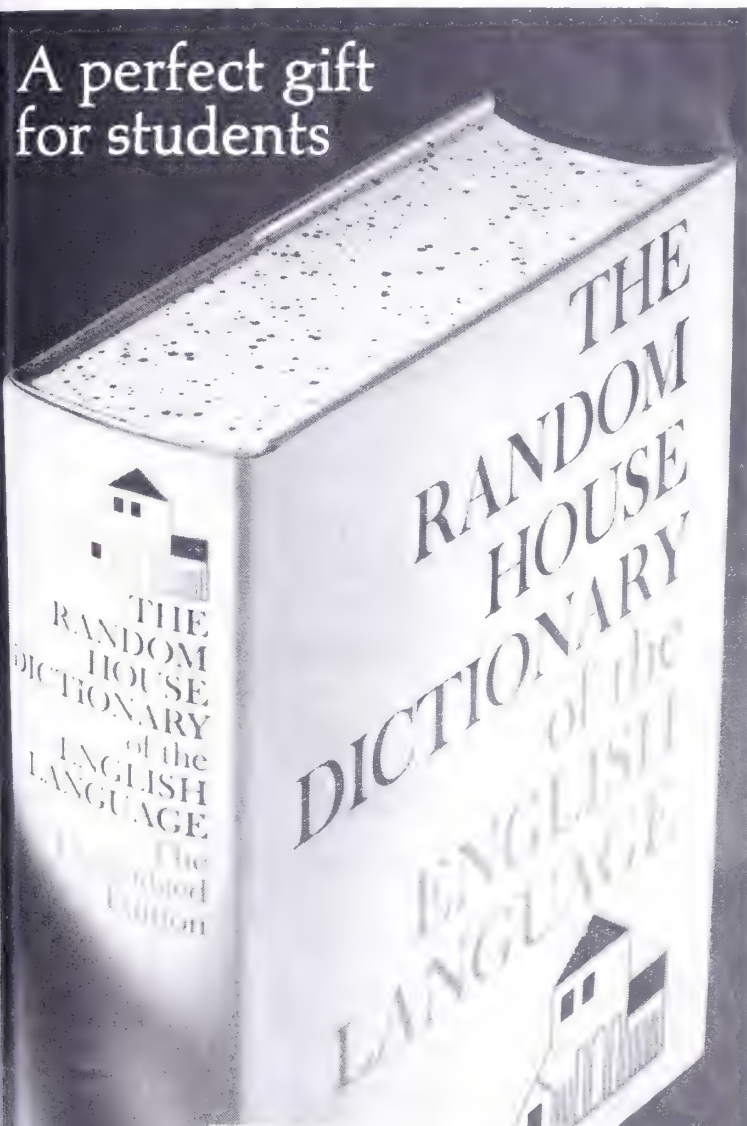
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Letters

Shades of Bigotry

The findings reported by Rodney Stark and Stephen Steinberg ["Jews and Christians in Suburbia: What Happened in Wayne, New Jersey," August] illustrate that whatever anti-Jewish animosity exists today centers not on worn-out stereotypes but on clashes of current group interest. A year ago, a book sponsored by the American Jewish Committee (*Jews in the Mind of America*, by Charles Herbert Stember and others) predicted a shift in Jewish-Gentile friction "from the traditional grounds of conflict formed by alienation, persecution, and prejudice to more open and objective conflicts of group interests and values," with the public schools as a major arena for such confrontation.

When Newton Miller, the Vice President of Wayne's school board, declared that Jews favored spending for public education, and opposed Christmas observances in the classroom, he used the truth to suggest an untruth. He implied that these were merely selfish concerns running counter to the interests and desires of society as a whole. That was prejudice talking.

Jews tend to favor generously supported, strictly secular public education because experience has taught them that this is a prerequisite for a strong and effective democracy. And it is their right to propound such views, just as it is the right of Catholics to argue for government aid for parochial schools, or the right of Negroes to promote improved teaching about Negro history and achievement.

The question is whether the nation is mature enough to acknowledge that ethnic and religious group interests have a proper place in the public affairs of our pluralistic society—and to reconcile them through normal political give-and-take, rather than appeals to bigotry.

MORRIS B. ABRAM
President

American Jewish Committee
New York, N.Y.

As a reporter for the *Paterson News*, a former reporter for *Wayne Today* during the Newton Miller episode, a Wayne resident, and a member of the Jewish community, I read with great interest "What Happened in Wayne, New Jersey." The authors mention the *Paterson News* as one of the "city papers that rarely report Wayne news." If Messrs. Stark and Steinberg had even peeked inside our paper they would have noticed that Wayne is covered in depth, more so than in any other local paper. They might also have noticed that far from being located outside of Passaic County, Paterson is the Passaic County seat.

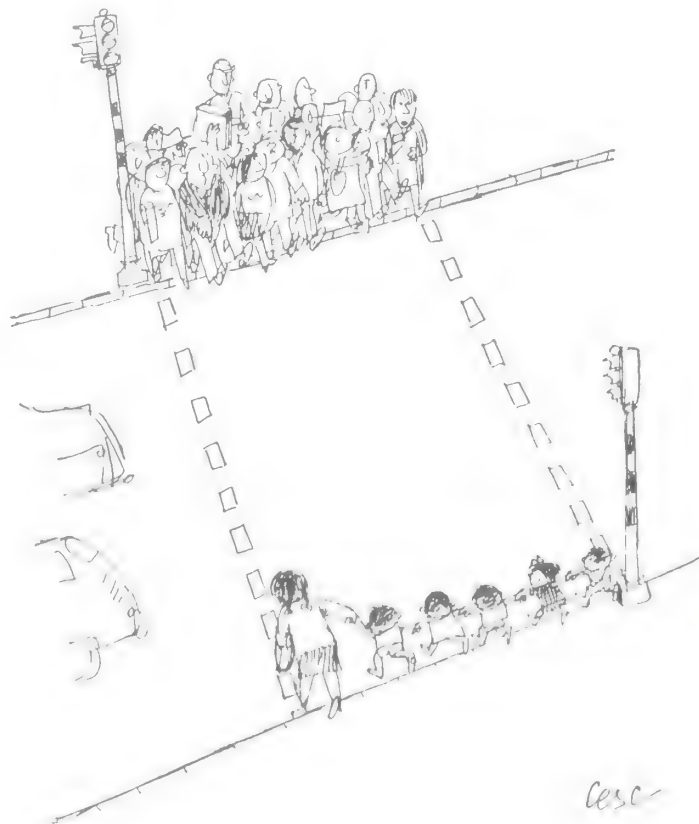
Their last look at Wayne's family income was in 1960. In the past seven years Wayne experienced its biggest growth. Higher-income families, more educated and definitely not "low-level" white-collar workers poured into the township and changed the face of Wayne. It might also be

noted that Jewish families live in both lake communities mentioned.

The authors' charge of a lack of influential leadership in town is true, especially of the Jewish community. Unfortunately, many hotheads, including the district head of the Anti-Defamation League in Newark, slipped into the leadership breach and fanned the flame. In deciding to make the Miller incident a "cause" they did much more harm than good, in my opinion. This is not to reflect on the ADL in general, which I know is one of the finest organizations of its kind in the world.

As the reporter who wrote the "Christmas Carol" story, let me say the paper did not print a "correction." It printed a statement by the local rabbi the following day denying the story. The story was ultimately substantiated.

I'm sorry the authors did not do more than scratch the surface in Wayne, for underneath there is



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LETTERS

story—tragic, and in some respects extremely humorous. In other words the story of human nature. What happened in Wayne remains unanswered.

AUDREY STERN
Paterson, N.J.

Dr. Dent's Drug

The report of William S. Burroughs ["Kicking Drugs: A Very Personal Story," July] is as revolutionary for the American public as it is disturbing. According to Mr. Burroughs and to your own editorial remarks apomorphine has not only been successfully used by one doctor—Dr. John Yerbury Dent—but has been recognized as an effective drug in France and England. . . . On this basis it is hard to understand that "American experts see little promise in a drug which has been successfully used only by one . . . psychotherapist," and one is forced to believe Mr. Burroughs that "a deliberate attempt has been made in the U. S. to mislead medical opinion and minimize the value of the apomorphine treatment." . . . I am therefore convinced that the public

should demand an immediate authoritative investigation of apomorphine, before it is generally used in the cure of addicts and alcoholics. . . . I am sure there must be some doctors and clinics in the U. S. that are already using apomorphine in their treatments. Have you heard of any of those in reply to your publication?

MAX P. BIRNBAUM
West Allenhurst, N.J.

The reasons why apomorphine treatment has been virtually ignored in the United States are discussed in the July Harper's at the end of the article by William S. Burroughs. To our knowledge there have been no further developments in the area of apomorphine research or treatment.

THE EDITORS

Pressures on the Press

I commend *Harper's* for publishing the fine article by David Halberstam on the difficulties of being a Western correspondent in a Communist-run country ["Love, Life, and Selling Out in Poland," July]. It should raise


some questions about how well our Western correspondents in Communist capitals resist the type of pressure that Mr. Halberstam had to endure. Naturally it is to Mr. Halberstam's credit that he was exposed rather than submit to this pressure.

AARON R. EINFELD
Moscow Bureau Chief
Toronto Telegram, Canada

Choices in Question

After reading John Fischer's column ["The Easy Chair: Four Choices for Young People," August] I wondered if he was qualified to offer choices to anyone not entirely wrapped up in love of our society . . . I presume for the sake of argument or discussion that our (your?) society is not the best and may be leading to nuclear nirvana, and assume that "LSD or some other reality-blurring drug" does not really blunt reality but exposes the façades that lead us in our sometimes (surely you would agree) mindless madness.

Do not lump Hindu mystics with "certain monastic orders dating

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the early years of Christianity" and several Buddhist sects with skid-row bums and a gallon of Gallo, at least not until you have satisfied your curiosity and found out more about the realities of *all* those you have classified dropouts; about their motives, their successes, their "realities" (for surely you do not think your "reality" is the only one for the world)—as compared to those so cherished by our society. (It is hard to say "our society" and eliminate all these winos, isn't it? There seem to be more and more of them all the time.) In attempting to guide those young people, do not foist upon them the wreath of sins and irrelevant-to-living concepts and fears which you assume are necessary.

MICHAEL RUTKAUS
Vienna, Va.

Birds, Bees, and Parents

It is most surely presumptuous, but may a mere male timidly inquire as to whether or not the four fruits of sophisticated parenthood, aged sixteen, fifteen, nine, and six, mentioned

in Midge Decter's article, "Sex, My Daughters, and Me" [August], have a male parent? It is purely curiosity, of course, but it seems to me any child should be able to escape his or her mother now and then and find sanctuary to weep on a father's shoulder.

HARRY CROUCH
Port Orange, Fla.

Yes, there is a father in the house.

Midge Decter, having established herself as a Russell Lynes "high-brow" complete with Freud, Bettelheim, and Spock orientation, goes on to describe a ménage that hardly does credit to their teachings. Having acknowledged the sexual rivalry and power struggle between mothers and daughters, Miss Decter, rather than attempting to ease these tensions, proceeds with a description of a domestic situation dominated by competitive dialogue in which she confesses she is the victor by virtue of her store of ammunition and experience. She apparently scintillates before her daughters in her worldliness and adult omnipotence, only to with-

Harper's welcomes readers' comments. Because of limited space, all letters may have to be cut to some extent.

draw into a cocoon of puritan reticence at crucial moments, thus denying them of the at least cold comfort that their mother, having human limitations, lacks answers that may, after all, be found elsewhere.

To inundate one's children in sea of words, to give them the impression that everything can be reduced to mere talk and illuminated by intellectual gymnastics, to perpetuate a battle of wits in an admittedly unequal confrontation seems to be the surest invitation to a desire in the future to "tune out" the din of verbal assaults. . . . Midge Decter's children are young and probably still date. For myself, I can only report the reaction of my son, who is seventeen and said, after reading the article: "you did this to me, mother, I think I find it very hard to forgive you."

MRS. EDITH CALMEY
Brooklyn

Municipal Politics

I was startled to read John Gunther's statement in "Inside London" [July] to the effect that London politics are clean because her elected officials are not paid. My formal studies in public administration do not bear this out, nor do my experience as a citizen dwelling in the municipalities of the United States. The term bribery is an old-fashioned one—the sophisticated term is "conflict of interest." Many men prosper from their "noble" municipal service. Real-estate values, for example, escalate in accordance with inflation planning and zoning boards.

Mr. Gunther might well investigate this inside aspect of public administration before he advocates a pay-no-pay for officials.

MRS. ANITA C. GORDON
Fair Haven

"True Belief"

The otherwise enjoyable article by Willie Morris ["The Bear on Madison Avenue: A Provincial in New York Part II," July] was marred by pejorative use of the term "So-

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LETTERS

Baptist Church." Here he makes the same mistake that his fellow "True Believers," the racists, make: that of placing a large segment of humanity into a convenient category and ascribing to the entire group characteristics of certain members thereof. Is not his ~~his subsumption of Southern Baptists~~ under the term hypocrite just as illiberal as what he calls the "virulent racism of the New York cab drivers"? I'm not any more convinced that Southern Baptists are inherently hypocritical than I am that all Negroes love watermelon and want to ravish my sister. Is Mr. Morris really "goddamned sick" of hatred, or has he perhaps merely exchanged one hatred for another?

BURTON D. HUNTER
Harvard Law School, '69
Cambridge, Mass.

Reviewer Reviewed

I am the author of the book *The Plungers and the Peacocks*, which was reviewed in the August *Harper's*. Ordinarily I would not send a letter of criticism to a publication reviewing my book. In this instance, however, Mr. John Brooks, the reviewer, has been led into making a misstatement of fact that can only mislead your readers. On page 93 he says, "Unfortunately . . . its borrowings from other writers are almost never acknowledged, and no sources are given for such information as does seem to be new."

The fact is that my book contains a comprehensive and meticulous bibliography that lists numerous books, magazine and newspaper articles, memoirs, letters, unpublished data; moreover it includes a number of cross-references with page by page citations of the material discussed.

The authors Mr. Brooks referred to, as well as many others, are amply cited.

Mr. Brooks stumbled into his error of charging me with failure to acknowledge my sources for a simple reason. He didn't read my book. What was presented to him for his appraisal was an early, uncorrected set of galley proofs that contained neither the bibliography, the copious cross-references to sources, the footnotes, nor the corrections subsequently added to the text. . . .

DANA L. THOMAS
New York, N.Y.

JOHN BROOKS REPLIES:

Mr. Thomas is, of course, entirely correct. I read his book in galley proofs that included no notes, references, or bibliography, and I was never sent the book in final form. The knowledge that it is fully annotated radically changes my estimate of its value. . . . I made the mistake of assuming that no responsible publisher would send out a book for review, without later amendment, in a state of incompleteness as regards a crucial aspect of it. . . . I apologize for my part in the injustice that has been done to him.

Sag Harbor, N.Y.

The Nixon Vehicle

The article by Stephen Hess and David S. Broder ("What Keeps Nixon Running," August) vividly exposes Nixon's treadless tires. Even though the warranty has expired, successful recapping appears possible. The authors seemingly predict that the remaking of a proven product might be a mileage winner in 1968. I will look with interest for signs of excessive wear.

VICTOR EWING
Wichita Falls, Tex. []

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Stronger than Steel, Lighter than Aluminum

A report from General Dynamics

That elephant is standing on a plank made of boron-epoxy composite.

So far, this new structural material has been used only for aircraft and space vehicle parts on a research basis, but it will be going into commercial use in the near future. And it could lead to radical change in aircraft and vehicles of all types as we know them now.

Take two identical aircraft, one built of conventional aluminum, the other with the same parts of boron composite. The boron airplane theoretically could carry twice the payload for the same distance, or go twice as far on the same amount of fuel.

An auto with body and frame of boron composite could be as big and comfortable as a Cadillac yet lighter than a Volkswagen. The combination of lightness and size would mean the car could be driven by a battery-powered aluminum engine and protected against impact with polyurethane foam bumpers.

For boron composites are a new kind of material. This form, with boron filaments embedded in epoxy plastic, is as strong and stiff as high-strength aircraft-quality steel, but 75 percent lighter. It is three times as strong as aluminum but more than 25 percent lighter.

What is boron?

Boron is a semi-metallic element—the fifth element in the atomic table. Widely



Each layer of the boron-epoxy filament tape is oriented at a different angle. This enables the laminated composite to withstand stress from any direction.

available, it is usually found in combination with other minerals. Best known uses until now—and called for in limited amounts—have been the familiar household boric acid, or the borax used in glassmaking. In some chemical combinations it is almost as hard as diamond (but with even greater heat resistance), and is used to cut and shape such extremely hard materials as carborundum.

But boron was rarely, until recently, seriously considered as a structural material. The demands of space vehicles and high-performance military aircraft called for a deeper look. New kinds of materials, with hitherto-unrequired standards of strength, light weight, and heat resistance, have become crucially important.

For the past few years, General Dynamics has been working with boron composites—filaments of boron in "matrices" of plastics or metals—largely under contract to the United States Air Force. Sections of boron-epoxy have already been successfully tested in supersonic flight.

Brittle—and tough:

In many of the most common ways of shaping metals (casting, for one) boron is extremely brittle. But just as glass, brittle in many ways, has high strength in filament or fiber form, so has boron filament—extraordinarily high usable strength. And boron is also uniquely stiff—six times stiffer than glass.

These boron filaments mixed with, say, an epoxy plastic or molten aluminum, result in a composite which possesses the best qualities of both materials. The form closest to commercial use is the boron fiber in an epoxy matrix, although aluminum and even titanium matrices are being tested for more exotic uses.

For some military aircraft and space vehicles, these remarkable new materials offer an invaluable combination of great strength, stiffness, light weight and heat resistance.

But right now, boron is still expensive. Steel averages out at 6 cents a pound; glass fiber, at 60 cents a pound. And aluminum, which once cost \$6,000 a pound, now ranges from 22 to 75 cents a pound, depending on the grade.

The boron-epoxy composite not long ago was priced at about \$1,000 a pound. However, over the last few months, its cost has been reduced by more than two-thirds. As more applications are worked out and more demand arises, its price is already dropping still further to more economic levels, just as aluminum did.

It will be a while, however, before boron composite becomes competitive on a pound for pound basis, with most conventional materials. But other factors might compensate.

In construction, buildings with structural members and other major parts made of boron composite could be built much taller—and in a wide variety of architectural shapes that are now practical.

Single span bridges twice as long as the longest now existing should be possible. Boron vehicles generally—cars, trucks, or planes—could go farther on less fuel. New commuter trains built of boron to aerodynamic principles could carry passengers to their destinations swiftly and comfortably.

The boron filament is made by drawing an extraordinarily fine wire of tungsten, heated to a bright-red temperature, through a chamber into which boron trichloride and hydrogen gases have been pumped.

Thin as a human hair:

In the vicinity of the hot tungsten wire, chemical reaction yields pure boron and hydrochloric acid. The particles of pure boron are deposited on the moving wire and the hydrochloric acid is removed from the chamber.

The final boron filament is four thousandths of an inch in diameter about as thin as a human hair. It is 99 percent pure boron and 5 percent tungsten core.

To build anything out of these filaments, they are first made into a composite in the form of a tape. About 100 boron filaments to the linear inch are coated with and embedded in epoxy on a glass-cloth backing to make a continuous tape in any desirable width. The tape is then rolled up on a spool for easy handling.

To build something out of the composite tape, a basic "sculpture," will

to be a simple form for a flat panel or more complex curves than the in body, serves as a mold. Layer after layer of the tape is laid on the form in much the same manner that any adhesive tape might be applied. Each layer is placed at a different angle (for instance, zero degrees, 45 degrees, 135 degrees) to enable the laminate to withstand stress in various directions. Composite structures may be made in varying numbers of layers depending on the combination of weight, strength, and additional stress they must meet.

Any size or shape:

Boron-epoxy panels have been hand-laid experimentally in from three to more layers. Fully automated machines are being built that will lay-up

boron composite sections in almost any size and shape that can be dreamed up.

When sufficient layers of tape have been placed, the entire form or part is "cured" in an autoclave—essentially a large pressure cooker.

The weight-saving will vary depending on how directional the load requirement is. The least reduction in weight compared to the same application in aluminum would be 45 percent. The reduction can be as much as 75 percent.

A three-layer piece would be only 1/60 of an inch thick. A 32-layer piece would be only 1/6 of an inch thick. But this 1/6 of an inch could be equal in strength to commercial building steel five times thicker, or aircraft-grade aluminum, three times thicker.

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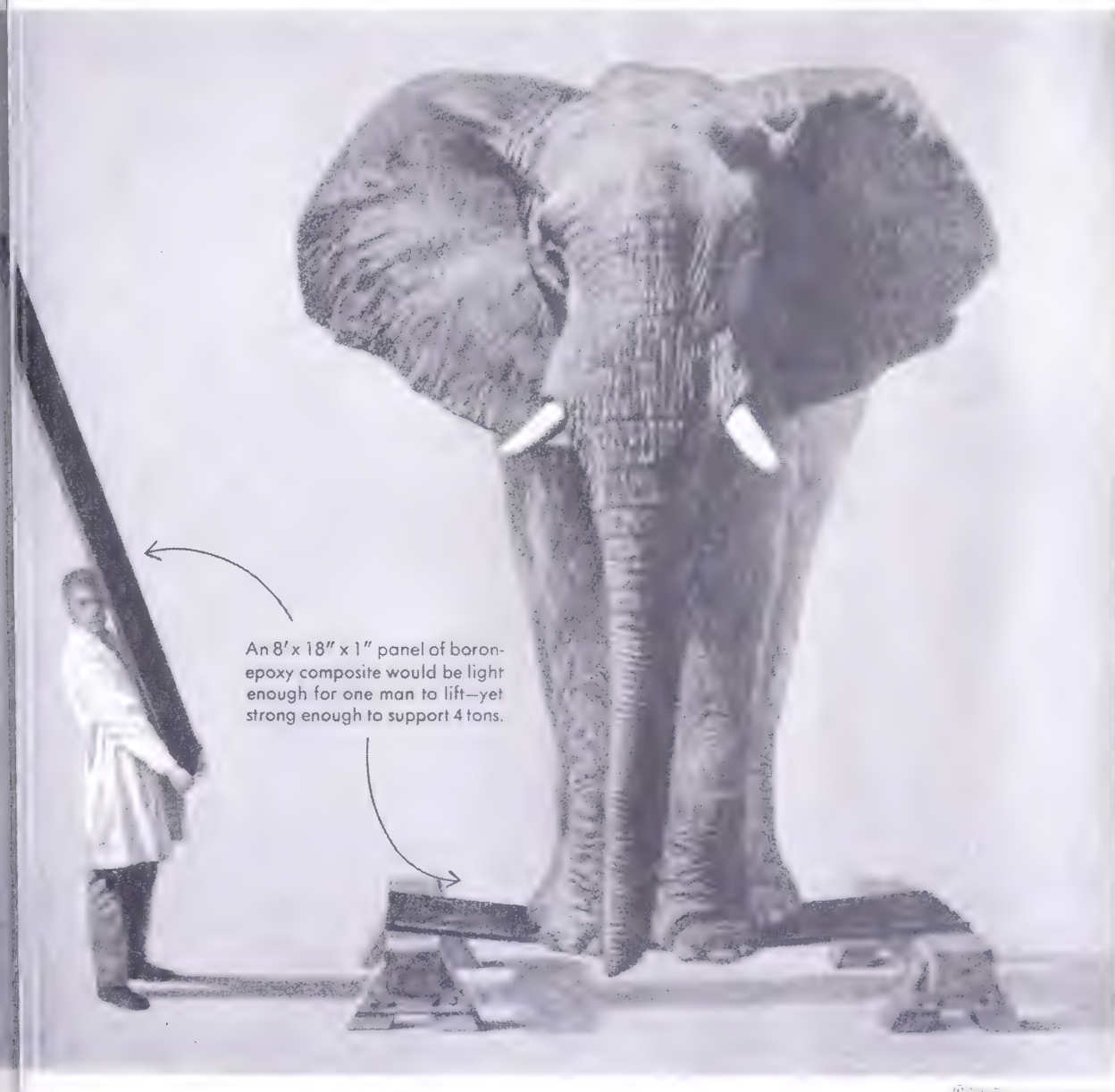
perimenting with variations far more exotic than the relatively simple boron-epoxy. These include boron-silicon-carbide filaments embedded in a whole range of metals such as nickel, copper, titanium, and aluminum.

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The Easy Chair by John Fischer

STOP THE BOMBING?

Does the bombing of North Vietnam make sense? Is it likely to bring the war to an earlier end—or is it making peace negotiations more difficult? Is it worth what it costs, in terms of lives and planes lost, and political damage both in this country and abroad? What would be the probable results if it were stopped? On the other hand, what could we expect if it were stepped up, to destroy the remaining strategic targets in North Vietnam, including the cities of Hanoi and Haiphong and the airfields near the Chinese border?

Week by week these questions are becoming more painful and divisive. They are cutting across every sector of American life, creating passionate differences within the political parties, the intellectual community, the civil-rights movement, the armed forces, and the Administration itself. They touch the lives of every American in Southeast Asia, their families at home, and uncountable millions overseas. For this reason, they may have a decisive bearing on the next election—and on the course of the war, and on America's future standing in the world.

To some people, on both sides, the answers seem clear and simple. Within the peace movement, thousands of decent, responsible citizens like Dr. Benjamin Spock feel that the basic issue is a plain matter of morals: Bombing people is wrong. Many would add that it is doubly wrong when a big, powerful nation bombs a little, weak one, and worse when white people bomb colored ones. At the opposite extreme stand equally conscientious citizens like retired General ("Bomb 'em back to the Stone Age") Curtis Le May. They argue that all-out bombing is the

quickest way to end the war; therefore it is stupid to the point of immorality not to get it over with (and thus save lives) by hitting the enemy with everything we've got.

The position of the Johnson Administration, as I understand it, lies somewhere in between. Its policy is to strike carefully selected targets—transportation routes, munition and oil dumps, power plants, steel and cement factories, airfields, troop concentrations, and the like—with two purposes in mind. One is to slow down the flow of men and weapons into South Vietnam from the North. The other is to put pressure on the Hanoi government to open peace negotiations, or to begin a tacit de-escalation of the war. (Secretary of State Dean Rusk has repeatedly pledged the United States to stop the bombing if North Vietnam will only give some indication—by word or deed—that in return it will stop sending its troops into the South, or make almost any other gesture toward reducing the level of conflict.) This policy inevitably results in the killing of a good many civilians, since strategic targets often lie in or near populated areas, and some bombs inevitably fall wide of the mark, especially when a plane is trying to dodge heavy antiaircraft fire. Nevertheless, the Administration apparently has earnestly tried, so far, to keep civilian casualties to a minimum. It has rejected the extreme strategy of wiping out whole cities—which was employed in World War II against such targets as Tokyo, Hamburg, and Dresden—in spite of heavy pressure both from its right-wing political opponents and from some (though by no means all) of its own military advisers.

To many people, including myself, all three of these positions sound like oversimplifications of a heartbreakingly complex problem. We are as appalled as Dr. Spock by the results of the bombing. We wish America had never got involved in this war, and we are just as eager as General Le May (and Dr. Spock) to get it over with. We would be as delighted as Dean Rusk or President Johnson* if the enemy would agree to peace negotiations, or to a mutual scaling-down of the level of conflict. But we are not convinced that any of these results can be achieved either by stepping up the bombing of the North, or by stopping it completely, without expecting anything from the enemy in return.

*Some of the Administration's critics do not believe that Johnson and Rusk really want negotiations. They argue that at least one chance for opening talks (during the cease-fire for the holidays last February) was sabotaged by Washington, and they conclude that Johnson and Rusk want to carry on the war indefinitely—presumably because they are wicked or stupid, or both. I do not believe this. Johnson is sometimes devious in his tactics and not altogether candid in what he says. But, in the many years that I have known both him and Rusk, I have never seen any evidence that either man is stupid, or any more wicked than the rest of us, including their critics of the New Left. Of course they make mistakes; that is inevitable for all men in high office, operating in a fog of uncertainties and under great pressure. But it is naïve to blame such mistakes on sheer malice.

Besides, the war obviously is Johnson's greatest political liability, and the only obstacle in the way of all his domestic programs. He has everything to gain from an early peace, and nothing to

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Neither are we sure that the Administration's present policy is likely to accomplish its purposes. We feel that we simply do not have enough of the essential facts to arrive at a rational judgment—and we don't know any way to get them. Moreover, we are not certain that anybody in the government has looked carefully at all of the facts available to it (and to it alone) and then has balanced carefully all of the factors—military, diplomatic, psychological, and political—which ought to go into the making of a sound decision. Maybe the Administration's present policy is based on just this kind of analysis. If so, it has never been made public. We have never been told, in detail, the facts on which its bombing policy is based, or the line of reasoning by which it reached its conclusions.

The resulting doubts and confusions are responsible, it seems to me, for much of the malaise which besets this country. Millions of Americans—perhaps a majority—are left in a state of agonizing indecision. We don't know how to judge what course is right for the country (or, as so often

happens, which of the available courses offers the lesser evil). So we do not feel capable of making a valid appraisal of what the Johnson Administration is now doing.

What follows is a proposal which might go a long way toward remedying this situation. Conceivably it could lead to a change in the Administration's policy. If not, it would at least clarify that policy for a great many troubled people (here and abroad) and perhaps demonstrate that the present strategy of limited bombing is justified.*

*The idea is not mine. I heard it suggested some months ago by Wesley W. Posvar, then serving as colonel and head of the political science department of the Air Force Academy; he is now chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. I urged him to develop it into an article, but he felt that a bombing survey at this time might be more confusing than revealing and could be disruptive of policy. He favors such a survey at a later stage when the issues in Vietnam are more clear. The main purpose of the survey, as he sees it, would be to serve as a guide to future U.S. strategy.

The suggestion outlined here is a lineal descendant of a directive issued by President Roosevelt on September 9, 1944. In it he asked the Secretary of War to set up a Strategic Bombing Survey to make "an impartial and expert study of the effects of the aerial attack on Germany." The survey which resulted from that directive eventually covered Japan as well. It was directed, not by military men, but by a panel of independent consultants, of such stature that they could not be suspected of covering up military mistakes or of defending the record of the Roosevelt Administration. The chairman was Frank D'Olier, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Co.; the vice-chairman, Henry C. Alexander, head of the Morgan Guaranty bank; the secretary, Charles C. Cabot, distinguished Massachusetts lawyer and overseer of Harvard. Among the other members were economists such as John Galbraith and social scientists such as Rensis Likert. They were assisted by a staff of more than six hundred specialists, ranging from engineers to diplomats.

The report of the committee—supported by more than two hundred detailed studies—was candid in appraising both successes and failures of the air war. It was thoroughly covered by the press, and its recommendations were received with respect in Congress, the White House and the Pentagon. They formed the basis for much of the country's postwar military policy.

A similar survey ought to be extraordinarily useful today. It could not be conducted in the same fashion of course, because the surveys would be unable to make on-the-ground studies of the effects of bombing raids in North Vietnam. Nevertheless, they should be able to collect quickly very significant amounts of information by making their own aerial photographs, questioning prisoners and defectors, interviewing journalists who visit North Vietnam, and talking to neutral diplomats. In addition, they should have complete access to American intelligence files, and be authorized to talk freely and in confidence to anyone who might be useful, from bomber pilots to Vietnamese peasants.

In this case, as in 1944, the study



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should be run by men independent of the government, and of such a character that they could not possibly be regarded as Administration spokesmen. The panel might include such men as Dr. James Conant; George Kennan; Leverett Saltonstall, former Republican Senator from Massachusetts; economist Paul Samuelson; scientist-businessman Dean Wooldridge; banker Serge Semenenko; lawyers Bethuel Webster and Lloyd Garrison; and Far Eastern specialists such as Lucian Pye, Edwin Reischauer, and John K. Fairbank. As before, the panel should be authorized to hire whatever technical staff it might need.



The mission of the Bombing Survey would be to make "an impartial and expert study of the effects of the aerial attack" on North Vietnam—and to report its findings as soon as possible to the whole nation. In no other way, so far as I can see, can we hope to get reasonably reliable answers to questions which would command general importance to questions such as these:

Defense McNamara, even though might take a hundred thousand fantrymen to man such a line. It has been suggested by General C Van Vien, chief of staff of the South Vietnam armed forces, who argues that bombing alone can never stop the infiltration.)

2. Is the bombing of industrial targets really the best way to persuade the Hanoi government to stop negotiating? A few years ago, some of the highest strategists in the Pentagon were predicting that the enemy would sue for peace when the first bomb dropped on North Vietnam soil. They were wrong. They may have been misled by their own experience in World War II, when the attacks unquestionably did help break the will-to-resist of both Germany and Japan. But those were heavily industrialized countries which simply could not function once their factories, railroads, and electrical systems were destroyed. North Vietnam never had much industry to begin with, and most of it has now been wiped out. It might be able to keep on functioning, and fighting, indefinitely regardless of the bombing—since most of its citizens are peasants who are too dispersed to be attacked effectively from the air, and practically all of its military supplies come from Russia and China. Under the circumstances, maybe the bombing merely strengthens its will-to-resist, as critics of the Administration sometimes argue. Conceivably the Survey could reach some conclusions on this point, through a study by an impartial team of political psychologists and Far Eastern specialists. Such conclusions certainly would gain wider public acceptance than the assertions of either the New Left or the generals—both of whom are less than infallible in their judgments about

[illegible]

$\mathcal{C}(\mathcal{N}_1, \mathcal{N}_2) = \{ \mathcal{N} \mid \mathcal{N}_1 \leq \mathcal{N} \leq \mathcal{N}_2 \}$ and $\mathcal{C}(\mathcal{N}_1, \mathcal{N}_2) \neq \emptyset$ if and only if $\mathcal{N}_1 \leq \mathcal{N}_2$.
 For $\mathcal{N}_1, \mathcal{N}_2 \in \mathcal{N}$, $\mathcal{C}(\mathcal{N}_1, \mathcal{N}_2) = \mathcal{C}(\mathcal{N}_2, \mathcal{N}_1)$.

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THE EASY CHAIR

ing a couple of trucks. At what
, then, does the bombing cam-
begin to do more damage to us
to the enemy?

On the other hand, perhaps we
d expand the campaign to knock
he port of Haiphong, through
an estimated two-thirds of
Vietnam's imports are chan-
]. So far, the White House has
ined from bombing, or mining,
ort, for fear that would mean
destruction of Russian ships—
might bring on a direct con-
ation with the Soviet Union. Is
ear realistic? Is it indeed likely
a Russia will respond by, say,
ng its own pilots to defend
Vietnam—or by opening up a
d front in Korea or Berlin?
it such action force the Soviets
ch up their quarrel with China.
me diplomats predict? Could it
on a nuclear war? In any case,
should we calculate these risks
ast the possible gains?

Because right-wing opponents of
Johnson probably will make the
ing or blockade of Haiphong a
rign issue, a nonpartisan, au-
ative statement about it will be-
he 1968 election would be par-
ticularly useful. It is significant that
representative Gerald Ford, the Re-
an leader in the House, already
manding the maximum use of
merican air power against the

Has the Administration esti-
at accurately the diplomatic costs
air campaign? For example,
e reportedly have some thirty
and men servicing air bases in
and. Their presence inevitably
friction with the local people.
Quartermen of foreign troops in
ca was, as we all remember, one
e grievances which brought
our own revolution. The Com-
it attack on Thailand already
egun, with the infiltration of
ellas into the Northeastern
ces; and they are exploit-
levers the anti-Americanism
ed by our "occupation forces."
military value of the Thai bases
t enough to offset this political
re?

At in, the air war is stirring up
ement and fear among the
ese—whose nerves jump, un-
ndably enough, whenever a
m falls on Asian soil. Our mutual-

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defense treaty with Japan comes for renewal soon, and may be seriously jeopardized by this feeling. A similar revulsion among our European allies and the unaligned nations is harder to measure, but clearly is not negligible. How much do these factors count in the Administration's strategy?

6. Are there alternative strategies which look promising? For instance, a group of Republican Congressmen, led by F. Bradford Morse of Massachusetts, recently proposed a gradual reduction of bombing attacks against the North, to be carried out in carefully calculated stages—on condition that the Hanoi government would scale down its own military efforts in step, without opening formal negotiations.

North Vietnam has always insisted that it would never negotiate until the bombing stopped, permanently and unconditionally. In the beginning this probably was simply an example of the standard Communist (and Oriental) tactic of demanding that the other side give up all its best horses before the horse-trading even starts. By this time, however, Hanoi is so deeply committed on this point that it may feel unable to back down without losing face. Consequently some maneuver like that suggested by the Morse group might give Hanoi a chance to start a tacit and mutual scaling-down of the conflict, without public embarrassment. Is it worth trying?

There are many similar questions which no layman can answer with confidence. And with the country's emotions in their present inflamed state, many critics of the Administration will be reluctant to accept any answers given by the Pentagon or White House.

They would find it much harder, however, to reject the conclusions of an independent and impartial Survey buttressed with detailed studies. Such conclusions—whatever they might be—should go a long way toward unifying public opinion in the country, and disarming hostile criticism abroad. And if the Survey should present well-documented reasons for change in bombing policy, it would give Mr. Johnson an opportunity to shift course with the least possible political disadvantage.



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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*

INCIDENT AT VILLAVICIOSA

Thirty-four years ago last summer the village of Villaviciosa on the north coast of Spain was visited by ten Americans, one of whom was dead on arrival. I was part of this outlandish visitation, the result of an automobile accident. Early in July 1967, by taking a slightly indirect route from Burgos to Santiago de Compostela (from one remarkable cathedral to another with the Caves of Altamira between), I got to Villaviciosa. I hoped that it would provide me with a check on my memory, and that a visit to a town I had got to know quite well quite quickly under circumstances of urgency might put in perspective some of what I saw elsewhere in Spain. I think it helped.

Villaviciosa is hidden from the sea by hills, and behind it rise other hills tidily sectioned by dry stone walls into rather precipitous cornfields and apple orchards. The local industry is the manufacture of a sparkling cider famous throughout Spain, and the cider factory dominates the town. In the cafés in the evening men pour their cider from bottles held high so that when the liquid hits the glass it froths. It is the froth that matters and is quickly drunk. What remains in the bottom of the glass is thrown on the sawdust-covered floor. When I was there briefly this summer, it was in the bright part of the day, just before

lunch until midafternoon, by which time the streets were almost entirely empty. No one was drinking cider; all sensible citizens in Spain were asleep behind closed shutters. I should have been myself.

The one American who was dead on arrival in Villaviciosa (which was far better equipped, as every little Spanish town is, to cope with the dead, any dead, than with living, and in this case somewhat damaged, tourists) arrived in the back of an open truck surrounded by luggage, some of it smashed and its contents soaked with crankcase oil. She, for the victim was a woman in her early sixties, had been one of five people in a Ford touring car which in trying to make an extremely sharp turn (backing and filling) had for some reason that we never clarified gone over the edge of an embankment, dropped ten or twelve feet on its nose, and somersaulted. I was driving another car, also full of touring Americans (both cars were of the same party, and I was the hired chauffeur of the second one), and the Ford had got ahead of me around a curve, and I had not seen its abrupt disappearance. When I came around the corner a farmer was waving his arms and pointing to what appeared to be a peaceful landscape, but his agitation was such that I stopped my car (a bright green

Franklin touring car with *two* windshield) and got out to look where it pointed. What I saw was the bottom of the Ford, its wheels in the air with not a sound coming from it.

It is not my intention to rehearse the full details of this accident. The driver, an architect in his early thirties, suffered a slight concussion. One other passenger was severely hurt, a girl of seventeen who, I learned some days later, had a pelvic bone broken in four places. The other passengers were shaken but somewhat dazed, but were physically unhurt. The head of the woman who was killed was smashed.

I went first, when I was in Villaviciosa again, to look for the Hotel Comercio in which we had stayed for ten days while trying to find a balance transport for the broken tourist, conniving with the amiable curate (a priest) of the Bishop of Gijón—our nearest big city—to bury our Protestant dead in a Catholic cemetery, getting bones set (which had to be reset later at the American Hospital in Paris), appearing be-

Mr. Lynes has often written "After Hours" from abroad—from Istanbul, Venice, Lisbon, and elsewhere. He is the author of "A Surfeit of Honor," "Confessions of a Dilettante," and other books.



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AFTER HOURS

the dictatorship. The symbol of the Falange, arrows bound with a ribbon which appears at the entrance of nearly every town in provinces further south was notably scarce in Asturias, a part of Spain always somewhat at war with the rest of the country in spirit if not in fact.

Such large changes as had taken place in Villaviciosa were on its outskirts, and were mostly commercial buildings and garages. Spaniards are averse to tearing down what is useful in the center of town. The town square has not, as Main Street in America, lost its ability to attract people to shop, to sit in cafés, to stroll, to converse, and to indulge in the most prevalent national pastime—people-watching. The square is a place to bring children in the evening, tots of three and four all babies in carriages. The children have a starched and crisp look, even in the poorest towns. One rarely saw what used to be called ragamuffins, except gypsy children in tatters with dirty faces, who are used by the mothers as begging bait. They were the squares, ignored by the local folk, hoping to capture an occasional tourist.

When I went into the Hotel Comercio it looked unfamiliar, though through the open door to the kitchen two women, who might have been daughters of the women who cooked for us before, stared out at me. The different look came from a bar which had not been there and a partition two-thirds of the way to the high ceiling, behind which was the dining room. I remembered it as white with varnished golden woodwork, but now it was turquoise above its chair rail and lavender below. The walls were ornamented with prints of color photographs—a New England landscape in autumn and Mont Blanc. I had eaten an unconscionable number of beans cooked in a great variety of ways in that dining room, and consumed a good deal of Fundador brandy milder than Cognac and to more friendly. I was told by the waiter who was standing in the doorway (Spaniards spend half their life standing in doorways) that I was early for lunch. I said I'd be back.

I went looking for the church in which the funeral had taken place. In 1933, a ceremony unlike any I had

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artist: roy de forest
c. g. jung, essays on a science of mythology, 1949
great ideas of western man
one of a series



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d before or have seen since. The
h surprised me by being larger,
s gloomy, and more distinguished
tecture than I remembered, a
fied structure of tawny stone
i lofty vaults and a columned
t, probably built in the fifteenth
ry. The burial ceremony (as dis-
from the funeral mass which
place the next day) started on the
ed porch where the coffin had
placed. A hundred or more of the
citizens had turned out to pay
respects, including the mayor
dozens of small children who
pered silently in and out among
solemn elders. The coffin was
red from the porch of the church
e shoulders of four men who also
ed tall staffs like primitive crut-
on which they rested the coffin
e fifty yards or so as the proces-
headed up a cobbled road that
d between gray houses and a
g stone wall to the cemetery. When
e paused, the priests, who wore
a stoles embroidered with death's
ea, chanted until the bearers had
s, and then the procession re-
r i.

rove up the narrow road we had
d up then, not sure that it was
d the same road, but a quarter
mile from the church was the
m wall and fancy stone gate that
d the dead souls in and kept
e rowlers out. Whether the bones
r poor smashed fellow tourist
still there I did not discover,
h I believe no burial place is per-
ant in such a graveyard unless the
ayments are kept up, and two wars
ntervened. I poked the lens of my
ac through the bars of the gate
and took a picture of an alley of cy-
res which obscured much of the
ery from its entrance. An old
man with a flat black hat and a long
who came by offered to go fetch
ey, but I declined his help. He
ery polite and a little drunk and
ocess would have consumed half
ar or more. I was hungry.

not easy for the traveler in
to avoid what is called the
istic menu," often printed in
anguages and divided into four
s of dishes. If you stick to the
istic menu, you save a few pese-
at you eat too much and you miss
delicacies that are "tipico."
sh meals, both lunch and dinner,

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AFTER HOURS

have four courses, and since dinner is generally served at ten o'clock or later, one is ready for almost anything. I had remembered Spanish food as oily and mostly beans, with squid as tough as inner tube, and an occasional *paella* of rice and saffron and chicken with some seafood thrown in. I was more wrong than right. It is true that the diet of the Spanish farmer is essentially beans, that oil is used for frying (every other tree in the landscape is an olive tree) and is used in soups as well. But there is delicious fresh fish almost everywhere. In the summer there is suckling pig (with its ears still in evidence) and haunches of tiny milk-fed lamb. In Burgos in an outdoor restaurant on the *paseo* (a strolling place swarming with noisy and delighted people) I ate quail better cooked in a remarkable sauce than I ever have had it elsewhere. The restaurant is called Pinedo.

Lunch in the Hotel Comercio was what I remembered Spanish food to be, oily but tasty—a bean soup with sausage in it, a piece of fried fish, tomato salad, a plum, and a rough red wine. The plates were stacked on the table so that you ate your way down the pile, course by course. In the window a lethargic finch of some sort in

a little cage chirped occasionally and stared at me through a screen of plastic flowers.

There had been a reason for Ford to try to maneuver the turn-off the road from Oviedo to Villavieja. The reason was an ancient church called San Salvador de Valdedios, good in English as in Spanish—San Saviour of the Valley of God). After lunch I drove to where I remembered that the dirt road into the valley, away from the highway. The site of the accident had a pastoral and peaceful look as though nothing more common than the blossoming of an apple tree had ever happened there. There was, indeed, a young elm growing on the spot where the car had fallen.

San Salvador is a tiny church built in the ninth century, one of several such toylike structures in the Asturias, as solid as a Romanesque castle with the unquestioned air of a place and big enough for half-a-dozen worshippers. A few hundred feet away it is a larger Gothic church, not a parish church, and a deserted monastery with its windows broken and cows in its courtyard. The Valley of God is rich in trees and corn and cattle and is wrapped in stillness.



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That's done by seeping it down through vats packed 10 feet deep with this charcoal. What comes out is only the sippin' part, ready for aging. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it would be worth a water fight or two.



CHARCOAL
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The incident at Villaviciosa was a more complex than it has been described here. It involved, after all, temperaments of nine people of varying ages and toughness (one of them was the daughter of the woman who was killed) stuck for ten days in a provincial hotel, held there partly by bureaucratic gamesmanship, both local and provincial, partly by meekness, partly by willingness hampered by inadequate resources. It involved an attempt at bribery, difficulties about getting money, a release to the American papers by word of the wire services (who got it from our consul in Vigo to whom I had turned for help) that spelled almost everybody's name wrong and said that all but one of us had been killed. It culminated in following an ambulance through the tortuous mountains in a car that lost its brakes entirely thirty or so kilometers from San Sebastian and the French border, so that it had to be driven in first gear through the Pyrenees after dark. It involved crossing the border in the ambulance with the broken girl in time for a train that a misprint in a timetable assured us left at 11:05 but turned out to leave at 11:05. That was not the end of it, but it is enough to suggest that Villaviciosa had left a mark and become a backdrop against which to look at rural Spain again.

I didn't go back to Villaviciosa after leaving San Salvador de Val de los Baños, but spent the night in Oviedo and the next day went the winding, mountainous route to Santiago de Compostela, over the Pilgrimage Road, the *Camino de Santiago* which was the highway for pilgrims from all over Christendom as long ago as the eleventh century. They came along with silver cockleshells, the emblem of Saint James. According to legend, he had saved a horseman from drowning in the sea, and both rider and horse emerged from the waves covered in cockles. They still come away with cockleshells which they buy, as pilgrims always have, from souvenir shops. Tourists and the tourist trade have changed less in nine centuries than one might suppose. Indeed, it was because the woman who was killed at Villaviciosa had bought a Saint James medal in Santiago, which we were able to show the secretary of the Bishop of Oviedo, that he looked benignly upon allowing her to be buried in consecrated ground.

Washington Insight by Clayton Fritchey



FRITCHEY

THE CAPITAL'S BOURGEOISIE

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Middle-class City

Americans love their national capital. Only New York tops it as a tourist attraction. Last year ten million visited Washington, and then went home impressed by the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, and the fact that the District of Columbia has the highest percentage of Negroes of all metropolitan centers in the country. All of this is only too obvious. It doesn't provide much of a clue to the nature of the city.

Considering the racial composition of the community, and remembering that the seat of government makes it a natural center of protest, it would be at first glance, that Washington ought to have been No. 1 on the parade. Yet it hasn't been; although by the time this column appears, that may no longer be true. So, when and if it is struck, it is worth noting that it was later—rather than sooner.

Is this entirely a matter of luck? Or is it owing in some degree to the fact that they don't meet the eye about Washington? Is there any answer to President Johnson's question, "Do riots occur in some cities and not in others?" The evidence is not conclusive, but it seems to suggest the fact that in the capital may be worth noting.

While Washington, for instance, is the largest city in the nation with a Negro majority (it appears to have been stabilized around 63 per cent), it also has the largest Negro middle class. And, as Daniel P. Moynihan has remarked, it "is a Southern middle-class city with a bureaucracy

that is Southern and middle-class." It is estimated that 10 per cent of the nonwhite population earns more than \$10,000 a year, and this bourgeoisie has been the despair of the more ardent civil-rights leaders. One articulate leader, Julius Hobson (himself an economist for the Social Security Administration), complains that "Washington is not a marching town. You can't turn them out. They're too don't-rock-the-boat security-conscious to stick their necks out." That is not entirely accurate. Four years ago Washington was the scene of the biggest civil-rights march ever held in the U. S. More than 100,000 Negroes participated (many of course came from out of town) but there was no rioting, indeed no disorder of any kind. It still stands as a model of impressive but nonviolent protest.

Still, times and the climate of protest have changed. Now there is more emphasis, especially above the Mason-Dixon line, on economic rather than racial discrimination, although the two are of course allied. In any case, it is a notable fact that the rate of unemployment in Washington is only about half that of the national average, and this includes Negro joblessness as well as white. This is naturally related to another unique fact about Washington: it is the only city in America where the government is the largest employer, which has made it the only large city safe from the hazards and uncertainties of employment that mark the principal industrial centers. In Washington the army of government workers go the even tenor of their way, secure in the protection of civil service and in the knowledge

that the federal bureaucracy is an ever-expanding occupation. In short, Washington's predominantly white-collar work force has already largely achieved the goal that the labor unions dream about elsewhere—a guaranteed annual income for the great majority.

It goes without saying that Washington Negroes do not do as well as whites, but it is equally true that they do better than in most cities. Much of this of course stems from the conscious effort of government to eliminate economic discrimination, but there are other stabilizing factors. Even though two out of three people in the District are Negro (far exceeding the proportion in any other large American city), the in-migration has not occurred in unmanageable spurts as in many Northern cities, but has gone from 28 per cent to the present 63 per cent over a period of about thirty years; and in recent years the inflow has been a comparative trickle. So there has been time for absorption and adjustment.

These adjustments show up significantly in two critical areas, police and teachers. The latest figures reveal that 20 per cent of the police force is now Negro, and this jumped to 33 per cent among the successful applicants for fiscal 1967. In the public schools

Mr. Fritchey works in the National Press Building in Washington, where he writes a syndicated column for "Newsday" and this monthly report for "Harper's." As a former special assistant to President Truman and to Adlai E. Stevenson at the U.N., he has more than ordinary access to political and social newsmakers.



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78 per cent of the teachers are Negroes. One of the three Juvenile Court judges is black, as are three of the fourteen judges on the U.S. District Court.

Yet, even though Washington has been slow to riot, its general crime rate is notorious, second only to San Francisco in the FBI index. Its school system, while free of segregation *de jure*, leaves much to be desired on a *de facto* basis. Further far-reaching reforms have just been ordered by federal Judge Skelly Wright. Also, despite the reassuring averages for income and employment, Washington has sodden slums (somewhat concealed), a serious low-rent-housing shortage, and severe pockets of unemployment among Negro youth. Finally, the District has no home rule and no representation in Congress, and this is now a bitter civil-rights issue.

These failures have not escaped the sharp eye of Stokely Carmichael, the former head of SNCC, or his raging successor, the 23-year-old H. Rap Brown. When Carmichael was chairman last year he told a "Free D. C." rally that "I don't think black people ought to wait to get the vote, because you're waiting for the white man to give it to you, and he's not about to do that. . . . You oughta get together and tell the man that if you don't get the vote you're gonna burn down this city. Tell him if we don't get the vote you're not gonna have a Washington, D. C." Several months ago, Carmichael added a footnote: "Sixty-eight per cent of the population is black, and Washington will be ours lock, stock, and barrel by any means necessary." Still more recently Rap Brown held a press conference in Washington at which he warned that it would be the white community's fault if racial violence erupted in the capital. "Negroes will get home rule in Washington," he said, "and if it must be gotten by going into the streets, that will be dictated by Lyndon Baines Johnson." Later, after the Detroit riots, Brown returned to Washington where, from the pulpit of an Episcopal church, he advised local Negroes to "get you some guns" and to "burn this town down if it does not satisfy Negro demands. . . . The white man is your enemy. You got to destroy your enemy."

Can even a "middle-class" Negro city indefinitely resist such inflamma-

tory advice? Detroit, for instance, thought it had insured itself against violence by a comparatively advanced program of racial relations and reforms. Now Mayor Jerome Cavanagh says, "If Detroit is not safe, no city is." Soon after the Michigan riots broke, however, a group of Washington civil-rights leaders began mobilizing other leaders in the community to see what more could be done quickly to head off rioting in the capital.

Few Americans know it, but the federal government, anticipating trouble this summer, established in Washington an early-warning system which was supposed to "alert" officials to riot spots brewing around the country. The officials who man the "control room" in the Justice Department (the principal listening post for potential trouble) now concede the system failed to provide early warning for either Newark or Detroit. One of the experts frankly admits there apparently is no method of anticipating or predicting this kind of violence. The sociologists agree. Professor Franklin Edwards, of Washington's Howard University, thinks the nation has had an "ugly and dangerous" period in race relations for a decade. Edwards, who teaches race relations, says, "No matter what President Johnson has done, he couldn't do enough to keep up with the rising demand of Negro expectations."

Toward Home Rule

While Home Rule has become a rallying plank in the District's civil rights platform, it is also of intense interest to all residents, irrespective of color. Actually, the never-ending struggle for local autonomy has always been—and still is—under white management. Now of a sudden, in accepting the President's plan for reorganizing the District's government, Congress has voted at least a breakthrough of some importance. But it still will take a Constitutional amendment to give voters in the District representation in Congress.

Oddly, the District enjoyed self-government until 1871 when, in the wake of Reconstruction, Congress took over its management. Since then Washington has been atrociously and often vindictively run, with the House District Committee (mostly composed

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

al Southerners) chiefly in con-
The chairman of the committee
representative John L. McMillan,
mocrat from Florence, South
na, who liked to think of himself
"Mayor" of Washington. Theo-
lly, the District was managed
ree commissioners appointed by
resident, but in practice the ulti-
power lay with McMillan's com-
e, which likes and trusts Wash-
Negroes about as much as it
Southern ones. The committee
ers deny that they are influ-
by race, but it is not hard to
how they felt about the prospect
ing under a Negro mayor in the
of full Home Rule.

N only Johnson, but Truman,
snow, and Kennedy, tried to
ade Congress to treat residents
the District like citizens of the
il States. Public-opinion polls
d Americans in favor of Home
to 1. Both major parties have
ntently promised Home Rule in
platforms. The Senate has
to for it numerous times. But in
elouse a coalition of Southern
erators and non-urban Republi-
were able to defeat every effort
reform, although a determined
on almost won out last year.

This year the President tried a new
rategy. Instead of the usual Home
bill requiring the approval of
oness, the President resorted to
s organization powers to propose
the District a new government
ing of a single commissioner,
istant, and a nine-man council
pointed by the President. This
ould become operative unless
the House or Senate specifical-
d it down. Johnson, who is still
ll Home Rule with an elected
and council, regarded the new
al as an "interim plan," one
ight get by Congress and pave
ay for complete enfranchise-
en. The favorable House action in
ng was a strategic victory.

The Administration continues to
its influence for the proposed
onstitutional amendment to give the
st representation in Congress.
ng that, the President wants
ess to allow the District to have
eted, nonvoting delegate, which
let would raise it to the status of
Rico. There is one grave draw-
ck changing the District's pres-
m of government. Under the



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

three-man board of commissioners, liquor prices have been kept remarkably low, which may explain why Washington leads the country in two respects: it consumes more booze, and has more psychiatrists, on a per capita basis than any other metropolis.

Who Gets a Raise?

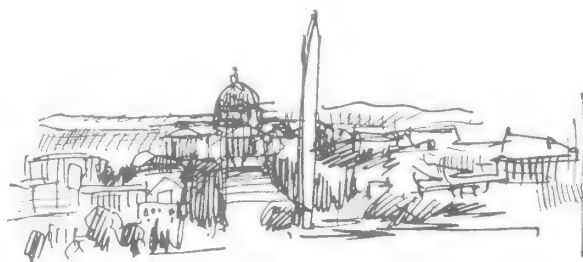
It is hard to imagine a subject more gripping to Washingtonians than Home Rule, or enfranchisement, or racial reform, but there is one—the government pay scale. Of course it is of interest to the rest of the country too, for there are federal employees in every state, but in Washington it is *the* payroll. There has been a pay raise every year since 1962, and those in the classified grades have enjoyed a cumulative increase of 21.7 per cent in that period. This year it appears there will be another boost of about 4.5 to 5 per cent, although the letter carriers as usual will probably do better, for they are experts at impressing Congress.

The much-talked-about increases for Congress and the top government executives, however, are not likely to materialize this year. A special Presidential advisory board recently made such recommendations to the White House, but Johnson has shown no

service (Grades 17 and 18) could end up making more than their Presidential appointed bosses. The minimum salary for the top appointed executives is \$26,000, only \$110 more than the \$25,890 currently paid to senior civil servants in the so-called super grades. If the latter get a 5 per cent boost this year, along with the other "classifieds," they will be getting over \$27,000 a year.

No matter what happens, no complaints will be heard from the Cabinet. "It's silly to say a man can't live on \$35,000 a year," said Nicholas Katzenbach when he was the Attorney General, although he did add, "It's not as easy as you might think." With the expenses that go with his job, I'm not able to put anything aside." Now that he has become Under Secretary of State, Katzenbach probably puts aside still less. A survey made some months ago showed that most members of the Cabinet manage to live within their official salaries, but only by careful family budgeting.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk told an interviewer that one reason he was living off his salary was because he "didn't have anything else." He said, "The savings that I had are largely since absorbed on the job. That makes a difference to the kids. You can't do some things. Like many fathers, I have two youngsters in college. When



enthusiasm for implementing them. The grapevine is that in view of Vietnam and impending tax increases he doesn't think this is an ideal moment to boost the pay of Cabinet members, agency heads, special advisers, etc. The word also is that Congress is presently self-conscious about raising its own pay, and if it doesn't vote itself a boost it certainly is not likely to do so for others.

There has been talk of raising Cabinet salaries from \$35,000 to \$50,000 a year, and Congress from \$30,000 to \$40,000 or more. If nothing is done, though, a situation might develop in which the highest career men in civil

the balance gets zero-zero, I'll have to quit. It's as simple as that."

On Capitol Hill there is a less stoic spirit. Many members of the House and Senate (often justifiably) privately groan over trying to make a meet, but it is dangerous to gripe publicly because many constituents would be glad to try getting along on \$30,000 a year. Unlike the officials in the Executive Branch, some Senators and Representatives add substantially to their incomes with lecture fees. Finally, if worse comes to worst, they can always promote a testimonial dinner, except at the moment this is out of fashion.



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How Should We Think About Transportation Progress?

by ALAN S. BOYD

Secretary of Transportation

Transportation exists in the United States in a social environment unlike any other society. We have evolved a technique, combining public and private transport investment. One does not implement the other; in some cases one makes the other possible.

Blending of private and public investment has helped the United States produce a national transportation system superior to that of any other country. But a drawback of this uniquely American approach is that it tends to obscure the true costs of movement.

Low freight rate or passenger fare does not reflect the actual costs of transportation. Local, state and federal governments—that is, the taxpayer—always bear part of the burden:

Most all of the cars and trucks are privately owned, but the highways and bridges are publicly maintained.

Tugs and barges and towboats are privately owned, but the canals and rivers are navigable by the Corps of Engineers. U.S. airlines are competing private enterprises, but major airports are publicly maintained, and the air routes are licensed by a federal agency.

America's ocean-going vessels are privately owned, except for some military ships, but the great harbors and port facilities are a public investment. The United States Coast Guard is a maritime law and safety.

Railroad rights-of-way originated in federal land grants or other forms of support at state or local levels.

The dominant pattern is clear. Our nation has agreed, on public policy grounds, to provide the basic route support for the emerging transportation technologies. The lump-sum investments for highways and harbors and land jet airports are not only beyond the usual means of private commerce, considering other expenditure commitments, they are also at times beyond the means of the U.S. Government.

Transportation investment in the United States is made by private firms and individuals, by all government jurisdictions

combined—is some \$425 billion. If passenger fares and freight rates and car ownership had to reflect this full cost, there would be significantly less personal travel and freight movement.

Three major elements shape the American transportation environment:

1) *The importance we attach to freedom of movement—personal mobility.* This is a political right as well as a social value, and it supports the reality of a mass market over a vast territory, free of the Old World barriers to travel and commerce.

2) *Our system of private ownership and competitive free enterprise.* This very profound and pervasive approach in our society reinforces our dominant moral and ethical concepts. Though somewhat blurred in the operations of the carriers themselves, it is powerfully displayed by the great users, the shippers, as well as transport equipment manufacturers.

3) *The intervening authority of government—any level of government.* The classic partnership that exists between public and private investment may be viewed as a form of subsidy. But the power to give or withhold a franchise or license, and the power to set operating rules and standards, is a far more fundamental role. Here government is an instrument for the protection of the community's total interests.

The interaction of these forces, in the dimension of time, has produced a complex landscape of transportation institutions. The recent establishment of the Department of Transportation represents a decision to give greater unity and coherence to the Government's role.

We need to give more serious thought to the meaning of transportation in our society. It has become increasingly apparent that in a society such as ours transportation is one of the great choice mechanisms. Like the ballot box and the marketplace, it expresses popular desires. It helps shape our communities and institutions.

No family, for instance, moves to a suburban home as a destructive act. Yet the

effect of a million such decisions may be the relative decline of downtown business districts, congestion on urban highways, relocation of firms, disintegration of central city school systems, air pollution and innumerable other side effects.

Our nation knows a lot about the engineering and economic and efficiency aspects of transportation. Such knowledge has produced the greatest system of airlines, rail lines, pipelines, highways and waterways in the world.

But we do not have a very good understanding of the social effects of transportation. Most refinements in transport technology have long-lasting consequences which, for our future happiness and perhaps even survival, we had best learn to anticipate. We have hardly begun to sound the depths of the human implications of our transport decisions.

As usual, the hardest part of the problem is how to think about the problem. Popular expectations may be unreasonable, but expert knowledge has its limitations as well. We will have to be cautious in our acceptance of definitive solutions, confidently presented.

What kind of a community do we want, and what kind are we willing to settle for? We must set our own standards in this matter, dealing with transportation as a servant rather than a master.

If we are not able to anticipate all of the ultimate results of our transport investment decisions, that should not be used as an excuse for not making any decisions at all. Important incremental investments are being made daily—even hourly—in private and public sectors. Our mutual responsibility is to insure that in both sectors the social consequences are given adequate consideration.

If we can do this—if we can use the public interest as our consistent measure, though navigating in uncharted waters—our nation may be assured of true progress in transportation.

Alan S. Boyd

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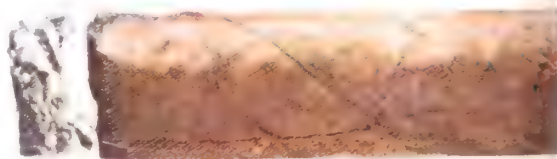
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DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS

A group of well-known writers and college editors explore some of the differences in the ways their generations perceive each other and the major issues in American society today.

WHAT WE OFFER

by Walter Lippmann

I have at least one qualification for writing about the generation gap. I have lived with two, if not three, of them during my lifetime. To be sure, practice does not make perfect. But it does teach one to realize an important human truth. The movement of events is almost always a great deal faster than the movement of our own minds.

In my youth, for example, the very old politicians who were still around were obsessed with the slogans and battle cries of the Civil War. Nowadays the Administration is trying to convince us that we are fighting the same war in South Vietnam which Churchill and Roosevelt fought a quarter of a century ago against the Nazis and the Japanese. As men grow older and take charge of affairs, they must battle a persistent human tendency to see the world through spectacles that fitted them twenty or thirty years

earlier. When they are not successful in distinguishing between what they learned when they were young and what the reality is coming to be now that they are older, generation gap results.

Resisting the tendency to be out of date is especially difficult today, of course, because in our time the rate of change in human affairs has become much faster and much more general and pervasive than ever before in the whole experience of the human race. We may not be better men than our ancestors. But there is a lot more motion in us and around us, and we have, therefore, a better excuse for being puzzled and bewildered.

When young people ask the older generation for translators and guides, I have to remind them that one great characteristic of the modern scientific and technological revolution is that no one understands all of it, and only the specialists really

understand some of the parts of it. So in the face of what has actually been happening, fathers and grandfathers have, all of them, been unprepared and uneducated men. They do not understand the results of the science and technology about them, and they don't even know how the products which they utilize are made. We cannot expect them to hand down the knowledge one needs in order to live and live well. Young people will have to educate themselves to understand the infinite complexity of the modern age.

What older people may be able to offer is not the translation of modern knowledge, but the transmission of that which is above knowledge, that is to say, human wisdom. The Oxford English Dictionary defines wisdom as "the capacity of judging rightly in matters relative to life and conduct." This is an art which cuts across all specialties. It is possessed by those who have an imaginative feeling for what really matters to human beings, whether they travel in jet planes or walk on foot, whether they are craftsmen in little workshops or hired hands in an automatic factory run

by a computer. To be wise is to have a certain familiarity with the deposit of human values that persist in any human environment. On the far side of the generation gap one can find some traces of this wisdom. Those who have good sense, who have an instinct for what will make life interesting, will seize upon this wisdom when it comes their way.

To Mr. Lippmann

"... I am comfortable with interracial social situations, casual use of marijuana and the mind-expanding drugs ..."

by Rita Dershowitz

The wisdom that may or may not be on the other side of the generation gap simply isn't relevant to my life, and to the conditions in which I live. An older generation's claim to insight as a result of greater experience is spurious because my experiences are qualitatively different from those of my parents, and perhaps even different from anything that has gone before.

The conflict between fathers and sons is hardly new, nor is it easily defined for an entire generation. My feeling is, however, that I am comforta-



ble with interracial social situations, casual use of marijuana and the mind-expanding drugs, and nonrational ways of getting at knowledge, all of which elicit harsh judgments within my parents' value system.

I deeply feel the inadequacy of the values I learned while growing up. Categories of social worth; drive for possession of things and people; the academic definitions of what is worth knowing and doing; the myth of America's good intentions around the world—all of these break down in the search for what is really important, and for a style of life that has dignity.

Several developments during my lifetime account, in part at least, for the barrier between generations. One of my earliest memories is of a television set coming into our home, and from that time my education took on a new dimension. Television shaped my first impressions of the world beyond the family, and affected me in a way it never could my parents. Technology is now rapidly inventing other communications media that will change even more radically the way children become educated.

The Negro revolution has significantly touched far more young people than just the activists who made the revolution. The reality changed; Negroes became visible on campuses, and even could be seen holding hands with whites. One could not continue to be shocked by everyday occurrences. The need to respond in a new way changed people's feelings, and in turn led to new ways of thinking about social issues.

Most recently, the easy accessibility and acceptability of drugs has opened a whole new area of possible experiences, of moving inward as well as outward in order to gain self-awareness. In this instance, too, the extensions of the drug culture touch more people than those

who actually use drugs. The ethics of the hippie culture—indiscriminate love and openness, the dignity of the individual and the value of human relationships, the destructiveness of rigid external authority—have influenced students who are demanding flexibility and personal relevance of the college curriculum. "Find your own thing, and then do it," is not just new jargon for the same wisdom. It sets up entirely new assumptions about the purposes of any educational institution.

Finally, Vietnam has given the lie to the values we learned at home and in school. The bomb foretold an era of incredible powers for mass destruction, and now this country employs even more terrible refinements on a distant people. I guess I believe that nobility was possible in fighting for this country during World War II, that death was not absurd. But we've left no opening for moral instincts this time, no way to make the destruction finally meaningful. Our statesmen use the rhetoric of other times and other wars, and in so doing they underscore the gap between their reality and mine.

In one sense, the very fact that the old values don't hold true any longer is the great excitement of being young today. A "generation" might be measured in no more than two or three years, and each generation is creating its own forms for growing up. The range of possibilities is enormous: with unprecedented economic abundance, one has the real choice of self-imposed poverty; with higher education easily available, one can choose to reject academic learning in favor of other kinds of experiences. These kinds of choices are possible because they don't depend upon our parents' value systems, because they call for new judgments. The younger generation is in the process of synthesizing a new wisdom, and that is the real education.

THE FUTURE IS NOT INEVITABLE

by Paul Potter

It is a little bit strange for me to write about the generation gap. For the last ten years my own notion of who I am has been deeply formed by the experiences that have created a New Left in this country, but now I find myself very close to the never-never land of people-over-thirty.

When I first picked up the cudgels of generation-

al conflict in 1957 there was no student movement, the war in Vietnam was known as the Indochinese war which the French had just lost, and poverty was thought of as something that had disappeared somewhere around 1939. Since then, I've been asked to speak "generationally" several times and I've helped to enunciate a generational perspec-

tive. It seems appropriate now, given the tension I feel, to stand back from the rhetoric and give it a second, critical look.

Young people today are not (as we're often reminded) the first discontented generation in this country. And we're not immune from doing what discontented generations of previous years have done, which is to eventually turn their discontent inward. Ex-radicals of the 'thirties ritualistically demean themselves for having been hopeful and naïve enough to believe in revolution and change. Perhaps twenty years from now *we* will be apologizing for our generation and its failures and its atrocities. We must begin to ask, is what we have real? Is it going to last? Are we going to be willing to stick by it twenty years from now? Is it conceivably something we could live by all of our lives?

To answer those questions, one has to do more than say that we're different, which is by and large all that our generational rhetoric does. One has to have the courage to look, as well, at how we're the same, to understand how we're like the people we say we're against, the men over thirty who run the the country and the war in Vietnam.

Unquestionably we're different in some ways. First, we are an affluent generation of the sort this country has never experienced before, free of want in a way our parents weren't and couldn't be. The kind of economic abundance many young radicals have personally experienced has freed us of the notion that you have to put up with a lot in order to have a decent life. Our minds have been let loose to try to fill up the meaning that used to be filled by economic necessity. This is the most significant differentiating feature of our generation, but it differentiates us primarily as a class; most American youths live as much under the heel of necessity as ever, and we speak for much less of the society than the sweep of our language might suggest.

Yet the difference is important because it insulates us from much of the pressure to compromise. It's very hard not to sell out in this society if you're poor. If you haven't got decent housing, or enough money to see the doctor when you don't feel well, then you'll find it hard to refuse whatever crumbs society might offer you to sap the political energy of your discontent. To say that it's hard is not to say that it's impossible. A woman I knew in Cleveland could have gone to college and received an increased public assistance allotment through the war on poverty, but that would have meant an end to her organizing work in the city. Her refusal of the money was astound-

ing when you consider what college could have meant to her in terms of economic security and a change in her own life. To take something that means mobility and security and say no to it when you're poor is heroic in a way that perhaps none of us will ever be asked to be heroic. But the fact that we are the first broadly based group in this society to be in a position to resist many economic pressures could mean a great deal for the ability of our social movements to sustain themselves.

The second thing that makes us different is the fading of status and social sanctions. We are not as wed to the rat race. Increasingly students see through the myth of the great American middle class and understand that they live in a highly stratified society in which social advancement and a secure status are goals that keep people from being self-determined. Again, our own comfortable status allows us to stand back and see how status can be used to capture people and keep them in line.

Third, and this is critical, we have abandoned the myth of inevitability that damaged radical movements of the 'thirties. We no longer believe that the revolution, or for that matter progressive change, is inevitable. The radical generation of the 'thirties believed that certain basic contradictions in the society would lead inevitably toward a social revolution. The decision to be a radical in the 'thirties was not quite a decision to make history; it was much more a decision to ride the tide of history. When suddenly it became clear that history was not magic but a much more complicated thing, many radicals despaired. The ideology that is emerging in the 'sixties will be built around the assertion that history is or can be man-made despite the fact that certain economic and technological forces condition or limit the kinds of deliberate structure men can give to their societies.

These three distinctions give some substance to the assertion that the New Left is new. However, each of them is largely negative. We have yet to create a positive alternative to the things we reject. In the absence of an ability to do that, I fear that the old myths are reasserting themselves, or will, and it is this that draws us back to the people over thirty.

Let me be specific. Despite all our talk about breaking with economic myths, we still allow ourselves to be defined and valued in terms of money. For example, we accept the notion that "good" students get scholarships, thus committing ourselves to the academic system and its very conservative methods of evaluating people. We

still look on people who don't have "good jobs," or worse yet, don't work, with suspicion and distrust. And we do all this despite our feeling that the way the society offers economic rewards is basically wrong. If we're not going to slip back into the old patterns of thinking about what jobs and money mean, we have to find new definitions of work and economic reward that are based on our ideas about what is worthwhile and important. Do we, for example, consider the man who gives up a career to organize politically against the Vietnam war and supports himself by part-time jobs and contributions from friends a kind of unusual and eccentric fellow; or should we argue that his is a basically human and sensible response to the problems of work and money, and consequently hold him up as a good example?

Again, although we reject status myths, most students still think of themselves as less than people; they still feel that the questions they have, the things that are important to them are insignificant. The academic system rewards people for mastering certain arbitrarily defined jobs and intellectual styles and consistently manages to avoid the questions we think are significant. Even though we know this, students still won't go into the classroom and say: "This is what I believe is important; why isn't it being talked about here?"

Finally, and most startling, although we reject the old revolutionary determinisms, there is a growing belief that the only force really shaping the future is the force of unleashed technology controlled by giant, impersonal, inhuman bureaucracies. Instead of radicals talking about historical inevitability, it is now the economic planners in the State Department who cluck truculently about "the great leveling force of technological development" that will in time assimilate all revolutions and all cultural diversi-



ty into one grand machine-civilization. We have stood Marx on his head, and in so doing, reasserted the old myth of inevitability. All that is gone is the revolutionary hopefulness that once existed about what the future might bring.

But the worst threat we face is cynicism. By cynicism, I mean the myth or belief that America never loses, that what America stands for at this point in history goes marching on invincibly, and that no resistance can turn it or change it or stop it. I think that most people, even people who call themselves radicals and say they're dedicated to creating movements for social change, tend to believe that. And that belief is what ties us to the beaten people of the 'thirties; it ties us to the beaten poor; it ties us to our parents. It ties us to the worker in the factory who can see no other alternatives. It ties us to a drab, hopeless conception of our own lives. That myth has to be broken if change is to happen.

We can just set aside all the rhetoric and all the junk about how we're against all sorts of things because that kind of talk begins to strangle us unless we can answer that one question: Do

we believe this country can be changed? Oddly enough, our answer to that question depends very much on whether we believe that we as individuals can be changed. The root of our cynicism is a sadness about ourselves, a fear that, in spite of everything, we are tied to the trajectory laid out by the society. And yet the strongest thing our generation has demonstrated is that people *can* change, can stand aside and resist, can help one another to be strong and lead lives that have integrity.

I do not believe that the future is inevitable. When I think of what this society can become a hundred years from now, I have at least two conflicting images. One is that it can embrace technocratic totalitarianism; that seems to be the drift. The other is that the technology and the bureaucracy can be mastered and put to work to create for everyone what we've begun to have a taste of, which is freedom from want. There is a chance to make basic provision for material necessities in this country and all countries, and once that is done there will be a chance for cultural freedom, for genuine differentiation, for a decentralized society; a chance for people in communities, collectivities, and political organizations to influence the things that are around them.

There is nothing in the cards that says we must have one kind of society or another. The future will be determined, if it is determined at all, by men, by people making decisions or not making them, by people choosing to resist and assert and grow, or not choosing. I don't know how many people believe that, or can. Maybe in a generation or two we'll have the answer.

To Mr. Potter

"... We want to try out various ways of living, to test, to probe, to experiment with different values ... for the rest of our lives."

by Robert A. Gross

Americans are so mesmerized by generational rhetoric that we've forgotten that the main questions facing us today aren't new: who are we? what will we become? what kind of society will we live in? The novelty of our situation lies, instead,

in the fact that so many people are asking these questions and that so few answers are available.

It's difficult to maintain an independent stance in this society, however, when you're under thirty. Everybody is competing for our souls. The Johnson Administration wants to fit us into the Great Society both at home and in Vietnam. Our professors push us to specialize early so that we can get advanced degrees in their field. The New Left, with its radical vision of America, tries to enlist us in the Movement, the permanent Opposition. We have to discover who we are in the face of everybody's constant attempt to provide the answer for us.

But few of us under thirty want to make a final commitment *now*; indeed, our desire for flexibility is our dominant characteristic. We want to try out various ways of living, to test, to probe, to experiment with different values—not only while we're young but for the rest of our lives. Is it possible to continue living this way?

We certainly have more opportunities to do so than ever before. This country presents us a fantastic array of choices, of life styles. Not only are we an affluent generation, able to resist—as Paul Potter says—numerous economic pressures, but our education gives us a wide range of freedom. In David Bazelon's words, we carry our "property in our heads"; we can work in Mississippi or the ghetto for a few years and on rejoining the system, can get better jobs than those who went straight to IBM. We have an incredible ability to reverse ourselves; we can drop in and out of the system at our pleasure.

This diversity only increases our difficulties in finding answers. At the same time, so much more depends on what we decide. We cannot avoid the fact that this country is in need of radical changes. The New Left is right: we have to end the domination of this society by the large, rigid bureaucracies which pay little attention to the needs of the people they are intended to serve.

Paul Potter's call to arms, while moving, unfortunately mirrors the present failure of our society, despite his radical rhetoric. Potter asks, "Is what we have real? Is it going to last? Are we going to be willing to stick by it twenty years from now? Is it conceivably something we could live by all our lives?" But I suspect that what our generation has produced, besides a penetrating critique of America's present failures, is merely a series of slogans for the future. How can we commit ourselves to these for the next twenty years, perhaps for the rest of our lives? How can we give up our new freedom by accepting such rigid demands? The problem with the Move-

ment (not Potter) is its belief that easy solutions are available for this country's problems so long as we don't "sell out."

I doubt whether we have any *permanent* answers to this country's plight. We have to accept the fact that the only thing certain in this

society is change, at an ever-accelerating pace. We have to prepare ourselves for this situation by learning the message of the hippies—to do our own "thing" while letting others do theirs. And we have to act on the belief that in the end, we are responsible only to ourselves.

ART ON TRIAL

by *Alfred Kazin*

Thoreau said that every generation abandons the old like a stranded vessel. This is a biological law in the arts as well. The new generation brings in the new men needed to change things. Often it takes just one man. But perhaps the attention paid to the generation gap points up an anxiety that is not so much competitive—between the generations—as it is an anxiety among young and old alike to ride with the times, to make the most of this violently changing, always exciting time, to get at the center of so much new energy and to identify with it. Something indescribably marvelous yet possibly terrible is going on for hundreds of millions of people. We all feel it. There is almost too much power around—for good and evil. The sense of our own power is heavy on the imagination.

Art changes all the time, but it never "improves." It may go down, or up, but it never improves as technology and medicine improve. All the wisdom we have collected about art has never helped the ungifted man to create. I read somewhere that science is a way of making the ordinary man intelligent. You cannot say of art what you can say of science—that it does grow on itself, that it creates a body of knowledge from which the individual can learn creativity.

Art changes only when remarkable persons—with a new technical language that is like a new human instinct—enter the picture. And when one such person does that, as we know from the influence of Eliot, Joyce, Picasso, Stravinsky—the next generation seems to live on him. Of course the historian, later on, will cite the sense of the time that such people possessed. But the uniqueness of the art language that makes the change makes it difficult for us to say, later on, just what is the relation between creativity and the age. It is the artist who illuminates the age, not the other way around.

On the other hand, when there is a lot of excite-

ment in the arts, possibilities in new materials, new techniques, visions of new space to be filled, when there are extensions of perception, it is easy to feel that great things are going on—or should be. The sense of a vast cooperative undertaking in our time, with our sense of space, is overwhelming. But the more immediate and abundant our technical power, the more we lose the naïve, spontaneous imagination. Then we feel hemmed in by the power world that we have made and that is constantly reshaping us—we rebel against the impersonality that we see all around us and fear in ourselves. So imagination today may be all too often the opposite of what we Freudians think imagination is. For a long time we have all assumed that by honoring the "unconscious," the "spontaneous," primitivism, childhood, and sex, we would find our way back to the lost pre-industrial paradise.

In point of fact, I believe that in our culture, the imagination gets more and more sophisticated, self-conscious, abstract, intellectualized, manipulative. We are Prometheans who have stolen fire from the heavens for ourselves—and there are no gods to punish us. I view twentieth-century "modern" art as a prolongation of Romantic aspiration—the hero of our drama is still the individual in all his self-confrontation. The Romantics upheld individual experience and understanding in protest against the classical cult of the general. But though we honor the irrational, the dreamlike, the "original" impulse, the attempt gloriously launched in the first twenty-five years of this century to win the mind away from a wholly acquisitive culture is more inspiring as history than as present fact.

Art can stand any tyranny, said the Russian critic and writer Andrei Sinyavsky—it cannot stand eclecticism. There are just too many ways of "knowing" these days for the artist to feel

like a whole man. One of the most telling comments on what art is considered to mean nowadays occurred when Sinyavsky went on trial in a Soviet courtroom and had to—tried to—explain to his judges that when a character in a novel makes a statement, the author is not to be identified with that statement. Sinyavsky tried to explain to these people that the anti-Semitic remarks of a character in a book by his fellow-defendant, Yuli Daniel (himself a Jew), are not his, but those of people he has invented.

As I read the testimony given in that Soviet courtroom, I felt that art was on trial before the state. I remembered the exchanges during the McCarthy period between Arthur Miller and the Congressmen. I thought of the argument that goes on all the time between teachers of literature and really hep students. *Why* is art important? *Why* is *King Lear* more important than a clever comic strip? Our students have all been taught to take a poem apart, but not why a poem is different and so important. Art in our modern sense, expressive, radical, world-building art, the art of Lawrence, Eliot, Faulkner, Joyce, Proust, Stevens, Klee, Picasso, Stravinsky—the art that shattered more bourgeois ways of thinking than the Russian Revolution—this has become more and more difficult to practice in a world in which the imagination is shamed by the predominant rules of rationality and coerced by so many suspicious powers that be. And distrust of the imagination, uncertainty about what it is, fear of being stuck with a loser—keeps many an independent artist from the innocent eye that he really needs.

Of course a lot of people are trying to get back to "spontaneous imagination" by way of cultivated disorder—LSD is now only one of many short circuits to "feeling like an artist." There is also a carefully cultivated violence in certain arts. But these pale imitations of freedom, these postures of hatred, these super-defiant hints of just how wicked the artist could still be, if only the squares would let him—these are just part of the swinging scene. To be an artist is now a bourgeois ideal. But Lawrence said, "Never trust the artist; trust the tale."

Money is more important than ever, but there's no longer any prestige in amassing money. Art now has a brighter luster than gold—not really, of course, but so it seems to many parched and disenchanted souls weary of the business cycle and the war cycle. And even if you don't succeed in writing a good poem, you exhibit psychic freedom and impress the undergraduates. Allen Ginsberg used to be a poet; now he's a swami, a guru, the poet showing himself and declaring himself and

encouraging others to show themselves and declare themselves. The writing of *poems* will perhaps not count as much. But Ginsberg is no threat to the state; and the loss of some possible poems, in our day when journalism as "history" dominates literature, is just white marks on snow.

The problem with the arts is that they may be becoming *trivial*. That is why I have this picture in my mind of dear Andrei Sinyavsky in a Soviet courtroom, trying to convey to his judges just what writing is about. He is paying for that failure with a harsh, possibly fatal sentence to a prison camp. Now despite the relative freedom we have in this country, our rulers, too, are more and more spoiled by power, quick to accept domination over things they don't understand. I think of all the care, calculation, money, and insensitivity that went to burn up those three astronauts, and I don't have to ask what we care about as much as we care about conquering "outer space." It certainly isn't "art." We don't respect art enough for it to shape our personal culture, our moral decision.

Supermarket Excitement

This writer living in New York today is not much impressed by the great new revolution in the arts. There's just too much slag. The excitement is in New York itself, in the stream of money pouring new hope into so many people, the constant change of fashion, the pop culture on display in all those Madison Avenue galleries and East River apartments, in the excitement that grabs on to the hope that art can mimic our hopelessly inflated surroundings. But how can you tell the dancers from the dance?

The action critic today is infatuated with the energy that seems to be pervading the art scene. Like the people who speak of getting "turned on," this new language in the arts can be very exciting. Obviously this feeling for advanced new rhythms everywhere has created some vital things. But what I'm talking against here is the state of mind that still sees art as self-expression. What the *self* gets out of making a work of art (especially when it doesn't make one) is irrelevant. In any event, modern literature is never directly about this conventional, social self, but uses it as a starting point for true self-investigation. Eliot said that poetry is not the expression of personality but the renunciation of personality. And that flies in the face of the American craving for unlimited self-satisfaction. In this whirligig we live in, this America so full of new buildings, automobiles



ads, supermarkets, in the midst of this glut, one
 es get sensations of enormous excitement and
 ssibility. Modern times! Modern art! Modern,
 modern! What a beautiful, exciting motion all
 ound us! These instincts, these fleeting connec-
 ns, may be expressed in art. When they are,
 ope to recognize them. But I don't think that
 king over the railing of a modern supermarket
 d looking at so much plenty, commotion, such
 wild mix-up as America presents to us, makes
 e an artist because this disorder makes one *feel*
 e an artist.

My friend Jules Feiffer tells the story of a
 ing lady wandering the fields of an artist col-
 y. She had a large pad and paint box, and some-
 e asked her, "Are you a painter?" She drew her
 f up haughtily and said, "What does the
 dium matter?"

Art is a very old habit with mankind, an old-
 fashioned way of *making* certain things. Litera-
 ture, when compared with science, seems extra-
 ordinarily conservative. It can't really use the
 promptings to new fashion that have been sounded
 here. The "eclectic"—the distracting—make for
 too many substitutes. Marshall McLuhan is a
 clever man, but look at him now, selling his ideas,
 preaching that the medium is the message. So
 far as he's concerned, he's right. The medium in
 pop hamburgers *is* the work of art. And all this
 tries to justify its salesmanship as intellectual
 parody, even "self-parody," designed to make you
 see the artist or publicist as a critic of these new
 media, when obviously he's enchanted by them.
 So there are writers who claim that America is in
 uch a terrible state that only "black humor" will
 do justice to the horror. But our society doesn't

disgust them in the least—it delights them, especially when it supports enthusiastically these lively, would-be subversions.

The question I ask myself is: can art say anything to the overwhelming power that rules us just now? What is the relation of art to power? Can it—with use to itself—criticize power?

Matthew Arnold said that poetry is a criticism of life. Tolstoy was so sickened by the poverty he saw everywhere that he decided it was wrong to write novels; they couldn't touch the worldly powers that permitted injustice, and justice mattered. These nineteenth-century ideas of good and evil cannot be dismissed. Sartre, who is ahead of most living writers in thinking out the writer's duty to his fellowmen, even suggests that it may be wrong to write advanced literature for a few intellectuals when most of the world's people are illiterate and hungry.

In America advanced artists and their propagandists like to identify their alienation from existing society—which only wealthy hedonists can afford—with social protest. I was bored to death by Andy Warhol's *The Chelsea Girls*; it seemed to be a preposterously unlimited exercise in self-indulgence. What is most striking about it: when those fabulously good-looking girls and Eighth Street cowboys were invited to ad-lib—hour after hour!—they had nothing to say. The intellectual poverty of these human dolls is striking. What had any of that to do with power, poverty, war, oppression? It was just a camp home movie with a blown-up review that identified the picture with the sense of outrage many artists feel about Vietnam.

Of course that's not true. The arrogance of our leaders hasn't been and can't be touched by the arts, no matter how angry they get. Probably nothing that artists do can ever touch Johnson and Rusk in the least. But let's not pretend that the new erotic art, whose real interest and achievement is to tell the squares what sexual Milque-toasts they are, is any challenge to the money and privilege that keep our society what it is.

Ours is an ugly civilization. Our cities are ugly, our mass houses are designed by welfare workers and engineers, the very air in our great cities is poisoned. Over two hundred American boys are being killed every month in Vietnam. While the rich are getting richer, and money gets more and more important in every aspect of life, the poor—especially the Negro poor—irritate the affluent and the comfortable as the wretched always irritate the prosperous. The great books of the past showed the selfishness, vanity, and destructiveness of mankind. We are just as selfish and vain as the

bourgeoisie we read about in Balzac. Where is the man who will describe *us* as we are? We look at soldiers being killed on our television screens, and we eat and drink as we look. Literature hasn't done a thing to improve our minds or our hearts.

Sartre said that to think of Proust during the war was to imagine a very fat lady in a tight velvet dress putting one bonbon after another into her mouth. American artists are more political than Proust ever was, but on me, at least, many American productions—advanced, commercial, super Broadway, off-off-Broadway—have the same effect. They are sensitive to the disgust in the air, but they don't touch on the lives we really lead. Nathaniel West wrote *Miss Lonelyhearts* because he still believed that to concentrate on so much suffering would somehow serve to shame people—to change them. I heard a speaker say how exciting it was to look down into a supermarket, to appreciate the disorder and vulgarity of panties and packaged bread being sold off the same shelves. More and more we are able to take the sacrifice in Vietnam of so many young men, the poisonous smoke in the air, the packaged panties and packaged bread—because the abundance of so much experience is exciting, even “aesthetic.” No wonder that Robert Lowell's new poems are haunted by the Roman Empire. We are a madly heedless domineering civilization. In this context, art is plaything.

A Few Good Things

All the wisdom that runs so fluently about art in our time is, like so much talk about art, irrelevant to its real interest. Its real interest is the gift of the maker: *making* is what “poetry” means. The gift shapes the work, which means that it is beyond the artist's feeling ill or well, happy or unhappy. Of course some profound individuality of spirit influences the creative deed. No one who loves Bach, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Blake, can miss the exceptional human person behind their works. The will to fame, the personal self-expression or self-healing of the artist, has nothing to do with the value of what he makes.

Obviously it's getting more and more difficult for the writer to find a quiet place in his own mind and heart to write a book from. There are too many rival claims. But art, in any generation, still consists of the making of a few good things. Let me point out that this particular time has produced some very good poets—Lowell, Roethke, Berryman—some very fine novelists—Mailer, Belloc, Flannery O'Connor, J. F. Powers, Ralph Ellison

ne extraordinary essays by James Baldwin. Nothing is a substitute for genuine literary achievement. When it's there and exists solidly the rest of us, we take heart—it helps us to live. As a teacher, I never get over the fact that a few people out of the 'twenties still provide essential ritual ground for young Americans worrying out the draft and sickened by Vietnam. In this dully sputtering, spurting, powerful, all-too-pow-erful country of ours, sometimes the only oasis for young people is a poem by Eliot or Frost, a story by Joyce, read in class.

to Mr. Kazin

... art will not disappear under the popularizers' banalities."

Bryan Dunlap

Those of us who manage to work our way through a college degree can hardly avoid absorbing the respect for art. We are taught that if we look at the right works long and reverently enough, we will be not merely delighted but in-structed. Art is *good* for us, that is, *useful*.

Since college has become less a place to cultivate the intellect than a launching pad for further spe-cialized study, the arts are simply one of the "en-gineering" components of the liberal-arts curricu-lum. When we graduate to more serious studies we can stuff the arts in the back of a closet, along with old textbooks and tennis rackets. Or we can carry them along as adornments to life which also give us occasional nuggets of truth. Either way our attitude is shaped by the belief—acquired as undergraduates—that we could be informed about nearly anything by listening closely in class and asking the professor what he wanted in written work. We have been trained to be passive art con-sumers, unable or unwilling to put forth effort in the matter of art.

In this there is no great difference between the under-thirties and over-thirties. The middle-aged man may sit through *Marat/Sade* unmoved be-cause it is *difficult*. Or the college student yawns and guffaws by turns at *Blow-Up*. While the mildly breadwinner sits glued to his TV all eve-ning. And the hippy on acid uses the TV screen's glow to aid his contemplation.

Still it is true that art of all kinds is being con-sumed in greater quantities today than ever be-

fore. People want to learn, to broaden their minds, to support culture. So they flock to see things—plays, movies, art shows—and read books, expect-ing that if they simply immerse themselves in these things, their values will come through. Why, after all, should the artist's message be less easily accessible than the morning paper or the eleven o'clock news?

Although their audiences are looking half-heartedly for the wrong things, it seems to me that young and old artists still take their calling seriously. Art did not stop short when the early twentieth-century masters died. And despite the hectic variety of life today—exciting and threaten-ing as it is—art will not disappear under the popu-larizers' banalities. Though the art promoters and consumers mistake the surface of their work for its depth, the serious artists I know are not tempted to trade their own considered purposes for fast gain. Nor are they of a mind to take ironic revenge on their "admirers" by falling into one or another of the publicly acceptable styles of art or behavior.

But it is demoralizing to artists of my genera-tion to know that they will be merely patted on the back by their contemporaries; that fine poets will reap no more than book reviewers' praise and academics' dissection; that audiences will walk out in uncomprehending disgust at the first inter-mission of an Ionesco or a Pinter play.

How can we find a way to join art to its public—not as product to consumer but as action to par-ticipant?

I can only sketch some possible answers. The education that teaches us to be fatuous about art must be altered. Teachers must radically criticize the distortions that society has imposed on art—of which the chief, perhaps, is the belief that no effort is required of the viewer. Colleges must modify the suffocating doctrine that studying art seriously means simply reaching for higher and higher values of scholarship.

Professors who already believe must begin to insist that knowing art is not a posture—a matter, say, of doing one's civic duty for the arts after graduation, or of conscientiously leafing through section two of the *Times* each Sunday—but an en-gagement with ideas and forms of expression which defy summary and simplification.

Artists, for their part, can help by seeking audi-ences on their own terms—not those dictated by the tradesmen and popular exegetes of art. They can demonstrate that the arts belong above all to those who make and those who need them. Instead

of accepting buyers and onlookers, they can search after sharers. The Free Southern Theater and the

Frederick Douglass Writers' Workshop have demonstrated, in the Black Belt and in Watts, some possibilities of this kind of cooperation. More free (as opposed to "educational" and subscription)

theater, more extended contacts between authors, painters, performers, and people—college graduates or not—who will listen to and, eventually, work with them, could turn possibilities into realities

MY ILLUSIONS AND YOURS

by William Jovanovich

When I entered college during the late 1930s, graduation from high school was momentous in creating a class difference in American society. For the eighteen-year-old who went on to college, the rites of passage were beginning; for the one who went directly to work, they had ended. Going to college opened a gap between the student and the worker, for if the student could believe that he was continuing his youth, the worker was convinced that he had all but abandoned it. George Orwell describes, in the context of the 'thirties, how a man's view of aging is related to his economic opportunity: "One of the few authentic class differences . . . still existing in England is that the working classes age very much earlier. . . . The working classes reach middle age earlier because they accept it earlier. . . ." This observation is clearly more pertinent to English society than to American, where the middle class has always created an *ambiance* of ambition and hopefulness; yet it was relevant to the United States a quarter of a century ago. By the time they had reached the age of thirty, there were actual physical differences between those Americans who attended college and those who did not. One sees, today, these differences amongst the middle-aged.

The college student of the 'thirties had reason to believe that higher education could ensure his youthfulness. He also had illusion: the popular models of the "collegian" in magazine fiction and the movies were persuasive, and there was a certain romance about the executive life in major corporations, which were relatively new at that time. Given an important job, the college graduate hoped to acquire the objects and affect the styles that would lend eventfulness, no less than comfort, to his later life. That the college student was more often than not frustrated in his hope, we all know. The fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Marquand, and Robert Penn Warren, among others, depicts the disappointment following upon the broken promises of affluence. Nevertheless, attending col-

lege during the 'thirties was generally regarded as a privileged passage *into* society, not a means of confirming one's alienation from it.

In the late 'thirties and early 'forties society was a most difficult place to pass into, whether or not one was pledged to its conventions. The Great Depression almost completely dominated our thinking. Even the young dissenter was more concerned with finding a job than with finding a faith. That the social order was in an appalling mess was generally conceded, yet the young did not consider themselves its special victims. Nor did the college radicals tend to identify themselves strictly by their generation. For them the current slogan "Don't trust anyone over thirty" would have seemed ridiculous, not only because it is a self-liquidating policy, but also because most of the



radicals in the country were in fact middle-aged.

There were, of course, many college students engaged in active dissent, which then largely took the expression of political doctrine and party politics. Most of the campus radicals I knew were Socialists, Trotskyites, Communists, and far-left New Dealers. Significantly, these radicals had only a tenuous and uneasy connection with young workers. For one thing, the campus radicals were not themselves working; for another, many of them were of middle-class origin. They presumed to speak for workers but were, for the most part, without experience in the ways of poverty, the laboring life, and unionism.

My own experience made me skeptical of campus radicalism. I was born to an immigrant family in a company-owned mining town. My father carried a rifle against the scabs in the Colorado coal strike of 1913-14. When I was eleven I watched strikers, with bullet holes in their coats and caps, visit my family one night after having been fired upon by the National Guard. At sixteen I drove a Montenegrin through the coal towns of northern Colorado so that he could recruit Slavs to fight against the fascist Nationalists in Spain; within a year he was killed in the Republican retreat from Aragon. Yet, I found little in common with the intellectual radicals I met at the University of Colorado and at Harvard. To me they seemed to be at the same time sentimental and doctrinaire, which is possibly the worst combination in the human personality.

Most radicals in the 'thirties were consciously intellectual in the European sense of the term. They readily accepted historical explanations, and propounded ideological interpretations of the social order. They saw the events of their own time through the prism of positivist ideas. Their intellectualism, in short, was based on *content*; it had limited but fairly constant referents. Dissent was in itself a social purpose for this kind of intellectual, who believed that he could forecast the course of the social evolution. He held that economic and political phenomena proceeded from historically determinable sources and should be judged, therefore, by systems of reasoning and not by personal or absolute values. This was a familiar approach even for those intellectuals who were radical without following a party.

Not unnaturally, the content of radicalism and dissent was rather inflexible. To the intellectuals' irritation, the political evolution of the American social order did not proceed as expected. Roosevelt and his New Dealers borrowed "Socialist" programs and ideas and tried them out expediently, and seemed quite satisfied with short-range re-

sults. More important, the American laboring classes did not behave as expected—they did not, notably, follow the European model by forming worker parties.

Yet it is relevant to note that none of us who were the campus intellectuals in the aftermath of the Great Depression was inclined to despise his own time. We did not look upon the emerging developments of technology, of mass education, of increasing urbanization as being part of an other-directed social process that was victimizing us personally, that was depreciating us as individuals. Few of us then would have assumed that there had been past periods in American society when life was more humane.

My recollection of a now old-time dissent is of course tempered by the circumstance of my own life. I do not mean to reveal a footless pride in my poor upbringing, and I take caution from what T. S. Eliot once told me about another writer: Eliot said that he referred too often to his illiterate grandfather and ought to stop congratulating himself on the old man. Nonetheless, autobiography may serve my purpose here still again. My elder son, Stefan, a 1966 graduate of Harvard, wrote me recently as follows:

I was in Cambridge yesterday, being young. There is a mood of nastiness in student life: the issues are magnificent but the ideas are brutal, like the slogans: "Make Love Not War" and "The War Is Good for the Economy, Invest Your Son." The only heroes are the people who sell you what you want. Fulbright and Kennedy are well liked, as Willy Loman was. . . . I remember during my second and third years at Harvard the tremendous energy we put into civil-rights demonstrations and projects. There were meetings but also there were collections of clothing and money.

But all that has died. Not because of the white backlash or Stokely Carmichael, but because helping the Negro takes consistent energy and organization. After the sit-ins and the marches came the more difficult problems of voter registration and open housing. That required work, not protest, and few people are able to commit themselves so fully.

So it is now Vietnam, not civil rights, that is the blunder of the old and the crisis of the young. But no one seems to understand the situation in Vietnam because it is historically new. The issue of pacifism is rhetorical for most of us. Marines don't really want to kill babies and maim old women. South Vietnam is a question of politics, not morality. It is the only big question since Cuba, and, like Cuba, it brings out the fears and prejudices of liberals and conservatives, and it makes parents remember to be old and stodgy and children remember to be young and wild. . . . Why is it that intellectuals, in both your generation and mine, are so

violent? Alger Hiss was impressed by Stalin because he played for keeps. Orwell understood the fascination of violence in politics for intellectuals who knew murder only as a word. Everyone is hot for confrontations and neither generation listens—even to itself.

It seems to me that my son's observations reflect a relevant difference between my former preoccupations in university life and his own. It is in part the difference between intellectualism as content, based on historical referents and systematic meaning, and intellectualism as style, based on individual sensibility. My son is concerned with his own values, his discrete moral responses, in judging a public crisis. He tends readily to personify public issues, and he is obviously distressed by the hazards of personal communication. He has discovered, somewhat uncomfortably, I think, that student dissenters are quick to be outraged but quick to forget. He once told me that the classic question whether the ends can ever justify the means—a big question in my day, when radicals so often answered one way for the Communists and another way for the Nazis—is really a “sniveling conundrum,” because means and ends are indistinguishable. The difference between us, maybe, lies there. As a young intellectual I sought to confirm what were the true and good ends of American society; that is, *I wanted to know the right things*. Stefan, twenty-five years later, seems to be concerned with finding supportable personal values, with embracing a tolerable life style; he seeks the means to respond honestly and truly to the acts of American society; *he wants to feel the right way*.

While I do not look upon my son's preoccupations as typifying an alienation from society, they could be so regarded superficially. The alienated seem generally to reject systems of ideas that have a present or prospective social consequence. Indeed, in its extreme form, alienation is a rejection of *all* systems of logical thinking, and therefore of political establishment. Kenneth Keniston, in *The Uncommitted*, suggests that alienation is in part a form of nostalgia. “In practice,” he says, “‘alienation’ has become . . . often synonymous merely with the feeling that ‘something is wrong somewhere,’ and that ‘we have lost something important.’” In short, the alienated person feels in some way cheated: society had a chance to make things good and it blew it; specifically, the old folks blew it. This notion is deep-dyed in our literature. Again and again the American writer has displayed a sense of aggrievement that something was lost on this continent, lost pointlessly and needlessly: one of his characteristic moods, to be

found in Herman Melville no less than in Saul Bellow, is a haunting sense of disappointment.

There is, in these two qualities of intellectual dissent—political and historicist radicalism on the one hand and personal alienation on the other—an opposite approach to the concept of an ideal society. The young radical of the 'thirties believed that an ideal society could be achieved by political action based on a whole doctrine. The alienated youth of the 'sixties seems to believe that the ideal society has been dissipated and is not recoverable by conventional political means; and that his only recourse is to protest any action by any authority that strikes him as insincere, self-serving, and inhumane.

The difference in these two approaches obviously widens the gulf between the “Old Left” and the “New Left.” Irving Howe, in *Steady Work*, doubts that many of the present-day campus intellectuals could qualify as radicals in the old sense of the term. “Their radicalism,” he says, “is vague and nonideological; it places a heavy stress upon individual integrity, perhaps more than upon collective action. . . . The campus radicals respond most strongly to immediate and morally unambiguous issues, such as Negro rights, free speech, etc. . . . they cast about for a mode of sociocultural revulsion from the outrages, deceptions, and vulgarities of our society. . . . In contrast, the radicalism of an earlier generation . . . [had] available movements, parties, agencies, and patterns of thought through which one could act. The radicals of the 'thirties certainly had their share of Bohemianism, but their politics were not nearly so . . . dependent upon tokens of style as is today's radicalism.” This is, in essence, the contrast as I see it.

It is not difficult to damn the old radicals as sentimental and doctrinaire and the new “uncommitted” as romantic and absolutist, and so to suggest, rather too comfortably, that the more things change the more they are the same. This is not, in any event, my purpose, which is not only to examine the changed quality of student dissent but also to suggest that universal higher education may be developing still another kind of intellectualism.

Within a generation, at least one-half of our population will have spent time in an institution of higher learning. Going to college does not at present create a class difference in American society. Certainly the difference between workers and students—except for most Negroes, and severely dispossessed whites—is not as great as it once was. The nation's general affluence makes it

possible for even the young worker to persist in stage of youthfulness and to affect, at least, the good life. Nowadays it is harder and harder to distinguish not only between the student and the worker but also between the very young, the near-young, and the middle-aged. One ought, I think, to rejoice in this.

Yet, the university, college, and junior-college systems—despite their vastly enlarged enrollments—cannot ignore the question whether they do not continue harmfully to isolate, or at least restrict the view of, students from the working, income-reducing run of society. Given the student population that will reach possibly twenty-five million by the end of the century, it is too late to question whether it makes sense to conduct higher education on campuses. It is too late only because the financial commitment—not the intellectual commitment—in them is irreversible.

Much of the argument over the purposes of the modern university, whether in the words of John Gardner or of Clark Kerr, is clouded by the recurring notion that the university is a surrogate for society, that is, either a substitute for society or simulation of it. It is, in fact, neither. The modern university is a major component in the service industry in America; it is indeed supplanting the large corporation as the new institution that wields power because of its size and oligarchic nature. Contrary to John Galbraith, the corporation is not growing as an economic force. America has become, as Victor Fuchs suggests, the first service economy in the world's history, with more than half of its employed engaged in handling services. College and university systems are enmeshed in the total economic and political organization. Local, state, and federal revenues are hugely devoted to education; teaching is a common profession; seven million students constitute a tremendous social force by their sheer number. Students and teachers alike are involved in services—they are both processors of information. When we finally come to credit this idea, we possibly will pay to young people direct incomes for the work they perform as students. Maybe then the notion of the university as surrogate for society will be disputed and it will be seen that education is the real business of America and not merely its beneficence.

If the colleges and universities are, as it were, institutional protagonists in contemporary life, then the nature of intellectualism on the campus is neither a remote nor a parochial issue, but, rather, one that is universal and representative. Indeed, alienation is not really the privilege of the college student or "The Young": university in-

structors, corporation executives, writers, and bureaucrats—all handling the stuff of information—find themselves asking whom it is they speak to and for what end.

If alienation persists as a sociopsychological condition, it will perhaps devolve from a new condition. The alienated person of the 1970s and 1980s will probably not be disaffected because of the broken promises of affluence but because of the broken promises of intellectualism. For intellectualism as a style of life, not less than materialism, can fail its promise, especially if it is not tested critically. Intellectualism that depends largely on sensibility has obvious limitations. It admits rather readily to shoddy thinking and to jargon.

The test of the "new dissent" is quite different from that of the old-style radicalism. The student dissenter in the late 'thirties was quick to vouch for the content of his thinking, for its sources and rationale, but he was less inclined to examine his own moral stance on current public acts and declarations. But the student dissenter of the late 1960s should, I think, submit himself to a different criticism. When he asks, "What is tolerable for human beings?" he should also ask, "What is possible for human beings?" It is the particular need of universities today to pose the whole question, "What is tolerable and what is possible?" and to provide students with the means to answer it.

Ultimately, the distinctions between the old radicalism and the new alienation may not persist. For I perceive the emergence of a new kind of intellectualism which will reconcile content with style, social purpose with personal sensibility. It is an intellectualism based on the practices of universal advanced education. A humanistic education is, after all, the most reasonable and least violent way to confront individual prerogative with social demand. We have perhaps forgotten that the American declaration to educate the whole population is a very radical idea. It is radical precisely because it makes society vulnerable to itself, open to change, subject to dissent. Advanced education becomes, ultimately, a way to distinguish people one from another, not by their possession of knowledge, but by their expression of it.

If a new intellectualism is arising, with education as its determinant, then I think it will create new forms of dissent. Such dissent will, possibly, avoid the excesses of both the old radicalism and the new alienation without necessarily sacrificing their permissiveness. One would hope, particularly, that it will be less doctrinaire and, as my son says, less violent. A certain tolerance ought to be possible among more or less educated people. It ought to be respectable for my son to ask an

old dissenter like me to admit his motives, and for me, in turn, to ask him to describe his ends. In fact, it is possible. Practically every tolerable thing is possible in America. We have not, after all, blown our chance, lost our option, closed the society. Someone once asked Mahatma Gandhi what he thought of Western civilization. "I think it would be a good idea," he said.

To Mr. Jovanovich

".... our society and its institutions prevent people from determining their own destinies."

by Mark R. Killingsworth

To call my generation of young people "activist" is a dangerous generalization. "Alienated" fits far better. It applies not only to the relatively few activists, who are seeking to change society because they feel alienated from its goals, but also to the vast herds of apathetic students, and to the masses of excluded youths, mostly Negro, who have never seen the inside of a college classroom.

As William Jovanovich suggests, activist protest in the 'sixties is often personal and subjective, unlike the political and intellectual protest of the 'thirties. Yet it is questionable to discuss the activists of any generation as a homogeneous group. I have found that "the" activists are often as different as Whitney Young and Stokely Carmichael. A critique of how activists express their alienation is no substitute for an analysis of what it is.

Most activists—and with them many of the apathetic and excluded—are alienated because they feel that our society and its institutions prevent people from determining their own destinies; that society robs people of their individuality and leaves them depersonalized and alone. A highly popular Beatles tune of last fall sings of Eleanor Rigby,⁶ a girl who "waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door," of Father McKenzie, "writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear," and asks in a haunting refrain: "All the lonely people, where do they all



come from? All the lonely people, where do they all belong?"

More specifically, as citizens many activists see a hypocritical society which condones the use of napalm but not marijuana; whose public officials seem to them insensitive or incapable before problems ranging from the ghetto to Vietnam. As students they see a bureaucratic educational system whose teachers are remote and uninterested in them; whose administrators never listen seriously to their views on issues (housing, academic problems, regulations, student activities) which vitally affect them; and in whose classrooms they are expected not to participate but merely to listen. As potential employees they see vast corporations and unions which cynically manipulate and depersonalize people rather than liberate them and provide interesting and challenging work. Such a society, many activists believe, cannot possibly fulfill the hopes and talents of the individual. Many seek a "participatory democracy," in which people participate as directly as possible in decisions which affect them, from their education to their work to their government's policies.

Hence much activist protest against existing society is by its nature highly personal and subjective, a blend which is at once radical and very conservative. Sometimes there is even a hatred of

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the majority—a belief that society and its institutions, whether supported by the majority or not, won't let the *individual* decide his own future, from his military service to his education. Sometimes this attitude becomes maudlin, self-glorifying, and downright frightening: As the "Assembly of Unrepresented People," gathered in Washington to protest Vietnam and other grievances, moved down the Mall toward the Capitol in August 1965, Staughton Lynd wrote, "It seemed that . . . had some been shot or arrested nothing could have stopped that crowd from taking possession of its government. Perhaps next time we should keep going . . ." Such an unlikely event would have resembled nothing so much as a skirmish outside a Munich beer hall thirty years ago, for, as Robert Kennedy says these days, even *his* position on Vietnam is in the minority.

Such beliefs produce a dilemma. Many activists detest the bureaucratic multiversity, which, they feel, turns students into so many depersonalized IBM cards. Yet to overcome the multiversity, don't the activists need the same degree of organizational sophistication? And would that not deny the very ideals which led them to the fray? At the University of Michigan last year I was amused to hear administrators warning against a possible Leninist-style activist take-over of a "student power" protest and then to see the activists—plagued by logorrhea and internal indecision over goals and tactics, and reluctant to trample on minority viewpoints within their group—unable to

take collective action. Individualism and participatory democracy are both the blessing and the curse of the activists, giving them a vague vision of a better society but often confusing their efforts to reach for it.

Yet the ultimate impact of the activists, I believe, will depend less on how they resolve this seeming dilemma than on whether they are able to mobilize the far more numerous apathetic and excluded youths and act on their grievances. The potential is already there. As Mayor Lindsay of New York pointed out in a remarkably perceptive 1966 speech, feelings of alienation and powerlessness were common elements in both the Berkeley student revolt and the Watts Negro riots; one could also point to the riots of usually apathetic students in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

The excluded Negro youth has shown his explosive potential in ghetto after ghetto. The apathetic student—who spends his time staring out classroom windows and has similar grievances against the educational system—can have a significant impact when catalyzed by the activists at places like Berkeley or Michigan.

A friend of mine once expressed surprise at all the "Penny Pompom sorority-girl types" who were in the "student power" protest at Ann Arbor. Success for the activists thus may depend not so much on where "all the lonely people" come from or belong, but more on where they are going and whether the activists can get them there.

NEW BEGINNINGS, NEW HOPES

by Ronnie Dugger

When I was in college, the new sexual freedom, as I understand these difficult-to-define differentiations, was about ten years away. In my opinion, there is now far too much to-do about the new morality. The mass media distort our natural understandings because things sell better when they're presented as a big deal. People sleep together now more easily and more readily, and often just for the pleasure of it, like extended conversation. Good. Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*, about civil liberty and toleration, has now found the mark in our sexual life, too; we apply "live and let live," *laissez-faire* to private life. Good. Writers can proceed within wider amplitudes, with honest language. Good.

These things are a victory, a breakthrough, that is past; it is over. Nor, although it has removed negatives, does it solve very much.

It takes a time to find it out, but sex as a source of meaning or validation gets old, long before it gets old in itself. We all still have to love well, to live fairly, to do good. The writers and the artists still have the same problem they did, to make a work of art, and they have even more to do, for now that most of the priests and the preachers are speaking in tombs, somebody has to prophesy, somebody has to say "should." Thinking on our own ethically in the situations we find ourselves in, we of course know what the old ways say, we see why they say what they do, and to an extent

we are enclosed in their vestigial forms, and we consider all that. But I do not think Christianity guides us inside anymore in our sexual lives, just as I do not think the edificial church (as distinguished from the minority church, the portable church, that is emerging) has behaved ethically on social justice, on Vietnam, or on hate by race. Indeed, it is the corrosion of orthodox religion as our inner monitor that has cast us all into the free but gloomy limbo of these times.

The plain truth is there have been, among us, a multitude of total abandonments of the orthodoxies, and a multitude of new beginnings. This way it's harder, but it's more interesting. We find afresh in our own lives the same experiences, the surprises of pain, the limits of ideals, that suggest to us how we should act toward others—the same touchstones from which, one assumes, the religions calcified their moral forms. Where now is the new church, if there is one? It is among us, not beyond us or above us. And where, if it is, is the new faith? It is among us, in what we do with each other. Nor just in private, nor just in public, nor just in the city, nor just in this land.

We radically suspect that we are participating in the fall of the United States from virtue and grace within, and in the world. And we know that human beings can slaughter men, women, and children by the millions at Dachau and Hiroshima, and still hold themselves upright thereafter; we know that the world can be destroyed, now, by accident, by misunderstanding, or by hate and pride.

Why, Stanley Kauffmann has asked, do the old pay so much attention to the young? It is because things are coming apart, and we who have been supposed to have been keeping them together are looking anywhere, including to the young, for insights, for explanations of why we are failing and prophetic clues that will help us in the time we each have left.

The questions are, what we are, and whether we have time enough to change. Our special difficulty in these, our times, is simply the weight of our burden. This is our country, we are here, and we detest to see it failing. And there is the still larger fact that with all the power our country has and will not stop having, if we are finally failing, we are not likely to go down benignly, but "raging, raging, against the dying of the light," like a poet, power-maddened and drunk, destroying the world he loves. Tom Hayden writes, "What is desperately needed is the person of vision and clarity, who sees both the model society and the pitfalls that precede its attainment, and who will not destroy his vision for short-run gains but, instead, [will] hold it out for all to see, as the furthest dream and perimeter of human possibility." I think this is right. Taking strength from the free private life, but not accepting enclosure within it, each of us is called upon to give all he is able to give to our common endeavor, the validation of man as a moral being. We must help each other in this, and we must be far more serious than we have been, for the outcome is in doubt.

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or, **THE ONE AND ONLY** **W. C. FIELDS**

by Corey Ford

W.C. Fields, the funniest man who ever lived, was even funnier offstage than on. His drawn-out rasping voice was the same, of course, but he had an infectious giggle, a falsetto *he-he-he-he* like the chirp of a cricket, which I never heard him use in his professional work. And his daily speech was as extravagantly florid as anything in his movies. Because he was a zealous reader of the eighteenth-century English novelists, their phraseology came naturally—"betwixt" or "forsooth" or "hither and yon"—and he was the only person I knew who started sentences with the word "likely."

We had a weekly date to dine together at Chasen's in Hollywood. Over his eighth or ninth martini, Bill was wont to lapse into sentimental recollections. I never knew how much of what he said was factual, for Fields, a true artist, constantly embellished his stories with new imaginative touches.

Now and then he would dwell on his early boyhood in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. He was born William Claude Dukenfield, the son of poor but dishonest parents. His mother would lie abed until midday—"besotted with gin," Bill emphasized to me carefully—and when she heard the noon whistle she would leap to her feet, pausing only to tie on an apron and dash some water over

her face. Then she would stand on the front steps, mopping the bogus perspiration from her brow with the corner of the apron, and sighing, "Been working all morning over a hot stove," as the neighbors walked by. "Good day to ye, Mrs. Muldoon," she would beam, and add, after the stroller was out of hearing, "Terrible gossip, Mrs. Muldoon. Oh, and how are *you* today, Mrs. Frankel?" Another pause as she passed. "Nasty old bitch, Mrs. Frankel." Bill's hypocritical greetings and asides were clearly patterned on his mother.

His nasal drawl, on the other hand, was a heritage from his father, who made a scanty living hawking fresh vegetables from door to door, which he advertised in a hoarse adenoidal voice. Forced against his will to assist his father, young Bill devoted himself to mimicking the elder Dukenfield, chanting in the same singsong whine a list of "vegetables" whose names he liked: "Pomegranates, rutabagas, calabashes." When housewives hurried out to purchase these exotics, his father would explain that his son was new to the job, and then clout him on the ear when they were out of sight.

Once, at the age of nine, Bill sneaked past the ticket taker at the local vaudeville house, and spent a fascinated afternoon watching a juggling act.

Filled with enthusiasm, he stole some lemons and oranges from his father's cart and practiced the new art. "By the time I learned to keep two of them in the air at once," he said, "I'd ruined several dollars' worth of fruit." His father, catching his son in the act which would one day make him famous, gave him a beating. Resolving to square accounts, Bill "rejected certain measures which might have elicited the attention of the coroner" and settled on the simple solution of hiding on a ledge above the stable door, poising an empty orange crate. His father entered, Bill flattened him, and left home at the age of eleven, never to return.

Fields' very appearance evoked shouts of laughter from an audience: the manorial air that was so obviously false, the too benign smile, the larcenous eye. He had the round ruddy face of a dignified and slightly felonious country squire. Its most prominent feature, the celebrated red-veined nose, would grow redder like a warning light if he felt he was being victimized. When an insurance company doctor refused to renew his health policy, he protested to Gene Fowler, "The nefarious quack claimed he found urine in my whiskey."

Fields' distrust of doctors and lawyers was neurotic. Bankers were even worse, he held. In order to outwit them, he deposited small sums of money in banks scattered all over the world, even stepping off a train to open an account in a small town while the engine was taking on water. Some of the accounts were under his own name, but most of them were credited to Figley J. Whitesides or Dr. Otis Guelpe or Larson E. Whipsnade, names which he had accumulated in the course of his travels. Since Fields never took anyone into his confidence about his financial arrangements, and no bankbooks showed up after his death, it is probable that a sizable fortune is still stashed away in various banks under various assumed names.

Children were another of Fields' pet phobias. "Of course I like little tots," he would protest righteously, "if they're well cooked." Once, when a pimply youngster spotted Fields and ran across the sidewalk, holding out a notebook and pleading, "Can I have your autograph?" Fields replied pleasantly, "Why, of course, yaas, to be sure," and inscribed his name with a flourish. The boy stammered his thanks, and Bill patted him fondly on the head. "Quite all right, my nose-picking little bastard," he pronounced in benediction.

"When I was a little tot," he recalled one eve-

ning at Chasen's, "I had to earn my way into the circus by lugging water for the elephants. All day long I would trudge back and forth, staggering under the weight of the burdensome receptacles till my arms were numb. Then and there I made a vow that, if I ever succeeded in life, I would donate a sum of money to help some other little tot like myself who had to lug water all day. Waal," and Bill made the gesture of peeling an imaginary glove off his hand and shrugged modestly, "fate proved kind to me, I was blest with more than my share of life's riches, and one day I thought of the money I'd vowed to give that poor little tot lugging water." His eyes narrowed. "And then I had a second thought: f— him."

Strangely, his language, though generously larded with obscenities, never seemed to me off-color or offensive. His drawling voice and squire-like dignity robbed a four-letter word of any suggestion of smut. Fields was genuinely embarrassed by dirty stories, particularly when told in the presence of women. If someone started a bawdy anecdote in mixed company, he would make some excuse to leave the room, or wander around uneasily in a pretended search for a match.

Still another of Bill's innumerable prejudices—his dislike of birds—led him to sell his home in Toluca Lake, California, an imposing mansion with broad green lawns sloping down to an artificial lake populated by numerous ducks and swans, which used to roam over Bill's property and hiss at him, an unforgivable affront to an actor. Whenever Bill spotted one of his web-footed adversaries cropping his grass, he would place a golf ball in position and drive it accurately at the intruder with a number-four iron, whereupon the outraged bird would flap its wings and chase Bill up the lawn into the house.

Norm McLeod, who directed Bill in a picture for Paramount, once discovered him outdoors early one Sunday morning, clad only in pajamas and carpet slippers. Fields was wandering around on his grass, which was liberally dotted with unsightly white droppings. Grasping a heavy cane by the stick end, he was swinging it right and left and bellowing in a voice which must have penetrated every neighboring boudoir: "If you can't shit green, get off my lawn!"

Bill's capacity for alcohol was enormous but I never saw him show the slightest effect. "I have a system," he confided to me once. "I know I've had enough when my knees bend backward." Although pictured by the public as a lush who indulged in wild drinking sprees, Fields had nothing but contempt for the thick-tongued staggering drunk, and would order a friend from his house if he

Cory Ford's article on W. C. Fields will appear in slightly different form as a chapter in his book "The Time of Laughter, A Sentimental Chronicle of the Twentieth," to be published later this month by Little, Brown.

became tipsy. "Gives drinking a bad name," he would growl. His own day started with a modest breakfast of two martinis, and lunch consisted of another couple of martinis which he washed down with some heavily spiked imported beer. He brought a giant foam-rubber ice bucket of martinis each day to the studio, the rear of his car was converted into an efficient bar, and he would secrete a dozen whiskey miniatures in the pockets of his golf bag before setting out for an afternoon on the links. "I always keep a supply of stimulants handy in case I see a snake," he liked to explain, "which I also keep handy."

Alcohol seemed to calm his nerves and put him in a relaxed mood for a performance. "His timing was better when he was drinking," Mack Sennett claimed. "He was sharp, sure, positive." Every so often, after a hospital siege, he would "go on the wagon." This, I discovered, meant that he gave up martinis, and drank only bourbon and Scotch and beer and brandy.

Fleeing the Yokels

In his first famous role, *The Tramp Juggler*, Bill displayed the skill he had acquired with his father's oranges and lemons by juggling twenty-five cigar boxes balanced end on end with a rubber ball on top. He employed no patter, causing *Variety* to observe, "Why Mr. Fields does not speak is quite simple. His comedy speaks for him." As his reputation grew, Gene Buck signed him for the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1915*, where he became part of a glittering cast which included Ed Wynn as "Himself." It was in the *Follies* that Fields introduced his immortal pool-table act, using an ancient billiard cue warped into a spiral.

Ed Wynn and Fields, as rival comedians, were constantly vying for laughs. During one performance, Wynn concealed himself beneath the pool table and tried to steal the scene by smirking and winking at the audience. Fields became uneasily aware that his laughs were coming at the wrong places, and his eye caught a suspicious movement under the table. He waited until Wynn, on all fours, carelessly stuck his head out too far. With a juggler's perfect timing, Fields swung the butt of his cue in a half-circle and lowered it into his rival's skull. Wynn sagged to the floor while Fields continued his game serenely amid boisterous applause. Every time that Wynn struggled back to consciousness and emitted a low moan, the audience laughed louder.

In the *Follies* he gradually built the familiar character of a frustrated man, harassed by inani-

mate objects over which he had no control, which was to reach perfection in 1923 with *Poppy*. In this musical comedy, Fields played the role of Eustace McGargle, a magnificent fraud who gained his livelihood by fleecing the local yokels at county fairs. The grandiose elequence and unctuous smile of the mountebank, urging the innocent farmers to participate with him in the shell game and then commenting in an aside, "Never give a sucker an even break," established the pattern which Fields followed the rest of his life.

Poppy was an enormous success, and Bill, in a tender moment, brought his mother from Philadelphia to New York to watch his performance. "Why, Claude, I didn't know you had such a good memory," was Mrs. Dukenfield's cryptic comment. At supper after the show, Bill regaled her with hair-raising tales of his travels among savage tribes in the South Pacific. "One night some aborigines invited me to dinner," he began, "a tasty repast, starting off with whale . . ."

"Gracious," Mrs. Dukenfield interrupted, "I should think that would have been a meal in itself."

Bill's pictures, all of which were written by him under assorted improbable names, violated every known moral code, and endorsed such enterprises as swindling, theft, and other larcenous aspects of human nature. He used to dash off a screenplay on the back of an old grocery bill and then sell it to the studio for \$25,000. Since his contract gave him story approval, he would then notify the studio that he had rejected the script, and compose a second one for another \$25,000. (Once he reputedly built up his total take on a single story to \$85,000.) After the script was finally approved and paid for, he would toss it aside and ad-lib on the set as he went along.

His cantankerous attitude worsened as he became a star. He refused to sign a lucrative contract with Paramount until he was given complete autonomy in the preparation, direction, and production of his films. He was equally rebellious during his radio appearances on the Lucky Strike program, and kept referring to his son "Chester" for several weeks, until the sponsors belatedly realized that "Chester Fields" might indicate a rival product.

Handy Nightcaps and Loudspeakers

Of all the houses that Fields occupied while in Hollywood, his favorite was a run-down Spanish mansion on De Mille Drive, north of Hollywood. He had leased it during the Depression for the

bargain price of \$250 a month, including the services of a Japanese gardener. When conditions improved, the landlord offered to renovate the old house if his tenant would agree to a financial readjustment. "Not one cent for tribute!" Fields roared. "Let the joint fall apart!"

Before long, the wallpaper hung in tatters, the warp of the carpet showed plainly before the three bars, and chunks of plaster occasionally fell from the ceiling onto the pool table in the drawing room. The living room was given over to a Ping-Pong table. The dining room featured a barber's chair, complete with towels and aprons, in which Bill used to daze when troubled by insomnia. (In his early days, he had found that getting a haircut in a warm, padded barber's chair was one of life's greatest pleasures.) With his native distrust of servants, he had fitted every closet and storeroom door with a special lock to guard his liquor supply, and he kept some thirty keys on a chain in his bathrobe pocket. His bedroom, which he called his "office," contained a combination bar, desk, and bed, with slats like a crib to keep him from falling out. When his steps grew feeble, he would feel his way along the desk to the bar, and reinforce his strength with a nightcap.

He had an abiding fear of burglars, and his solution, of which he was inordinately proud, was an intercom system, with the master microphone in his office. Loudspeakers were concealed everywhere: in the pantry, down in the cellar, inside chandeliers, under washbasins, behind pictures, and back of the front door knocker—a carved woodpecker which the guest activated by yanking a string. If Bill heard a suspicious noise during the night, he would grope to the desk and pick up the microphone and bellow into it, "Stand back. I've got you covered!" and then go back to bed, confident that the intruder would remain with his arms raised until morning.

During the war, on my way out to the Pacific Air Force duty, I stopped off in Los Angeles and took a cab out to De Mille Drive. As I reached for the string of the doorknocker, the woodpecker yelled, "Let go of me, Ford!" in Bill's snarling voice. (He had a telescope in his office, I learned later.) Bill came downstairs, clad in his disreputable white bathrobe and holding a tall glass filled with a yellowish liquid. "Bring my guest a Scotch highball," he bellowed to the butler, "and I'll have another martini." He drank four shakerfuls of martinis during my visit, and his good humor expanded. At last it came time to leave, and Bill presented me with an affectionately inscribed photograph of himself, not in clown costume but in street attire with his face turned

toward the camera so that his oversized nose did not show. I've never known what impulse prompted him to give me his picture. I made my way carefully up the uneven tile walk, for my knees were beginning to bend backward, and he waved his glass to me gaily as I reached the gate. It was the last time I ever saw him.

I returned to Hollywood shortly before Christmas of 1946, and Dave Chasen told me that Bill had lost the De Mille Drive house when his lease expired, and had moved to a sanitarium in Los Encinas to sit in a rocking chair and await the Man in the Bright Nightgown. Dave and Billy Grady, Fields' onetime business manager, planned to drive out to see him on Christmas Day, a holiday which Fields always loathed. "I believed in Christmas until I was eight years old," he told Gene Fowler. "I had saved up some money carrying ice in Philadelphia, and I was going to buy my mother a copper-bottom clothes boiler for Christmas. I kept the money hidden in a brown crock in the coal bin. My father found the crock. He did exactly what I would have done in his place. He stole the money. And ever since then I've remembered nobody on Christmas, and I want nobody to remember me either."

Dave promised to take me along to Los Encinas on his next visit. "Bill isn't allowed any callers," he said, "but we'll manage to get in somehow." That was when I realized how seriously ill he was.

Dave phoned me late that Christmas afternoon. He and Billy Grady had arrived at the sanitarium about noon, he said, with a hamper of delicacies from the restaurant and several bottles of whiskey. They made their way to Bill's bungalow, and Dave rang the bell and then knelt down, a simple gag designed to startle the party opening the door. A nurse answered the bell, weeping. "Mr. Fields died this morning," she said.

Dave climbed to his feet in silence, and they drove back to Hollywood through a tropical deluge, which flooded the streets with such a boiling torrent that a man stepped out of his car and was swept into a sewer and drowned. ("Rain dampens sidewalks in Los Angeles area," the *Los Angeles Times* reported grudgingly the next day.) It was the kind of Christmas Bill would have relished.





Alfred Balk

GOD IS RICH

*How the churches are growing more affluent—
at the expense of the American taxpayer.*

One of the nation's least speculative growth industries with a broadly based and expanding blue-chip portfolio is never listed on any stock exchange. Largely exempt from federal, state, and local taxes, it is also free of union problems and virtually depression-proof. This burgeoning enterprise is American organized religion, which could, "with reasonably prudent management, control the whole economy of the nation within the predictable future." This is the view of Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, general secretary of the World Council of Churches. Like many thoughtful clergymen, he is greatly troubled by this prospect. But it is not a visionary forecast.

Every year American religious organizations gather in contributions of about \$5 billion and invest nearly \$1 billion in new facilities. The value of their "visible assets"—land and buildings of all kinds—is approximately \$79.5 billion—almost double the combined assets of the country's five largest industrial corporations, according to a study sponsored by Protestants and Others United for Separation of Church and State, a privately financed organization. Of this treasure, approximately \$44.5 billion worth is held by the Roman Catholic Church. This estimate has not been challenged. Indeed, a Catholic priest, the Reverend Richard Ginder, goes even further. "The Catholic Church," he writes, "must be the biggest corporation in the United States."

The holdings of religious organizations are by no means limited to such benevolent undertakings as churches, parsonages, schools, recreation camps, or low-cost housing projects. In Los Angeles, for example, the Temple Baptist Church owns the Philharmonic Auditorium and office

building; the Muskingum Presbytery of Ohio operates a cement-block factory in Arizona; the United Brethren Church in Milbank, South Dakota, is in the butter and cheese business; California's Christian Brothers—a monastic order—are major winemakers and one of the country's leading producers of brandy; and a Southern California sect—the Self-Realization Fellowship—operates a chain of eateries featuring Mushroomburgers.*

The Mormon Church in Utah includes among its holdings the Salt Lake City *Deseret News*; radio-TV station KSL; a department store; more than 100,000 acres of farm-ranch land (managed through a holding company, Zion Securities Corporation); and Laie Village in Honolulu, which *Variety* has called one of the best "potential tourist catchalls to be found on an island paradise already teeming with tourist bait."

Large blocs of stock in Republic and National steel corporations and in the Boeing, Lockheed, Curtiss-Wright, and Douglas aircraft companies are held by the Roman Catholic Jesuits. In addition, the same order has a substantial interest in the immense Di Giorgio Fruit Company which operates in California, Florida, and Central America, and runs its own steamship fleet.

The \$200-million assets of the Knights of Columbus—the Catholic fraternal and proselytizing group—include a steel-tube factory, several department stores, and the land under Yankee Stadium

*Christian Brothers, since losing a lawsuit a decade ago, pays substantial federal taxes. Several other businesses mentioned in this article now also enjoy only a partially tax-exempt status. Virtually none, however, is taxed at regular rates on all dividends, interest, inheritances, and rental income.

in New York City. Boasting the most ecumenical portfolio of all, the Protestant Cathedral of Tomorrow in Akron, Ohio, owns a shopping center, an apartment building, an electronics firm, a wire and plastic company, and the Real Form Girdle Company. "This is preposterous," said the executive secretary of the Associated Corset & Brassiere Manufacturers when *Women's Wear Daily* disclosed this somewhat esoteric church holding under the headline, "ROCK OF AGES ON FIRM FOUNDATION." But the pastor of Cathedral of Tomorrow, Reverend Rex Humbard, was unruffled. Noting that churches are in all sorts of businesses he commented cheerfully, "What difference does it make if it's a girdle company or an airplane company?"

The Area Is Delicate

The precise facts about the business affairs of religious organizations are not easy to come by. For unlike the foundations, educational institutions, and other agencies which also enjoy tax exemption, the religious groups are not required to file declarations of their assets, income, expenditures, and investments with the Internal Revenue Service. Compounding the mystery, public officials are chronically timid in the delicate area of church-state relationships. Hence they have been amazingly lax in defining just what constitutes legitimate religious activity or a bona fide religious group.

Their uniquely favored tax position was bound to make the churches rich, as the country's economy and population zoomed and their membership grew. Abetting the trend has been the increasingly secular outlook of churches, particularly in the affluent suburbs. Ministers today—as one bluntly told me—must operate on two levels: the prophetic-teaching-counseling level and the corporate level. To aid the pastor in his corporate functions many congregations retain promotion and fund-raising counselors who—for a fee—help churches extract building funds from their members. Several denominations run management seminars for ministers, and some of the more affluent parishes take on a church business manager as a permanent and influential staff member.

The "edifice complex" afflicting religion in America is not, of course, confined to the Christian churches. Elaborately designed and lavishly equipped synagogues abound. But, for the moment at least, Jewish religious organizations are not heavily involved in commerce. This may be simply because America's fewer than six million Jews are

not numerous or cohesive enough; or possibly because through centuries of experience they have learned that a religion grows too opulent at its own peril. (The vast wealth of the Catholic Church, after all, spurred the Reformation and expropriation of ecclesiastical property in several countries since then; the properties of the Church of England today are so huge they are administered by a joint church-governmental Church Estates Commission.) I questioned a rabbi on the staff of the Synagogue Council of America, which represents orthodox, conservative, and reform congregations, about businesses operated by religious organizations. "The Synagogue Council has adopted no policy on the question," he said. "Speaking personally, I feel no business investments should be tax-exempt. Synagogues have a long tradition against becoming involved in investments and commercial business."

Many clergymen of other faiths share this view. But most are powerless against the business-oriented laymen who pay their salaries. For this reason the rector of a large suburban Episcopal church rejoiced over the peculiar terms of a recent \$300,000 bequest: the executors of the will rather than the church's vestrymen are to decide how the money will be used. "Now we can actually fill an urgent need—establish a counseling center," he said. "If the decision rested with the vestrymen we'd probably end up with a larger parking lot or God knows what other elaborate adornment."

Particularly distressing to idealistic clergymen is the fact that so much of the mounting wealth of the rich churches stays right in the same affluent parishes where it was collected. In Chicago, for example, in a typical recent year, Protestant churches received some \$75 million. But, according to the best available estimates, no more than \$6 million was spent outside of the area where the money was raised. In a speech to the General Assembly of the National Council of Churches last year, Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey charged that the nation's Protestant and Orthodox churches devote to services for people outside their congregations a sum averaging no more than 41 cents a month per capita for every church member in America. Shortly after becoming Bishop of Rochester, New York, last winter, the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen protested publicly against this trend. He proposed a graduated tax on all

Alfred Balk combines work as feature editor of "Saturday Review" with free-lance writing. He is a former reporter for the Chicago "Sun-Times." Among his articles for "Harper's" was a guest Easy Chair last October on zoning ordinances as an "Invitation to Bribery."

urch construction and reconstruction in his process, the proceeds to be devoted to helping "the or in this city . . . and the poor in the world." Whether this plea will be widely heeded seems problematic at a time when the marketing of religious building construction bonds has become a burgeoning new field of finance. The president of a firm specializing in underwriting "religious" construction says the business involves "not millions but billions to be spent."

The Profits Are Sacred

Owing to a little-publicized legal anomaly, churches have an almost unique financial incentive to operate profit-making commercial enterprises. The Internal Revenue Service grants exemption from federal income tax to churches on "unrelated business income." Thus, if a church or other non-profit religious organization is the owner of real estate, profits are tax-free whether or not the business is directly related to the owner's primary mission, and whether or not the church staff directly manages the profit-making enterprise. Prior to 1950, all general charitable, educational, agricultural, scientific, literary, and fraternal organizations also were accorded this favored tax treatment. But the first overall post-war revenue reform severely circumscribed most of these exemptions. In effect, only religious organizations and certain nonprofit educational, social-welfare, and fraternal societies retain this lucrative tax concession. Why were churches, but not private schools and nonsectarian social agencies, for example, exempted?

Everybody is reluctant to do anything to suggest he is against religion," a Congressman told

This tax immunity has spurred religious organizations to enter a whole spectrum of business activities. In the process many erstwhile private enterprises have been removed from the tax rolls and serious problems have been created for taxing competitors. In Dayton, Ohio, for example, the president of a firm called Technology, Inc., complained that he had been underbid on a \$500,000 Air Force contract because the winning bidder, the University of Dayton, is operated by the Roman Catholic Society of Mary and therefore is exempt from corporate income taxes. The federal government, Technology, Inc., would have had to pay more than the \$10,000 by which the firm was underbid. In New Orleans, another Roman Catholic institution, Loyola University, long has operated profitably (and tax-free)

one of the city's three largest radio-TV stations, WWL and WWL-TV, a CBS affiliate.

"When I pay talent or buy feature film," said an executive of a competing TV station, "I've got to use after-tax dollars. They use before-tax dollars. The university and its station are good citizens in our community, but I can't believe this is a fair thing."

(As a TV station WWL does not, however, seem overpowered by its "good-citizen" responsibilities. As of last spring, its evening programming in prime time consisted chiefly of movies; New Orleans viewers saw "CBS Reports"—the network's principal public-affairs series—only because the local educational station presented it on a delayed broadcast.)

Commercial enterprises as well as the churches have lately found the religion business uniquely useful, thanks to a new gimmick known as a "sale and lease-back" arrangement. Here is how it works: a church or religious organization buys a business, financing the purchase with a mortgage. It then leases the plant back to the same operators. The church takes most of the earnings—perhaps as much as 80 per cent—as rent on which it is not taxed—and thus pays off the mortgage in installments. In effect the business buys itself. Since it pays no taxes the church can, of course, offer the original owner a higher price than an ordinary tax-paying purchaser. This is the moral of an article in a recent *Executive Tax Report*, a newsletter published by Prentice-Hall. "HAVE YOU PUT A PRICE ON YOUR BUSINESS?" a headline asks. "YOU MAY BE ABLE TO DOUBLE IT BY SELLING TO A CHARITY." "An ordinary buyer is interested only in earnings after taxes—that is all he gets to see," the article explains. "But a tax-exempt buyer keeps a hundred cents on the dollar. So a fair price for a charity would be . . . twice what you figured."

Andrew D. Tanner, a Nashville attorney who conducted a study of church tax exemptions for the National Conference of Christians and Jews, estimates that a church can generally recover the entire cost of the property, plus interest, in no more than twenty years.

In 1953 the Knights of Columbus used the "sell and lease-back" technique to acquire the land under Yankee Stadium in a series of financial moves involving a Chicago broker. The same method enabled three Bloomington, Illinois, churches—the First Baptist, First Christian, and Second Presbyterian—to purchase the 435-room Biltmore Hotel in Dayton from the Hilton Hotels chain—without spending a penny of church money.

"Wealthy members pledged \$200,000 in personal loans for the down payment," the *Wall Street*

Journal reported. "The hotel was leased back to the chain with rent to be applied against interest rates and the balance of the debt. The hotel [since has been] transferred to its original owners. Profit to the churches: \$450,000."

Under similar arrangements the Southern Baptist Annuity Board paid \$2,900,000 for a Cheraw, South Carolina, textile mill and leased it back to the original owner, Burlington Mills.

Heaven Help the Taxpayers

Such transactions—known as "bootstrap purchases"—are well within the law. This was affirmed by the U. S. Supreme Court in the 1965 *Clay Brown* decision upholding special tax treatment for a bootstrap purchase of a sawmill and lumber business.

The Justices recommended that Congress re-examine policy in this area. "Unless Congress repairs the damage done by the Court's holding," according to one minority opinion, "I should think that charities will soon own a considerable number of closed corporations, the owners of which will see no good reason to continue paying taxes at ordinary income rates. . . ."

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Stanley S. Surrey last year asked Congress to eliminate tax exemptions for bootstrap purchases, and a bill to this effect was introduced by House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, Democrat of Arkansas, and Congressman John W. Byrnes, Republican of Wisconsin, the committee's ranking minority member. At this writing Congress has failed to act on it.*

State and local officials, who live even closer than Congress to their constituencies, are equally leery of acting. A few states and communities have, however, ventured into this touchy area. Tennessee, for one, now limits churches to one tax-free parsonage for each congregation; Kentucky's Attorney General has ruled that church-owned buses are subject to the same property taxes as privately owned vehicles, and that property purchased for future expansion is not exempt from real-estate taxes; the legislatures of several states have investigated the idea of authorizing a levy against churches at least for essential community services.

The IRS last spring did announce its intention to require nonprofit groups to pay federal taxes on magazine advertising revenues. Immediately affected among others would be the *National Geographic* and *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. The proposal, on which hearings were held in July, could apply also to the "unrelated business income" of religious publications.

In Oregon, in fact, bills were introduced in the legislature in 1963 and 1965 to tax church properties at one-third of their assessed valuations to pay for fire, police, sanitation, and other essential services. Neither bill passed, but when the issue was raised again in this year's session, though the Oregon Council of Churches opposed it, the influential Greater Portland Council of Churches supported it, and it seems certain to be introduced again.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, about a dozen church properties, most of them used as parking lots, have been returned to real-estate tax rolls at the recommendations of a special task force; Baltimore has persuaded church-owned housing developments to pay taxes equal to one-fourth of those on privately owned apartments; nearly a dozen communities in Colorado collect "partial taxes" from churches for municipal services; and dozens of cities—including Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Anchorage, Alaska; and West Palm Beach, Florida—have disallowed previously unquestioned exemptions for properties not used directly for religious purposes.

Though they have stirred up controversy, such changes, on the whole, have been applauded by taxpayers concerned about the shrinkage in the property tax base in recent years. In Minnesota, for instance, the *Minneapolis Star* found that the valuation of tax-exempt real estate is growing twice as fast as that of taxable property, and one-fifth of the state's total valuation is under "shelters."

"The problem is serious," says Paul V. Corti, executive director of the International Association of Assessing Officers. "The property tax base is being eroded."

Willing But Not Eager

Where does organized religion stand on the issue? The evidence suggests the politicians may be needlessly timid on this point. To be sure, there is no substantial support for terminating the business tax exemption on property used for worship or other directly religious purposes, but a National Council of Churches study in 1965-66 found a favorable sentiment for taxing churches' business activities. Prominent Protestant groups have issued policy statements to this effect. One is the Southern Baptist Study Paper adopted in 1960 which says forthrightly: "... Federal income tax exemption [on unrelated business income] tends to encourage promotion of or participation in secular business to the detriment of the principal mis-

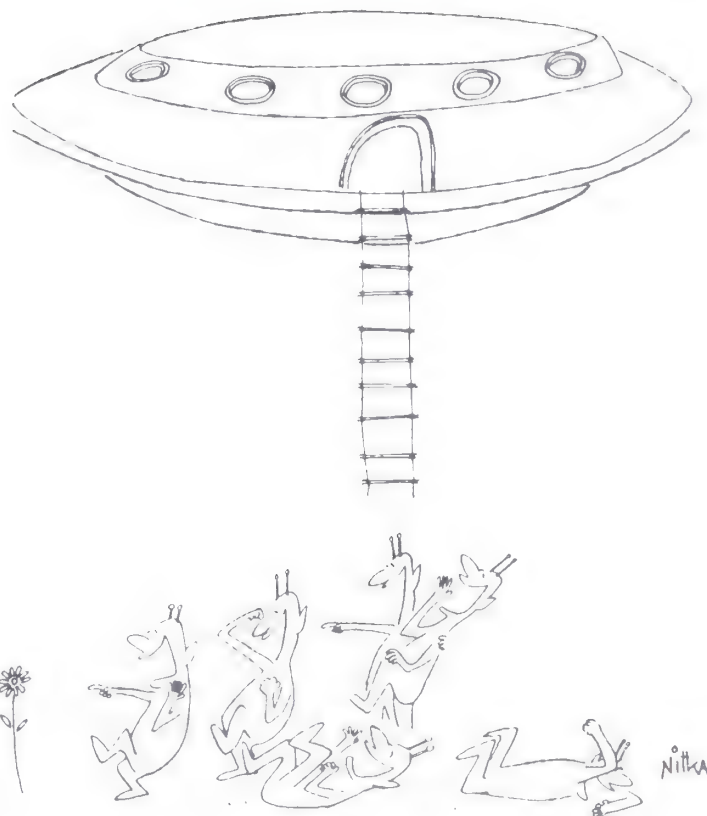
ne church; (2) encourage mor-
unjustifiable arrangements
businessmen or companies
reduce their income taxes;
discourage financial support
church activities by voluntary
contributions of all members."

Earlier, in 1958, the General
Assembly of the United Presby-
terian Church in the U. S. A. re-
solved its denominational foun-
dation "to make no investment in
related business where such
income tax exemptions are allow-
ed." In 1963 it further recom-
mended that "congregations be
encouraged to take the initiative
in making contributions to local
communities, in lieu of taxes, in
recognition of police, fire, and
other services provided by local
government. . . ." The American
Lutheran Church, in its biennial
convention in 1964, agreed that it
was consistent with sound public
policy "for churches to pay non-
discriminatory charges for essen-
tial municipal services.

The editors of the Roman Catholic magazine
Commonweal have stated in an editorial: "On the face
of it no exempt organization should be allowed to
operate an unrelated business tax-free." Further,
the Reverend John L. Reedy, editor and pub-
lisher of the magazine *Ave Maria*, "All financial
statements of religious organizations should be made
matter of public record, unless a specific, definite
reason can be formulated for restricting informa-
tion about a particular item."

However, it is not in the nature of any organiza-
tion—religious or otherwise—to voluntarily yield an
economic advantage. So it is hardly surprising
that despite such heroic statements no denomina-
tion has started a campaign to change federal tax
law or initiate local reforms uniformly through-
out the country. Indeed, rather than seeking fewer
tax favors, organized religion in the past de-
cades has opted for more, including federal grants
for housing for the aged, nursing homes, and
other facilities; subsidies for church-sponsored
agencies; and gifts of federal surplus prop-
erty. "The amount of government money flowing
to religious organizations is—or one day will be—
astronomical," a concerned attorney for one prominent
religious organization told me.

Still, the same elements which have fostered
the proliferation of both Roman Catholic and Protes-



tant dogma, and which have emboldened some pub-
lic officials to impinge on once-inviolable tax
concessions, would seem to make some changes
possible. Certainly these should include a federal
tax on unrelated business income and a require-
ment that churches and religious organizations,
like other nonprofit groups, file public financial ac-
countings—which now is the law in Canada. Per-
haps, in addition, there should be a formula for
"contributions" by religious organizations for
basic municipal services. Assessors might also ex-
periment with a ceiling on property tax exemp-
tions for individual church buildings (on the same
theory as flat-rate personal income tax exemp-
tions) or, if that proves constitutionally question-
able, at least with discontinuing the "free ride"
now given elaborate appendages to church build-
ings which are not used for worship or other direct
religious purposes.

Were some such reforms instituted—as they
surely can be with the support of responsible
church leaders and the communications media—the
greatest long-run beneficiaries might be the
churches themselves. For, as Dr. Eugene Carson
Blake has said, "Great concentration of wealth and
economic power in the hands of the American
churches will, in the long run, frustrate the very
ends which they proclaim and profess."

GETTING ON WELFARE by Paul Jacobs

Most relationships with government are abrasive for the poor, and especially for the minority poor.

The waiting room was bare and cavernous. At the door stood an armed special policeman. The walls were painted government gray with nothing on them, not even a poster. In the center of the room a hundred people sat on metal folding chairs. Most were women with little children, the majority of them Negroes, with a few Mexicans, Indians, and whites in the group. Many of the women were nervous; others sat passive and resigned. The children darted back and forth, kicking at wastepaper cans, racing to the door, occasionally fighting with each other and bursting into tears. I heard one woman ask the police officer if there was any place in the building where she could heat a bottle for her baby; he looked at her indifferently and merely answered, "No."

This was the reception area at the largest office of the County Welfare Department in Los Angeles. The people were the potential recipients of county funds, waiting to be interviewed by a caseworker.

I was glum and depressed as I sat there, talking with an Indian woman on one side of me and an old Mexican couple on the other. I knew it didn't matter if I was turned down by the interviewer because I was only pretending to need help. Unlike the others, I was going through the procedure because I wanted to see, at first hand, the physical circumstances of

the office, how long it took to be interviewed, and how the applicants were treated. Still, sitting on the uncomfortable chair brought back memories of the times in my own past when I hadn't been pretending to need relief.

I watched the nervous women drag their kids with them when their names were called through a public-address system. Why, I wondered, couldn't a little nursery be set up in this room? There was enough space for it, and surely some antipoverty budget would have enough funds to pay for a few toys and a few nursery attendants while the mothers were being interviewed. My own interview provided something of an answer. It was conducted as if I were not a human being so much as a potential case number, to be processed under hundreds of regulations.

A few days later I made an official tour of the facility with the head of the office. "Why don't you put a little nursery in for children?" I asked him. He seemed surprised by the question. "I don't think the Board of Supervisors would approve the money," he answered. "They don't want to give the impression of spoiling these people, of treating them too nicely."

"How do you feel about it?" I inquired.

"I don't think it's too important," he answered, and went on to tell me how efficiently he tried to run the agency's "business," his word for its function. He didn't know, as we walked through the building, that I had been there as an applicant, and that his statements to me about the agency varied widely from what I had seen for myself.

But "recipients" of county welfare don't fare any worse than do applicants at the state employment service or tenants at the city housing authority. And the federal administrative bureaucracies behave much the same way toward citizens who have no status or influence.

In general, those relationships with government which for most citizens are either neutral or helpful are abrasive for the poor, and especially for the minority poor. For them, justice is dispensed by administrative following rules made by other administrators. Neither the decision nor the rules can be questioned or appealed outside the agency, except in a few cases, and even then at great cost in time or money.

All of the institutions of government I studied in writing *Prologue to Riots* are guilty of creating tension, unhealthy rather than alleviating it. Here it is easy to understand the hopelessness of the welfare "recipients." I received a letter like this one from Los Angeles County Welfare Agency:

"A breakdown of your allowance is as follows: according to our schedule, the total monetary allowance for a family of your size and age group (this does not include Mr. [name]) is \$337.00 per month. This figure is arrived at as follows:

Individual Allowance /Mo

	Age Group
\$25.25	1-6 yr
\$35.30	7-12 yr
\$18.00	Boy 13-17
\$41.60	Adult male

Paul Jacobs is on the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. His book "Prologue to Riots," from which this article is adapted, will be published in November by Random House.

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of members	Total
3	\$75.75
2	\$70.60
1	\$48.00
1	\$41.60
members	<u>\$235.95</u>

l, plus a monthly allowance for
ties, rent, household operation for
family of 91.35

TOTAL \$327.30

ative January 1st, this agency
gnized a cost of living increase
10.00 per family bringing the
hly needs to 10.00

\$337.00

ding this off the agency recog-
your need, if your [sic] were
going to school to be \$337.00.

However, since Mr. X is working
educt part of his income from
total needs.

ven though Mr. X has a gross
hly income of \$412.00
recognize only \$219.89

as applicable toward meeting
needs. Therefore our basic
hly allowance is \$337.00

— 219.89

\$117.11

or (\$117.00)

you did not have special needs
as school, etc., this \$117.00
l be your monthly grant. How-

we recognize the following
l expenses in your case—per

tuition \$90.00

Child Care 54.12

Transportation 6.49

Standard Allowance 25.00

Total School needs \$175.61

Therefore your total needs are
gnized as being \$117.00

+ 175.61

\$292.61

However, the maximum that the
at will pay to a family with three
e children, regardless of need,

\$221.00

ace we wish to allow you the
for school in some way, the dif-
e is \$71.61

\$292.61

221.00

\$ 71.61

as come from some other source
ate funds. In your case it comes
of Federal EOA Funds. (There
prior error in computing the
of \$1.00) so you are now re-
EOA Funds of \$72.61

and therefore you will continue to re-
ceive this amount. *This figure is as
of Jan. 1, 1966.

"The reason for the increase in
EOA funds from \$54.61 to \$71.61 is
mainly due to a decrease in the
amount of Mr. X's earnings that were
deducted from your needs. Since the
amount that Mr. X earned, which
could be deducted from your family's
needs decreased, the amount of our
basic allowance to you had to be in-
creased to \$117.00 from \$92.00. How-
ever your total needs remained the
same. Therefore the money which is
the difference between your basic
grant and the state maximum has to
be decreased because:

*Basic Grant + Special Needs =
State Maximum*

"If you increase the grant the spe-
cial needs money must be decreased.
The state maximum remains fixed.
However your total allowance still re-
mains at [blank] because of your
school expense and since

*Basic Grant + Special Needs + EOA
Funds = Total Allowance and Special
Needs + EOA Funds = Total School
Expense*

"If the special needs allowance de-
creases because of the increase in the
basic grant, and the limit imposed by
the state maximum, the rest of your
total school expense must be made up
of increased EOA funds.

Presently you are getting

Basic Allowance \$117.00

+ School Needs 175.61

TOTAL allowance \$292.61

"However only \$221.00 of this fig-
ure can be made up of state funds.
The rest must be taken care of by

EOA funds. Therefore you can see
that the closer your basic allowance
comes to \$221.00 then the more the
EOA funds must be increased. If your
monthly basic allowance were \$221.00,
all of your school expenses, (\$175.61)
would have to come from EOA Funds.

"I hope this information will be of
help to you.

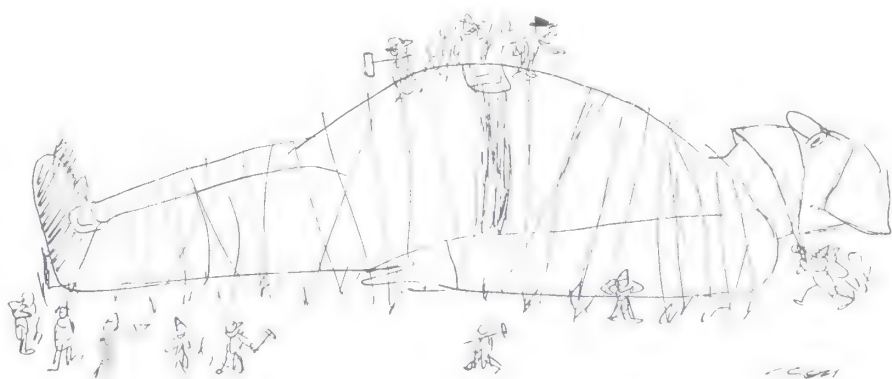
"Very truly yours,

"_____ District Director

"By _____ Social Worker"

Every day, in every city in the
United States, people receive similar
letters, fair samples of how our gov-
ernment deals with some of its citi-
zens. Yet this letter shocked me when
I first read it, not only for what it re-
vealed about the nature of adminis-
trative bureaucracy, but because in a
very personal sense it showed me how
ignorant I was of what reality is for
millions of Americans. I discovered
very quickly in the year I spent in the
Mexican barrios and Negro quarters
of Los Angeles how little I really
knew. And I realized that very few
people in government have any notion
of what effects their agencies are hav-
ing on many unfortunate people, upon
whom the constellation of separate
government forces bears down, inex-
orably.

Each government agency operates
under its own rules, impulses, and
drives, responsive not so much to
the citizens' needs as to its own in-
ternal organizational modes. These
modes commit the staffs to never chal-
lenging the status quo, never taking
risks, and never listening to voices
which question.



"That'll keep you quiet. We're not interested in your travels!"



POWERS

A Story by Isaac Bashevis Singer

Translated by the author and Dorothea Straus

The man came to my newspaper. He advised me to do as he said, the advice in particular. We have a journalist whose duty it is to give advice to readers, but this man asked especially for me. He was shown my room and slowly opened the door: a tall man, without a hat, with a shock of black hair mixed with gray. It was snowing outside, but he had on a light raincoat. His square face was red from the cold. He wore no tie, his shirt collar was open, showing a chest covered with hair as thick as fur. His black eyes, under shaggy brows, had a wild look that somewhat frightened me. He had a broad nose and thin lips. When he opened his mouth to talk, he revealed large separated teeth which appeared unusually strong. He had to bend his head to go through the door.

He said, "Are you the writer?"

"Yes, I am."

He examined me and seemed to be surprised.

He said, "Does this little man who sits at this table write all these things? Yes, it's you. I

recognize you from the picture in the paper, but I imagined you somewhat different. Well, things don't have to be exactly as we imagine them. I read every word you write, both in Yiddish and in English. When I hear that you have published something in a magazine, I run to buy it even in the middle of the night."

"Thank you very much. Please sit down."

"I'd rather stand—but—well—I will sit down. May I smoke?"

"Certainly."

"I am not an American. I came here after the second world war. I have gone through Hitler's hell, Stalin's hell, and a couple of other hells. But that's not why I came to you. I came because of something else. Do you have time to listen to me?"

"Yes, I have time."

"Well, everybody in America is busy. How do you have time to write all those things and to see people too?"

"There is time for everything."

"What—perhaps you are right. Here in America time disappears. Here a week is nothing and a month is nothing, and a year passes by between us and no. There, with the wicked, a day seemed longer than a year does here. I have been in this country since 1950 and the years have gone like a dream. Now it's summer, now it's winter, the years just roll away. How old do you think I am?"

"In the forties, perhaps fifty."

"Add thirteen years more. In April I will be forty-three."

"You look young—knock on wood."

"Everybody says so. In our family we don't turn gray. My grandfather died at ninety-three and he had hardly any gray hair. He was a blacksmith. On my mother's side, they were scholars, studied at a Yeshiva. I was a student at the Yeshiva of Gur. I also attended a Yeshiva in Lithuania. I studied only until I was seventeen, but I have a good memory. When I learn something it stays stuck in my brain. I forget nothing and this, in a sense, is my tragedy. When I was convinced that poring over the Talmud would be useless, I took to studying worldly books. The Russians had already left and the Germans came. When Poland became independent and I was drafted into the army. I fought in the Polish-Bolshevik war. I helped to drive the Bolsheviks from Kiev. Then they drove us back to the Vistula. The Poles are not too fond of Jews, but I advanced, they made me a top sergeant—*chorazy*—the highest rank one can reach without having been to a military school. After the war, they offered to send me to a military academy. I might have become a colonel or something, but the barracks was not my ambition. I read a lot, painted, and decided to become a sculptor. I began to carve all sorts of figures out of wood. I ended up making furniture. I wasn't just a carpenter. I specialized in repairing furniture, mostly antiques. You know, furniture gets broken, especially when one moves from one house to another. Inlays fall out, bits break off. It takes skill to make the work invisible. I still don't know why I threw myself into this work with so much enthusiasm. Poland is not a rich country, but the gentry have many ancient pieces of furniture which are very dear to them. To find the right grain of wood, the right color, and to fit it in in such a way that even the owner himself couldn't spot the place

where it had been broken, for this one needs iron patience and instinct too.

"You still don't know why I came to you. I am going to tell you. You often write articles about the mysterious powers: telepathy, spirits, hypnotism, fatalism, and what else—I read this. I read it because I, myself, possess the powers you describe. I didn't come to boast and I certainly don't want to become a newspaperman. Here in America I work at my trade and I earn enough. I am single, no wife, no children. They killed my family. I take a drink of whiskey, but I am not a drunkard. I have an apartment here in New York, and a cottage in Woodstock. I don't need help from anybody.

"Yes—powers—you are right when you say one is born with them. One is born with everything. When I began to carve I was a child of six. Later, I neglected it, but it reawoke. And so it is with the powers. I had them but I didn't know what they were. I got up one morning and it occurred to me that someone in our building would fall out of the window that day. We lived in Warsaw on Twarda Street. I didn't like these thoughts, they frightened me. I left for the *Cheder* and when I returned the courtyard was black with people. The ambulance was arriving. A glazier was putting a pane in a window on the second floor, and had fallen out. If these things had happened once, twice, or even five times, I could still have called it coincidence, but they happened so frequently that it could not be a question of coincidence. Strange, but I began to understand that I must conceal this, like an ugly birthmark. And I was right, because these powers are a misfortune. It's better to be born deaf or lame than to possess them.

"But no matter how careful you are, you cannot hide everything. Once I was sitting in the kitchen, my mother, peace be with her, was knitting a stocking. My father earned well, even though he was a workman. Our apartment was as clean as a rich man's home. We had a lot of copper dishes and my mother used to scour the pans each week until they shone. I was sitting on a low bench. I wasn't more than seven years old at the time. Suddenly I said, 'Mommy, under the floor there is money!' My mother stopped knitting and looked at me in amazement. 'What sort of money? What are you babbling about?' 'Money,' I said, 'golden coins.' My mother said, 'Are you crazy—or what? How do you know what's under the floor?' 'I know,' I replied. I immediately realized that I shouldn't have said it, but it was already too late.

"When my father came home for dinner, my

Isaac Bashevis Singer, novelist and journalist, has written for "The Jewish Daily Forward" since he arrived in New York from Poland in 1935, one of the world's great storytellers. His new novel "The Manor" will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc. in October.

mother told him what I had said. I wasn't there, but my father became so astonished that he confessed that he had hidden a number of golden coins under the floor. I had an older sister and my father was saving a dowry for her—putting money into a bank was not customary for simple people. When I returned from the *Cheder*, my father began to question me. 'What's the matter, are you spying on me?' Actually my father had hidden the money when I was in *Cheder* and my mother was out marketing. My sister had gone to visit a friend. He had locked and bolted the door, and we lived on the third floor. He was even careful enough to stuff the keyhole with cotton. I got a beating, but no matter how I tried, I could not explain to him how I knew it. My father called out, 'This boy is a devil!' and he gave me an additional box on the ear. It was a lesson to me to keep my mouth shut.

"I could tell you a hundred things about my childhood, but I will tell you just one fact. Across the street from our home there was a store that sold dairy products. In those years, you went to the store to buy boiled milk. They boiled it on a gas range. Once my mother gave me a pan and told me, 'Go to Zelda across the street, and buy a quart of boiled milk.' I took the pan and went over to Zelda's dairy store. I came into the store and there was only one customer—a girl. She bought a few ounces of butter. In Warsaw they used to slice the butter from a big chunk with a bow, similar to those children carried at the Feast of Omer, when they went picnicking in the Praga forest. I looked up and saw a strange thing: a light burned over Zelda's head, as if there were a Hanukkah lamp in her wig. I stood and gaped—how is it possible—am I crazy or something? Nearby, at the counter, the girl spoke to Zelda as though nothing were unusual. After Zelda weighed the butter on the scale and the girl had left, Zelda asked me, 'Why do you stand there on the threshold?' I wanted to ask her, 'Why does a light burn over your head?' I already had a hunch that I was the only one who saw it.

"The next day, when I came home from *Cheder*, my mother said to me, 'Did you hear about the misfortune? Zelda, from the dairy store, suddenly dropped dead.' You can imagine my fright. I am not sure if I was more than eight years old. I have to tell you that I have seen the same kind of light many times over the heads of those who were about to die. Thank God, I haven't seen that light for the last twenty years. At my age, and among those with whom I spend my days, I would have to see these lights all the time.

II

"Some time ago, you wrote that in each great love there is an element of telepathy. I was struck by this and I then decided that I had to see you. In my own life this happened to me, not once, not ten times, but over and over again. In my young years I was what one calls romantic. I saw a woman and fell in love with her at first sight. In those times you couldn't just approach a woman and tell her you were in love with her. Girls were proud. The slightest word was considered an insult. Also, I was, in my own way, shy. It's not in my nature to chase women. I also have my pride. To make it short, instead of talking to a girl, I began to think about her. I thought about her day and night. I fancied all kinds of impossible encounters and adventures. In time I began to notice that my thoughts took effect. I used to think about a girl so long that she actually came to me. Once I waited for a woman until she appeared. It happened on a crowded street in Warsaw. I am not a mathematician, but I know something about figuring chances. The odds that this woman would have crossed that street at that very time, were about one to twenty million. But she came, as though attracted by an invisible magnet.

"I am not too credulous; even today I have my doubts. We resist believing in the hidden powers. We want to believe that everything happens in a rational way and according to order. We are afraid of mysteries because if there are good powers there also may be evil ones and who knows what they can do! But so many unusual things happened to me that I would have to be an idiot or a crazy materialist to ignore them.

"Perhaps, because I had this kind of magnetism, I never married. Also, I am not the kind of man who is satisfied with one woman. I had other powers, too, but I am not going to boast about them. In short, I lived, as they say, in a Turkish paradise. There were periods when I had five or six lovers at the same time. In the drawing room where I used to fix furniture, I often made the acquaintance of beautiful women—mostly Gentiles. And I always heard the same song from them—that I was different from other Jews—and I had that kind of woman's chatter. I had a room with a separate entrance, and that's all a bachelor needs. I kept brandy and liquors and all kinds of delicacies in my cupboard. If I should have to tell you what took place in this room, on my sofa, I could make a thick book out of it—but you don't care? What is there to boast about? The older I grew, the clearer it became to me that for modern

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r, a human pleasure

immer long the people
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(You have until Oc-
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sts state color-sensation differences are MacAdam
named after Dave MacAdam, who established
objective validity, comes to work every day as a
physicist, and edits the *Journal of the Optical*
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es' first strong hue sensations come from toys
nufactured of plastic we have made and colored. Pretty



girls and pleasant home interiors make good use of the textile dyes that originate in our chemical-reaction kettles.

Standards of fashion, meanwhile, are continually reshaped by advertising art directors who are themselves the audience for a very special kind of advertising in which we encourage tasteful use of our products for professional color photography and its reproduction on the printed page.

And since the printed page is no longer the only route

to the public eye, we are helping the television broadcasters get the best performance out of the color film we make for them.

Drabness can also be escaped by taking a walk in the autumn woods. For that color we are not responsible. But if you want to refresh yourself with it later, take your camera along.



With the new KODAK INSTAMATIC® M95 Movie Projector you can vary your shows to suit your audience.

A 7-speed dial lets you choose super-fast, normal, or time-stretching slow-motion projection speeds. In forward or reverse. Plus stills.

So you can zip through some scenes. Linger over others. Switch to reverse for instant replay. All at the twist of a dial to suit the interests and reactions of your audience.

The M95 shows super 8 or 8mm film with equal aplomb to give you the versatility of two projectors in one. From less than \$210 at your Kodak dealer's.

◀ **Merchandise like this** in well run camera shops fairly leaps off the shelves into the hands of customers who know value when they see it. Hurrah for our engineers who figure out new ways to manufacture new highs in performance into new products at new lows in cost!

What manner of man dedicates his career to such goals? In the case of this projector we cite for illustration a certain smart apple who is so eager for reinforcements that he is willing to forego some privacy of his own if he can thus convince smart newcomers* that Kodak leaves your soul alone (as he phrases the idea).

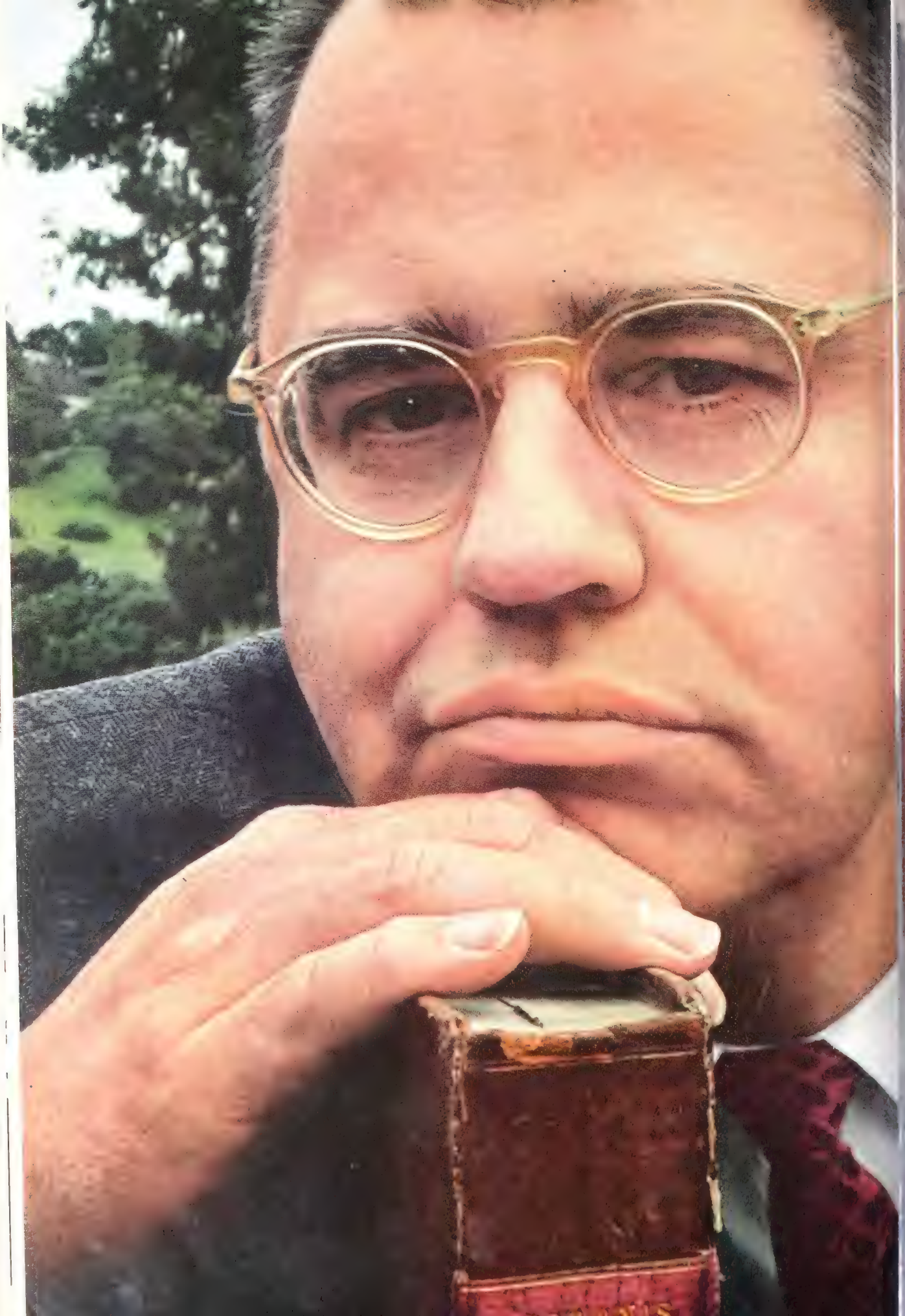
This engineer's non-Kodak identity has been nourished as follows after Kodak working hours (which for him most weeks come to considerably more than 40):

1. For 16 of his 17 Kodak years has been serving as general manager (and bass chorister) of 7 or 8 concerts per year of oratorio music sung and played by professional musicians and a chorus of 300. Twelve successive annual Bach festivals included.
2. Committee service with half a dozen Rochester musical organizations that vie for audiences with the one he runs.
3. Music, theater, and movie critic for a pure-highbrow FM radio station.
4. Owner and operator of a one-man cottage industry that manufactures neckties which sell well to the visual arts crowd.
5. Secretary for 15 years of Dartmouth's Class of 1949.
6. Scaler of 45 of the 46 highest peaks of the Adirondacks.
7. Non-Ph.D. husband to a Ph.D. wife (who has more time to teach history at two colleges, now that their eldest daughter is at the University of Chicago and only the two younger boys are home).

*Who should apply to Eastman Kodak Company, Technical and Business Personnel Department, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.

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Kodak



This philosopher wants tomorrow's students to get the best teaching possible—with or without computers.

What's he doing at IBM?

Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

That's why IBM's Moncreiff spends most of his time working with teachers. He finds divergent points of view about CAI, but some things are clear.

"Today, both children and adults must be better educated, to survive in a world where change has become the norm," says Moncreiff. "And because each person is different from the next, one ideal method of teaching is one-to-one—individual instruction."

It's impossible to have a teacher for every student. But it might be possible for teachers to at least approach this ideal with the help of computers.

In one experimental method, a student sits at a typewriter that is linked to a computer. The computer types out questions. The student types back answers. If he's right, he gets a more difficult question. If he's wrong, he gets a hint; and if he really bogs down, the suggestion, "better see your teacher." The teacher can help the student where he needs it, while the other members of the class continue uninterrupted.

"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff.

"Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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Notice the graceful way she pours a tiny cup of warmed *sake*. And offers *tsumami mono* appetizers before JAL's superb Continental cuisine. As she attends every wish you experience 1,200 years in the art of pleasing others.



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man, marriage is sheer insanity. Without religion, the whole institution is absurd. Naturally, your mother and my mother were faithful women. For them there was one God and one husband.

"Now I come to the main point. It is true that I had many women in those years—exactly how many I haven't figured out. But there was one with whom I stayed for almost thirty years—actually until the day the Nazis bombed Warsaw. That day thousands of men crossed the bridge to Praga. I wanted to take Manya with me—Manya was her name—but she had the grippe and I could not wait for her. I had thousands of connections in Poland, but in such a catastrophe they are not worth a sniff of tobacco. Later I was told that the house where I lived was hit by a bomb and became a pile of lime and bricks. I never heard from Manya again.

"This Manya might have been considered an ordinary girl. She came from some little village in Greater Poland. When we met we were both virgins. But no power and no treachery on my part could destroy the love between us. She somehow knew of all my abominations and kept warning me that she would leave me, get married, and what not. But she came to me regularly every week and often twice a week. The other women seldom spent the night in my room, but when Manya came, she stayed. She was not particularly beautiful—dark, not tall, with black eyes. She had curly hair. In her village they called her Manya the Gypsy. She had all the antics of a gypsy. She told fortunes from cards and read palms. She believed in all kinds of witchcraft and superstitions. She even dressed like a gypsy in flowered skirts and shawls, wore large hoop earrings and red beads around her neck. There was always a cigarette between her lips. She made a living as a salesgirl in a lingerie shop. The owners were an elderly couple without children, and Manya became almost a daughter to them. She was an excellent saleswoman. She could sew, embroider, and even learned how to make corsets. She managed the whole business. If she had been willing to steal, she could have amassed a fortune, but she was one hundred per cent honest. Anyhow, the old people were going to leave her the store in their will. In later years, the old man had a liver ailment and his wife, too, wasn't very well. So they traveled to Carlsbad, Marienbad, and to Wiszczany, where one takes mud baths for arthritis. And they left everything with Manya. What did she need to get married for? She needed a man and I was her man. This primitive girl, who could barely read and write, was, in her way, a refined piece of merchandise—especially in sex.

In my life I had, God knows, how many females, but one like Manya never was before and never will be. She had her own caprices and peculiarities and when I think about them I don't know if I should laugh or cry. Sadism is sadism and masochism is masochism. Are there names for all this nonsense? Each time we quarreled we were both terribly unhappy and making peace was a great ceremony. She could cook fit for a king. Sometimes she even prepared a meal at my home. I had a gas range. When her bosses went to the spas, she cooked meals for me in their apartment. I used to say that her food had sex appeal, and there was some truth in it. This was her good side. The bad side was that Manya could never make peace with the idea that I had other women. She did everything she could to spoil my pleasure. By nature I am not a liar, but because of her I became a constant one. Or perhaps I could call it an automatic liar. I did not have to invent lies, my tongue did it by itself, and I was often astonished at how clever and farsighted a tongue can be. It foresaw events and situations which I realized only later. However, you cannot fool anybody for thirty years. Manya knew my behavior and she never stopped spying on me. My telephone used to ring in the middle of the night. In spite of all this, my business with other women gave her a perverse enjoyment. From time to time I confessed to her and she asked for details, called me the worst names, cried, laughed, and became wild. I often felt like an animal trainer, like one who puts his head in the mouth of a lion. I always knew that my successes with other women made sense only as long as Manya was in the background. If I had Manya, the Countess Potocka was a bargain. Without Manya, all my conquests were not worth a groschen.

"It sometimes happened that I returned from one of my adventures, somewhere at an inn or at a nobleman's estate where I had mended furniture, and I was supposed to be with Manya that night. As a rule, Manya refreshed me and I began all over again as if nothing had happened. But as I grew older, I began to worry that too much love might do me some damage. I am something of a hypochondriac. I read medical books and articles in the newspapers. I began to feel that I was ruining my health. Once, when I returned completely exhausted, and I had to meet Manya, the thought ran through my mind: how good it would be if Manya would get her period and I would not have to spend the night with her. All sorts of strange thoughts run through the mind. I called Manya and she said, 'A strange thing happened, I got my holiday'—this is what she called

it—"in the middle of the month." "So you are a miracle worker," I said to myself. But I remained skeptical about its really having anything to do with my wish. Only after these things repeated themselves many times did I realize that I could give orders to Manya's body. I have no reason to come to you with lies about a person who is already in a higher world. Every word I told you is the pure truth. A few times I ordered her to become sick—of course, just for a while, because I loved her very much—and she immediately got a high fever. It became clear that I ruled over her body completely. If I wanted her to die, she would have died. I had read books and pamphlets about mesmerism, animal magnetism, and such topics, but it never occurred to me that I possessed this power, and in such measure.

"Besides being able to do anything I wanted with her, I also knew her thoughts. I could literally read her mind. Once after a bitter fight, Manya left, slamming the door so hard that the window-panes trembled. The moment she left, it occurred to me that she was going to the Vistula to drown herself. I grabbed my overcoat and started to follow her silently. She went from one street to another and I kept on trailing after her like a detective. She never looked back. She did not go down the side streets and alleys as if she sensed that someone was following her and she was trying to lose him. Finally she reached the Vistula and began to move straight in the direction of the water. I ran after her and grabbed her shoulder. She screamed and struggled. I had saved her from death. After that I ordered her never to think of suicide again. Later, she told me, 'How strange. I often used to think of making an end to myself. Lately these thoughts stopped completely. Can you explain this?'

"I could explain everything. Once when she came to me, I told her, 'You have lost money today.' She became pale. It was the truth. She had returned from a savings bank and had lost 600 zlotys.

III

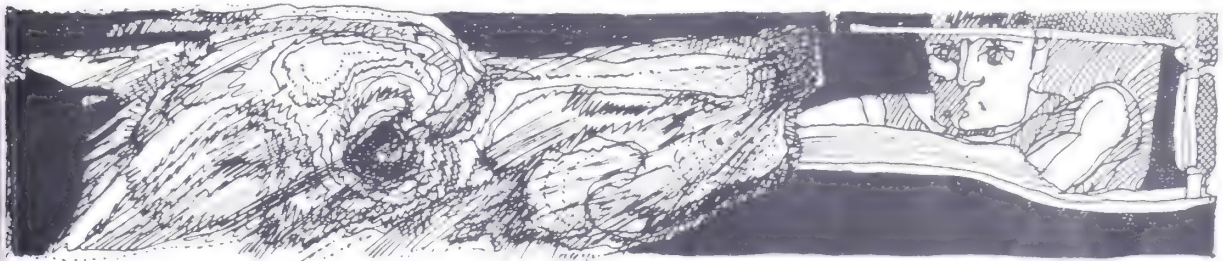
"I will tell you the story about the dog—this episode more and this will be enough. Once, in the summer—it must have been 1928 or 1929—I was overcome by a terrible fatigue, and I also had, one might say, an attack of hypochondria. I became entangled in so many affairs and complications that I almost fell apart. My telephone kept on ringing. There were bitter quarrels between Manya and me that began to take on an uncanny character. The old man's wife—where

she worked—had died, and Manya threatened at every opportunity to marry him. She had a cousin in South Africa who wrote her love letters and offered to send her an affidavit. In the midst of our great love, a hatred suddenly arose which literally bordered on murder. She spoke about poisoning herself and me. She proposed a double suicide. A fire kindled in her black eyes, which made her resemble a Tartar. We are all the descendants of God knows what murderers. Did you or someone else write in your newspaper that every man is potentially a Nazi? At night I usually slept like the dead, but I began to suffer from insomnia. When I finally fell asleep I had nightmares. I had always suffered from this, but that summer the nightmares drove me to insanity. One morning I felt that my end had come. My legs became shaky, everything whirled before my eyes, there was a ringing in my ears. I saw that if I did not make some change, I would be finished. I decided to leave everything and go away. I packed a bag. As I packed, the telephone rang madly, but I did not answer it. I went down the street and took a droshky to the Vienna depot. A train was about to leave for Krakow, and I bought a ticket. I sat down on the second-class bench and I was so tired that I slept through the whole trip. The conductor woke me at Krakow. In Krakow I again took a droshky and told the driver to take me to a hotel. The moment I entered the hotel room, I fell down on the bed in my clothes and dozed until dawn. I say dozed, because my sleep was fitful—I slept and I did not sleep. I went to the toilet and voices screamed in my ears and bells rang. I literally heard Manya crying and calling me back. I was on the verge of a breakdown. But with my last powers I curbed myself. I had fasted for more than a day and a night, and when I woke at about eleven o'clock in the morning, I was more dead than alive. There are no baths connected with the Krakow hotel rooms. If one wanted a bath, one had to order it from the maid. There was a washstand and a pitcher of water in the room. I somehow managed to shave, eat breakfast, and again went to a railroad station. If I am not mistaken, it was a different one. I rode a few stations, and there the rails ended. Of course I went to the mountains, but it was not the road to Zakopane, but a side-line. I arrived at a village near Babia Góra. This is a mountain apart from the other mountains—a mountain individualist—and few tourists come there. There was no hotel or rooming house and I got a room with an old peasant couple, Gazdas, as they are called. I guess you know the region and I don't have to tell you how beautiful it is.

But this particular village was especially beautiful and wild. Perhaps because it was so isolated. The old pair had a dog—a huge specimen—I don't know what breed; I am not a specialist in dogs. They warned me that he would bite and one should be careful with him. I patted him on the head, I tickled his neck, and he immediately became my pal. That's an understatement—the dog fell madly in love with me—and it happened almost at once. He did not leave me for a minute. The old couple rented the room every summer, but the dog never became attached to any lodger. To make it short, I ran away from human love and fell into canine love. Burek had all the ways of a woman, even though he belonged to the male sex. He made scenes of jealousy that were worse than Manya's. I took long walks and he ran after me everywhere. At night he insisted upon sleeping on my bed. In these places, dogs have fleas. I tried not to let him into my room, but he howled and wailed so terribly that he woke half the village. I had to let him in my room and he immediately jumped on the bed. There were whole

orders to mend furniture and the owners kept phoning me. A few days passed—or perhaps a few weeks—I don't remember exactly. After a difficult day, I went to sleep at night. I put out the lamp. I was so exhausted that I fell asleep immediately. Suddenly I woke up. Waking up in the middle of the night was not unusual for me, but this time I woke with the feeling that someone was in my room. I used to wake up with a heaviness in my chest, but this time I felt an actual weight on my feet. I looked up and a dog was lying on my blanket. The lamp was out, but it wasn't completely dark because a street lamp shone in. I recognized Burek.

"At first I had the idea that the dog had run after the train to Warsaw. But this was sheer nonsense. In the first place, he was tied up; then, no dog can run for so long after an express train. Even if the dog could have found his way to Warsaw by himself—and found my house—he could not have climbed up three flights of stairs—besides, my door was always locked. I grasped that this was not a real dog, flesh and blood, it



packs of dogs in the village and if I only looked at another dog, Burek became wild. He bit them, and me too. He cried with a human voice. They began to say in the village that I was a sorcerer. I didn't stay long, because one could die there from boredom. I had taken a few books with me, but I had read them all. I had rested and was ready for new entanglements. But parting from Burek was not an easy business. He had sensed, with God knows what instinct, that I was about to leave. I had telephoned Manya from the post office and had received telegrams and registered letters in that Godforsaken village. The dog kept on barking and howling. The last day, Burek went into some kind of spasm; he foamed at the mouth. The peasants were afraid he was mad. Until then, he hadn't even been tied up, but his owner got a chain and tied him to a stake. His clamor and his tearing at the chain shattered my nerves.

"I returned to Warsaw, sunburned, but not really rested. What the dog did to me in that village, Manya, and a few other females, did in Warsaw. They all clung to me and bit me. I had

was a phantom—or what would you call it? I saw his eyes, I felt the heaviness on my feet, but I didn't dare to touch him. I sat there terrified, and he looked me in the eyes with an expression both utterly sad—and something else—for which I have no name. I had the desire to push him off and free my feet, but something restrained me. This was not a dog, but a ghost. I lay down again and tried to fall asleep. After a while I succeeded. A nightmare?—call it a nightmare. But it was Burek just the same. I recognized his eyes, ears, his expression, his fur. The next day I wanted to write to the peasant to ask about the dog. But I knew that the peasant could not read and I was also too busy to write letters. Most probably, I wouldn't have gotten an answer anyhow. I am completely convinced that the dog had died—and what had visited me was something not of this world.

"I want to assure you that it happened not once, but many times over a number of years, so that I had ample time to observe my visitor even though he never appeared in the light. The dog was old, and the way he looked that last day, when

I left the village, I knew that he could not have lasted long. I later heard that there is such a thing as an astral body. What difference what it is called?—you can call it spirit, soul—whatever you like—it is a fact, at least for me, that a ghost of a dog came to me and lay on my legs—not once, but a dozen times. In the beginning it happened quite frequently—almost every night—then it happened more rarely. A dream?—no—I wasn't dreaming, unless the whole of life is one dream.

IV

"If you still have a few minutes' time, I will tell you one last episode. I have already mentioned that a number of the women with whom I had affairs I met in the drawing rooms where I mended furniture. This plain man who sits here with you has made love to Polish countesses. What is a countess? We are all made of the same stuff. But once I met a young woman who really made me jump out of my skin. I was hired to come to a noblewoman's house in Wilanow, where I had to mend an old pianoforte, decorated with gilded garlands. Suddenly, a young woman passed by. She glided through the drawing room. She stopped for a single second, saw what I was doing, and our eyes met. How can I describe to you how she looked?—both Polish aristocrat, and strangely Jewish—as if by some magic, a gentle Yeshiva student had turned into a Polish *panienka*. She had a narrow face and black eyes, such deep ones that I became confused. They actually burned me. Everything about this woman was full of spirituality. Never before have I seen such beauty. She disappeared in an instant, and I remained shattered. Later, I asked the owner who that beauty was, and she said it was a niece who was visiting. She mentioned the name of some estate or town from which she came. But in my confusion, I didn't pay any attention. I could easily have learned her name and address if I hadn't been so dazed. I finished my work, but she never showed up again. I had plenty of headaches without that gentlewoman. But the brain will not always listen to hard facts. I began to think about her day and night without stopping. My thoughts wore me out and I decided to make an end of them, no matter what the cost. But her image always stood before my eyes. Manya realized that I wasn't myself and this was the reason for new scenes. I was so mixed up that even though I knew Warsaw like my ten fingers, I got lost in the streets and made silly mistakes. It went on like this for months. Slowly my obsession became somewhat weaker. Actually, it did not become weaker, but it sank deeper inside me. I could think

about someone else and at the same time brood about her. So the summer passed and it became winter, then it became spring again. One late afternoon—it was almost dusk—I don't remember if it was April or May—my telephone rang. I said hello, and no one answered. However, somebody was holding the receiver at the end of the line. I called again, 'hello, hello, hello,' and I heard a crackle and a stammering voice. I said, 'Whoever you are, be so good as to speak up clearly.'

"After a while I heard a voice which immediately impressed me. It was a woman's voice, but also that of a boy. To make it short, it was this woman. She said to me, 'You once worked in Wilanow, in such and such a house. Do you happen to remember someone passing through the drawing room?' My throat became tight, and for a while I lost my tongue. 'Yes, I remember you,' I said. 'Can one forget your face?' She became quiet and I thought she had hung up. But she began to talk again. Actually, she murmured. She said, 'I have to talk to you. Where can we meet?' 'I will meet you wherever you wish,' I replied; 'perhaps you would want to come to me.' 'No, out of the question,' she said. 'Perhaps in a café—' 'No, not in a café.' 'Tell me where you could meet me and I will be there.' She became silent; then she mentioned a little street near the city library, way up town, near Mokotow. 'When do you want it to be?' I asked. And she said, 'As soon as possible.' 'Perhaps now?' 'Yes, if you can make it.' I knew that there was no café, no restaurant, not even a bench to sit on in that little street, but I told her that I was leaving at once. There had been a time when I had thought that if this miracle would happen and I would make contact with this woman, I would jump for joy. But somehow everything was silent in me. I was neither happy nor unhappy—only amazed at what powers we possess. When I arrived there, it was already night. The street had many trees on both sides and a few lamps. I entered the street and saw her in the half darkness. She seemed leaner and her hair was combed up in a bun. She stood near a tree and was wrapped in shadow. Except for her, the street was deserted. I approached her and she started. The trees were blooming and the gutter was full of blossoms. I said to her, 'Here I am. Where can we go?' 'What I want to tell you,' she replied, 'can be said right here.' 'What do you want to tell me?' I asked. And she hesitated, 'I want to ask you,' she said, 'to leave me in peace.'

"I was startled, and said, 'I don't know what you mean.' 'You know very well,' she said. 'You don't leave me in peace. I have a husband and I

am happy with him. I want to be a faithful wife.' It wasn't talking, but stammering. She paused after each word. She said, 'It wasn't easy to learn who you were and your telephone number. I had to invent a story about a broken chest to get information from my aunt. I am not a liar, but my aunt did not believe me. But after a while she gave me your name and address. How much this cost me, you will never know.' Then she became silent.

"I asked, 'Why can't we go somewhere to talk it over?' 'I can't go anywhere. I could have told you this on the telephone—it is all so strange, absolutely insane—but you know the truth.' 'I really don't know what's on your mind,' I said, just to prolong the conversation. She said, 'I beseech you, by whatever is holy to you, to stop torturing me. What you want, I cannot do—I'd rather die.'

"And her face became as pale as chalk. I still played the fool and said, 'I want nothing from you. It is true that when I saw you in your aunt's drawing room, you made a strong impression on me—but I haven't done anything to upset you.' Yes, you have. If we weren't living in the twentieth century, I would think you were a sorcerer. Believe me,' she went on, 'I didn't come easily to the decision to call you. I was even afraid that you wouldn't know who I was—but you knew immediately.'

"'We cannot stand here on the street and talk,' said. 'We have to go somewhere.' 'Where? If someone who knows me should see me, I am lost.' said, 'Come with me.' She hesitated for a while, and then she followed me. She seemed to have difficulty in walking on her high heels and she took my arm. I noticed, even though she was wearing gloves, that she had most beautiful hands. Her hand fluttered on my arm, and each time, a shudder ran through my body. After a while, the young woman became more relaxed with me, and she said, 'What kind of powers do you possess? I have heard your voice several times. I have seen you, too. I woke up in the middle of the night and you were standing at the foot of my bed. Instead of eyes, two green beams shone from your sockets. I woke my husband, but in a second you vanished.'

"'It's a hallucination,' I said. 'No, you wander in the night.' 'If I do, it's without my knowledge.'

"We approached the shore of the Vistula and sat down on a log. It's quiet there. It's not completely safe because it's full of drunks and bums. But she sat with me. She said, 'My aunt will not know what has become of me. I told her that I was going for a walk. She even offered to ac-

company me. Give me a holy promise that you will let me go. Perhaps you have a wife and you wouldn't want anybody to molest her.'

"'I have no wife,' I said, 'but I promise you that, as far as it depends on me, I will not molest you. That's all I can promise.'

"'I will be grateful to you until my last breath.'

"That is the story. I never saw the woman again. I don't even know her name. I don't know why, but of all the unusual things that have happened to me, this event made the strongest impression on me. Well, I won't disturb you anymore."

"You don't disturb me. It's good to meet a person with such powers. It strengthens my own faith. But how did it happen that Manya had the grippe when you left Warsaw? Why didn't you order her to get well?"

"What?—I ask myself this question constantly. It seems that my power is only negative. To heal the sick, one must be a saint, and, as you see, I am far from being a saint—or, who knows—to have a woman along in those days was dangerous. In those times, the impure powers awoke in people. This can never be told."

The stranger dropped his head. He began to drum on the table with his fingers and to hum to himself. Then he got up. His face had changed; it had become gray and wrinkled. Suddenly he looked his age. He even appeared less tall than before. I noticed that his raincoat was full of spots. He gave me his hand to say goodbye, and I accompanied him to the elevator.

"Do you still think about women?" I asked.

He thought it over as though he hadn't grasped my words. He looked at me sadly, askance, with suspicion. "Only about dead women."



Letter from Academe by Milton Mayer

THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR RILEY

He used to be a comic and pitiable figure, scorned by his less dedicated but more solvent friends. Now he suddenly finds himself in an envied profession—overpaid, underworked, and answerable to no one.

Back in the thirties James ("The Jast") Heil got himself elected Governor of Wisconsin by running against the University (like Ronald Reagan in the 'sixties). As soon as he took office he summoned the University's President and asked him how much work his professors did. The President said that the teaching load averaged twelve hours. "Well," said the Governor, "that's a pretty fair day's work."

I teach six hours—a week—myself.

Now there are some services (like the bull's and the ICBM's) that are not to be calculated by the hour, but mine are not among them. I regard my \$14,400 salary as a considerable head of lettuce, and most of my full professorial peers across the country have it even better in the seller's market. The institution I adorn has just hired a mathematics professor at \$30,000. But what I teach is more important than mathematics: What I teach is that mathematics doesn't tell you whether or not to drop its end product on the Vietnamese. Why shouldn't I get \$35,000? Or \$50,000?

Other great (and not so great) universities are paying best-selling professors up to \$100,000, which is what the President of General Motors was getting a little while back. In those days I used to meet Professor William E. Dodd going downtown on the streetcar to pick up an extra \$300 a year for night work—he that had been the American Ambassador to Berlin and did not own a second car or, indeed, a first. The professor's used to be a life of service and sacrifice.

"Junior staff's" still is, in a poor (but not necessarily bad) university where the lower ranks teach twelve, even fourteen, hours, with as many as one hundred fifty students and three or four separate preparations three times a week. But I am senior staff, in a rich (but not necessarily bad) univer-

sity whose average pay for full professors has gone up from \$10,387 to \$17,306 in the past five years.

At \$14,400 I am just about low man on the ivy. My colleagues used to tell me that I ought to demand a great deal more money. When I told them that I did not need a great deal more money—I was already living like God in France, as the Germans say—they told me that there is no such thing as not needing a great deal more money. So now I tell them that the reason I lie low is that I do not want to draw the Administration's attention to my sinecure.

I made that mistake once. Bob Hutchins had his feet on the President's desk at the University of Chicago when I went in one day, twenty years ago, and told him that I had an offer elsewhere. He asked me why I was telling him about it, and I said that I thought I might be able to use it as a lever on him to get a raise. "You will be hoist," he said, "by your own lever. You are not worth what you are getting now. You are growing old without growing wise—that's from Sophocles—and you have more money now than any but a wise man can bear and carry—that's from Plato. Stop bothering me, and get wise."

I got wised up, instead, and learned to row, row my boat gently up the ladder, achieving rank and, at last, tenure by avoiding low company and offering my body to be consumed by committee meetings. Now I cannot be dislodged for anything short of genocide, and I am able to rig my teaching schedule so that I can say Thank God It's Wednesday and turn my attention to my lawn, my car, my pool, and my research.

My research project is *The Absence of Bohemian Glassblowers among the Basques from 1400 to 1414*, and there is not much that I can do about

it around here. Come the end of May I hop the first rattler for Biarritz (the nearest livable place to the Basques) on my three-month vacation with pay. Besides my three months, I have ten days in the spring and two weeks at Christmas, plus Paul Revere Day, Veterans' (formerly Armistice) Day, and Aaron Burr's Birthday. Fringe benefits (in addition to my half-pay sabbatical, my pension, and my Blue Cross) include office supplies from the departmental closet and a library of "examination copies" of books which I have told the publishers I am considering for use in my courses.

I have, to be sure, to publish or perish; but it doesn't much matter what. A flawless compilation of the irregular endings in the aorist optative middle in the *Iliad* will, and usually does, do. I tell you no lies: There are now federal grants in, *mirabile dictu*, the humanities for research projects specifically requiring the use of computers. It is possible to publish and perish.

Of course I put in more than six hours a week. I have to seem to have read papers—"Keep them short"—"Awkward sentence structure. You can do better than this"—and advise my advisees to work harder, take it easy, and not worry about grades. Then there are ever longer meetings of ever larger committees in the ever greater democracy of the higher learning. It all comes to, not six, but forty-six, or eighty-six hours a week.

But is it work? I am paid for reading (or for once having read) the best books ever written or (as it appears) ever likely to be, and for shooting my cuffs in front of row upon row of contemptuous kittens and cowboys whom I will send to Vietnam (or, worse yet, home) if they betray their contempt. I have worked in my time—between professorships—and I know what work is. Work is having to get something salable on a blank sheet of paper before the day (or the night) is done. But reading good books? Making syntactical chin-music? Punishing the young for their youth?—Why should a man be paid for doing the things that rejoice him?

The professor is one of the few men alive who enjoy doing what they are doing and—who knows?—doing something useful. If he brings a fitful five-minute light into the eyes of his every fiftieth student, he may have done more for the race than the packager or the premier. And to this satisfaction

he adds his inhabitation of pleasant places. He alone sees the grass of a weekday. He alone walks the woods without truancy. He alone finds a place to park his car. Heaven—and all this too.

He undergoes no surveillance, submits no sales reports, and does nothing more for the War Effort than assert that he is what the country is fighting for. You would suppose, and so would I, that a man so unsupervised and unanswerable, so overpaid and underworked, would be a guiltless gilt-edged goldbricker. Not the professor. His liberty in a lockstep world condemns him to a self-sentence of life at compulsive labor. Ichabod Crane in his tatters never knew the guilt of the American professor with his two-car garage and his two-chicken pot.

Having drained himself dry in those six to twelve hours a week of minnesinging to unrapt sex bombs (and bombers), he totters off to a colleague's party on Saturday night and stands up talking shop—his varicosity, his head, and his feet killing him. Sunday morning, when he ought to be asleep, or in church, or both, he is grading papers against the dreadful dark of Sunday night, when he has to go over his aged and undecipherable lecture notes for Monday.

He is always worried and always tired. His sex life is a laugh and his wife's a good long cry. He is too brought down even to get to the free movies on campus—but *not to attend all the lectures the county round*. I put it to you: Why would a lecturer ever be a lecturee, except he be pursued by the Furies?

So flies his little life away, without prospect of expiation until, his course and his courses run, he achieves the instant oblivion of the grave and his first untroubled night's sleep (if God is dead) in a flagelliform lifetime.

But who feels for the guilt-ridden rich, or ever has? The professor used to be a put-upon man, at least as much to be pitied as scorned (unless his research produced a sure cure at home or a sure kill abroad). He had a collar-turning slattern of a wife who despised his pretensions, a litter of kids with prematurely weak eyes, and a thin gray line of credit at the shoe store and the grog shop. The reason he wore shaggy tweeds with elbow patches, and sucked on a pipe, was that tweeds were durable, his elbows were out, and Granger Rough Cut was a nickel a shtickle; and it was cheaper to suck the pipe than to light it. These interesting appurtenances have long since become appurtenant to Madison and other Avenues, even unto the nonmalignant pipe, and they no more reflect a condition of life on the campus than they do in the countinghouse.

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J. P. Nettl

THE SOVIET ACHIEVEMENT

*Lenin might be faced with some rude shocks
if he could appraise the state of Russian society
fifty years after the Revolution he made.*

If Lenin could come back and stand in Red Square with the Soviet leaders to review the fiftieth-anniversary parade in honor of the Russian Revolution, what would he think? Would he approve, or would they have to get rid of him the same way in which Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor threatened the returned Christ? On the surface Lenin might well be appalled. A merciless critic of revolutionary verbiage unmatched by revolutionary feeling or actions, he would find the solid and comfortable tributes to the revolutionary past, the strident claim for present relevance, hideously unbecoming to such well-established bureaucrats in double-breasted suits and resplendent uniforms, controlling a vast and complex society which they have integrated into the international system, on speaking and visiting terms with the major imperialist powers but at loggerheads with the revolutionary cotton-overall regime in Peking. He would be disagreeably struck by the air of self-sufficiency and self-regard in this new Soviet Union, which appears to have abdicated the front-line leadership of the ever-continuing battle with imperialism to a poorer, still newer communist regime in the East. What would there be to talk about with the new Soviet generation of technocrats and their sophisticated machinery, their emphasis on consumer production and distribution, their formalistic tributes to his own work and ideas? Where is communist equality, which he strove so hard by writing and example to instill in his colleagues in their early struggle against the old, deeply ingrained manifestations of social inequality and privilege? Where, for that matter, are these colleagues now?

But Lenin was also a man of great vision and

self-appraisal. Much that he would have found unfamiliar and repulsive in the atmosphere has followed directly from his own policies and decisions. The roles and attitudes of those who lead a powerful state for whom survival is no longer a problem, must inevitably be quite different from those of the heroic and determined strugglers of the early 1920s. As the Soviet Union has grown stronger and more complex, so the interest in its own affairs increases at the expense of the old neurotic worries about historical contradictions in the enemy camp. Knowing Lenin, one would suppose that, rather than contrast his successors with himself, he would be much more likely to measure them against the great master, Karl Marx. And here he would find gaps in Marx's system of ideas—many of the same gaps he himself had experienced in his own attempts to adapt Marxism to a philosophy of political power. For the situation has long outgrown Marx's widest frame of reference. Even so, Lenin might well consider the two major implications of Marx's vision of socialism fulfilled: the absence of private property other than that for personal use, and the continued and deeply imbued belief in the correctness of dialectical materialism as a guide to thought and action. These two features are the sheet anchor of Soviet society, and tie it directly to its ideological and historical base. It is therefore worthwhile to spell out the Soviet achievement a little further in this regard.

It is no doubt true that in an age of increasing specialization and technical sophistication, managers, engineers, and scientists find a common language across ideological barriers. In this respect the West and the Soviet Union obviously have grown more alike—in the sense of having

more in common. Even in capitalist countries the direct influence of ownership on production is growing increasingly vague and tenuous as the vital strata of management are interposed between owners and workers. Power and wealth have become disparate dimensions. But beneath these similarities lurk a number of crucial differences. Because success in the Soviet Union cannot ultimately be expressed in terms of possessions (however great the differentiated scale of rewards between the educated and the unskillful), the basic approach of Soviet management is entirely different from that in the United States. The ladder of advance in the Soviet Union must remain on a dimension of public and interdependent scales of power, while that in the United States is directed more toward self-sufficient and personal scales of wealth. The relationship of individuals to politics and society is thus much more integrated in the Soviet Union than in the United States, the area of private choices correspondingly smaller.

The edges of this distinction tend to become blurred as increasing attention is paid in the Soviet Union to the satisfaction of consumer demands. But in the first place the Soviet leadership intends to continue to determine the nature of this demand. Khrushchev was all for filling the kitchen pot, but very much against the choking of Russian roads with individually owned cars. The provision of social services—whether in the strict sense of medical, nursery, and housing facilities or in the wider context of culture—is more strongly emphasized as part of consumer rewards than in capitalist countries. Above all the whole apparatus of planning focuses productive effort on some future benefit instead of subordinating it to the consumer demands of here and now. Planning will continue to be sacred in the Soviet Union as the only rational way of making economic decisions, carrying them into effect, and ensuring that the resultant product reaches its destination. As society becomes more complex and the consumer more demanding as well as sophisticated there will be more planning, not less.

Then, Soviet citizens see their situation as very

different from that of other countries. The notion of a "state of society," and the attainment of personal satisfaction through a generalized attainment by society as a whole, plays a vital part in the Soviet Union. Antisocial behavior and attitudes are much more sharply defined. In the West the boundary between public and private is sensitive and much attention is focused upon it; the private sector is an area within which room for individual action is left "vacant." By definition everything that is not illegal is permitted. In the Soviet Union the opposite is true. There has been a hesitant but noticeable retreat from legal sanction, coupled with greater reliance on social prohibitions, to enforce the collective social view of right and wrong. A society nearing the stage of communism is characterized by a growing consensus. The law does no more than put teeth into the enforcement of the social consensus against deviants. The struggle for delimitations of the frontiers of the permissible, particularly in connection with writers and artists, is not concerned with individual rights, but with the right to define social norms and the tussle about who shall define them. Human nature being what it is, this retreat from Stalinist methods of enforcement has, of course, produced an apparently startling amount of social (not political) deviation. Soviet newspapers abound with complaints against parasites, drunkenness, undisciplined youth, and economic crimes such as fraudulent conversion of public property to private profit. But perhaps the significant aspect of this is the fact that public denunciation and appeals to social conscience have multiplied as a form of collective response to the retreat of the formal agencies of law enforcement.

The other important factor which differentiates Soviet elites from those in other countries is the full internalization of Marxism. This may not resemble the sophisticated structure of Marx's own thought; it is not difficult to lampoon Soviet thinking as a caricature and vulgarization of Marxism. But obviously any complex view of the world must change considerably in the process of adoption by hundreds and thousands of people, and in its application to the management of a vast society. The great majority of Soviet citizens are convinced that their world view is more scientific, more accurate, and in every way superior to that of other people. This is no longer a matter of debate but—as far as they are concerned—a proven fact. The tendency of Soviet citizens to be more approachable, the growth of communication between members of the same profession across national boundaries, and the fact that there has been a general *détente* in the ideological warfare between capi-

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talism and socialism, are not due to any decline of ideology in the Soviet Union (or in the West for that matter), but to the irrelevance of debate about these matters. Stalin's pedagogical monstrosities of oversimplification have had their effect—and we may suppose that the equally monstrous efforts of Mao will have a similar effect in due course. That is why the things people talk about in 1967 are quite different from those that concerned them in 1922. We may reasonably assume that a man of Lenin's intellectual stature would understand all this. But—leaving aside the sense of unfamiliarity—would he approve and endorse those invoking his name today? In spite of the substantial achievements, the answer might still be no.

The Smell of Nationalism

For one thing, Lenin would be disagreeably assailed by the strong smell of nationalism which has developed as a by-product of Soviet achievements. Domestically the hard facts and figures of Russification are undeniable. The demand of integration, the easier access to education by the specific Russian nationalities, and the economic development of the peripheral regions of the Soviet Union, have all contributed to a layer of "Russianness" superimposed on the official policy of equality of cultures, languages, and races. Many of these developments have no doubt been inevitable, but not perhaps their complacent incorporation into official thinking and ideology. Anyone as sensitive to pretensions of national or cultural superiority as Lenin could not ignore the somewhat artificial and folksy nature of the support of local cultures, contradicted by the institutionalization of the Russian language and Russian attitudes as the only acceptable path to a career. The most obviously underprivileged group of Tsarist times has once more become the apparently most underprivileged group today—the Jews. Their strong representation in the arts, literature, and the sciences has significantly not been matched by a corresponding presence in the administrative positions of the Party. Next door, in Poland, where an extreme antinationalist version of communism had once originated, he would find things even worse—a "Partisan" group of national communists steadily weeding out Jews from all positions of trust and power. And all this not merely at the top, for ethnic and cultural prejudices raise profound echoes in receptive societies. One assumes that Lenin would arrive at the fiftieth-anniversary celebrations armed with his usual knowledge of

what foreign communists were writing; he could not have helped noticing the references to Soviet discrimination against Jews, the strictures on decades of Soviet arrogance toward foreign communists.

These features of nationalism are matched by a disagreeable identification of revolution with the health and wealth of the Soviet Union *tout court*. It would not take Lenin long to disentangle the problems of communist discipline from the overtones of nationalism on both sides in the dispute between the Soviet Union and China. The very idea of a struggle or conflict between two established power centers for the interpretation of communist orthodoxy would certainly be more alien to Lenin than it is to the present leaders of the Soviet Union. On this score he would certainly side with Brezhnev and Kosygin, who inherited polycentrism willy-nilly from their predecessor. But the accompanying and underlying stress on national rights, the dispute about frontiers coupled with the assertion of spheres of influence and control over regions acquired by Russia at a time of Tsarist imperialism, would make Lenin uncomfortable, if not exceedingly angry. There is a clear break between internal and external policies. In foreign policy, "socialism in one country"—a formulation to cover a temporary period of stabilization in the enemy camp—has led to the transformation of the Soviet Union from the epicenter of world revolution to just another big power. The attitudes of independence and self-reliance on the part of the other communist states and foreign communist parties can be interpreted not only as a desirable liberation from Stalinist uniformity and control, but as a necessary reaction to Soviet failure to provide adequate support. The Soviet Union has lost interest in foreign countries except in the traditional bourgeois sense of big-power, international politics.

Lenin envisaged communism as a form of political communion, and the Party as its organized expression. Until social conditions permitted, the Party must not lose itself in the larger amorphous society. A communist had to be instantly distinguishable from all others by his outward behavior and his inner values. The present Soviet leaders do not conform to this pattern. Lenin would never recognize them immediately as communists according to the elemental criteria of personal experience. Apart from anything else, a considerable effort would be required to accept Kosygin, Brezhnev, and Podgorny as the direct descendants of the Bolsheviks who saw their precious Soviet state through its turbulent but exciting infancy.

One wonders, for instance, what Lenin would

make of the present emphasis on the collective. For Lenin this was a Party concept, based on the conviction that the sum was greater than its parts. In the Soviet Union today the meaning of the word "collective" is simpler and coarser, and has acquired an institutional context. The emphasis on collective action thus means that people identify themselves not as individuals but as members of a work group, factory, professional group or team, as well as a Party organization. Where newspaper reports of police proceedings in England and the U.S. state a name and address (or lack of it) as a primary means of identification, the Soviet equivalent is the collective, which, as it were, constitutes the individual—rather than the individuals constituting the collective. Is this truly the self-liberation which was the cause, product, and justification of the Marxist revolution?

Standing on the reviewing platform, Lenin would find himself in a quandary. He would be undeniably impressed by the visible effects of Soviet achievement, the obvious permanence of the socialist Soviet Union, but made personally uncomfortable and apprehensive by the atmosphere of a society of which he was a founding father and in which he was now a guest. The whole climate would appear extremely conservative. Though not himself especially interested in art and literature, Lenin died at a time when education, science, and the arts were still in the throes of spectacular experimentation. The limits then had been no less than the frontiers of human capacity. Now experiments are no longer designed to test the limits of the possible, but the area of the permissible; and these are still defined in the main by amended yet recognizably Stalinist cri-



"More and more, I get the feeling that all these years that small, insistent voice of morality has been putting me on."

teria. We may suppose that Lenin would hurl questions at those surrounding him, and that they would reply vigorously in explanation and self-defense. And here the real sense of disillusion would set in. For what would Lenin have to talk about with this present Soviet leadership—other than ornamental references to the past and revered principles of Marxism? The difference between one for whom concrete achievement must be the expression of ideology, and those for whom ideology is necessarily the explanation of concrete achievements, is very great. If a sense of achievement is ultimately related too closely to physical objects, to statistics, even to facts, no dialogue can be really fruitful or stimulating.

The fictional reappearance of Lenin at the Oc-

tober celebrations is useful in enabling us to confront the state of the Soviet Union with its own past. But it also enables us to draw conclusions for the future. Contrary to the loudly proclaimed views of historians, prediction is not dangerous or reprehensible—it may merely prove to be wrong. In fact it is almost mandatory to try and predict. What, then, may we expect from the Soviet Union in the future?

Diversity in the “Bloc”

In the present situation in the communist world, there are new problems arising out of the growing emphasis on national sensitivity. The period of political and economic domination by Moscow came to an end in the mid-1950s. Even though the Soviet Union suppressed the Hungarian revolt and contained the danger of similar action in Poland, these events did not reverse the process of loosening the relationship of the neighboring governments with Moscow. But they changed its direction; the impulse toward more independence came from above, from the ruling parties, not from below *against* them. The year 1956 saw probably the last, not the first, direct Soviet interference in the affairs of her “socialist” neighbors. Supranational planning for the socialist bloc as a whole, based on a rational division of tasks and specializations, continued formally until the early 1960s, and was officially abandoned only at the time when the Romanian government revolted openly against its allocated role of raw-material and agricultural producer.

A resurgence of nationalism has swept Eastern Europe as a whole in the last few years. In Romania and more recently in Poland the last years have witnessed the emergence of power groups of a quite new type within Party and state. Almost without a program, not concerned with any specific issues, they represent inchoate nationalist ambitions within the Party and help their supporters to positions of power within Party and state. In some ways they are a form of national socialism in its literal sense—anti-Russian, anti-Semitic, anti-foreign, anti-intellectual—associated in Poland with General Moczar, the Minister of the Interior, and the so-called “Partisans.”

In Yugoslavia the resurgence of Serb, Croat, and Slovene self-consciousness as national entities with distinct and competing interests has already endangered the cohesion of the federal state, leading to unprecedented experiments and reforms to circumvent it—to such an extent that in the eyes of the Soviet Union Yugoslav communism is disinte-

grating in a series of spectacular experimental explosions. Yet it is only the greater concessions to national sovereignty and autonomy at the expense of inter-Party discipline and cohesion in these last years that has enabled a workable relationship between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia to survive. While Khrushchev still talked to the Yugoslavs in a Marxist canon—albeit a more tolerant one, in which criticism and approval alternated—the new Soviet leadership has tended to treat the Yugoslavs as outside the communist bloc altogether.

Given time, the Stalinist system of control might well have succeeded in shaping these societies in a uniform pattern based on a Soviet model—except that Stalin was not primarily interested in that kind of uniformity. But fifteen years was not nearly enough, and the deeply imbedded ethnic and cultural differences were pushed below the surface only temporarily. This diversity is in fact reflected not only in the basic social institutions, but also in a good deal of specific legislation. One example will suffice. The law on abortion varies widely in socialist countries. Abortions are legal in the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. They are strictly forbidden in the German Democratic Republic and in 1966 were prohibited in Romania. Similarly the process and facility of obtaining divorces varies considerably from country to country.

What the Computers May Miss

Easily the most dangerous and bitter conflict within the socialist “bloc” is the Sino-Soviet split. Underlying its ideological polemics is an increasingly deliberate elaboration of national issues and symbols. The search for ammunition on both sides has thus brought to the surface a whole number of questions about frontiers, spheres of influence, and sovereign rights. National postures, once evoked, have a habit of displacing other issues; it is difficult to envisage where this restructuring of the Sino-Soviet conflict may lead—especially when a frontier of over two thousand miles is involved.

If competitive coexistence vis-à-vis the United States has coincided with conflict with China, the deductions that might have been drawn for the future have been both confused and tested by the war in Vietnam. For the Soviet Union the conflict presents many problems. Its immediate national interests are not involved. Soviet passivity has handed the Chinese endless amounts of rope with which to hang themselves—a temptation the Chinese have carefully resisted. In one sense the Vietnam war has entered, and has been made to accom-

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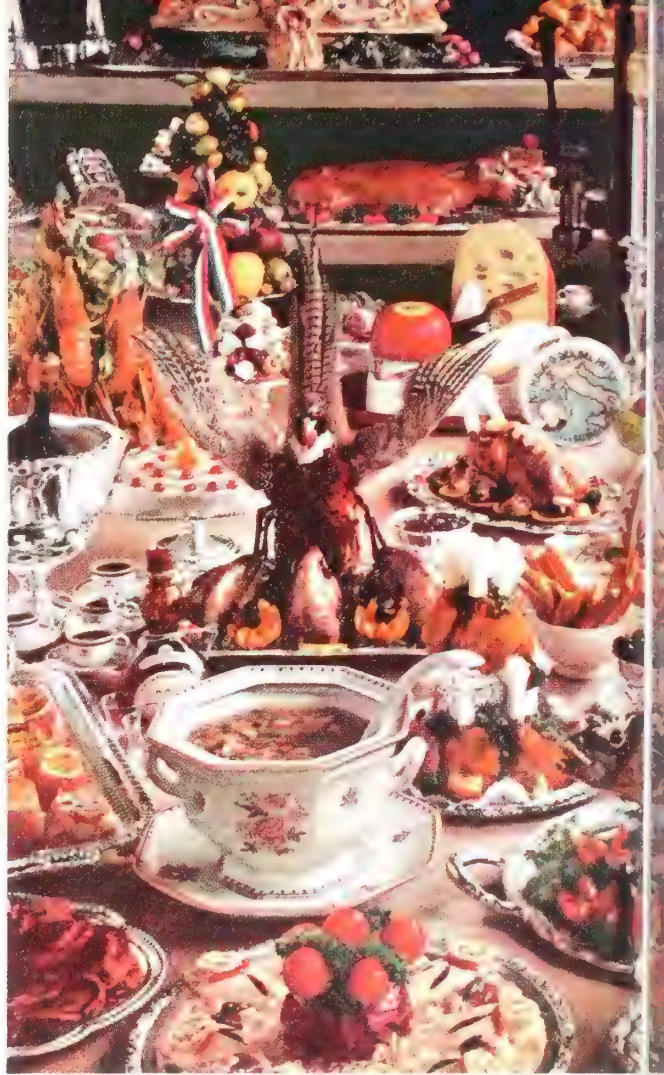


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moderate itself to, the Sino-Soviet dispute. Both the U. S. S. R. and China claim to be assisting the Vietcong to the maximum and accuse the other of hindering their respective efforts. Yet at the same time the war has put both the Sino-Soviet conflict and Soviet-American relations into a state of suspended, purely verbal animation. It can neither resolve the Sino-Soviet split nor widen it. In the last resort the long-standing and deeply ingrained Soviet view of the world as divided into capitalist, socialist, and neutral nations must align the Soviet Union with the North Vietnamese and China. The whole concept of coexistence is based on the assumption that there will be no basic challenge to the existence of either bloc. So far the Soviet Union has spoken of the American threat to challenge the socialist bloc in Asia rather than of the present existence of such a challenge. There has still been some room for maneuver between China and the U. S. S. R. for influence over the Vietcong and North Vietnam, without any risk of total commitment for either. If, however, such a challenge were to be perceived by the Soviet Union, through the danger of a direct military clash between China and the United States in Vietnam or beyond, this picture could alter radically. An American war with China would involve Soviet interests directly, since it would probably feel itself threatened too—as a communist rather than as a national or territorial entity. Soviet interests and the interests of communism would quickly become identified as one and the same. For the perception of interests does not take place in a vacuum of unadulterated rationality, but in a cloudy plasma of experience, habit, and ideology. This is where the computers in the Pentagon are likely to miscalculate the “fail-safe” level of escalation.

Fascinated By Facts

It is of course impossible to predict the actual outcome of the Vietnam situation; for purposes of glimpsing into the likely next fifty years of the Soviet Union it is best ignored. Many observers believe that the logic of capitalism, as of communism, in the twentieth century is dictated by the broad social and economic considerations of advanced industrialization, that both types of societies will move toward each other, and finally attain a similar social structure. Others draw the opposite conclusion from the same set of facts. But the odds are on a continuation of the process of convergence.

Soviet society has now openly accepted the idea of social and professional domination by the com-

petent and qualified. The Soviet schooling system is more selective in its stress on ability than almost any other. The British, for instance, currently look to the educational system as a means of redressing social imbalances. The Soviet system—believing as it does that social imbalance has already been removed by fifty years of Soviet government—selects the best qualified for higher schooling without fear of institutionalizing any existing social privileges. The effectiveness of this argument may be questioned, but not its formal validity. Soviet analysis of its own educational system shows clearly that certain groups have easier access to educational facilities than others. Inequality between individuals and social groups (*not* classes) is freely and even officially admitted in the Soviet Union. But it is characterized as due to human rather than social endowment, an inequality of skill not background. And the claim is partly though never wholly true. If middle-class behavior is to be measured in terms of the desire to achieve and a strong emphasis on formal education, then the Soviet Union is as bourgeois as the United States.

The Soviets' view of their society identifies social power with political power, and political power as wholly anchored in the Party—a Party consisting of the best qualified and most able members of society. An elite, in other words. When the present generation of Party leaders is superseded, the successors may for the first time be technocrats with different professional experiences but with identical schooling in the Soviet Marxist ideology, while Western politicians will in a sense be the very opposite, politicians whose professional experience has been in politics but whose schooling and background may differ considerably. The paradox is that the more politics become distinct from other social or professional activities, the more politicians will become professionals. The more directly politics represent and incorporate all other forms of social activity, the easier the access of nonpolitical professions to positions of power. In this regard the Soviet Union may yet come to be a model for the future technocratic or professional democracy which faces us all.

But this is a long way off. As the Soviet Union celebrates fifty years of revolution, fact-fascinated, it continues to be primarily backward-looking and to regard the future as an extrapolation of the past. There is growing public awareness of problems to be solved, but they are problems with which people have been familiar, often painfully, for some time. Even so, the self-confidence of fifty years of concrete achievement will certainly stiffen the ideological conviction of certainty and rightness inherent in Marxism-Leninism.

Oliver Cope, M.D.

THE FUTURE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION

If we are to have enough—and good enough—doctors, the medical schools must stop force-feeding identical training to future research scientists, family physicians, surgeons, and other specialists, all of whom need very different skills.

The scarcity of doctors in the United States is a familiar fact of life finally acknowledged even by the American Medical Association. The shortage is most dramatically evident in our hospitals, where more than twelve thousand men and women imported from foreign countries are serving as interns and residents because too few American graduates are available. Obviously, our medical schools are not producing enough physicians, and there is fairly general agreement that their enrollments should be increased. Much less familiar is the inescapable conclusion that our medical schools leave much to be desired qualitatively and that—unless they adopt some drastic changes—the physicians they turn out will not be equal to the social and scientific tasks expected of them.

It has long been assumed that American medical education is uniquely excellent. This confidence had its roots in the widespread reforms initiated in 1910 following publication of Abraham Flexner's historic report. Thereafter, substandard schools and diploma mills were shut down and rigorous standards for the training of doctors were established—including the requirement of four years of college and four years of medical school. With only two exceptions—Western Reserve and Duke—the curriculum of our eighty-eight medical schools has remained static ever since. The only significant change in more than half a century has been to pile many years of specialty training onto the basic eight years of study in college and medical school. Meanwhile, and particularly in the past two decades, the character of medical care has changed drastically. But virtually no searching attention has been paid to the

fundamental education of doctors. Consequently, the practice of medicine today reflects the education of yesterday. If—as I believe—the practice of today has its shortcomings, then the education of yesterday was not all it should have been. As a result of faulty education, too many practicing doctors cling to outmoded therapy and fail to grasp the meaning of advances in science. But, paradoxically, we are at the same time overly attracted to new gimmicks. At the drop of a hat we will try a drug that has not been adequately tested or use one in an inappropriate and often harmful way. We fail to be critical at the right point, are too slow to change in some areas and too quick on the trigger in others. A second widespread shortcoming among today's doctors is a failure to comprehend the emotional aspects of disease, an inability to apply behavioral science to the health of people.

Let me illustrate these deficiencies. There is the relatively commonplace question of whether to perform a hysterectomy, removing a woman's uterus because it contains a fibroid tumor. The traditional teaching of the general surgeon and the gynecologist for the last fifty years has been that the uterus containing a fibroid tumor bleeds sooner or later and should therefore be removed. (So rarely is a fibroid tumor a malignant lesion that fear of malignancy is seldom a reason for operation.) The endocrinologist, in contrast to the surgeon, knows that the bleeding comes from the endometrium (the lining of the uterus) and sees the fibroid as a passive accompaniment of the bleeding, an innocent bystander, so to speak. To recommend the removal of the uterus because the fibroid is causing bleeding or might cause bleed-

ing later on is not only faulty thinking but leads to unnecessary operation. Why has this faulty concept persisted? Does it not indicate a defect in our education?

Another fallacy that persists concerns cancer of the breast. A radical operation devised prior to 1910 is still the standard treatment in this country, despite abundant scientific evidence that a less mutilating treatment using modern high-voltage irradiation is as good and quite likely better. Thus it seems obvious that the primary treatment should be by radiation; there should be only the minimum of surgery needed to establish the diagnosis. This suggestion, however, arouses antagonism or doubt in the majority of doctors. Their view is that a proven therapy—even though physically mutilating and often psychologically damaging—is not to be abandoned for a treatment that is relatively new and therefore untried. But when and how does medicine manage to change? Should not education be concerned with this question?

An example of the profession's faulty attitude toward emotional troubles is found in the usual approach to Graves' disease, so-called exophthalmic goiter, the common form of hyperthyroidism. The traditional method has been to treat the enlarged, overactive thyroid. However, for more than a century physicians have been aware of emotional disturbance frequently associated with this condition. For the most part, they have believed that the emotional state was due to the excess of thyroid hormone. (Much of what we see on the surface is indeed due to the excessive hormone.) On the other hand, there is evidence that the significant emotional disturbance started before the thyroid enlargement and overactivity and before the protuberance of the eyes. In the last twenty years psychiatrists have become increasingly able to identify the preceding emotional disturbance.

Those who comprehend the psychological background of the disease believe the patient should be treated primarily by psychotherapy. Those who take no stock in this concept continue to treat only the thyroid by surgery, radioactive iodine, or a chemical blocking agent, leaving the protuberant eyes and emotional disturbance to fend for themselves.

Why has there been so little recourse to psychiatry in dealing with other predominantly psychosomatic conditions? Are doctors afraid to look into the human mind? Or are we no longer attracting to medicine men and women of great intellectual sensitivity? It is indeed a fact that nowadays college graduates with the highest academic standing in science do not apply to medical schools. The graduate programs of physics and

mathematics are more attractive, much shorter, and lead faster to well-paid jobs. Furthermore, students who have been exposed to the modern programs of high-school and college science find the medical-school curriculum repetitive, tedious, and uninspiring.

Observe, Experiment, and Enjoy

If medical schools continue to drive the ablest students backwards into repetitious courses, they will surely complain and will stop coming altogether. Medicine will be left with the dullards. Harvard medical students have been complaining increasingly for the last few years. In November 1965, their restiveness reached a point where twenty-five second-year students requested permission to manage their own course. Surely this revolt reflects a failure on the part of the faculty. As a first step, we must redefine precisely what the job of the medical school is.

Quite obviously a good deal of what is now taught in medical school, particularly in basic science, could be taught in college. A basic science program appropriate to medicine is offered in the college years by Cyrus Leventhal, Professor of Biology at M.I.T. Dr. Leventhal teaches molecular biology within a broad framework. He inspires his students in the very way medical students should be inspired, to observe, experiment, reason, and enjoy their studies. A student who has taken his program should be able to enter medical school with advanced standing, skipping much of the present first year and some of the second. In my view, physiology, biochemistry, and microbiology could all be taught in college; and this should be done to shorten the path from education to practice.

Similarly we must re-examine the time-consuming courses required of every would-be doctor. Must he really spend months in the tedious dissection of a cadaver and peering into a microscope at sections of organs? This is the standard anatomy course at virtually all medical schools. A startling departure, however, has been made by

Dr. Oliver Cope was a prime mover in a study group which met at Endicott House in Dedham, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1965. Subsequently, in collaboration with Professor Jerrold Zacharias of MIT, he wrote "Medical Education Reconsidered" (Lippincott, 1966), a blueprint for reform. This article reflects the thinking of the Endicott House group as well as Dr. Cope's personal experience at Harvard Medical School, where he is Professor of Surgery. He is the author of many scientific papers.

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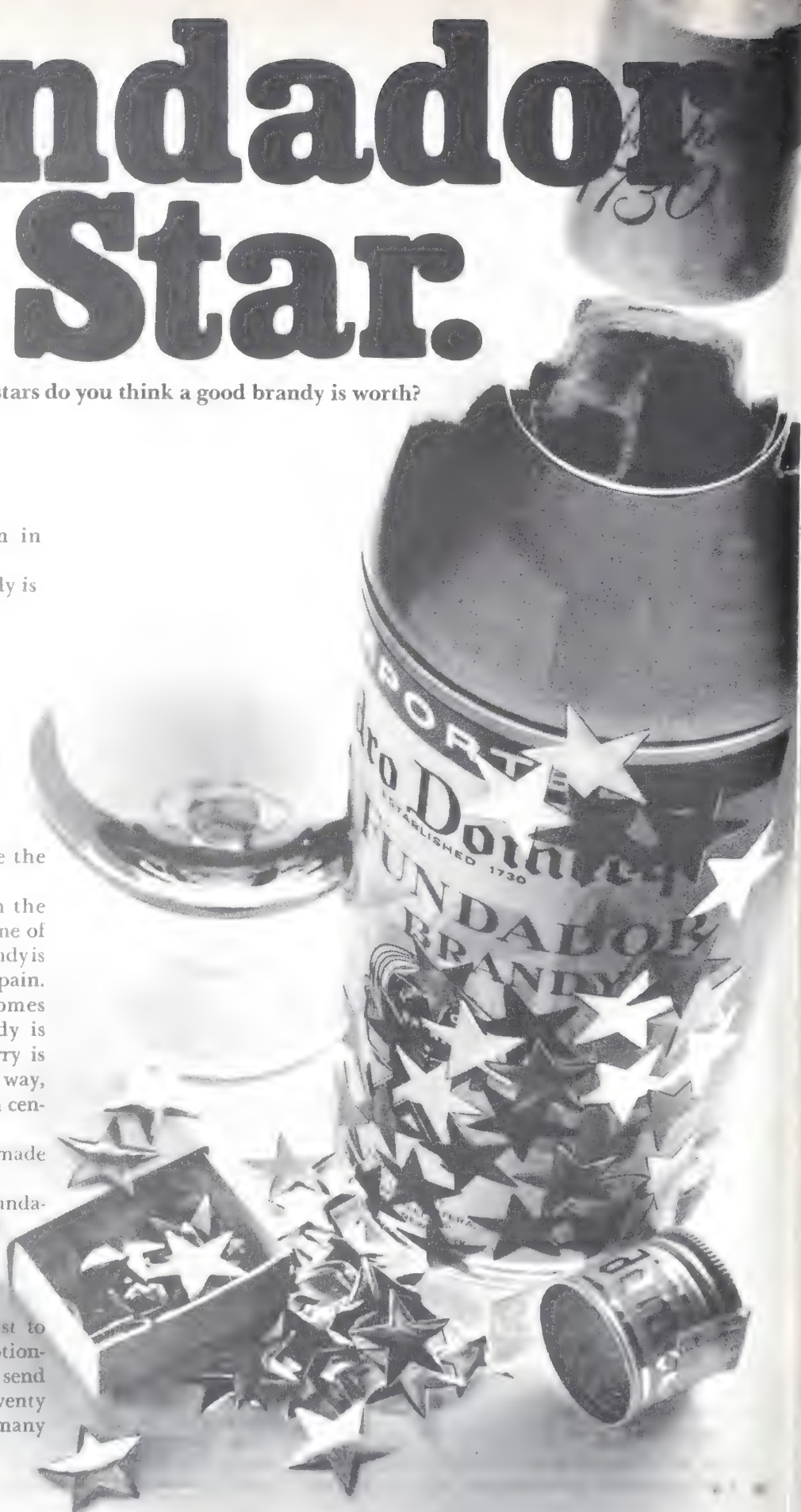
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Dr. Ivan Bennett at Johns Hopkins. In his course the student is introduced to various areas of study by means of bedside visits to patients and by observation at autopsies. On scheduled rounds he learns how human beings react to disease. Then each student is on call for autopsies in rotation. To these they come religiously, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays included. The student is led from the bedside and the autopsy table to the various laboratories, to bacteriology, biological chemistry, and microcellular pathology.

Dr. Bennett's experience makes it evident that it is absurd to teach anatomy through the dissection of a cadaver. If we wanted a child to learn what a plum is we would not start by telling him to examine a dried-up old prune. In the living person, muscles contract, tendons tug, and joints flex. Blood circulates. Veins have valves, and large palpable arteries like the carotids and aorta pulsate and are tender. And at the autopsy immediately after death, tissues are still vivid. Skin is skin, not leather. Fat is fat, muscle is muscle, blood vessels have blood in them, and lungs contain air. If gross anatomy were studied at the autopsy table, many things would not have to be consciously learned; they would just be absorbed.

The expression "core knowledge" has recently become fashionable. In medicine it is applied to the information which every doctor should acquire in order to be competent in his own field and also aware of the outside fields impinging on his immediate concern. The "core knowledge" idea is a hangover from the 1900 goal of educating the general practitioner to know almost everything. But in fact today the "core knowledge" for the surgeon is one thing and quite another for the dermatologist, neurologist, public-health officer, or other specialist.

Because the various departments of medical schools cherish their autonomy, there is little collaboration between teachers of different disciplines. On the contrary, each specialist takes pride in insinuating his particular bit of knowledge into the curriculum until it is crammed so full that the student is left little time to cultivate the power of study, explore on his own, and test his thinking in discussion with the teacher. And he learns no principles in the process. In anatomy, for example, why should the student bound for general medicine, psychiatry, or health engineering learn those minute details of the fascial sheath surrounding the abdominal muscles which the surgeon needs to know to sew up a wound properly?

Each department pays little heed to what is going on in the others. Take biochemistry as an example. We are in the age of biochemistry and

everybody wants in on the act. Most students have had considerable chemistry in college including biochemistry and laboratory techniques. Yet in the first year of medical school, the students get a full course in biochemistry, often with extensive laboratory exercises. Then in the second year, microbiology and pharmacology have become largely biochemical. To make matters worse, many pathologists and clinicians love to vaunt their chemical knowledge before the students. It seems that the students are the only ones aware of all this repetition.

A Shorter Circuit

It is obvious that whole areas of the present curriculum need to be reshuffled and several excised. Departmental barriers must be broken down and this, from a practical point of view, can only be done by eliminating the uncooperative, willful departments for whom research has become more important than teaching.

Medical schools have manifold objectives. They must educate not only a variety of clinical specialists, but also teachers, career scientists, medical administrators, and managers or what might be called health systems engineers. Likewise, the students entering medical school will continue to be a diversified group of different backgrounds, interests, and capacities. Obviously, medical schools should not demand that all go through the same curriculum. Basic to any real innovation is the concept of an educational program as a continuum from elementary school to professional practice. Medical education might then require three years of college, including an advanced program in biology, plus three years of medical school and two to four years of graduate education. This program—two years shorter than the current traditional curriculum—is feasible because the students now in college are better at understanding science and can learn faster.

In such a program the formal medical-school curriculum will be three years—one year shorter than the present. The first year will be devoted to pathology, the science of disease, as it is taught by Dr. Bennett. The present formal courses in anatomy and bacteriology will have been absorbed by pathology. From the start, the students will see patients and will also be introduced to the emotional aspects of disease. The last two months of the year will be spent in pathophysiology—a course presently taught at the Harvard Medical School. In it the biochemist, the anatomist, the pathologist, the pharmacologist, and the clinician

join to teach the student how the clinician uses the scientific disciplines.

The second year will be a clinical year much like the present curriculum's third or fourth year. The student will join interns and residents in the care of patients. For the third and final year he will start on his chosen career. If he wishes to go into general or family practice, he will spend the year in what is essentially an internship. After graduation he will have a residency year in general medicine. He will then go out into practice. If he needs further help with his education, arrangements will be made for him to take postgraduate courses.

For the student electing to go into a clinical specialty, the third year might be spent in a research laboratory and in clinical work as an intern in his future specialty. He will then proceed to his graduate clinical years.

The career scientist who does not intend to practice medicine will have a quite different curriculum. This he can do today if he decides in college to head for a Ph.D. degree rather than an M.D. However it is often desirable that the career scientist—for example a future virologist—have some contact with pathology, the science of disease, and with the patient so that he will know something about medical care. But this does not mean that he should spend four long years in the present medical curriculum. Instead, after his initial training in the science laboratory—either in college or medical school—he need spend no more than a year of medical school dealing with patients. Thereafter he should work mainly in the

laboratory where he will complete his graduate study.

For the student who starts out in the medical curriculum thinking he wishes to be a doctor but changes his mind and wishes to spend his life in nonclinical investigation, this plan also has an advantage. He too may leave the medical curriculum during or at the end of the second year and go to the laboratory of his choosing either back in the college or in a medical-school department or elsewhere in an institute.

Upon completion of the tutelage in laboratory science, both students might receive the M.D. degree in addition to the Ph.D. according to the custom of the university. The name of the degree is unimportant. What the student needs is the inspiration of science with some comprehension of clinical medicine.

When the Doctor Is Afraid

Medical educators must come to grips with the fact that many of the physicians we have been producing are hesitant—indeed fearful—of delving into the personal or emotional difficulties of their patients. The doctor unfortunately puts up a barrier when the patient describes emotional difficulties. The only way the doctor has of understanding what the patient means is through his own previous experience. When a patient says he hears a locomotive whistle, the doctor in his mind hears a locomotive whistle and understands what the patient means. If the patient tells of a harrowing emotional experience, the doctor seeks a comparable experience of his own and if his past contains such an experience and it too was harrowing, then the doctor may suddenly and unexpectedly find himself very uneasy. Indeed the doctor (like the patient) may find himself overwhelmed, even close to tears, a humiliating and most uncomfortable experience. The anxious doctor instinctively guards himself and avoids the emotional aspects of the patient's disease. He wants the patient to deal with them the way he has dealt with his own, namely to repress them.

A similar psychological situation seems to exist in the doctor's attitude to the social aspects of medicine—the economic and personal problems which affect health. I suspect this is because doctors, like most people, are troubled by looking into their own inner recesses. Afraid of psychiatry, they feel—though to a lesser extent—threatened by social problems. All is not rosy in society and it is pleasanter not to contemplate the bad side, particularly for the doctor, who is committed by Hip-

AN END

by Harvey Shapiro

Whether I had room
For all that joy
In my economy
Is another matter.
Rejecting me,
She shut out all my light,
Showed to me the backs
Of houses, tail lights
Going fast,
Smiles disappearing.
Every man
Was my enemy.
So it was for many a day,
I could not
Climb out of it,
So close was I
To her will.

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pocratic oath to care for the underprivileged as well as the privileged. "What you don't know won't hurt you" may be his only rationale, or in this context, "What you don't know won't bother your conscience."

What of the growing shortage of physicians? Additional medical schools are urgently needed and they should be innovative and experimental. Women are also a vast resource for medicine, as has been demonstrated in the U. S. S. R. and other countries. For quantitative reasons, more women should immediately be admitted to American medical schools. But there are other more important reasons why women should be urged to become doctors. Medicine has been described largely through the eyes of man. The definitive texts including those in psychiatry, with few exceptions, have been written by men. The instincts and thinking of women should be a bit different. I do not suggest that the thinking of women is either wiser or less astute than that of men. But it might be considerably different. It is just possible, for instance, that if we had more women in gynecology, fewer hysterectomies would be carried out; that if we had more women in such fields as radiology, fewer breasts would be removed because of the presence of a cancer. Man suffers mutilation poorly and woman has suffered mutilation only because she has been told there is no other way out. There might also be much less fumbling over such problems as infertility and ovarian irregularities. It's probable also that women in medicine would be much more interested than men in the upbringing of children and in society generally.

Listen-to-me Teaching

Even though fourteen new medical schools are planned at present and some of the older ones are slightly increasing their enrollment, the supply of physicians will not keep pace with the need unless drastic reforms take place in medical education. The present curriculum and period of apprenticeship are too lengthy and too sterile to compete with more challenging fields for intellectually gifted students. It will take determined pressure from the American people to produce the needed changes in medical education. This statement is based on my own disenchanting efforts at reforming the curriculum.

During World War II and immediately thereafter, I served on Harvard's Medical School curriculum committee. The discussions were exciting but the committee, and later the faculty, would ac-

cept only one change, a revision of the second half of the second year. By cutting out two inappropriate courses, in fractures and surgical technique, time was freed to introduce the student to the patient in a new collaborative course called Case Taking, and the ground was laid for the course in pathophysiology which has developed with signal success. The changes helped a bit, but the benefit was restricted by the unwillingness of the departments to work together. Most of the internists ignored the potential contributions of the surgeons, and both surgeons and internists could not have cared less about the role the psychiatrists offered to play.

More recently, in 1963-64, I was again involved in curricular affairs, this time in refereeing a revision of the third and fourth years, the so-called clinical years. The recommendations of the post-war curriculum committee had been twice voted down by the faculty and there was a deadlock. I was asked by the dean to be chairman of an ad hoc committee to work out a compromise. An amended program was recommended, accepted by the faculty, and introduced the following year.

But little has been achieved by the new program beyond complaints about the disruptions caused by the changes. The new responsibility and opportunity assigned psychiatry by the ad hoc committee and voted by the faculty have subsequently been cut in half by the original curriculum committee without faculty approval. (The time was reassigned back to the complaining orthopedists.) The expanded elective time has been filled for most students by the same old listen-to-me style courses crammed with facts. The reason there has been little or no observable improvement is that the faculty has continued to teach with the same methods and attitudes. What was needed was a change in the approach to teaching, not merely a change in the curriculum.

Dr. Robert Ebert, Harvard's new dean, well aware of the present unsatisfactory situation, announced last October his intent to make drastic changes in the Harvard medical curriculum. His proposals are at present under consideration by the faculty, which is still far from agreement about what needs to be done. Hence, unfortunately, action is unlikely to be forthcoming for some time.

For the most part, the medical profession is generous with its time, works far longer hours than any other, in studying and in devoted care of others. Hard work and dedication, however, are unfortunately not synonymous with intelligence and good judgment. And these, above all, are the qualities needed to make medical education fulfill the needs of our society.



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MEN WHO STEER SOCIETY

1. Lewis Mumford at Seventy-two

by Allan Temko

The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development, by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$8.95.

In an age of incessant scientific, technological, and social change, which has led not only to incomparable achievements of the human spirit, but also to inhuman degradation and demoralization of "mechanized man," the superb moral presence of Lewis Mumford—who will be seventy-two years old this month—remains unique and unchanging in modern intellectual life.

For nearly five decades, since he first captured the admiration of men such as George Santayana in the 1920s, Mumford has stood quite alone as the foremost environmental theorist of his time. No other investigator of man's physical and social surroundings has approached the scale, depth, and sheer magnitude of his life's work as a historian of technics and urban culture: a discipline which he may fairly be said to have founded on a new basis in two great books of the 'thirties, *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities*. No other critic of contemporary planning and architecture has been so unflinching and penetrating in judgment.

Indeed, although he designed no buildings, and participated only occasionally in pioneering planning projects, which culminated in the great experiment at Radburn, New Jersey, Mumford is one of the fathers of the

new architecture of our time, together with the masterly designers Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, and Mies van der Rohe, with whom he sometimes disagreed profoundly. Long before it became fashionable among architects, planners, sociologists, and even politicians to speak of "the total environment," Mumford was aware that no other kind of environment existed; and he warned with an increasing sense of urgency, and deepening despair, that the complex problems of technological civilization, which are above all human problems, cannot possibly be solved piecemeal.

Thus he has taught us all. Yet ultimately, no matter how significant these contributions may be, it will be as a moral philosopher that he will have his day. If Mumford as an environmental humanist has carried on the Anglo-American apostolic succession of John Ruskin, William Morris, and his personal master Patrick Geddes, all of whom were professionally preoccupied with the social and spiritual implications of physical design, Mumford the native American moralist is the chief heir of Emerson, who said, "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." This Mumford noted, with young eloquence, in *The Golden Day* of 1926; and ever since, his primary concern has been "The Conduct of Life"—the Emersonian title which, in a fervent book of some twenty years later, he deliberately took for his own.

Life as it might be lived, invested

everywhere with true significance only self-reliant individuals fulfill their innate potentialities in an organically whole society transcending themselves in a deeper order of man, has been the subject of all of Mumford's books. He first published *The Story of Civilization* in 1922. This formidable series has grown to twenty-two volumes with the appearance this year of *Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development*. It consists of a single sustained argument, fully consistent over the years, which holds that genuine renewal can come only from the squalid streets of New York, the defoliated jungle of Vietnam, or anywhere else, and can be accomplished only through a "renewal of life."

This broad phrase—"the renewal of life"—may mean many things to many people. For Mumford it has meant specifically that the "primacy of the person" must be restored in an increasingly mechanized and personalized world. The "myth of the machine, therefore, is the notion that technics is the central component of human development and that the modern world, typically described by Carlyle as the "early industrial period, is primarily a 'tool-using animal.'" On the subject of the machine, Mumford replies passionately:

Mr. Temko is urban critic of the San Francisco "Chronicle" and is now writing a book on the industrial environment, for the Twentieth Century Fund.



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in all the complexity of his "symbolic" activities must and should be the true center. He insists again in his present book, as he did in *The Condition of Man* in 1944, that "ritual, art, poesy, drama, music, dance, philosophy, science, myth, and religion are all as essential to man as his daily bread." Our own "power-centered" age, which he scornfully notes is called the Space Age or the Nuclear Age rather than the Age of Man, has enthroned technics; and the machine, as Henry Adams mordantly warned before Mumford, is running away with man. Unless technics again becomes "life-centered," Mumford predicts, man will atrophy as a "passive, purposeless, machine-conditioned animal."

The *homme moyen sensuel* of the twentieth century, comfortable in his suburban split-level, surfeited with appliances, may recoil from so chilling a forecast of his prospects. Yet it is precisely for him that *The Myth of the Machine* has been written. Like Thor-eau, but unlike Adams who thought the situation hopeless, Mumford has sought to wake his neighbors up to the dawn of a new golden day.

For long ago he realized, in a brilliant insight, that every technical change wrought by man also changes man himself. "Alterations in the human personality" are inevitably produced. In an important book of a dozen years ago, which anticipates *The Myth of the Machine* at every

point, he named these changes *Transformations of Man*. In many observers beside Mumford noted, a radically new condition of man has begun. Under the influence of unprecedented "megatechnics"—"nuclear energy, supersonics, transportation, cybernetic intelligence, instantaneous distant communication"—the far-flung settlements of Megalopolis are reacting, expanding in many parts of the world, transforming man and the earth.

To a new generation of human beings the final outcome of this essential new phase of urban civilization is surely remains in doubt. Consider it may be as catastrophic as lightning believes probable: an apocalyptic epoch of Toynbeeian "trouble" to be at hand in the furious rush where a rootless urban population still new to the industrial order, coveted mechanical appliances, force. On the other hand it may be to be a benign "new order of things" merely afflicted by "growing pains" as the French geographer Jean Brunmann, author of *Megalopolis* rhetorically assumes (even though Mumford dismisses his work as "technical nonentity").

All depends, of course, on whether the new megatechnics, now pointing of control, may be brought under rational direction and human control. Granted, this is a big order, one in which the Pentagon and the Kremlin have yet to be considered. If "negative" forces are not brought to a "positive" direction, Mumford sees a "dominant minority" replacing a "uniform, all-enveloping planetary structure, designed for automatic operation," in which he has "not only conquered nature but detached himself as far as possible from organic habitat."

But as always in Mumford's work there is a "human way out." For surprisingly it is a route which opens in the furthest recesses of prehistory. Although in *Tecne and Civilization* Mumford went back to the Middle Ages, he now in *The Myth of the Machine* retraces the whole course of human development from early man to Leonardo. This volume will carry the story to the present. Nevertheless the message is already unrepeatable.

Judson Jerome

FROM THE DESK OF.....

listen it's not only the Viet Cong but these long-haired kids on BMWs naked at night hauling off my substance like a train of ants through jungles flakes of flesh in their mandibles to roll it and smoke it somewhere out of sight

and these upstart bucks spreading violence like popping pustules all over my USA staring me down like my own daughter pregnant with insolence cool you know like France after all we've done for her acting that way

when all Washington knows how to do is raise taxes appoint a half-assed committee picks some pipsqueak general to run Asia plays 007 with its Dogberry CIA you can't tell me somebody isn't behind these foreign flicks

what we need is action castrate the Arabs and wire 10 million volts into all these electric guitars fry their beards send these mobs to cotton patches in outer Idaho and give SNCC back to the Chinese

it's all right there in LIFE spread out in full color conspirators from Havana meeting in sheets burning draftcards to light their joints you think the streets are safe you think you'll collect the rent each month and escape beating

me I'm taking more pills and enjoying them less my wife looking gaunt dangerous antsy my yard has gone to pot my kids dropped out and you think just one thermonuclear device in the right place would be you say chancey

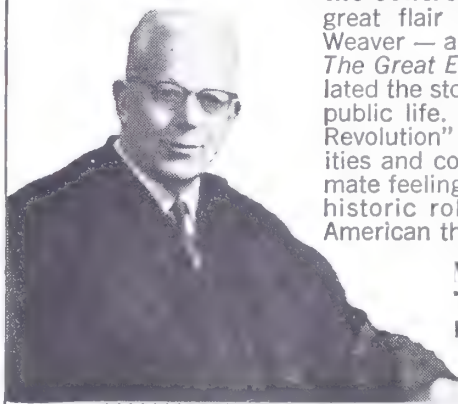
THE NEW BOOKS

of it was delivered five years ago in *The City in History*, Mumford's masterpiece in which he also related to pre-urban cultures to find universal environmental principles. The task Mumford has set for himself in both books, which supersede *Technics and Civilization* and *Culture of Cities*, has been to mine where, and why, human development went wrong, largely as a result of misapplication of technics by statist social organization, and to put it back on the right track. It presupposes an early period, only discernible on the basis of pre-scientific knowledge, in which technics originally was "broadly life-centered, work-centered or power-centered" to serve "varied human interests and needs, different organic needs, resisted the overgrowth of any single element." To recast such a favorable balance of human activities throughout years forward in time, to our imbalanced period of technological overgrowth, is the final destination of Mumford's long journey through history.

Probably no historian other than J. B. Toynbee could today attempt such a synthesis, and this is one of the measures of Mumford's stature. But Mumford's method demands that he be a "generalist" who is at ease as far as aboard Melville's *Pequod* as on the deck of a ship's *Beagle*.

The Myth of the Machine Mumford marshals a most impressive array of evidence from archaeology, anthropology, psychology, and other disciplines in order to formulate broader generalizations from known facts. The evidence is, at least in the portions of the book which are most deeply lodged in prehistory, very little is surely known about man's origins. Where in the end, and intuitive speculation begins, it is impossible for an overgeneralist to say. A professional anthropologist such as Edmund Carpenter, however, has no such inhibition. In an exceedingly hostile review in the *New York Times* he stated flatly of Mumford "fills in" gaps in our knowledge, claiming that it "must have happened that way."

Certainly this charge is true. Nevertheless Carpenter is forced to concede that ethnology supplies "unimpeachable evidence" in support of Mumford's thesis that man from his be-



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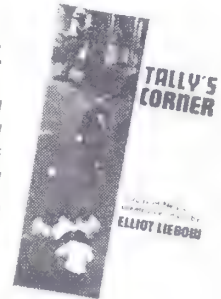
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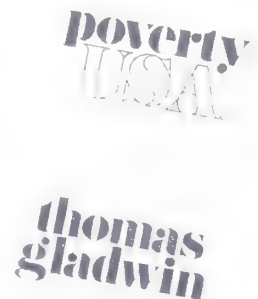
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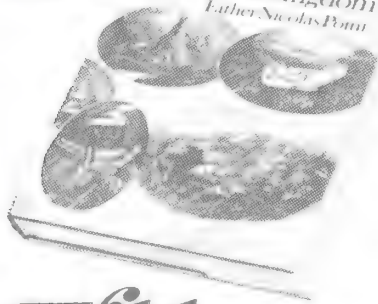


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ginnings has been "preeminently a mind-making, self-mastering, and self-designating animal." He has not been *Homo Faber*, the Tool-maker, but Man the Finder, whose greatest discovery by far has been his human self. Far more important than his physical mastery of technics, in this view, was his invention of language and his capacity to dream, to sing, to dance, to join with his fellows in meaningful ritual, and to laugh. Always his "symbolic" achievements outweighed the significance of rudimentary work processes: that is, from the moment that work—as denoted in the Greek term *tekne*—ceased to be indistinguishable from art.

That moment came, according to Mumford with almost terrifying suddenness, with the establishment of negative social organization in walled cities ruled by divine kings and secretive priests. A phenomenal release of social and technical energy accompanied this profound transformation of the human condition, but "the myth of the machine and the cult of divine kingship rose together" and from that moment onward two different technologies—"one 'democratic' and dispersed, the other totalitarian and centralized"—existed side by side. The chief monument of negative technics, he demonstrates in a magnificent interpretation of Pharaonic Egypt, was the Great Pyramid at Giza. This passage is one of his greatest contributions to cultural history, for in puzzling over the extremely rapid and almost incredibly precise construction of the pyramid, which was built without heavy lifting machinery, he has discovered the "megamachine" of antiquity. Society itself had been transformed into a giant machine, exemplified not only by the military organization of the army, but the equally martial conscription of the labor force which, goaded by lash and truncheon, quickly accomplished huge feats of construction. The megamachine was "invisible" because its tens of thousands of intricately interacting parts were human. The analogy with the invisible technologies of today, made possible by computers and electronic micro-circuitry, administered by arrogant rulers and generals, and known fully only to those possessing "classified" information, like the priests and powerful bureaucrats of Egypt, is the chief lesson of the his-

tory in *The Myth of the Machine*.

Once he makes this point, Mumford moves swiftly—too swiftly—to the technologies of Greece and Rome, to the Middle Ages and the Rule of St. Benedict, and finally to the Renaissance, as epitomized by the invention of the printing press—some of them purely visionary. Leonardo. Although he makes the parallel continuum of the technologies—positive and negative—democratic and totalitarian—hardly not always maintain a balance. Perhaps he is right in this: neither forces probably always predominated so far as the majority of the population was concerned. Yet in Rome, with its wonderful life—its aqueducts, was a decisively better place in which to live than Egypt, as its transportation system of the did roads was usually put to use than the movement of troops.

Similarly, the crafts technologies of the Middle Ages, which Mumford rightly prizes, were, like the megamachine of Egypt, capable of bewildering speed. The cathedrals were lovingly, but not slowly, at least in comparison to works of antiquity, choir and nave of Chartres were and were equipped with sculptural glass in something like forty years. Yet Mumford is undeniably correct when he speaks movingly of the authentic "polytechnics" which also the medieval period and reached its culmination in places like the fourteenth-century England, before the first onrush of the Industrial Revolution.

But then, of course, they were crushed by the new industrial technologies, in spite of the efforts of men like William Morris to revive the lost crafts tradition. Has this been totally for the worse? Is the machine-produced chair by Charles Morris less a humanistic work of art than the carpenter-built Morris-chair? Is transportation by jet airplane "efficient" or less humane than the land journey by rail? Is the power, admittedly, overpowerful—Futurism today for any fundamental reason less acceptable than the Modernism?

These are questions which this generation must ask with sociological conviction as heartfelt as Mumford's. The real purpose of the New Myth should be to put the new machine in the service of man, so he can be liberated for higher activities.

THE NEW BOOKS

it is Mumford himself, like a peak lifting out of confused who has upheld this vision of us. Thinking of this great id of our incalculable debt to saw the snowy cone of Mount Far below, the Great Central extended from the Coast to the Sierra, seventy miles and four hundred miles long. here on the fertile plain the as were in action, producing al yield per acre twice that of ere was squalor enough along ways, billboards and shacks, s and junkyards, and even r from the coastal metrop- here was smog. Yet a new as everywhere discernible. In shing towns there were col-

leges and libraries, hospitals and art galleries, and thousands of decent homes. Ordinary men and women had time—leisure—to paint and to sculpt, to shape clay on potting wheels, to weave cloth, and to build boats, with their own power tools, which they sailed on the vast lake behind Shasta Dam. Snow from the mountain melted and flowed down to the lake in crystalline streams, and thence onward to water the fields of an area as large as Denmark, with power lines—branching everywhere from the hydroelectric generators of the dam—following the irrigation channels. System branched into sub-system, growing more complex and various, and all flowed from the mountain, to which one could only look with joy and admiration.

Quarrels Among Economists

bert Lekachman

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Professor Lekachman, author of "The Age of Keynes" and other books, is chairman of the economics department at Stony Brook, State University of New York.



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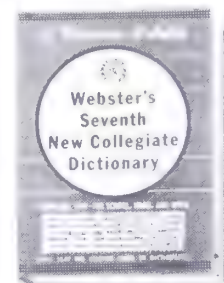
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PRAEGER

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American capacity and determination to move ahead on any or all social fronts.

Recent success of the variety chronicled by Heller in keeping unemployment below 4 per cent has somewhat dampened the heated debate among economists about the impact of automation upon the nature of work and the number of living men and women whom computers and automated factories will require as auxiliaries. The volume by Nelson, Peck, and Kalachek, also notable for its effort to ally the social sciences systematically to social experiment, contains a succinct statement of what is probably the position of the majority of economists. The tone of their optimistic assessment can be conveyed in these two sentences: "While the record of adjustment in the past has been marred by unemployment and income losses, now the means are at hand to mitigate these difficulties. The new and pronounced willingness to use fiscal and monetary measures and labor market policy promises to inaugurate an era in which unprecedented income and employment security may be compatible with rapid technological changes." On this issue the authors are at one with Walter Heller.

Their side of the argument emphasizes continuity between technical change since the Industrial Revolution and technical change since the computer. It places equal emphasis upon our new command of fiscal policy and manpower training. Ben Seligman takes vigorously the opposite side of the issue. In industry after industry and function after function he discerns victories of automation over men and women. Computers control inventories better than junior managers. They hunt up legal precedents more quickly and more thoroughly than apprentice lawyers. They diagnose illness more accurately than respected members of the American Medical Association. Computers in the offices, automatic controls in the factories, and alliances between the computers and the controls are not simple, incremental improvements of an historically familiar kind. They are the agents, instead, of technical revolution.

No man should pronounce with certainty upon issues of this magnitude. Economists have been only indif-

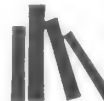


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at diagnosticians of structural ge in their own or other people's ties. My opinion, for whatever it may be worth, is this: for the time being the Nelson school has the edge of the controversy, at least on the issue of actual job loss. To date the effect has been moderate to small. In the long run, Seligman may have a clearer vision of the prospect before us. If Seligman is broadly accurate, then very major changes in attitudes to work, leisure, and class will become essential.

As important as it may be, automation is, in the end, the analysis of American capitalism. American capitalism entire is the subject of Galbraith's latest and most important work. Written with the author's usual clarity and style, *The New Industrial Revolution* is the stuff of a thousand debates. The theory's bare bones are laid out: All advanced industrial societies must plan, simply because they cannot commit such large amounts of capital to the achievement of output goals located years in the future. It is the function of good corporate planning to diminish the uncertainty of guessing the future. This is a matter of efficient coordination of machines, space, and men. But corporate planning must extend much further. It must provide for the careful management of the markets where the goods are destined. The buyers simply cannot be trusted to their own devices. They might make painfully "wrong" decisions to make "wrong" things. In the United States important corporate planning is centered in the largest corporations, giants such as in the instance of General Motors enjoy annual sales bigger than the Gross National Products of most members of the United Nations. Planners, cherished members of the faith's technosystem, occupy the center because of the vital skills they possess. Some of these are those of the scientist and engineer. Others are aspects of the art of persuasion, of market management, as it has ripened in the hands of lawyers and specialists in public relations, consumer research, and advertising. The technosystem may house our masters, but the new breed is devoted to committees rather than

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cults of personality. The experts work quietly in groups, their wonders to perform. Their objective is not maximum profit but the wholesome growth of the organization itself. For even though the new planners are pleasantly remunerated, they derive possibly even more gratification from their identification with the goals of the large corporation and the adaptation of their personalities to their roles within the corporation.

In their universe advertising is an essential mode of market management. Although the planners are not particularly ideological, they view the Cold War as another planning convenience, an assurance of stable demand into the future. No doubt government could divert military spending into socially useful purposes, but it is far easier for corporations to lobby for the national defense than for the revitalization of urban life.

The New Industrial State has many merits. It produces lots of goods, some of them quite useful, and it generates large numbers of secure, well-paid, and even interesting jobs. Its leaders are intelligent. Having learned that modern Keynesian fiscal policy is in the corporate interest, the technostucture has reconciled itself to an active national administration. Similar accommodations have been reached with both unions and intellectuals. By contrast to the rugged individualists of our national folklore, the large corporations are far more humane, efficient, and enlightened.

However, the new system's failures are equally spectacular. Unable to measure the aesthetic, large corporations authorize wretched standards of design alike in their products and their office headquarters. The corporate planners must shoulder the heavy responsibility for vast quantities of banal advertising and an unholy expenditure on trivial redesigns of commonplace products. Worst of all, where the large corporation's writ does not run, as in mass transportation, inexpensive housing, urban design, and public goods generally, the old entrepreneurial tradition severely diminishes the capacity of public planners to repair the damage. Most of what makes life pleasant falls outside the ambit of the technostucture. Society can depend upon the planners for products. Its members

must look elsewhere for civilization.

For Galbraith "elsewhere" turns out to be the Educational and Scientific Estate, as he flatteringly labels our establishment of university professors. He concedes that many of them are deeply implicated in the technostucture as researchers and consultants. Nevertheless, Galbraith believes, the professors preserve enough independence of judgment and pride of profession to identify and cherish goals of beauty, intelligence, and justice quite different from those of the industrial system. Moreover, they can if they will oppose these goals on the corporate planners. It is the universities which train the technostucture and the professors who invent the new ideas upon which the corporations bathe. American society's saving remnant, in short, is in residence on your local campus. At the least it is a judgment which marks Galbraith as a man more cynical than most of us about his colleagues.

We have finally Robert Heilbroner gracefully phrased and sharply pointed speculations about a range of issues rather like Galbraith's. Heilbroner assigns a role of similar importance to the very large corporation. He is convinced that today in the foreseeable future the large corporation is regarded and will be regarded as an institution just as legitimate for our century as the structure of feudal obligation was in the Middle Ages. The legitimacy of the supercorporation sets severe limits to the possibilities of social change. Regulation of aggregate demand à la Heller is well within the limits. So also may be the alleviation of poverty. But the large corporations will resist mightily (and successfully) any political change which threatens their freedom to dominate their own markets. Just as effectively they will halt any serious attempt to lessen the inequality with which income and wealth are presently distributed.

If I read Heilbroner aright he is in the short and intermediate substantially less optimistic than Galbraith about the possibility of civilizing our masters. In the long run, he is, depending upon your taste, in elites, either more or less more than Galbraith. Heilbroner does

THE NEW BOOKS

in the distance the emergence of new elites, primarily ce-trained and -oriented. It is a p not quite identical with Gal- h's new estate.

ilbroner's suggestive little book ves more attention than it has far received, in part because of uality of its thought and in part

because it does well something quite unfashionable these days. Heilbroner dares look at the future and contemplate the possibility of an unhappy outcome, all very much in the spirit of the late Joseph Schumpeter who forecast the decease, a victim of its own success, of the capitalism which he admired.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Rivers, by Jessamyn West.

Is a truism, of course, to say that impossible fully to understand the sense of life unless one has in t equal proportion a sense of the ridiculous. Miss West's sense of eems to deepen and ripen with el book she writes so that if one familiar with her novels a review e scarcely do more than sketch ckground of the new one. . . . is set in Ohio and Indiana in the r part of the nineteenth century d concerns the family of Bascom rse and particularly his daugh- e, Leafy, who marries the local master, Reno Rivers. One sees r ow from a gay, indecisive child e nickname came indeed from r bit of saying, "I'd just as lief" e he couldn't make up her mind) a strong, sure woman who wel- e all experience of life—if any- e too generously. She came to eze herself for what she was e feels at the end, to live with e always in Miss West's books, e rry builds to a furious climax. e the novel opens we know that e child is about to be born. Be- e baby actually makes her ap- e ce in the final pages we have e rom Ohio to eastern Indiana e Leafy and her husband, have e d a melodramatic three-day e rry with Leafy, alone, driving e market to raise money to save e arm, and learned almost all

there is to know about this complex woman, her husband, her brothers, and several other men who are very definitely a part of the story. One has absorbed, too, a rich feel of what life in backwoods territory was like a hundred and fifty years or so ago. The author has a way of making human fallibility almost as endearing as it is reprehensible, and one finishes this book, like her others, more content with being a member of the race of man.

Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95

An Exile, by Madison Jones.

This deceptively simple little novel is rewarding to a degree. Every word about the middle-aged sheriff in a small Southern town who becomes hopelessly infatuated with a bootlegger's moll is plain and comprehensible. His temptation and sin are thoroughly credible in view of the briefly but surely sketched deterioration of his marriage. And sin brings punishment with a slow inevitability that adds a moral dimension to the already tense narrative. In a sentence, it's the story of a middle-aged man's exile from all his former values and so from himself. If the woman hadn't been there one feels he would have fallen into some other trap as compensation for his increasing sense of loss of childhood and of love. The sheriff is a good man with whom one identifies entirely. His tragedy could be anybody's and it matters.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Camera Always Lies, by Hugh Hood.

A novel about movies and some people who make them and what they do to one another. According to this book it's even worse than we thought, with one male star not only divorcing his wife in mid-picture (she is the leading lady) but persuading the producers to play her down and play up a very sexy little number of the supporting cast whom he then marries. Leading lady tries suicide. Pretty. What happens to her after that is the heart of the matter but none of it rings true to me, though the girl, Rose, is a sympathetic character. And haven't we all our lives been told that if we wanted to avoid being bores NEVER to outline the plot of book, play, or movie as part of a conversation? Here we have detailed accounts of plots, scenes, shots—and it doesn't really help that that's what the book's about. The author tells altogether too much about his characters, their situations, and the plays within his play, and the effect is artificial.

Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95

Nonfiction

Nicholas and Alexandra, by Robert K. Massie.

One would have thought that there was little left to be said about the end of the Romanovs. Yet in this book not only the main characters but a whole era become alive and comprehensible. From what must have been minutely detailed research of their letters and diaries and those of their friends the author has created three-dimensional characters of the gentle, loving husband and father who never wanted to be Tsar and of his pretty German bride, passionately in love, who became Empress within a month of her marriage and was to become the tormented mother of a hemophilic son.

He recreates an era of great vitality in arts and letters in which the names of the moment were Chekhov, Stanislavsky, Sholom Aleichem, Chagall, Pavlova, Nijinsky, Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Prokofiev, Rachmaninov, Horowitz, Zimbalist, Elman, and Heifetz were all trained in Imperial Russia. It was in the years Mr. Massie describes that Koussevitzky was conducting his orchestra in Moscow and Chaliapin made his debut in the opera. . . .

Against this background the author places the human tragedy that led to the political one. While not playing down the weaknesses and frailties of his two main characters, he makes the whole world-shaking drama all too humanly understandable—the long wait for an heir to the throne; the discovery of his hemophilia, the dreadful suffering the emperors had to watch in their children; the ensuing royal dependence on the miracle-working sex-ridden Rasputin, which aggravated and urged on the already outraged populace to the final stages of rebellion. It was Kerensky who said, "If there had been no Rasputin, there would have been no Lenin."

One reason, no doubt, that Mr. Massie is able to reduce all this to human terms so graphically is that he started his research on this subject because he himself has a hemophilic son. The sections that deal with the disease are poignant and informative. But for his original motivation he was deeply into the whole political revolution and its background. One paragraph describing the work of the famous court jeweler, Fabergé, is an example of how through small details he evokes an era:

Because Nicholas as Tsarevich had been president of the railway, Fabergé created an egg of blue, green and yellow enamel on which delicate inlays of silver traced the map of Siberia and the route of the Trans-Siberian. The top could be lifted from the egg by touching the golden dove-headed eagle which surmounted it, revealing the "surprise" within. It was a scale model, one foot long, the eighths of an inch wide, of the cars and a locomotive of the Siberian express. "Driving wheels, doll trucks under carriages, and moving parts were precision-made work so that, given a few turns of the gold key . . . the gold and platinum locomotive with a ruby gleam from its headlight, could actually start the train," wrote an observer. "Coupled to the baggage car are a car with half the seats reserved for ladies, another car for children . . . another car for smokers . . . [and] a church car with a Russian cross and gold bells on the roof."

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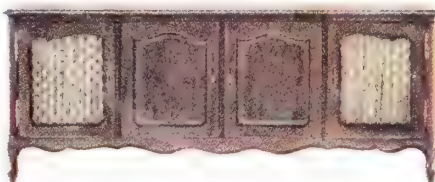
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Athenum, \$10

The Goodbye Land, by Jose Yeliazian

The leisurely charm of this personal journal is hard to analyze. An American of Spanish descent and his wife and son go to Spain to try to discover the mystery of his father's last years. Mortally ill, the father had left his wife and young children in Tampa to return to Spain and died there several years later. After his death there had been no letters from relatives and the family assumed that they, too, were dead. This is the story of the son's pilgrimage forty years later (the author and his family were spending a year in Spain in 1964-65), with an overtone of a mystery finally solved, of the warmth of newly discovered Spanish relatives poor in goods but mightily rich in imagination and generosity—all taking place in Spanish Galicia, in the village where the father had been born. It is all told so simply, with such grace and unsentimental affection and an almost fictional gift of characterization that one follows the turning up of clues and relatives with an almost personal involvement. "I had long ago assimilated the knowledge that the goodbyes of the poor are forever," the author says early on in his narrative and one is very happy that at last in this case it wasn't so.

Pantheon, \$4.95

New American Review, edited by Theodore Solotaroff.

This collection of essays, poems, and short stories—a literary magazine to be published three times a year—is designed to reflect (emphasis on non-fiction) the 1960s as its predecessor, *New World Writing*, reflected the mood (mostly in fiction) of the 1950s. Its contributors include, among others, Robert Graves, Stanley Kauffmann, John Ashbery, Philip Roth, Millen Brand, Keith Botsford, Conor Cruise O'Brien, and a long list of up-to-now unknowns. It is nothing if not a catholic group. Its editor is former editor of *Book Week* and none of the material has appeared in print before. A lively forum but the print is woefully small.

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QUESTIONS OF PASSION

There are many ways of turning an audience on. Some are even new.

Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah* opened in New York's Pocket Theater, off-Broadway, nearly a year ago, and from the start found an audience that has continued to flock to it. Other productions of these three one-act plays have just opened in Boston and London. Still another has been running for several months in San Francisco, and more are planned for other cities; and now the text is being published (Coward-McCann, \$4.95 hardcover, \$2.95 softcover). It should come as no surprise to the audience that has seen the play that, being what it is, *America Hurrah* gives less pleasure in print than on the stage and fewer rewards in general than most published plays. This is not a complaint. Van Itallie has little use for dialogue or dramatic situations as we conventionally know both (*She*: Why are you following me? *He*: Because I find you attractive. *She*: But I'm married. *He*: So am I. Etc.) even if his language is just as spare, direct, and barren of imagery.

In *America Hurrah*, action—or rhythm—is everything, the hup-tup cadence of aggressive attack as the author marches against any number of real, if not very fresh, targets: commercialism, the vacuities of television, the synthetic quality of life in a mass-produced world, and more. His actors clash into each other, like billiard balls on green baize, changing directions unexpectedly, restoring or

der occasionally only to be jiggled viciously (or humorously, pathetically, bitterly) by van Itallie's sharp cue stick. In the middle of this kind of tumult, their words are secondary.

On the printed page—and in performance—the plays are a little like musical scores. Unrelated lines of dialogue are counterpointed in parallel columns, designed to be spoken simultaneously or a beat behind or before the other. Each reinforces the other's meaning and even at times is entirely responsible for it. There are directions for changes in tempo and dynamics. Ideas are played against each other in harmony or dissonance, or strung along fugue-fashion.

It must be murder to play (although a director's dream). There is not a single conventional stage "character" to dig into, no opportunity to create the kind of physical idiosyncrasies and mannerisms that have often carried a performer through an entire role and, in some cases, through an entire career (witness a whole army of trained technicians who have subsisted on memorized skills alone). There is not, in fact, a normal relationship in the entire evening. In the opening play, which deals with job applicants, their interviewers, and the total dehumanization of both, all eight performers snap out their one-line questions and answers to each other, to themselves, or directly to the audience. They respond differently in

each case, speeding up the abstract interviews, then suddenly delivering monologues, sometimes in changing identities. They dance a Virginia reel, do a minuet, circle each other, pantomime walking on a New York sidewalk, and at one point play relevant children's games.

It is not a job for amateurs. The company that is presently doing *America Hurrah* in New York is brilliant by now at playing off their lines against each other and releasing the immense nervous charge each play contains. (They are also adept at turning their voices as though together, eight made up some kind of pipe organ with the capacity for swift, startling changes in registration.) Sometimes the demands of sheer physical energy take their toll. On the evening I saw *America Hurrah* the cast simply fell apart in the second play. TV, which the lives of three professional television viewers working for a research organization are literally taken over by programs they are watching. Both the TV programs and the personal stories of the viewers proceed practically simultaneously, and move away through, three of the performers

Mr. Kotlowitz, managing editor of "Harper's," originated this column in April 1966. His articles and reviews have been published also in "The New York Times Magazine," "Esquire," and elsewhere.

PERFORMING ARTS

up to their three-masted rig of hydraulic apparatus. While they mostly do not mind, I sympathized with them. The evening's finale, *Motel*, is all without fault. A garrulous old Keeper Doll, with a face like a r and curries nearly as long as pipes to his butt, delivers a top monologue. ("There's a push here for TV. The toilet flushes on accord. All you've got to do off. . .") As she talks, two Dolls take over one of her. ("Twelve dollars, please. In ce. . .") They sashay around home away from home, looking mes to play; and they find them. Doll rips a Bible into shreds. Mrs. rips to her panties, then rouges ples of her enormous plasticine. Mr. Doll fondles them. His rips out the toilet. And so on and rock music comes from the tele set, the lights whiten to unple intensity, and Mr. and Mrs. crawl obscene messages to the Keeper and the audience on the of their room. One evening, as ended, a member of the audi- ose to his feet and yelled, "Dis- g!" He was right. It is disgust- locking, inevitable, and perfect. So, these weirdly erotic Dolls and have been seen before (George hine used them in 1933 to flage an entire corps de ballet *Sin Deadly Sins*) and so has al- everything else in *America Hur-* at at first seems so original and ing. But the play has its own lar zestfulness. It comes, I from the constancy of Mr. van ll's passion, his ability to trans- deas into images, his clever- is hatred of ugliness, and his of a perfect America, which below the surface of his play.

ublicized point of *Fortune and Eyes*. John Herbert's play Canadian prison life which is illing in capacity audiences off- ray, is that it reveals the prev- of homosexuality in jails as argues against its practice. Discussions are held one night —after the Tuesday perform- generally—at which experts on life, many of whom are ex- ers and homosexuals them- verify the factual material. Herbert has put to such sen-

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sational use in his play. The fact is that it is all too easy to believe.

The setting of *Fortune and Men's Eyes* is a cell in which four convicts, one way or another, are shackled up. One is a punk. A second is an extravagant camp "queen," who wears bikini trunks under his prison denims. Another is a pseudo-poetic young Negro, and a fourth is a new arrival. "I'm not queer," he announces to his cell mates, but within ten minutes he is dragged off to the showers for an initiation into the rites of prison sex. Of the four, he is the only one, it seems clear, who would have led a heterosexual life outside jail. This places an awful burden on Mr. Herbert's argument. For given the presence of three homosexuals, the argument of the play takes a twist early in the evening. It is not a tract against homosexuality in prison or a revelation of its prevalence. It is a bitter cry—for homosexuals—against the brutalization of the homosexual impulse. Any setting in which men are forced to lead a regimented, enclosed life would have done just as well; prison merely deepens the tension.

None of this would matter very much if Mr. Herbert had not thrown every homosexual come-on onto his stage, all in the name of seriousness and high purpose. The cast goes each other, embraces, slyly describes past sexual adventures and hopes for future ones, and even offers a transvestite vaudeville routine that brings down the house. In the midst of this, Mr. Herbert has his young Negro (dressed as Portia) read excerpts from *The Merchant of Venice* with the kind of gravity and "spirituality" designed to make an audience sit up and pay attention to the real meaning of the play, then go home feeling ennobled. Later, his defeated hero clings to the bars of his cell, arms extended like Christ, driving home the "message" of innocence destroyed. There are moments when it is clear that Mr. Herbert writes out of an authentic personal agony; but at nearly every step he cheapens his work in an attempt to turn on his audience.

Mr. Herbert, of course, is not the only one trying to turn us on, nor is necessarily unpleasant. He is simply

doing what is fashionable. It does seem that at last the Puritans have been routed and playwrights—film makers, choreographers, television personalities, the gurus of music—are really free to do as they see fit, all of them. On its own level television loves the idea of being "naughty," which it seems to equate with liberation. Merv Griffin changes repartee on his nightly show with celebrated guests, everyone, or nearly everyone, seems happiest when a line can be read at least two meanings, one of which will generally be scatological. Half the apparent charm of Dean Martin's ten charming Thursday night television show is that he seems to crooked for its entire length. When his "high" always shows itself in the nicest of smiles and amiable footings, it is never quite clear what kind of high it is. For all we know, Martin may be performing on a national work every week glazed with pop.

Certainly, a good third—the possibly—of the Beatles' new album *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, sends up subtle propaganda messages on behalf of drugs and so startling has been the effect of these songs upon listeners that the album has become the victim of thousands of words trying to pin down its significance. (As a matter of fact, about half the critical comment on the album is nearly as amusing as the album itself. Some see it as the best pop-music LP ever made. Others think it is an over-produced tribute to the fashions of the day. Richard P. Stein, an enlightening writer on the new pop music, reviewed it at length, and with mixed feelings, the Sunday *New York Times*, following that up with a review of his view a few weeks later in the *Variety*. He concluded that all in all the original comments were probably more perceptive than anyone else's.

On film, as everyone knows, anything goes, and probably will continue to. There is something uniformly second-rate about second-rate talent that makes it ape its superior in an especially repellent way. For one responsible for *A Guide for the Married Man* was aiming for Ernst Lubitsch/Billy Wilder kind of sophistication about adultery and managed to create a full-length film



"I'm afraid your liver is not making the secret."

the name of freedom and on behalf "strangers" that is almost antithetical; and it is a movie that is obviously unaware of itself and how bad really is.

A Guide for the Married Man tried to turn on its audience with (1) endless shots of middle-class back-eyes, (2) endless innuendos that every married person is ready for extramarital sex, and (3) endless morbid notions of the kind that say the only thing that keeps a stray husband out of another woman's bed is the fear of being caught. Through it all, the cast unconsciously drank endless servings of rich and expensive food, apparently in Indian compensation, while one of the movie's climactic scenes took place in a supermarket.

It takes, of course, someone like Jean Renoir, or Antonioni, Bergman, Tati, or Balanchine to transform a vision into an act of creative imagination. The latter's *Bugaku* may be on the surface a simple love duet for a Japanese couple but it is so potent in its stylized originality, so open in its liberate artfulness, that it has a hypnotic effect on its audience. *Bugaku* represents a passion totally unmarked by exploitative needs.

Well, the argument runs, we don't like to let ourselves be exploited. We certainly don't have to be in a theater we don't want to. But it's a tricky argument. I recently took my wife and two sons to see that good-natured indie about surfing, *Endless Summer*, at a neighborhood movie house. Along with the feature, we had to watch a trailer advertising the next attraction, which turned out to be a Jewish movie called *My Sister, My Brother*. The climax of this trailer—which was rather intense in any terms—was a scene in enormous close-up in which a brother pressed the naked breast of his sister. As it proceeded, my two sons sat in utter silence, stuffing popcorn into their mouths as they watched the movie. One is twelve, the other ten. I wonder whether they really saw what was happening on the screen, because they have never said a word about it. My wife tells me they probably wonder the same thing about us. They haven't said a word about it, either. But we are liberated and free, not knowing about being exploited. They are mere captives.

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Music in the Round by Discus

WHEN BOY WONDERS GROW UP

Some composers start at a peak; some get better as they grow older. These new records may show why.

Those of a certain age who followed music in the 1930s will remember Carlos Chávez. He was the bright young man of Mexico: talented, incredibly handsome, volatile, glamorous. Koussevitzky in Boston was interested in Chávez and had made quite a success with the *Sinfonía India* and the *Sinfonía de Antígona*. Nor was Chávez just a composer. He had organized an orchestra in Mexico and later conducted American orchestras, notably the Pittsburgh Symphony. The world was at his feet.

But, somehow, Chávez never fulfilled the promise that was his. If he remains the big man of Mexican music, it is because he has had no competition. None of his works has entered the American repertory, and he is becoming a historical figure of the sad bad mad glad days of the 'thirties. Those were the days when *India* and *Antígona*, with their exotic nationalism and propulsive rhythms, were so exciting. When Chávez burst on the scene with those two exuberant works, it was like the explosion of a twenty-ton bomb (that was in pre-atomic days, and twenty tons was about as big as they came). The trouble was that he never added anything significant after that. He composed steadily but nothing seemed to catch the imagination. A new record album shows why.

It is devoted to all Six Symphonies by Chávez. He himself conducts the Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional de México (Columbia 32 31 0001, mono; 32 31 0002, stereo; both 3 discs). The musical progress, from the *Sinfonía de Antígona* of 1932 and the *Sinfonía India* of 1936 through the Symphony No. 6 of 1964, is retrogressive. The first two works, Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2 respectively, still hold up well,

with all their Stravinskyisms (like nearly all composers of the 1930s, Chávez was hypnotized by *Le Sacre du Printemps*). The music has real strength and individuality, and the use of Mexican Indian material adds a striking factor. Chávez handled this kind of nationalism with virtuosity and peculiar authenticity. For example: in 1938 Silvestre Revueltas, the Mexican composer, wrote a piece on Indian themes named *Senemayá*. It was a big, splashy work, and not a very good one, being nothing more or less than an old-fashioned symphonic poem with some new touches of color thanks to the Mexican material. But in his first two works, Chávez was lean and economical, scoring with unusual imagination, using extremely complex rhythms, coming up with some melodies of piercing intensity.

But Chávez soon dropped this style of writing, and it may have been his downfall. In the 1930s few important composers, Bartók excepted, were writing national music, and Chávez may have wanted to get into the international swim. Whatever the reason, his music veered from the imaginative nationalism of *Antígona* and *India* to a perfectly competent but dry and objective style. His Symphony No. 3 (1954) makes a bold, confident sound and is beautifully put together. The trouble is that the ideas themselves lack interest, and no amount of technique can compensate. The Symphony No. 4, subtitled *Romántica*, and No. 5, the Symphony for Strings, both date from 1953. (Chávez had started his Third Symphony in 1951 but did not finish it until 1954, hence the seeming discrepancy in numbering). The *Romántica* has its lyric moments, but most of it is rhetoric. Chávez does not think naturally along romantic lines. By now, the Symphony for Strings and the Symphony No. 6 of 1964 are, in es-

sence, period pieces reflective of the dry, busy-busy style of writing that characterized so much of the 1940s. Skill is present, in that Chávez puts his music together logically and orchestrates it very well. But there seems little urgency to the music. It is merely notes strung together.

Prison Camp Opera

A composer who got better as he grew older was Leoš Janáček, the Bohemian who carried on the tradition of Smetana and Dvořák. There is a recent recording of his last opera, *From the House of the Dead*. Janáček composed it in 1928, the year of his death, and never saw it on the stage. Its premiere took place two years later. The recording features soloists of the Prague National Theater conducted by Bohumil Gregor (Columbia 32 21 0005, mono; 32 21 0006, stereo; both 2 discs).

The libretto is based on the Dostoevski book, and the action takes place in a Siberian prison camp. But there is very little action, and very little vocal variety because of the predominantly male cast of singers. That may be one reason it is the least performed of the Janáček operas. Has it ever been staged in the United States? Lack of action or not, it is a fascinating work, full of a brooding quality, full of ideas, full of the unique kind of vocal settings Janáček evolved. As a nationalist, he tried to get the speech patterns of his homeland into a kind of idiomatic speech song. In the later Janáček operas there are few arias or set pieces. In stead, there is a continuous flow, with the orchestra providing the major part of the commentary. This may seem to guarantee dullness, and the music in most hands would sound dull. But not in Janáček's. His vision was too big, his speech too personal. *From the House of the Dead* is an absorbing experience.

Late Starter

Stravinsky's eighty-fifth birthday took place last June, and in honor of the occasion Columbia Records released a batch of Stravinsky recordings, most of them conducted by the veteran himself. The most unusual of the discs contains the *Symphony in E flat* (Op. 1) in its only available

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

recording (Columbia ML 6389, mono; MS 6989, stereo). To most listeners this will come as a novelty. It is seldom, if ever, played in public. Stravinsky, who was a late starter, finished the score in 1907. He was then around twenty-five years old. The symphony was composed under the supervision of Stravinsky's teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov.

And what kind of work is this Op. 1 by the composer who, six years later, was to set the musical world on its ears with *Firebird*, *Petrushka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*? It turns out strangely conventional, with scarcely a hint of what was to come. The E flat Symphony is a standard postromantic work scored for big orchestra. The most interesting thing about the work is its color. The composer had an ear. Otherwise there are hints of Rimsky-Korsakov in the last movement, an unconscious reference to the Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* in the slow movement, and a light, ballet-like, and graceful scherzo.

A three-disc album brings together four major Stravinsky ballet scores that previously had been recorded—*Apollo*, *The Fairy's Kiss*, *Pulcinella* and *Orpheus* (Columbia D3L 361, mono; D3S 761, stereo). The advantage of having all in one album is obvious. Stravinsky conducts the Chicago Symphony in *Orpheus*, the Columbia Symphony Orchestra in the other three ballets. Each is a master-

piece. Two, *Apollo* and *Orpheus*, original scores, and the other two no less original for being adaptations of Tchaikovsky (*The Fairy's Kiss*) and Pergolesi (*Pulcinella*).

Another disc brings together early examples of Stravinsky's nationalism—*Mavra*, the one-act opera, and *Les Noces*. In *Mavra*, Stravinsky leads the Canadian Broadcasting Symphony, and the soloists are S. Belinck, Mary Simmons, Patricia Rideout, and Stanley Kalk. In *Les Noces* the conductor is Stravinsky's associate, Robert Craft. He leads the Columbia Percussion Ensemble, Mildred Allen, Adrienne Albert, Litten, William Metcalfe, and the Ithaca College Concert Choir (Columbia ML 6391, mono; MS 6991, stereo). Both works are sung in Russian.

Still another disc (ML 6392, mono; MS 6992, stereo) contains a group of less familiar Stravinsky: the *Intimate* 1952, with Alexander Young, tenor, the Columbia Chamber Ensemble, and the Gregg Smith Singers; the *Mass* (1948), with the Columbia Symphony Winds and Brass and the Gregg Smith Singers; and *In Memoriam* Dylan Thomas, with Alexander Young and the Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Stravinsky conducts. By now he personally has seen nearly all his music through the recording studios, the first composer in history to be in so happy a position. And future generations will be grateful for



"—You mean you were a timber wolf."

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A black and white photograph of several books from the New York Public Library's 'Big Book Sale' of 1964. The books are arranged in a cluster, showing their spines and covers. Visible titles include:

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- NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA**
- A NIGHT OF WATCHING** by Elliott Arnold
- THE FALL OF JAPAN** by William Craig
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Letters



Apathy in the Ghetto

"Children of the American Ghetto," by Robert Coles ("The Easy Chair," September) is a combination of quaint paternalism and "noble savage" romanticism, more fitted to nineteenth-century Whiggery than to twentieth-century reality....

The "energy and life" observed in the slum child are the common properties of youth everywhere—properties he begins to lose the first time he learns the meaning of "nigger." It is all the more poignant to observe the very qualities Dr. Coles cites in the very young in the ghetto, then to contrast them with the sullen, cynical, hopeless "old men" of twenty-five, who have learned the many nuances of meaning in "nigger." They are the same person, with two decades of life in the "beautiful world" of the ghetto added....

It is fashionable just now to glorify the poverty culture of black Americans. White American poverty has much in common with that poverty culture, but it is not romanticized. That is not unusual; the New England Abolitionists could not find empathy with the mill hands of Lynn. The white poor are just poor; the black poor are "exotic," and have a "vital, vigorous subculture." But Dr. Coles still does not answer the question: if the ghetto brings out so much strength and vitality, inspires so many reserves of cheerfulness and determination, what is it that thousands of Negroes in every major city across the nation are rioting about?

THOMAS J. CUMMINS
Oakland, Calif.

Robert Coles' "Easy Chair" is the way it should be told, but louder and more often! As a teacher of reading, primary level, I see it happen. My middle-class, white background re-

quires that slum children I have any success with have an extra charge of motivation within themselves. By the age of nine, in our schools, many girls and most boys have lost it....

There should be a way for adults with slum backgrounds and creative ability in teaching to be utilized more fully. By answering a child's innate need to express thoughts and speech in writing, language skill develops and with it the type of self-respect so vital to emotional health in this current culture. Unless the adult is familiar with language patterns of children being taught, communication is slow, difficult, and sometimes impossible. Herein lies the failure of many Head Start programs and other public-school efforts.

LOUISE H. HARTMANS
Lewiston, N. Y.

Priestly Flimflam

David Bazelon's article in the September *Harper's* ["Clients Against Lawyers: A Guide to the Real Joys of Legal Practice"] is a witty, sophisticated critique of both clients and lawyers, but it is somewhat undone by his proposition that the law profession's position is that of the "practical vanguard of the intellectuals in the West." He further expounds: "Our product is still more important in this country than these other newer forms of morale building. The dream of justice is still a greater dream than that of mouth wash purity."

He has not looked far enough nor broadly enough before bestowing these questionable honors. When it comes to dreams, to practical intellectuals with a product to sell, with at least as much dogma and ever-growing power, it is that hybrid breed of psychiatrist—the social or community psychiatrist—who must be watched for in the future. These inherit the

charisma of the shaman and are not quite so tied to being technicians of life and death, are very much empiricists, are increasingly expert at the uses of power, have also moved "out from practice" into governmental work, and purport to sell the most valued product and greatest dream of our society, i.e., a happy, productive, purposeful life for everyone from the slum dweller to the harried executive... believe the future will find the error of the social scientist in the role of social architect-intellectual and that lawyers will still draft the contract for him....

THOMAS N. RUSK
Amarillo, N.

The article by David Bazelon is symptomatic of a moral sickness that could destroy our civilization. As the law is one of the buttresses of Western society, to imply that the legal system is all a sham and a deception, as the article says, is hardly reassuring. Do you seriously expect your readers to accept the thesis that a system which attracted the lion's share of efforts and devotion of men like Lincoln, Holmes, Brandeis, to mention only a few, is merely a flimflam? If he really believes this, your author is obviously unfit to practice the law, the profession, and should surrender his license at once—otherwise, any flimflam he got would come under the heading of obtaining money under false pretenses....

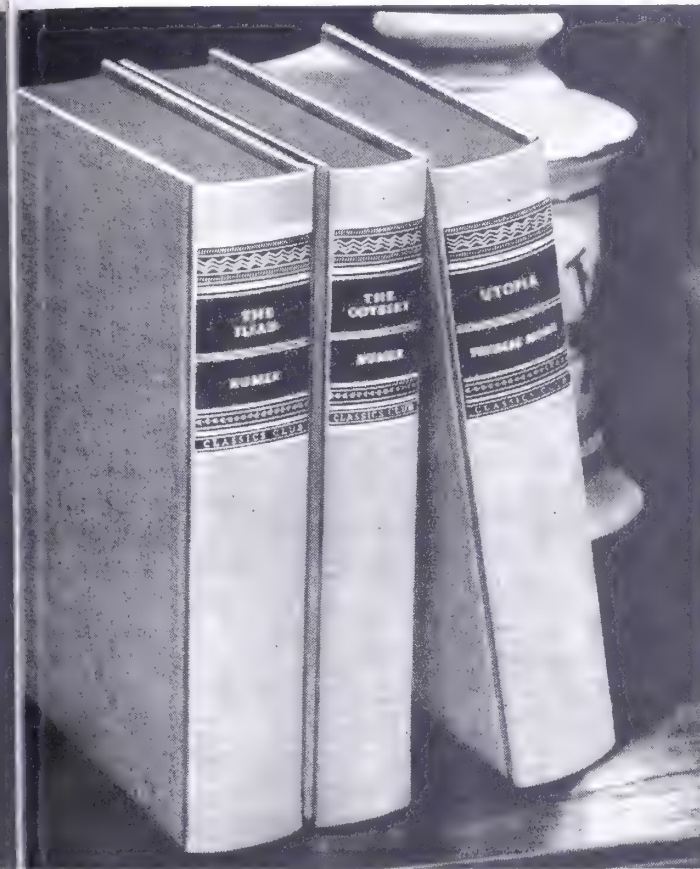
JOHN S. FLANIN
Cleveland

Mine over Mo

Paul Brook's article on the proposed Kennecott open-pit mine at Copper Company vs. the North Fork, September clearly delineates this intolerable threat to the

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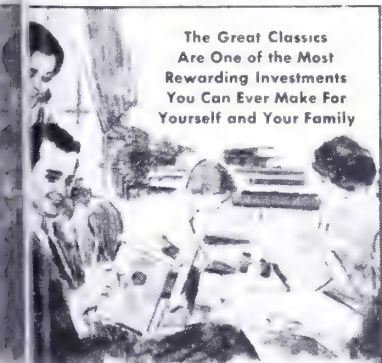
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land of our North Cascade Mountains. . . Yet the uncaptioned map does not portray any of the various proposals which conservationists consider adequate. . . The official position of the State of Washington, worked out by Governor Dan Evans' North Cascades Study Committee, calls for protection of a far larger area by a complex of wilderness areas, national recreation areas, and a national park.

We of Washington have undergone the torment of seeing our model billboard control bill overruled—despite our protests—by the grossly inadequate federal billboard act. It would be surpassing tragedy if vast areas of this mountain paradise are sacrificed by this equally inadequate federal proposal. . .

WILLIAM R. HALLIDAY, M.D., Chm.
Seattle Physicians' Committee
for a North Cascades National Park

There is more at stake in the Cascades than Paul Brooks lets on in his diatribe. It is simply the right to live and work in the mountains at a trade other than licking the boots of a bunch of city tourists. The Wilderness

Act precludes mineral exploitation of "commercial" properties. The government's idea of "commercial" is of an order of a property that would interest a mining giant.

The State of Washington depends more than just to depend on the tunes of Boeing and federal hand. Its industrial base needs the street that digging minerals out of earth brings. The fact that this property will produce such a percentage of the national output diminishes the conservationist's argument. After all, Kennecott is going to bulldoze and steam-saw the entire range into a slag heap. Their rhetoric would lead you to believe. Nor is the location as inappropriate as the "center of Central Park," but an area so remote that roads must be built to start with. The best estimate of these people puts this are that they are a blind people group, only happy when God finds minerals on Snaggle-Tooth Butte determined to keep every wooded to themselves although they can never see or be able to walk on it. Their country must buy the ma-



*"For your information I am not writing L.B.J.,
I'm writing Lurleen Wallace!"*



PROPOSITION

new thing is about to mad, mod scene is about the birth of a fantastic ne destined for greatness. Avant-Garde.

ame implies, Avant-Garde forward-directed, daring, hedonistic magazine. It on every aspect of the ew life-style now emerg- ica, and it will do so with and no inhibitions.

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- beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;
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- love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, Avant-Garde will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe Avant-Garde for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

- The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress
- Homage to Muhammad Ali—High praise by 35 celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen).
- Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana
- Group Psychotherapy on TV

- (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.
- The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."
- The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid \$1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.
- The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy
- Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics
- Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of Avant-Garde.
- George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs
- Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.
- Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.
- The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.
- A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000
- The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.
- Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.
- The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh
- Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"
- My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.
- Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.
- John Lennon as a Master of Prose
- Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws
- Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.
- The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.
- Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A Portfolio.
- A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen
- Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, Avant-Garde will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

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day: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of Avant-Garde includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

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"AVANT-GARDE" h-2

abroad that keeps them living the good life, while people in a remote location may suffer without jobs.

T. M. RYAN
Bremerton, Wash.

In Praise of "Nat"

William Styron's narrative ["The Confessions of Nat Turner," September] was stirring and very realistic. Living in southern Virginia, and remembering stories handed down from grandfather to father and then daughter—vivid were the hardships and torture the Negro withstood. Styron brought alive and fresh to the memory what we sometimes try to forget....

MRS. BOBBY T. HICKS
Rocky Mount, Va.

I am confident that "The Confessions of Nat Turner" will one day deservedly be hailed as an American literary classic. The Virginia of the 1830s is graphically depicted, the Negro slave dialect beautifully recreated, and the innermost thoughts

of a man effectively exposed. But the book's true claim to greatness lies in Styron's effective dramatization of an essential truth: Man's need of self-respect....

Nat Turner's slave rebellion of 1831 and the race riots of 1967 are natural parallels.... Nat Turner was much better off than his fellow slaves, yet he organized a revolt. Today's Negro has a better life because of religious, business, and political efforts—yet riots result. In each case the Negro has advanced to new heights—only to realize how far behind he still is.

DAVID J. BLASKA
Sun Prairie, Wis.

Change Without Pain?

John Fischer's article "The Easy Chair: Four Choices for Young People" [August], was very disturbing. It seems that by reducing what he sees as the three alternatives to their absurd conclusions, he leaves us with the only logical conclusion, *i.e.*, "try to change the world gradually, one clod at a time." To my mind, this most

logical of conclusions begs the is... By recognizing and working within institutions, we somehow sanctify them. But people are prior to institutions, and we are culpable for our institutions in this world. When institutions become dishonest or irrelevant, we owe them nothing but destruction.

The notion that vital change come to this country painlessly, automatically, without sacrifice, has been destroyed this summer. One of our most significant political happenings of our times has erupted this summer; yet it has nothing to do with the power structure in this country. The irrelevance of our institutions is an indictment; the "unloved, loved house" must be burned down before a new one can arise. The sophistry, the half-truth, the insincerity of a man who opts for Fischer's four choices are his price for power—irrelevance....

MICHAEL D. AESCHLIMAN
East Craftsbury, Vt.

It seems to me that John Fischer has understood the present universal

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LETTERS

tion very well indeed; yet I reservations about the implications of his essay that those alternatives are mutually exclusive. After all, it is not possible for one to "drop out" from most of what traditional society expects, to flee from society's demands, to contemplate, per se, evolution, and "to try to change the world gradually, one clod at a time simultaneously?... Isn't [it] that a genuine student (or a scholar) should have a serious, critical and committed attitude toward everything that is encountered in life?...

HARRY E. JENKINS
Oklahoma City, Okla.

hopes that the "Easy Chair" Fischer is now occupying isn't so hard nor too soft. His "Four for Young People," though well-intentioned enough, has a faint moldy air of smugness about it. As one of those "under the influence" whose skepticism of the generation is well nurtured by a glance at a newspaper, I find Fischer's choices gratuitous and certainly not helpful.... those who flee (I now reside in California) they certainly cannot add ugliness and tension" and in removing themselves from the action, indirectly they do alleviate it (if nobody is to fight, then there would be no war—as a logical consequence). Please remind Mr. Fischer, there are many ways of fleeing than heading for the hills or the "noble savages." Making government action in the name of noble talk and aimless platitudes effectively escapes the pain of the necessity of informing the American people of the truth....

In a brief span I have come into contact with too many good, dedicated people who have seen too many technological breakthroughs to tolerate the stupidity and idiocies of those who are currently placed in power. It is well to benignly smile on my neighbor for its health and better future, but paternalistically reprimanding that it will be in turn upbraided. I should think that one's criticism should be directed at those who are now seeing to it that our children will have lots to upbraid us.

EDWARD A. KAUFMAN
Chomedey, Canada []



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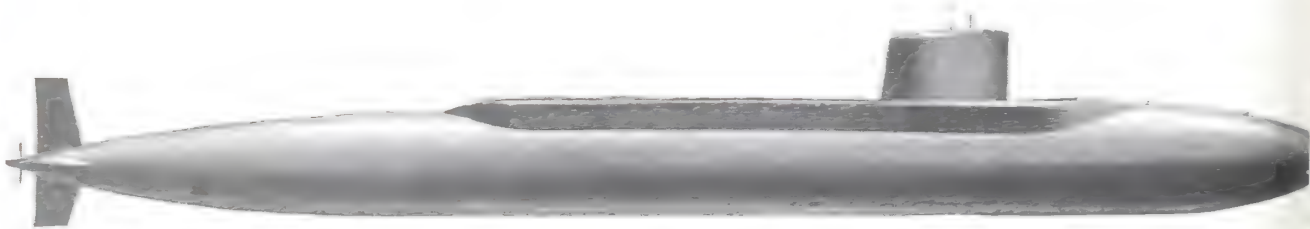


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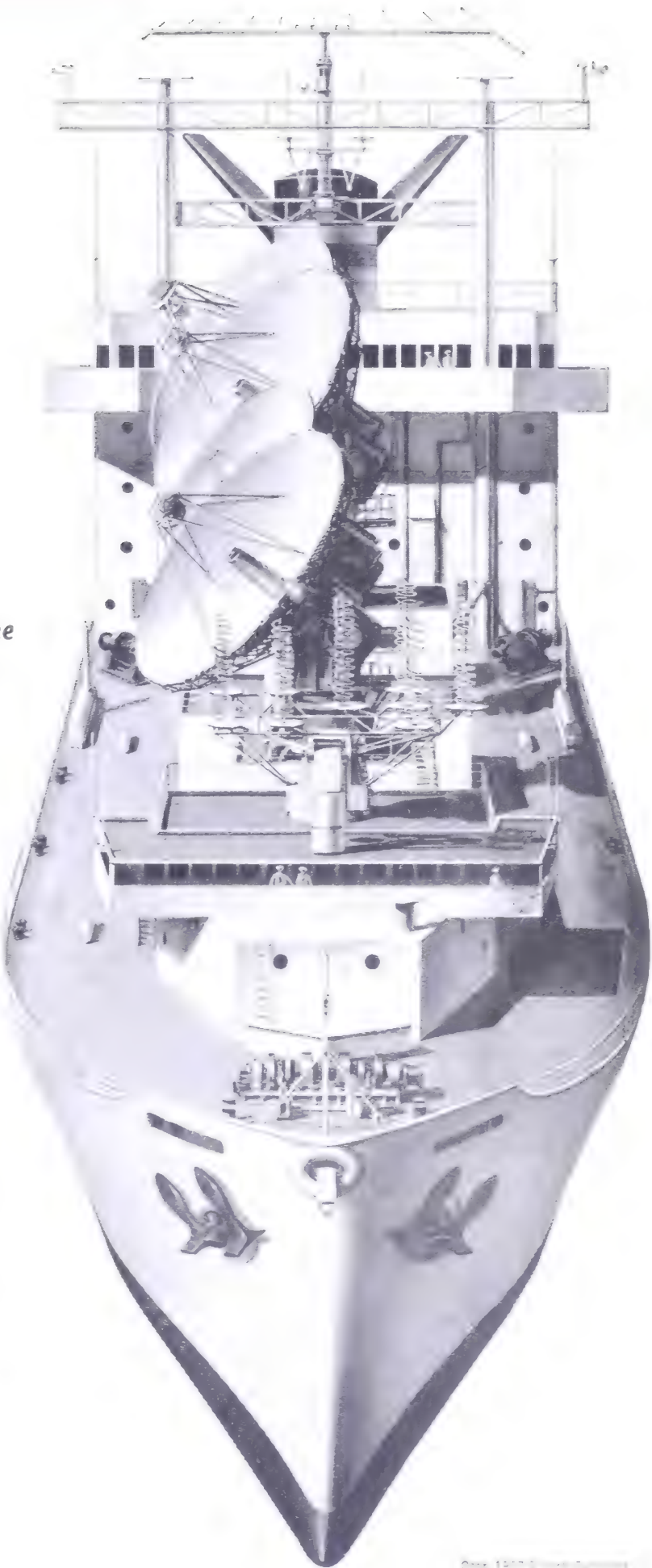
The USNS Vanguard has been called a "Little Houston." Like all major systems, it started with a requirement.

Its requirement was to track, communicate with—and if necessary command—moonbound astronauts when they are beyond the range of land-based control stations. Into this ship went tracking, telemetry, data processing and communication equipment to parallel that of NASA's Manned Space Control Center at Houston. Ship and contents were designed and integrated to be as precise under ocean conditions as its land-based counterpart.

The contractor for a total system must, first of all, *understand* the requirement. He must be able to design, and develop, and procure, and integrate whatever is necessary to build the total product that meets the requirement. His ultimate responsibility is to deliver a complete system that will work as it should when it must.

For 68 years, General Dynamics has accepted the responsibility of delivering to the United States Government complete systems that work as they should when they must.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



The Easy Chair by John Fischer

THE HAPPENING ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 5

What happens on television Sunday, November 5, ought to be worth watching, with crossed fingers and a small prayer. For it will mark the beginning of an experiment which could change the whole nature of American broadcasting.

At 8:30 that evening the Public Broadcast Laboratory will launch, on a new network, the first of a series of programs designed to be entirely different from anything now on the air. They will carry no advertising. They will not be inhibited by any of the taboos, audience ratings, and profit-making obligations which now strait-jacket all commercial broadcasting. Unlike the experiments in Pay TV, they will cost the viewer nothing and will be accessible to virtually everybody. Unlike most educational TV, they will be aimed at a large general audience. Most important of all, this series will be supported by the money and talent—which educational TV has always lacked—to produce programs as professional and technically polished as anything the commercial stations can offer.

If the experiment succeeds, it may lead eventually to the founding of a new broadcasting system—publicly financed but independent of the government—to supplement the existing networks. If the series fails, the nation's airways probably will be abandoned indefinitely to their present use: that is, a mass-marketing operation, geared of necessity to the lowest reachable levels of public taste.

The venture will last for forty-five weeks. During that period a two-hour program will be broadcast every Sunday evening over the 126 stations of the National Educational Television Network—linked together for the first

time so they can all show the same program simultaneously. This linkup is crucial. Because NET never before had the money to pay for the expensive cable interconnections, it could not function as a "live" network. Instead it had to produce low-budget shows on tape or film, which could be shipped around the country for use in turn by its affiliated stations, over a period of months or even years. Such shows obviously cannot be very timely. All too often, alas, they display a panel of ruminating professors, or Julia Child grilling a trout.

The Public Broadcast Laboratory, however, can afford to be relevant. It plans to deal with news in the broadest sense: that is, whatever interests people right now. But it will be different from the conventional news programs in these ways:

1. *It will tackle a wider range of subjects, including many that the commercial networks don't dare touch.* Broadcasters who depend on advertising—and who have never developed the tradition of editorial independence which characterizes the best newspapers and magazines—naturally deal gingerly (if at all) with such matters as automobile safety, drug prices, the hazards of cigarette smoking, and the fatuities and deceptions of the advertising business itself. Moreover, as Robert Eck pointed out in his much-quoted article in *Harper's* last March, no network can survive in the merciless competition of commercial television unless it delivers—all the time—the largest possible audience at the lowest possible cost per thousand. Consequently it simply cannot risk programming which is "untested" (i.e., original) or which might attract only a minority of the potential audience. The Laboratory, on the

other hand, does not aim to please the people all the time; it can pay attention to an important innovation in the theater—or music or sculpture or theology—even if it won't pull as large a crowd as *Guns, Smoke*. And since it need not fear the wrath of advertisers, it may experiment with noncommercial: brief examinations of the truth about one product or another. Will a patent medicine really regenerate your tired blood? Which TV set is the best buy?

2. *It will be more flexible in its treatment.* Instead of casting everything into rigid hour or half-hour chunks, it will edit its material like a magazine, giving each subject the space it is worth. Thus a typical program might contain a dozen segments, some taking only a couple of minutes, others running to nearly an hour. On rare occasions, the whole program might be devoted to a single subject of overriding interest.) And, as a good magazine, the elements will be arranged with an eye to contrasting diversity—interspersing the conventional, say, an important election report on a Paris fashion opening, the changing patterns of courtship, new medical discovery, and the like. Campesino, a wildly original and funny troupe of strolling players.

3. *Its commentary on events*

This is not an unbiased report. John Fischer is a member of the Editorial Policy Board of the Public Broadcast Laboratory, and has been an advocate of a public television system for more than a decade. In 1960 he submitted a proposal for such a system to the Federal Communications Commission, and he has written with the subject in several "Harper's" columns. He is also the contributing editor of this magazine.



"I'm a stock broker. Here's an advantage smart investors see in listed stocks."

Millions of shares are
traded daily, so it's usually
easy to buy or sell."

mean there's always a buyer or seller
when I might need one?

That's usually the case. If you
think the timing is right to buy, or get
out of a stock, or switch from one to
another, your broker can usually find
a counterpart in a matter of minutes.
If it's a common stock listed on the
New York Stock Exchange."

How many people own listed stocks?

The Exchange estimates upward of 12
million, well over half of all the share-
holders in the country. And there are
investors—big and small, old hands and
newcomers. And your chances to buy
or sell when you want to are often
great, along by the big institutional
investors, buying and selling large
blocks. This flow of stock between buy-
ers and sellers is called liquidity."

How did it just happen that none of
the investors were interested when I
wanted to buy or sell?

As an Exchange member called a
broker, he usually steps in with an offer
to meet the price of the last sale made
on the floor. It's part of his function to
maintain a fair and orderly market.

The interplay of all these people gets
the job done for you."

How many investors do business in the
Exchange market on an average day?

"It's not uncommon for 85,000 buy and
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marketplace, you see why listed stocks
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his own circumstances."

Okay, now for the big question—how do I
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sharper, less superficial, and less bland than what we get from the commercial networks. In addition to its own analysts, it will call in experts on many issues from the universities, industry, and government. The Laboratory will try to be fair, but it will not feel obliged to balance every opinion with an opposite one—giving equal time, so to speak, to the Mafia and the police. And, unlike commercial broadcasters, it will not be terrified by controversy.

To pay for all this the Ford Foundation has put up \$10 million—for reasons to be examined in a moment. In comparison with the billions spent on commercial TV, this is petty cash; but in terms of the money previously available for noncommercial programming, it is magnificent.

The reason why educational TV generally has been so unexciting is, quite simply, poverty. It has never lacked for imaginative and dedicated people; for years the National Educational Television Network and its affiliated local stations have been able to persuade an astonishing number of talented producers to work for a pit-

tance. Yet because they have had so little money to work with, their enthusiasm has been largely frustrated.

For television is, inescapably, an expensive business. It requires a lot of high-priced equipment—cameras, tape recorders, transmitters, mobile studios—and skilled technicians to handle them. It demands time for directors to decide how each piece of equipment can best be used, for rehearsals and retakes, for trial-and-error experiments with lights and camera angles while a crew of highly paid performers (maybe a whole symphony orchestra) stands by. As a consequence, the production cost of a typical program on commercial TV usually runs to at least \$1,000 for every minute of air time, and the more ambitious efforts may well soar to \$5,000 per minute. (The commercials themselves, since they are what the whole system exists for, naturally come higher; \$35,000 a minute is not unusual.)

Educational television has never had that kind of money, or anything remotely like it. The Carnegie Commission on Educational Television re-

cently reported that commercial has an operating income of more than \$2 billion a year, while ETV takes only about 3 per cent of that—mostly from donations and local contributions. Consequently, a typical ETV program has to be budgeted at roughly \$100 an hour—not per minute, but per hour. This means, in most cases, no time for rehearsals, no camera crews roaming the scene of action, no cash for equipment or for up-to-the-minute equipment. It means heavy reliance on panel discussions—the dullest, but cheapest, kind of programming. Even when its performers are willing to work for nothing, and its producers for a fraction of what they might get from commercial TV, the result usually is unimpressive. It looks cheap because it is cheap. Under such handicaps, it is almost miraculous that ETV has been able, so often, to produce some remarkable and interesting programs.

In setting up the Public Broadcasting Laboratory, the Ford Foundation's immediate purpose is simply to give that noncommercial television a chance to have to be a bore—that, given a reasonable budget, it can produce something different from anything else on the air now, and of real value to the nation. In a brief filed a year ago with the Federal Communications Commission, the Foundation explained its hopes "to pull together the intellectual and cultural resources of the country, to speak directly, once a week, to the great issues of the day in every field of action. We are persuaded that if first-rate production can be married to first-rate ideas and focused on questions that the nation can be offered enlightening comment at a level never seen before."

The chief responsibility for what happens falls on a rather young man named Av Westin, director of the Laboratory. Although only thirty-seven years old, he has nearly twenty years of experience with CBS News. While there he collected almost all the honors his profession offers—a couple of Peabody awards, an Emmy, a George Foster Award, a Lasker prize for medical journalism, and a string of others. What probably is more relevant is that he has earned the respect of Fred W. Friendly, which isn't easy.

Friendly is a demanding, impatient, overarticulate, unforgiving character who was



"Poor Woody—he's hung up on God."



**Remember back in 1935? Just
get out of that stuffy classroom you'd
even stand still for your class picture.**

Remember that "sleepy" classroom
that was stagnant, humid and
stayed much of the time?
During days, it was all you could
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gave off the steamy-wool
drying mittens? If you sat near
one, you'd be broiled, and if you sat across
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THE EASY CHAIR

described by Carl Sandburg as a looking "as if he had just got foam-flecked horse." Other friends disagree; they think he behaves like the horse. Ed Murrow, worked in close partnership with Friendly for twelve years, once remarked that he was "a force of nature, something like Niagara" and often just as uncomfortable. Many people, including Murrow, believed that in his years as a producer and later as president of CBS, Friendly turned out some of the best programs yet seen on television. When he left CBS, with a loan in 1966, he became a consultant to the Ford Foundation. Together with McGeorge Bundy, the foundation's president, he is the driving force behind the whole Ford concept of public television. Although he has direct responsibility for the operation of the Laboratory, it is quite possible that, if pressed, he might give the benefit of occasional criticism as advice.

Advice is one thing the harried Westin does not lack. Once a week meets with an Editorial Policy Committee which works something like a corporation's board of directors. Its members include a Nobel Prize-winning physicist, a former U. S. attorney general, the provost of Princeton, a former magazine editor, the president of the Juilliard School of Music, the chief of the National Educational Television Network, and distinguished professors of history, literature, and sociology. In addition to general policy guidance, their task is to assure the independence of the laboratory. They are expected to resist the pressures, protests, and distractions which any venture as unconventional as this is sure to generate. They will have to cope with the disappearance of those viewers—probably including some Ford executives—who are bound to feel that the Laboratory's performance does not yet reach the high goals set forth in the brief quoted above.

But suppose the experiment succeeds, at least reasonably well. The hope then is that Congress will be persuaded to set up a permanent system of public television, operating in

he most misunderstood rink in the world.

Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want

to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Meet misunderstanding #2

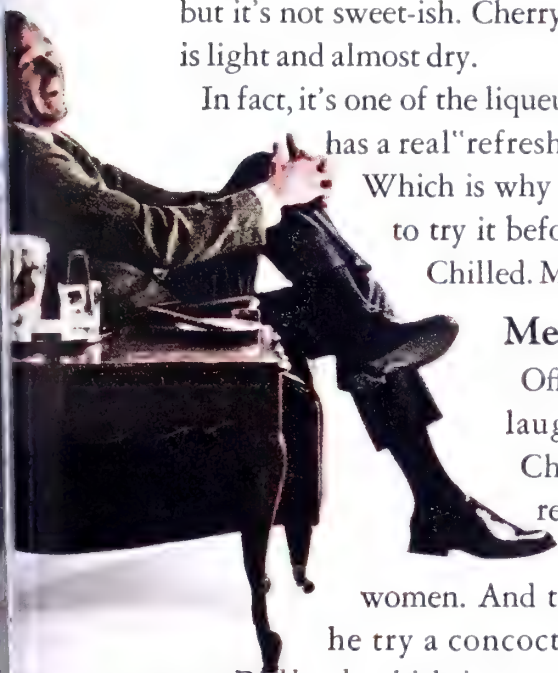
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?

cher-ry heer-ing (chër-ry hër-ing), *n.l.* an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the...

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry Hearing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.

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two hours a week, but on a full schedule.

The President already has asked Congress to do just that. In a special message last March, he urged it to create a non-profit corporation for public television, with an appropriation of \$9 million to get started. To make sure that it would be "absolutely free from any federal government interference" he suggested that it be run by an independent board consisting of fifteen "leaders in education, communications, and the creative arts."

The idea was quickly endorsed by top executives of all three commercial networks. (This is not so surprising as it may seem. Presumably they figure that the new corporation would take over all responsibility for public-service programming, thus letting commercial TV devote its undivided attention to making money out of mass entertainment.) It also was acclaimed by an impressive array of public-opinion leaders, ranging from Walter Lippmann to Dr. James R. Killian, head of the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television. Indirect but powerful support came from the Louis Harris public-opinion poll. It found that "there is every sign of growing disenchantment with television on the part of affluent, better-educated adult Americans" and among many young people as well. The viewers it questioned wanted more of the kind of programming which public television could best provide: news and analysis of what is going on in the world, education, public affairs, drama, and music. They also wanted less of the commercial TV staples: horror comedy, soap opera, rock 'n' roll, Westerns, and old movies.

So far, however, Congress has shown little interest in the President's request. One reason, according to Congressmen I've talked to, is that they haven't yet felt much serious pressure from their constituents. When a voter gets fed up with the standard TV diet of violence-plus-hard-sell, he seldom writes his representatives in Washington; he just turns off the set. (That may change, once the viewers realize that a better alternative might be available.) Another reason is money. A full schedule of public TV, broadcast on a live network throughout the country, would cost at least \$200 million a year.

Where would it come from? The Carnegie Commission suggested a tax on the sale of new TV receivers. The Ford Foundation has recommended tapping the income from a yet-untried communications-satellite system. Others have urged that commercial stations be charged a modest rental for their use of the public's airwaves. The few businessmen who are lucky enough to hold broadcasting licenses now have, in effect, free permits to print money. Their operating profits from this monopoly have been enormous; and whenever they choose to sell their licenses, their capital gains have been even more fantastic. They are, in short, the beneficiaries of the greatest giveaway of public property in the nation's history—and so far they have not paid a thin dime for this special privilege. So it would seem reasonable, as Dr. Joseph A. Pechman of the Brookings Institution has pointed out, to ask them to contribute a small percentage of their receipts to pay for public television.

Congress is not eager to consider any of these alternatives. So long as the federal budget is running a record deficit, and facing heavy demands for both the Vietnam war and the crisis of the urban ghettos, why take on new financial burdens? Besides, no politician in his right mind likes to raise new revenues in an election year. And the most obvious source—the monopoly profits of the commercial broadcasters—is something Congressmen don't even like to talk about. For one thing, many of them are investors (directly or through family connections) in broadcasting stations. For another, every incumbent politician likes to keep on good terms with people who can give him free air time.

Eventually, however, it seems likely that Congress will create some kind of public television system—if only because the United States is the only major nation without one. If the Laboratory can demonstrate the potential for a new kind of excellence in broadcasting, and if public demand for it gradually builds up, Washington can hardly avoid responding. For it is unthinkable that this country will ignore forever the possibilities in what Walter Lippmann has called “the most remarkable and the most poorly utilized invention since the coming of the printing press.”

After Hours

by Russell Lynes



JOHN HELD'S MAD WORLD

In one of several large scrapbooks of the life and times of John Held, Jr., the cartoonist who sometimes seems to have invented the 1920s for his own humorous purposes, there are newspaper clippings about a severe accident that befell him in March 1925 while riding at his Connecticut farm. Held's horse bolted, threw him and kicked him; his face was badly torn and he suffered a severe concussion. In the typewritten notes which accompanied the clippings there is this statement: "John claimed [in 1941] that 'he had achieved no success until after a horse kicked him in the head, and that's no lie.'" Reporting many months after the accident on Held's recovery, his neighborhood paper, the *Westport Herald*, said, "The doctors stated at the time of the accident that Held would most probably live, but would never again lead a normal life, and he never did!"

At the instigation of the director of the Herron Museum of Art in Indianapolis and with the permission and guidance of Held's widow (he

died in 1958), I have spent several hours with the scrapbooks which she has been working on for several years. They are a delightful miscellany of letters, drawings, clippings, and reviews, interspersed with Mrs. Held's recollections of remarks made by her husband and stories told by him of his career before she knew him (there were three previous Mrs. Helds). At no time, so far as I could tell from the scrapbooks, had Held's life ever been what is generally thought of as "normal." Held was not an eccentric, but he was most certainly an individualist. He is said to have been "tall and handsome" with an easy and engaging manner, and "a born comedian." A friend of mine who is the son of one of Held's oldest friends used to see a great deal of him. He regarded him as a boyhood hero and remembers him as "very witty, urbane, and friendly; one of the last men to go on wearing a raccoon coat."

He was passionately fond of animals, odd species of which he collected at his farm in Westport and later in Belmar, New Jersey, where he moved after serving near there in the Signal Corps in World War II. He once was

a candidate for Congress in Connecticut, managed to run (or sit in) without making a single speech, was to his evident relief but not surprise defeated by a small margin, once rode in a rodeo in Oregon in 1901 and was wildly applauded more for nerve than his skill and more for fame as a cartoonist (which by that time was national) than either cowboy experience, however, starting at a very early age. He was born in Salt Lake City in 1889, and there is a note in one of the scrapbooks which reads: "1895—Played 'Indian' cowboys with Indian boys, but the Indian boys always wanted to be boys."

It was some years later in the early part of this century that Held turned his attention to the kinds of cowboys who helped to record for posterity the "drugstore cowboys" and the "city cousins, the 'parlor snake' and the 'slickers,' and the 'cake-eater'."

Mr. Lynes has been contributing observations for "After Hours" to this column begun in 1947. He has also written several books on art and manners, from "Six Confessions of a Dilettante."

*This museum is having an exhibition of Held drawings and woodcuts from October 29 to November 22.

Harper's Magazine, November 1967

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AFTER HOURS

the female counterparts of the "flappers" and the "baby va... Held sold his first cartoon to a national magazine, the old, pre-Luce *Life* in 1908 when he was nineteen, though he had been doing sports and political cartoons, and "anything else" for the *Salt Lake Tribune* from the time he was sixteen. (In the scrapbooks following entry: "J. used to claim that he never went beyond the eighth grade in school, but I know that he went to Westside H.S. with Ross.* They were both on the staff of the school paper. While in High School he started doing woodcuts.")

Held arrived in New York with the first of his wives, Myrtle, in 1911, and like all young men of the day he braved the great city to make his fortunes, he is reported to have had "four dollars in his pocket." He found a job in a newspaper art department. Mahonri Young, a distinguished sculptor about twelve years his senior but like him a native of Lake City, arrived at about the same time.

"John never went to art school," Mrs. Held told me. "His only teacher was Mahonri Young, and he learned him drawing not sculpture."

It took Held quite a long time to develop the style for which he became famous—the dashing black-and-white technique with which he turned parlor snakes with patent-leather parts in the middle, their tails held tight to the knee and billowing below, flasks protruding from their hip pockets and pipes jutting from their jaws. His flappers, with their garters and "step-ins" fluffing their short skirts, their cloaks like inverted demitasses clamped to their "shingled" heads, waving teen-inch cigarette holders like magicians' wands, became not just an ironic comment on "The young generation" but a model of sophistication for them. By the time Held got his stamp by a horse he had already put his indelible stamp on the looks and manners of an era.

"In the winter of 1919," as noted in one of the scrapbooks, "Scott Fitzgerald went to work for the Barron Collier Agency and a light-verse writer was needed for the copy department at \$90 a month."

*The founder and for many years editor of *The New Yorker*.



Can you spot the Volkswagen?

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You confuse it with a 170 mph sports e, we wouldn't be surprised.

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And the bodywork is the handiwork of one of Europe's oldest custom coachmakers, Karmann of Osnabrück.

What makes the Karmann Ghia a Volkswagen is everything that makes it go. Independent 4-wheel suspension that takes curves like a racer. Surprisingly smooth 4-speed gear box. And an air-cooled engine that averages up to 28 mpg.

Of course, you can't reach the speed of a \$15,000 Ferrari (top left), a \$16,000 Lamborghini (top center), a \$9,000 Mercedes Benz (top right), a \$15,000 Maserati (bottom center), or a \$14,000 Aston Martin (bottom right) in a Karmann Ghia (bottom left).

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If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



PRONOUNCE IT
"TANKER-RAY"

AFTER HOURS

wrote slogans for streetcar c
John drew the cards that Fitzg
wrote."

Held's debt to F. Scott Fitzg
is difficult to assess, and I hav
been able to discover whether
were good friends or not. But i
Fitzgerald in his first novel, *This
of Paradise*, published in Apri
and an immediate sensation,
spilled the beans about what his
eration was up to, and the older
eration, brought up in Victorian
lors under the eyes of chaperons
appalled. In a chapter-within-a-
ter Fitzgerald exposed "that
current American phenomenon
'petting party'" and explored
mores of the "Popular Daughter"
"becomes engaged every six m
between the ages of sixteen and
ty-two." It sounds rather
naughty than devastating now, b
those days the statement that "
of the Victorian mothers... had
idea how casually their daug
were accustomed to be kissed
greeted with shocked disbelief
"belle" of the older generation h
said, become the "flirt" and the
had become the "baby vamp."

These were the mores that
took such delight in holding
ridicule—more humorously
ironically, as a man who oby
was no prig would find it incur
on himself to do. This was the
Age and the age of bathtub gin,
sters (and rumble seats), coo
coats, beaded evening dresses
chested prom-trotters, the Charl
rolled stockings, and "boop-be
doop." In some respects it looks
and innocent compared with ou
day. Gangland funerals, Peache
her "Daddy" Browning (the s
that made the New York *Graph*
most sensational tabloid of the
sational twenties), speakeasies
pole sitters, undergraduates
swallowed live gold fish such
ters seem tame compared wit
sinister machinations of "The S
cate," the Profumo case, the r
cult of LSD as practiced in Mill
New York, and undergraduat
perimenting with pot. But these
parisons are superficial, and the
larities of the mores of the 'tw
to our own day are not enough
plain the revival of interest in
Frederick Lewis Allen called
Decade of Bad Manners."

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Held enormously enjoyed the nerless manners of the 'twen though that is not to say that proved of them. If he had not en them he could not have endowe young men and women he drew such plausible life, nor could he dissected their foibles in such a ner that he became a hero to whom he most ridiculed. There nothing bitter about his satire there is nothing sentimental ab either. His scalpel scarcely eve to the bone, and very frequent comment is submerged und watery gag, as it was in his fa cover for the old *Life* of a y woman doing the Charleston w gay chap twice her age. The ca is "Teaching Old Dogs New Tr To explain why Held should hav come the visual spokesman of a requires looking not just at hi mediate quarry but at the land in which it had its habitat.

"Teen-agers" had not yet been tified as a social class (as di from merely an age-group) i 1920s. They were still referred schoolboys and schoolgirls, and were not yet isolated as a fair hesive and thoroughly explo market for manufacturers and lishers as they were to become after World War II. "The Yo Generation," however, which s to encompass the ages from abou teen to thirty, most assuredly been discovered, and as Mark St in his discussion of the 'twent *Our Times* says, "... after the v emphasis was placed on the y simply because they were young had probably never been equa the history of the world." Fu more, he pointed out, this was period in which, in many res youth was the model, age the im On the dance floor, in the beaut lor, on the golf course; in cl manners, and many points of elders strove earnestly to look a like their children, in many a their grandchildren."

The first world war help change the rapidity with which dren were permitted to grow young adulthood, and it seem the urge to affect the sophist attitudes toward sex, amuse and manners of their elders, cae them earlier than it had only ad ade before. It was the gray ar

What if he wants to borrow a cup of scotch?

Ask him if he wants to take it with him or drink it here. If he says "here", keep your cool. Break out the White Horse. Now, White Horse is one Scotch no straight-shooter will argue about: either he likes it or he loves it. In fact, if he flips for it, you have found yourself a genuine Good Guy. Because, whether in cups or Good Guy glasses—

**The Good Guys are always
on the White Horse.**





Kerala. India's big surprise.

It is a lamentable fact that those who travel through our country never travel far enough. A few days in Delhi. A side trip to Agra. A moment or two in Bombay. And then, good-bye, India.

What a pity. To journey so far and see so little. No saffron fields blooming in Srinagar. No dancers whirling outside the temple in Madurai. No boats floating down the Ganges in the moonlight.

And no Kerala.

To miss Kerala on a visit to India is to, perhaps, miss the best part of all. This tiny state, at the southernmost tip of our country, is filled with surprises.

In addition to some fine Hindu temples, Kerala has Portuguese

churches, several mosques, a Jewish synagogue, Dutch architecture, and Chinese fishing nets.

Kerala has beautiful beaches. Thickly-wooded forests (sprouting, at last count, 600 varieties of trees), lush inland waterways, and one of the most famous wildlife sanctuaries in the world.

Kerala has Kathakali, the pantomime dance-drama which depicts stories from the great Hindu epics. It takes years of training to master the intricate hand gestures (64 in all) and facial expressions (one for every mood) required in the great Kathakali art.

Kerala also offers some lovely ways of getting about. You can take a fast-moving train to all the major cities. Or a charming, slow-moving (what's your rush) motor launch past dozens of

sleepy, backwater villages. You can rent a car, too, and drive through miles of magnificent rubber and tea plantations.

There are a number of first-class hotels for you to stay at in this lovely Indian oasis. All serving fine Indian and Western cuisine. All employing exceptionally gifted bartenders. Your travel agent or the Government of India Tourist Office can give you more information. There is an office in: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

India

AFTER HOURS

...en their innocence and the sophis-
tication they hoped to achieve that
vided Held with some of the tar-
s of his satire, though this is more
lent in his short stories, which ap-
red frequently in *Harper's Bazaar*,
ibner's, and other magazines, than
is drawings. Indeed the drawings,
ugh they have a youthful quality,
e no appreciable distinctions be-
en the looks of the seventeen-year-
and the college graduate. There is
nd of heartlessness to the pseudo-
sistication of the youngsters Held
es about, a studied carelessness
it the feelings of others (it can-
be called viciousness) that is far
evident in his drawings. Callow
perhaps the best word for his
hs and maidens; it is a 'twenties
l.

...e teaching of Freud was filtered
ugh the journalistic processes of
larization in the 'twenties and,
rding to Frederick Lewis Allen,
s interpreted thus: "The first re-
ement of mental health was to
an uninhibited sex life. If you
d be happy, you must obey your
o." But it was probably the
d automobile that changed sex-
tivity more than Freudian doc-
; it provided an unchaperonable,
y mobile, and secret hideaway
ne exercise of the libido, a free-
heretofore unknown to young
es in love or on the prowl. Edna
ncient Millay's famous quatrain
her candle which burned at both
nd gave a lovely light was a sort
out's Oath for the sophisticated
who believed, or said they did,
"I have a right to do anything
doesn't harm anyone else." To
stonishment of their parents
women smoked; they swore,
ainted their faces, they drank
men, rolled their stockings and
ed their garters, and they were
antly permitted to get away
t.

...d, however, did not let them get
with it; at least he did not let
posing go unnoticed or uncriti-
His attitude is perhaps best
ed up in the caption he used on
on of a young man in a raccoon
is hat pushed back on his head,
ous look on his bland face from
protrudes a pipe. It reads:
"another, one father, one tonsil-
four general practitioners,
rained nurses, five governesses,

"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"



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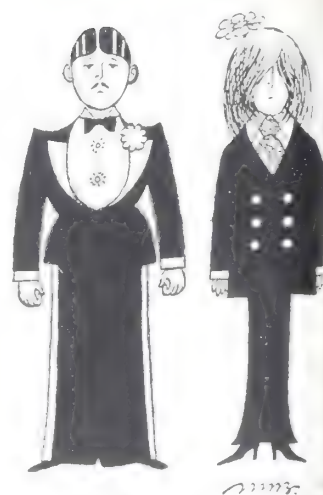
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Scotches. The one
you'll stay with.
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fifty-six ordinary teachers, thirty professors, and three athletic trainers combined their efforts to produce this."

It is a temptation to draw analogies between the 'twenties and the 'sixties, but the similarities are more than the differences. The 'sixties produced a "younger generation," which is equally distinct from its parent generation. The young of the 'sixties followed upon the heels of "The Beat Generation" (an epithet applied by Thornton Wilder in 1953), but the revolt took a quite different form. The 'twenties revolt was social but at the same time antisocial; it was against the idealism of the save-the-world-for-democracy spirit of World War I. It rallied around the debunkers, the sophisticates, the live-it-up-but-let-it-down smart set. It was primarily a revolt of manners and only secondarily a revolt of morals, of external rather than principles, though there are many critics confused morals with manners and made monkeys of themselves.

The revolt of the 'sixties, on the other hand, is more a revolt in avowedly social and personal conscience, turning away from middle-class values as exemplified by the demands of the affluent, a desire for commitment to causes, to civil rights, or a rejection for anti-causes as exemplified by the stance of the beats and the hippies, whose goal is political and social detachment. It is interesting that the satire of Held and his contemporaries was directed primarily against the mindless, the "boneheads"; meanwhile today's satire is directed against the intellectually pretentious. Consider, for example, Held and Jules Feiffer.

Death of a traveling salesman

You've just landed in a city that gets only 7 inches of rain a year. All on the day you arrive.

You have a meeting on Washington Street, which is right across from the Civil War Monument, and everybody knows that is. Except you.

You're waiting in line to rent the car you rented. There are a lot of other people, but they don't have a car. It takes five minutes.

You've locked your suitcase. You've tried to open it with a paper key, but you can't find a key. It's the only key you have.

You've run out of money. Your shoeshine boy does not accept major credit cards.

A business trip is often one minor calamity after another.

Add them together and they produce a traveler who mostly wants to travel home.

But long before he sees home, he's likely to see a Hertz counter. And, as fellow humans, that gives us some obligation to do what we can for him.

And we can do more than rent a car.

For instance, if you don't know how to get where you're going, we'll give you a map and diagram the route.

If you run short of money, we'll lend you \$10 cash. (Just show us your Hertz charge card and we'll tack the loan onto your rental.)

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If you're a stranger in any of 33 cities, we'll give you a survival manual that tells where to find anything else you may need—from a decent hotel room to dental work at 2 a.m.

If you're in a hurry to return one of our cars, we won't make you stand in line. If you're charging your car, our express check-in lets you toss the rental agreement on our counter and run.

And if none of these solutions solves your problem, we'll work out one that does. Or at least give you a shoulder to cry on.

Of course, we haven't forgotten the most obvious reason why people come to Hertz.

So we constantly check our Fords and other cars to make sure that whatever else may undermine your travels—they won't.

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We can help a little.





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80 PROOF • PRODUCT & BOTTLED

During the 'twenties Held became (for an artist) a very rich man; not only were his drawings sought after by all manner of magazine and book publishers, but he was doing two comic strips* for newspapers, for which he was paid \$2,500 a week in those almost income-tax-free days. The strips collapsed with the stock market, partly, I have been told, because Held stood out for a high price when publishers were feeling the pinch, and partly because the mood had changed; the glitter of his collegiate heroine of the 'twenties, "Margie," became tarnished by economic history, and flappers and parlor snakes did not fit the mood of the Depression.

In the 'thirties Held turned to sculpture and to woodcuts. The sculpture was made primarily for his own pleasure (it was the art in which he most wanted to excel), and his small bronzes of animals, which combined great dexterity and understanding with an affectionate humor, commanded a good deal of respect from critics. (One of them reviewing a show of Held's bronzes in the *New York Sun* in March 1939 said, "If John Held doesn't watch out, he may turn out to be the Frederic Remington of this era.") He also turned his hand more and more to humorous woodcuts, many of which appeared in *The New Yorker*. They were for the most part comic evocations of the manners and styles of the Gay 'Nineties, and they appeared about a decade before the revival of the gaslight era became popular with nightclubs and decorators.

When Held arrived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in early 1940 to be Harvard's first "artist in residence," reporters from the college newspaper asked him what he was supposed to do and he replied that they knew as much about it as he did. He seems an odd choice to have been the first such artist at Harvard, but the University of Georgia was evidently impressed; he spent two semesters in the same capacity there. It is not likely that the academic community chose him because he had in 1939 designed the sets for one of the zaniest musical abomi-

**Merely Margie, an Awfully Sweet Girl and Rah, Rah, Rosalie*, both syndicated by King Features.

nations ever to see Broadway, *Hallelujah*.

During the 'twenties, it is said that Held's "drawings were so valued by admirers sent him blank checks in their requests for an original." Ten years later he was unknown to the new younger generation. In an entry in the yearbook of a club to which Held belonged in New York, an authorian who was a friend of his wrote: "John's pictures reflect an entire life. . . . It was not a happy one, and I knew it. . . . It is doubtful if any comment or artifact we have so sharply points the mad temper of the time. . . . As with many humorists, a shadow of sadness touched him. Sometimes he would appear shriveled with gloom, would tell you how wretchedly the world was on the chute; but then, if you agreed with him, he would abruptly reverse himself and become a champion of silver linings."

His drawings are self-critical, too, especially his most famous ones in which the criticism of manners and morals is overlaid with a kind of dashing facility. The fact that the matter seems to be that Held was too good a humorist to be a saint. There was not enough acid in his blood to make him bitter. No matter how he frowned with one part of his face he was unable to conceal that he was smiling indulgently with the other part of it.

A PRAYER FOR OUR TIMES

... Today's [New York State Constitutional] convention session lasted six hours as the delegates struggled most of their adjournment deadline Sept. 26. Even the invocation by the Rev. Donald J. Curran reflected the adjournment drive. He said:

"Almighty God, the time has passed for long speeches. The time has passed for rich, full oratory. Please, O God, help us to get to the heart of the matter—and help us to get there."

Father Curran is a member of Canisius College faculty in Buffalo and an aide on the convention staff.

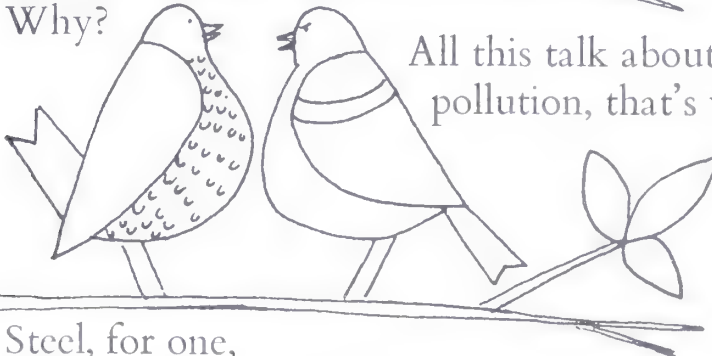
The New York Times, September 26, 1967.

Next thing you know, someone
will ground us birds.



Why?

All this talk about air
pollution, that's why.



Well, I hear U. S. Steel, for one,
has spent over \$200
million on air
and water quality
control equipment
in the last 15 years.

That's great.



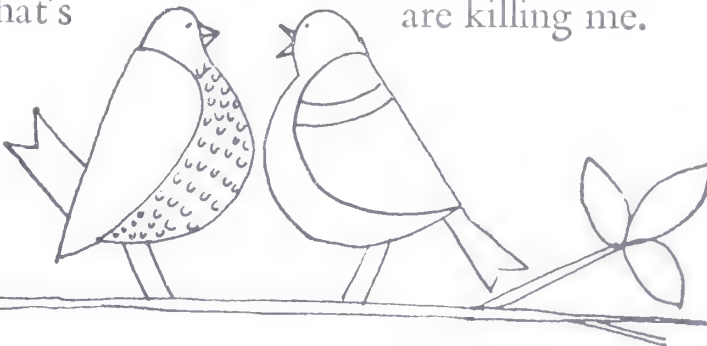
And part of every dollar
J. S. Steel invests in new
and modernized facilities
goes into devices to
improve the air and
water near its plants.

Then you think
we may survive
after all?



Well, I don't plan to
give up flying, if that's
what you mean.

Neither do I. My feet
are killing me.



Washington Insight by Clayton Fritchey



WATCH ON THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

To some observers he is the "wrong guy in the wrong post at the wrong time"; to others he seems almost too good to be true.

The Honorable Sam J. Ervin, Jr., senior Senator from North Carolina and a former judge, is a ranking member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which last spring passed on the appointment of the new U.S. Attorney General, Ramsey Clark. Shortly after the Detroit riots, Senator Ervin had occasion to question Clark on civil-rights bills, which he said ran to 1,212 pages and weighed fifteen pounds, six ounces. "I'd just like to know," he grumbled, "how many more pages we're going to have?" Clark said, "As many pounds and pages as we need to ensure the rights of all Americans."

About the same time, in the House, Joe Pool, budding Representative from Texas and a ranking member of the Un-American Activities Committee, was very busy pushing legislation against flag burners and other anti-Vietnam demonstrators. But he wasn't getting much help from the Attorney General, who is from Texas himself. Since all of the states already have laws against flag burning, Clark plainly thought the bill was mostly unnecessary. "I don't know why," he said. "I'm not trying to run Ramsey Clark out," Pool said. "Why, he's from my hometown, and he's a nice feller. But he's wrong... I just don't know why he got off on this kick."

And then Clark had to testify before Senator John McClellan's Subcommittee on Criminal Laws and Pro-

cedure, which is angry at the Supreme Court for "all those decisions" extending the Constitutional rights of defendants vis-à-vis the police. Clark thinks the Court is on the right track. His appearance before the committee was summed up by the right-wing magazine, *Human Events*, in a column which said, "You could tell from Clark's responses to the questions that his solution to the crime problem in America was the sociological one. ... He's more interested in reforming society than rescuing it. He's the old-shoe type. He drives a small car instead of riding in the Justice Department's long limousine. He's as nice a young fellow as you'll ever meet. But what's more to the point is that President Johnson has appointed the wrong guy to the wrong post at the wrong time."

Then Representative William E. Minshall (Republican, Ohio) introduced a bill that would remove the Justice Department from under the President. It is obvious, the Congressman said, "that Justice is not enforcing federal statutes involving persons who incite rebellion or insurrection, engage in sedition, advocate the overthrow of government, interfere with the morale and discipline of our military, or encourage and abet evasion of the Selective Service Act. Despite repeated appeals from Congress, Justice continues to ignore flagrant violations of federal law."

If this is the reaction (in some quarters) to Clark's first few months in office, what will it be when he really gets under way, and has a chance to bring to bear the full force of his full devotion to civil liberties

and civil rights, to say nothing of his penchant for trust-busting and his distaste for capital punishment, in the Supreme Court's decision on the right of privacy? The prospect may worry some of his friends, but it doesn't seem to disturb Clark himself. He has a serene political temperament. He takes opposition and criticism for granted; he sees it as impersonal and a natural part of the give-and-take of government. He seems to feel if he does his job as best he knows how, all will work out, and if it doesn't, it can't be helped. To liberal Washington and elsewhere, men accustomed to political-made men running the Justice Department, the Clark performance so far seems almost too good to be true.

From the outside, there is a great deal to know about this new figure on the Washington scene. For his life has been relatively placid and uneventful. The eventful part is subjective, and is just beginning to surface. His father, Tom Clark, who retired from the U.S. Supreme Court to pave the way for his son's appointment, says Ramsey "takes after his mother," and she says "Ramsey was born a little old man." It is hard at first to see what she means, for he is a good six-foot-three, and (at thirty-nine) is the second-youngest man in the Cabinet, as well as the youngest Attorney General.

Mr. Fritchey keeps track of the vital as "Harper's" correspondent in Washington for the *New York Sun*. He is married and has a daughter, a special assistant to Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson at the U. S. Mission to the United Nations.

CRISIS IN OUR CITIES:

What Rural America Can Do About It

Since its early days, our nation has periodically faced a crisis in its cities.

And, since the early days, the root cause has been the same . . . people flocking to the cities in search of something better . . . people leaving areas of little opportunity in search of fulfillment for themselves and their children.

In earlier times, the people came from overseas. Nearly all of them came from the land which no longer provided them with a living.

Today the people who fill our cities in search of a better life . . . nearly 600,000 of them a year . . . come from our own countryside. Nearly all of them come from the land which no longer offers them a living.

The fact is, as Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman and other informed government officials have noted, that 70% of our nation's population is crowded into one percent of our land . . . many of them crowded into space covered by brick and mortar and macadam, over-laden with smog-filled air, treeless, flowerless, hopeless.

They are the victims of a quiet revolution in agriculture which no longer needs the labor of large numbers of human beings to produce the vast quantities of food and fiber we provide for the world. They are today's landless immigrants who formed our ghettos and slums of generations past.

The people of rural America, and America's rural communities, believe this view of the past and of the present contains the seeds of our future . . . a brighter, more productive future for the people of the cities and the people in the rural areas.

We believe it is time we use one of our nation's greatest assets . . . our uncrowded countryside . . . to help solve the problem which concerns us all.

Rural America boasts more than space. It has fresh air, sun and sky and water. It has room for kids to

run barefoot through grass covered with early morning dew, hills covered with clean snow for sleds and skis, fields for people and dogs to romp in.

And it has more.

In the towns and villages of rural America there are uncrowded streets and sidewalks. There is electric power and transportation. There are good roads to bring the products of hard-working people to the great market places.

What rural America lacks are job opportunities. Of the nearly 14 million new jobs created in our country in the past 15 years, few were created in rural areas. Yet polls say half our population would like to live and work in rural areas.

We believe that unless we bend our efforts to the development of rural America, we will fail to solve the problems of our cities. Unless we stem the tide of migration from the country to the city that puts more and more people into less and less space, we will have ignored our greatest asset in meeting one of our gravest problems.

We must start now to develop job opportunities, adequate hospitals and medical facilities, better schools and theaters and libraries, better water and sewer systems, and improved public services and facilities for industry in our rural areas. With them, rural America *can* meet the job hunger of its own people. It *can* provide the space and living room city people so desperately seek.

The nation's rural electricians view with optimism the efforts of our nation's leaders to restore the balance between rural and urban America. We pledge our support and the continuation of our unstinting effort. We invite the participation and cooperation of all people concerned about the future of our country, regardless of where they live.

There is, after all, only one nation, and we are all part of it.

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history. But Mrs. Clark had a point. It was her way of saying that he has always acted like a rational being; and "little" was her indulgent way of suggesting that he goes about it unostentatiously, which is notably the case.

He had been the Acting Attorney General for five months when he was made the head of Justice on February 28, 1967, but not many of the newspaper correspondents recognized him when he made his first speech to the Washington Press Club on April 13. It was long before this year's urban riots began. Nevertheless, Clark quietly warned that the nation "must move forward on broad fronts" to meet the needs of the Negro "while they can be met." He thought "our achievements are remarkable," but for all that has been done, "our relative position, because of the sweeping changes in which we are caught, has not really improved. Indeed, we may have slipped."

This was blunt talk for a brand-new Cabinet member. It made news, just as almost everything Clark has since

said also has. Only the President himself has been involved in more controversial issues in the last few months.

Why Was He Chosen?

William Ramsey Clark (he never uses his first name) was born on December 18, 1927. His father is also very tall and also was U.S. Attorney General before going to the Supreme Court, but there the resemblance pretty much ends, although father and son are devoted to each other. Ramsey Clark was born and raised in Texas like his forebears. He went to the University of Texas, and then to the University of Chicago for a law degree, plus a master's in history. He married a University of Texas coed (who also has a master's degree) shortly after graduation, and soon settled down in Dallas to practice law and raise a family, both inconspicuously. After ten uneventful years in the smallish legal firm founded by his grandfather, he went to Washington (courtesy of Lyndon Johnson) in

1961 as Assistant Attorney General in charge of the unexciting Division. The Clark and Johnson families have been friends for 40 years, and Ramsey (while not a Democrat) had campaigned for the Democratic ticket in 1960. He became Deputy Attorney General on January 19, 1965, and Acting Attorney General on October 3, 1966. Then a few months later he became the head of Justice. No pushing, no shoving, no maneuvering, no publicity, no spectacular achievements. But suddenly everybody in Washington wanted to know who he was and how he got there.

What had he been doing all those quiet years to produce the poised, formed, candid official that Johnson finally tapped for this politically sensitive job? It seems he had mostly reading, studying, and thinking. As Acting Attorney General his sense of the job began to be noticed in the Administration, as well as a special way of speaking his mind. According to Clark, clinical psychologists contend that individuals go thirty seconds without something on their minds." But, he adds, "I'm living proof that this is wrong." He also says his attractive wife, Geena, has been asking him for eighteen years, "What are you thinking, dear?" And for eighteen years he has been answering, "Nothing." Not even Adlai Stevenson has a public record so slandered himself, for few members of the Johnson Administration currently have more on their minds.

Most Presidents want a reasonable, acquiescent man for Attorney General; a stiff-necked one can be a nuisance in this acutely political Administration, which is why most appointments carry a political flavor. So why did Johnson choose Clark? One thing is certain: it was not a case of Presidential amnesia or mindlessness. Johnson knew, or at least he should have known, what he was getting. For Clark served a long probationary period as the Acting Attorney General. He went all out against racial discrimination; tapping and bugging; asserted control over FBI policy; dropped a politically hot sixteen-year-old case against Judith Coplon. He persuaded the President to veto a crime bill which Congress passed for the District of Columbia because it felt it would violate Constitutional rights. He made it clear to Con-



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makes the difference.

rap you've forgotten. A message
ant delivered. Monsieur le mousse
eagerly to fetch and deliver.

this young chap is called a
isn't quite clear. But he, and
like him, exist to please you.

"France" abounds in those who
do your bidding. Most are mature
men who have refined the sub-
of thoughtful care to a graceful art
to, while the mousse's jaunts seem
to you, please keep in mind that
avel began with the scales.

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that he does not share its agitation over the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision, which requires police to inform all arrestees (before interrogation) of their right not to talk.

Last winter Clark met with a group of law-enforcement officials in Memphis, Tennessee, who also were worked up over the *Miranda* ruling and strongly felt it would handicap law enforcement. Clark said he doubted it. The officials were somewhat taken aback, for they were aware that Justice Clark had dissented from that decision. One of them said, "Isn't Tom Clark your father?" The answer, of course, was yes. "But," said the official, "your position is entirely different than his." "Well," said Clark softly, "don't tell him what I said."

One reason Johnson knows Ramsey Clark so well is that he borrowed him from Justice from time to time to serve as a White House troubleshooter on race matter. After the rioting in Watts, he was named chairman of a special federal task force to investigate the causes of the outbreak. Earlier in 1965 he had been made chief officer of the federal forces in Alabama for the famous Selma to Montgomery civil-rights march. Clark drafted the 1967 civil-rights act, a proposal intended to wipe out discrimination in housing and employment. He has also stepped up enforcement of the 1964 and 1965 civil-rights acts, and he is known to have prodded the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission to get a move on.

The Key Word

While he was at the White House Clark learned a little about the President, as well as vice versa. On one occasion the boss wanted a written brief on a very complicated matter. Clark dashed one off, but it came back with a short note saying, "You wouldn't want to argue that before your daddy, would you?" Clark then prepared an exhaustive memo, and this time the comment was, "Now you can take this up and argue it before your daddy and Earl Warren." The detractors of the Chief Justice, incidentally, get short shrift from the new Attorney General. This spring he introduced Warren as the main speaker at a luncheon meeting of the National Conference on Crime Control. Many of the policemen, prose-

cutors, and judges present happily openly blaming Warren and the liberal majority on the court for making law enforcement more difficult. In introduction, Clark said, "Earl Warren lives and serves. His lives are enriched with justice for generations to come." Even so, he got the point. Much later in the evening, however, a reporter found Clark sitting alone at the rear of the auditorium in which the conference was being held. What was he doing there when most of the delegates had lost interest in the program and left? "I thought I might be doing something," Clark said.

The key word is "learn." He learned for business, then for pleasure, then out of habit. It is a habit that changes men. It stirs doubt about Clark's case, a "lingering doubt" the summer of 1960 as to whether there was any "real fulfillment" in his professional life. That's when he decided he had to go into public life. And so he went, but not very successfully. The Department of Justice under Robert Kennedy in 1961 was full of well-known New Frontiers. The new Assistant Attorney General for Lands, this lanky, James Earl Ray type from Texas, was a straggler in their midst, but not for long. Seigenthaler, Kennedy's administrative assistant at the time, summed up the ultimate New Frontier judgment on Clark: "If I had asked for reservations about Clark's quality and character, I couldn't think of one. I couldn't nit-pick a fault."

Shortly after his appointment as Attorney General the Women's National Press Club gave a dinner in honor of both Tom Clark and Ramsey Clark. The president of the club, Edna Strom, said, "Now that Ramsey is Attorney General he has all the privileges—the key to the executive men's room and the right to call Edgar Hoover for an appointment. It was not too great an exaggeration. The FBI is supposedly only a part of the Justice Department, but years Hoover has been granting favors—buts not too frequently—previous Attorney Generals. Clark has been courteous and respectful to me, but just the same the idea is around that he doesn't regard it as a separate branch of the government."

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

ment. In the past there has been some ambiguity on how much wiretapping Justice was permitting the FBI to indulge in, and whether Hoover or Bob Kennedy was responsible for it. Clark has made it crystal clear that he regards the responsibility as his, and that he has expressly forbidden all but a "very few" for national security cases alone. Thirty-eight taps, to be exact.

Simple Taste in Justice

Clark seems to have only one ostentation—motor cars. He drives to work in a battered, eighteen-year-old Oldsmobile convertible whose top caved in during a heavy snowstorm last winter. His associates have tried to convince him he could get more work done if he commuted in a chauffeur-driven limousine—like any other self-respecting Cabinet Member—but the A-G insists the one-hour round trip between home and office is his best chance for daily thinking. Happily, his tastes are also simple when it comes to legal matters, such as selecting juries, for instance.

In his first appearance before a Congressional committee in behalf of civil-rights legislation, he urged reform of the federal jury selection process. The present system of "blue ribbon" juries, it is contended, discriminates against Negroes and the poor in general. But a powerful bloc of conservative Senators is against selecting jurors at random from a cross section of the community. Senator Ervin insisted to Clark that jurors should come from "the best and the most intelligent." Clark's answer was, "I don't know how you choose intelligence, common sense, and probity. We should try to include all of our people in the judicial process."

There are key Congressmen and Senators who think the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision is an open invitation to crime. What did Clark think of that? His answer was: "I don't think court rulings cause crime. People don't commit crime with anything so sophisticated as the view that, 'Well, I can commit this crime now because I won't be interrogated.' If a fellow is that well informed of his rights, why he knew that he didn't have to be interrogated before *Miranda* anyway." In any case, the conviction rate, he said, is about the

same among those who refuse to talk as it is with those who talk. He cited a study of two thousand cases in New York. Confessions were at issue in 275 of them, Clark said, "with only twenty-two cases where the defense raised the question of the legality of the confession, and only two of the two thousand where a motion to suppress the confession was actually granted, or one in one thousand."

One of the most thankless tasks of Justice is administering the trust laws, or, as in most admiralty cases, *not* administering them. For Clark, as Attorney General, showed a surprising interest in trust-busting and his son apparently intends to carry on where his father left off, only more so. It is only fair to note, however, that other Attorney Generals have started off more belligerent against the "trusts" than the new one.

Now that he is a member of the Cabinet, Clark finds it increasingly difficult to duck speaking engagements. He is no orator, but he does have inspirations. He had to do this introducing at a dinner honoring Representative John McCormack, Speaker of the House. Clark's father and mother were present, so when he rose he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Speaker, Congressmen, Mr. Justice Clark . . . (pause) . . . and Mother." That got him nicely by. More recently he spoke to the student body at Hendrix College in Arkansas and afterward answered some hard questions. One student wanted to know why he favored the registration of firearms. His answer was, "We don't mind registering our wives when we marry them. It's not going to hurt us to license our firearm."

Of course, Clark had good reason to register his wife; she's the kind of mate every man in public life ought to have. On the day her husband was appointed to head up Justice, Mrs. Clark heard the news (via car radio) on the way to a meeting of the Washington Urban League, of which she is a board member. She went right on to the meeting.

The Clarks have one great secret in their lives—they can't stand revolution. So they try to make devotional music (classical), books (lots of history), food (plenty of Mexican and Italian), and friends (all kinds) gets them by somehow.

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Harper's

magazine

David Halberstam

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING GALBRAITH

In the early summer of 1967, the year of his fame, John Kenneth Galbraith worried frequently about Dwight D. Eisenhower. Not Eisenhower's economics, that was all past; but his book, *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, was right up there on the best-seller list, moving up, potentially Number One. This was the spot Galbraith coveted, and his main rival was a warm, chummy Ike telling stories to old buddies ("This is the book that goes with the grin," said the ads). America, in a summer of discontent, would like that. Ike would make easier reading than his own book, *The New Industrial State* (didn't that smack of air pollution, ghettos, dirty trains?).

Earlier in the year, his publisher suggested Galbraith accept an excellent paperback offer. But Galbraith, a shrewd Scot and possibly the toughest bargainer in the literary world, held out. No, he said, we'll sign when the book is Number One and we'll get more money. The publisher believed the book worthy and serious, but largely impenetrable. Galbraith, however, held the line, the contract was delayed, the book came out, and in one week it was not only on the list, but Number One. His editor called Galbraith at his farm in Vermont to relay the news. "It was the first time I ever heard Ken

purr," he told a friend. "I received the news with characteristic humility," Galbraith recalled later.

This was very decidedly Galbraith's year. All the varying strands of his many careers were coming together at once; he was a unique American phenomenon. In America, where there are so many things to oppose, he was an oppositionist, but in our largess even the oppositionists are affluent. True, he was an out politician, but such are our politics today that with the White House so devoid of glamor, it is more glamorous to be out than in. He was a friend of the Kennedys,* one of the privileged few who moved in that exciting world of

*There was some doubt, however, as to his exact place in the Kennedy Shadow Cabinet—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for example, is widely believed to be in the Ministry of Truth, but Galbraith's role is less clear. Someone who works in the Cabinet's Patronage Chancellery asked me which one I thought. "Ministry of Economics," I said, and he shook his head. I was about to answer Ministry for External Affairs, when I suddenly remembered about Galbraith's Indian Art book and those book reviews for *The New Yorker*. "Ministry for Culture and the Performing Arts," I said. "Very good," my friend answered, "but just remember that Dick Goodwin is in there fighting too."

must say he makes a great target.")

after the same votes").

the Kennedy years.* The intellectual and social

man more aware of his ego than his grief ("Gal-

self, who assumed that Galbraith would cut him

"From now on will be influenced by the history."

up, just as he had just cut Robert Kennedy up. This suggestion subsequently annoyed Galbraith, though there were some in the Kennedy entourage who were themselves annoyed by the positive quality of the review, and feel in addition that his present relations with the White House, while not warm, should be chillier. Thus while Galbraith is viewed as a Kennedy man outside the Kennedy circle, on the inside he is not viewed as a 100 per cent loyalist (in a league where 100 per cent is considered minimal) and indeed he is regarded as Galbraith man first, and a Kennedy man second.

Enlarging His Platform

Galbraith is indeed his own man, an enormous figure who tends to dominate every group, every scene, with a combination of size, intellect, humor, and sheer gall. He revels in his height: "It greatly enlarges your options in life. You are twice as visible, and when people think of someone to write paper or do a job, they are much more likely to remember you. I have gone through life with the comforting belief that everyone else is abnormally short." He is also fond of recalling his meeting with de Gaulle right after the assassination. Galbraith had just been talking with Anastas Mikoyan. The General frowned and asked, "Why have you been conversing with such a short man?" When Galbraith apologized for this, de Gaulle asked him his view of tall men.

"Because they are taller they are more noticeable, and because they are more noticeable, their behavior is better. They are excellent public servants," Galbraith replied.

"Professor, I find your philosophy magnificent," said de Gaulle, "and there is only one thing to add." Galbraith asked what it was.

"Small men must be treated without mercy," said the General.

He is immensely disciplined, and measures his life with unusual care; it is not by accident that 15 years in India will produce three books. He is extremely astute in his relationships with the press. In India he was much more accessible to American reporters than to many members of his staff. One reason, he says, was that he learned more from the journalists than from some of the Embassy men. In his India diary, he tells why he decided to give his farewell speech in Bombay: the newspapers were particularly good in that city, and also he had visited there less frequently, and hence would be bigger news. Thanks in part to the attention to the press, Galbraith has created his own separate platform, much as if he were a



columnist for a major newspaper. Ten years ago this seemed an unlikely achievement for a Harvard professor and a naturalized citizen at that. His determination to find a broader base—and to accept the academic raised eyebrows it would cause—dates back to the book he wrote in 1952, published by the Harvard University Press, on the theory of price control.

"The best book I ever wrote in many ways," he says. "It was a tough technical essay and maybe fifty people read it and it had absolutely zero influence. I made up my mind then that I was not going to invest any more of my time that way. From now on I would put in an extra year on the writing to engage a larger audience, and because of that the other economists would have to react to me. My work would not be ignored."

His unabashed vanity is combined with an extraordinary charm which allows him to talk continually and wittily on almost any subject without boring a listener, and indeed making the listener feel that he has been singularly honored. Women find him very attractive indeed, amusing, and rough-hewn handsome. (He reciprocates their interest: the three main characters in his Indian diary appear to be Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Angie Dickinson, the actress, and Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister.)

However, the other side of the Galbraith coin is a very low tolerance of things, people, governments, and institutions which bore him. This attitude is sometimes given expression in the classroom. "His course is taught in harangues," said the Harvard *Crimson* guide two years ago, "followed by question periods in which hapless students either serve up items to support Galbraith's theories, or are wittily and thoroughly demolished for failing to do so." He is equally offhand toward some of his colleagues. For instance, of George Stigler, a University of Chicago economist, Galbraith says, "George once wrote that it was a great shame that so many people read Galbraith's economics and so few read Adam Smith's. I answered, of course, that what really bothered Stigler was not that so few had read Adam Smith, but that so few had read Stigler."

The feeling toward Galbraith in academia is complicated. He is not entirely beloved. Some colleagues are jealous ("All you need now to really finish you at Harvard, Galbraith," one friend told him when *The Affluent Society* was selling particularly well, "is for them to make a movie out of that book"); some genuinely dislike his arrogance; some differ with him philosophically. The Chicago school of economists in general views him with alarm, and others believe his economics are

not terribly revolutionary, just revised Keynesianism, well popularized and well projected.

Certain professors who devote their entire careers to teaching believe that he is rather bored by teaching. Schlesinger, often the object of similar criticism, feels that it is largely unfair, a reflection of the difference between the generalist and the specialist. "If Ken spent all his time being nothing but an agricultural economist he would be a very great one and there would be no debate over his credentials," Schlesinger said. One political scientist sympathetic to Galbraith and his liberalism, who sees him as a truly significant figure in American life, says, "I like him and respect him very much and many of the economists do not. That in itself tells something. Galbraith is a man who knows power and is drawn to it, while a lot of economists shy away from it, consider it almost vulgar, and are more interested in immutable rules and laws." Nevertheless there is a general feeling that Galbraith's latest book has solidified his position as a serious economist. While there has been some predictable carping against it, it has been quite well reviewed, and has gained support from unlikely areas.

Two Kinds of Vanity

Iona Station, in Ontario, Canada, where Galbraith was born fifty-nine years ago, is a very long way from the Plaza Hotel and the Truman Capote party. His forebears were Scottish immigrants who settled there "after being chased off estates in Scotland when it was discovered that the raising of sheep was more valuable and more prestigious than the minding of tenants. Of course, once they arrived, the first thing they did was improve the reasons for coming, the search for opportunity and liberty." Among the different clans, the Galbraiths were known for industry, for their breeding ability with livestock, and for their height. Galbraith himself grew up in an atmosphere of spare and unsentimental Calvinism. Life was without frills, hard work was mandatory, money was valued to an extraordinary degree and was spent with singular reluctance, sex was considered uniformly wicked, and a hard and sharp eye was used in judging other men.

His father was careful to keep him from regarding raising animals as a mere sport. The senior Galbraith might buy his son a heifer the boy particularly liked, but the son was held accountable for all feed and had to pay the money back; similarly, if the cow won any prizes at a show, the cost of transporting the animal was still

tracted from the winnings. These values remain with Galbraith today.

He was, for instance, appalled a few years ago to learn that Schlesinger was appearing on television shows free, simply to propagate the liberal faith. He sharply admonished him—never be that liberal—and so today Schlesinger, like Galbraith, is paid very handsome fees for spreading the gospel. Someone who knows him and his books very well (over 500,000 copies in hardback) believes that Galbraith is probably a millionaire. I asked him about this, and he sharply denied it (though *The Affluent Society* did make over \$100,000; *The New Industrial State*, the novel, and the Indian diary will likely be big money books). He appeared almost shocked by my suggestion. But the more we talked, the more he seemed to like the idea.

Galbraith grew up bored with the long, dull hours of farming and became a prodigious reader in self-defense. Encouraged by his father, he entered high school at the age of ten, quite obviously the brightest little boy around. "I was always listening for applause," he says. "This had a very bad effect on me. For years and years I was praised as a prodigy and I obviously came to believe it." He traces much of his vanity to this time. He also notes that there are two kinds of vanity: one is based on the belief that you are truly superior because you can do more things better; the other masks inadequacy and self-doubt. "Fortunately," he says, "mine is the first kind." A redeeming quality of his ego is that he recognizes it—and indeed it has allowed him to write the great American study of the political and public ego, *The McLandress Dimension*, a task impossible for a truly humble man.*

Subsidized by \$300 of his father's money, Galbraith set off for Ontario Agricultural College to study animal husbandry, where he immediately discovered "there was no such subject as animal

husbandry." He became an agricultural expert,* then switched to economics, acquired an M.S. at the University of Toronto and a graduate fellowship to Berkeley, and set off to spend three years there, from 1931 to 1934. This period largely shaped his economic liberalism. "This was the depth of the Depression," he said. "It was an enormously exciting time, and there was a remarkable intensity to debate and to life at Berkeley. The intensity made up for the lack of sophistication. You lived very close to the tragedy itself—there were the Hoovervilles next door, and you knew if you lost your scholarship you'd move in over there." He might, he adds, have become a Communist in those days "except they were so prestigious and snobbish that they never would have let me in."

He went from Berkeley to Harvard as instructor and tutor for five years. This was the period of the Keynesian revolution, when Keynes' ideas were coming in from Cambridge, England, to Cambridge, Massachusetts, on their way to Washington, D.C. At Harvard Alvin Hansen had gathered around him a group of bright young men who were making a difference in the country with the New Deal. "All of us were committed to a degree of evangelism I've never felt since," Galbraith recalls. "There was an enormous feeling we could change things. In some ways it was a very misleading experience, you had such a sense of what an intellectual could accomplish. From that time on we all believed that if you had the right ideas, nothing stood in your way—it could be done."

Galbraith moved from Harvard to Princeton, where he spent three years as an assistant professor, and as much time as he could on sabbatical. From there he went, in 1941, to the Office of Price Administration, where as deputy administrator he became one of the least popular figures in American life. "I got the job because I had written an earlier article on price control which was widely acclaimed and considered very brilliant. The only problem was that once I took the job I found that it was impractical in every particular. But, of course, by that time it was too late, and I did everything the exact reverse of what I had written. Naturally I felt a good deal of moral indignation against my critics, who were all still guided by my original article." In that office, he says, "I developed a highly refined technique of turning

*The McLandress satire, first published in *Esquire* under the pen name of Mark Epernay, is a study of the amount of time which elapses between a man's thoughts about himself; it was considered particularly revealing of political candidates. The name did not come from Marshall McLuhan, as some have suspected, but from an Iona Station clan named McLandress. Since the idea of a Scot named Herschel was improbable, Galbraith named his professor—who invented the new metric system—Herschel McLandress. Recently he was back in Ontario and a McLandress approached him. "Cousin Herschel sure is proud and wants to thank you," he said. "What for?" asked the puzzled Galbraith. "For writing that book all about him," answered the McLandress. The *Dimension* had great impact. A learned French journal of sociology took it seriously and wrote a long piece about it as an American innovation in metric sociology.

*Years later candidate John Kennedy, a man of the cities who abhorred agricultural facts, statistics, and problems, appointed Galbraith his resident agricultural expert, saying, "I don't want to hear about agriculture from anyone but you, Ken, and I don't want to hear about it from you either."

people down, the absolute maximum of tactlessness, which managed to turn them against me personally and not the government." When the pressure finally built up and Roosevelt accepted his resignation, "It was the most popular single thing he did that entire term."

He next found refuge and affluence in the employ of Henry Luce as a *Fortune* writer, an experience which he claims improved his writing . . . "because you were taught clarity, because you were writing not just for your own audience but always for Harry [Luce] and Harry's curiosity transcended his ideology—he would accept unfavorable ideas, but only if they were very clear." He lasted five years as a Luce writer, stayed carefully away from the subject of China, and in 1948 returned to Harvard, where in the 1950s, in the company of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., he began to emerge as a major arbiter of American liberalism.

Gag Writer and Ambassador

Harvard provided an ideal base for both Galbraith and Schlesinger in the 'fifties. Shielded by the respectability of the campus, they could propagate their liberal views, introduce writers to politicians, New Dealers to younger liberals, columnists to professors, and serve as links between the practicing and theoretical worlds of politics. Later they were to become bridges from one generation of liberalism to another. Both were Stevenson men in 1952 and 1956. Then in 1960 Galbraith came over to Kennedy more readily and with a good deal less anguish than the more emotional Schlesinger.

Indeed by 1958 Galbraith, sensing that Kennedy was likely to be the nominee, was already introducing him to audiences in Cambridge, which was then a hotbed of Stevensonians who viewed Kennedy in those post-McCarthy days with suspicion. Galbraith and Schlesinger played a crucial role, for the other men we now consider Kennedy intellectuals were not yet very important. Theodore Sorensen was simply a bright young man who worked for Kennedy, a partisan; Richard Goodwin was another bright young man out of law school looking around for a good job in Washington. As late as 1959 *Esquire* polled one hundred professors throughout the country about their choice for the Presidency. There were only two votes for Kennedy. One was Galbraith's, and the other that of Crane Brinton, the Harvard historian, who said (to Galbraith's considerable surprise) that he favored Kennedy because the candidate appeared to be a disciple of Galbraith's

economics. Kennedy immediately wrote Galbraith, thanking him for preventing a shutout.

Galbraith and Schlesinger worked hard at convincing a still dubious academic and liberal community that Kennedy's credentials were real. When Kennedy tapped Johnson as his Vice Presidential candidate, and the liberals threatened a floor fight, Galbraith went around telling delegates, "This is the kind of expedient FDR would never have used, except in the case of John Nance Garner." As the 1960 campaign evolved, the pros around Kennedy came to have a particular respect for Galbraith. Near the end of the race, when the campaign seemed to be running out of fresh ideas, six eggheads, including Galbraith, were asked to submit new material every day for the candidate's use—jokes, stories, anything. One of the key members of the so-called Irish Mafia said later, "Most of the group were fairly weak, some of them complained, and one insisted that he couldn't do it unless he went on the campaign trail itself. Galbraith was far and away the best. His stuff always came in and it was good and sharp and he didn't complain. I was amazed at how tough he was—I had thought he was just another fuzzy."

This type of loyalty deserved to be rewarded. The question was, what reward. Henry Hazlitt of *Newsweek* had written repeated warnings about Galbraith's ominous influence as Kennedy's economic adviser, and Wall Street reacted emotionally to his name. Treasury was out. Hence, in fact, most of Galbraith's effort here went not into promoting himself, but in an unsuccessful attempt to block Douglas Dillon. The White House staff was a possibility, but unlikely, since Galbraith had an underdeveloped sense of anonymity. "There was a chance," he says, "that half the things around the White House would soon be labeled 'Galbraith's plan' or 'Galbraith's program.' I am sure the same thought crossed Kennedy's mind." So Kennedy offered him India and he readily accepted.

Among those who briefed him was the Duke of Windsor. In his India diary Galbraith tells how he sat next to the Duke at a dinner shortly before leaving: "The Duke is small, pleasant, rather red-faced, but not necessarily unhealthy in appearance. The Duchess is showing some signs of wear. 'I hear you are going to India,' said the Duke. 'I affirmed the possibility. 'A most interesting country,' he said. 'I had a very good time there in my early youth. You must do the pig-sticking in Rajasthan.' I tried to look like a man who could do the pig-sticking or leave it alone and murmured that I had heard very good things about the pastime in those parts. 'Oh it's excellent,' he said, 'and you will find the people most agreeable in their own way. They have been most uncommonly decent to my race.'"



Galbraith began his official duties in India by removing *The Affluent Society* from the USIS list of books which give an unfavorable view of America in the Cold War and placing it on the favorable list. He was generally conceded to be a good Ambassador who got on quite well with the Indians (though some Indian intellectuals felt that Galbraith tended to lecture them a little; no small victory if true, since most of us have usually been lectured at length by Indian intellectuals). He did not always get on well with his staff, and many State Department veterans did not like his style, his obvious disrespect for the Department's ponderous traditions, his highly personalized, caustic cables.

Mr. Dean Rusk, the Secretary of State, not only did not care for Galbraith's style but also was wary of Galbraith's personal links with Kennedy and his willingness to use them. Rusk looked on Galbraith as a brash, ideological political appointee rippling otherwise calm waters; Galbraith, on the other hand, saw Rusk as the living epitome of what he had always feared from the Establishment. In the unpublished Galbraith novel, the central character hates new ideas and likes tired governments. On the walls of his office are autographed photos of Herbert Hoover, Jr., the two Dulles brothers,

Clare Boothe Luce, and Nathan Pusey; when he is a young Foreign Service officer he once meets a very beautiful French woman who wants to make love to him. He turns her down. One character observes, "In foreign policy it is essential to have men who inspire confidence. This liberals do not do. Unless immediately upon taking office they allay suspicion by taking an unusually strong stand in the Cold War they will be suspected of a tendency, however subjective, toward the appeasement of the Communists. The smallest gesture of conciliation . . . confirms this mistrust. Accordingly, liberal administrations must put conservatives in charge of foreign policy, or best of all nonpolitical experts."

From the start Rusk and Galbraith irritated each other. One of their more memorable exchanges occurred after the annual State Department cable to Ambassadors advising them to instruct their host governments on how to keep Red China out of the U. N. Galbraith recalls, "I had been optimistic that under Kennedy the China policy might change. When this came out, all three pages of it, I put it aside for a while; after all, the Indians at the time were China's sponsor. But then Henry Stebbins, the Ambassador to Nepal, sent an answer saying, 'Only man in Royal Gov-

ernment of Nepal capable of understanding logic of your telegram now in Calcutta having teeth fixed.' Well, I couldn't do any less, so I sat down and wrote a long and reasoned argument for accepting the existence of China. I got back an immediate cable from Rusk saying, 'Your views, so far as they have any merit, have already been fully considered and rejected.' I was rather pleased by it because it was the first strong declarative sentence I'd ever had from Rusk."

How to Dissent, and Stay "In"

Galbraith's recent success has been so great that although he pioneered in exposing the American Establishment was begun when Galbraith and an Establishment man disguised as a critic, a double agent of sorts. The original study of the Establishment was begun when Galbraith and Richard H. Rovere both attended a dull conference on the Isle of Rhodes just after Henry Fairlie published his exposé of the British Establishment. At dinner Galbraith asked Rovere who was the head of the American Establishment, and Rovere, about to give several names, suddenly said, "I've got it!" and cited John J. McCloy. He was right, of course.

Then followed the landmark article signed by Rovere on the Establishment, revealing who was in it (and more important, who was not) and the names of its organizations and columnists. The piece had a profound effect and was avidly studied by large numbers of people (all of them outside it, of course). It was entered into the *Congressional Record*, and got even wider circulation when John Rostkowski (later to leave the House involuntarily and work for the John Birch Society) sent it out under his franking privilege to warn his constituents that, yes it was true, what they had all so long suspected, and here was the proof.

Galbraith received a good deal of credit for his contributions (though possibly not enough; he later told one friend, "I dreamed the whole thing up and gave it away to Rovere one night over dinner and even then he got it wrong"). The piece came out in *Esquire* while Galbraith was Ambassador to India, an obvious Establishment position. Even Galbraith admits this, "You can't," he says, "refer to someone as 'the radical Ambassador'."

But there is other evidence that his record is at the least ambivalent, including the fact that his books, while often highly critical, are often bought by Establishment members and, if properly memorized, can be used for the Establishment's enrichment. Galbraith begins to emerge as a critic

who manages to keep as many lines out as possible. Friends say this is one of the major differences between him and Schlesinger, who is more clear outside the Establishment. On at least one issue, however—United States policy in Vietnam—Galbraith's record of dissent has been total and consistent. In his India diary is a series of letters he wrote the President, more about Vietnam than about India, stunningly prophetic. He commented in 1961, "Just read the Taylor report on South Vietnam. It is a curious document. The recommendations are for vigorous action: the appendices say it cannot possibly succeed given the present government."

Yet, despite his sustained opposition on Vietnam, Galbraith's relationship with the White House is comparatively mild for a Kennedy man. Galbraith himself has defined the true Establishmentarians as the pivotal Republicans who are given top posts in Democratic Administrations. (When Republican Mayor John Lindsay took office in New York he appointed Democrat Galbraith to a task force on the Poverty Program.)

But Galbraith denies vehemently any Establishment association. He cites his dissent on Vietnam as a crucial point and notes that both Senator Fulbright and the Reverend Martin Luther King were on the fringe of the Establishment at one time but have been passed over because of Vietnam. "The war in Vietnam is the Establishment's," he says. "Who is the Establishment's general?" (Answer: Maxwell Taylor.) True enough, but again Galbraith's role is complicated; he is praised by some of the same people who have abused King and Fulbright.

Furthermore, the Establishment's position on Vietnam has never been entirely clear, and there is some evidence that the Establishment has never really approved of Southeast Asia, preferring Europe as a more civilized and predictable continent. Thus there is a subtle Establishment opposition to the war, based not on qualms about napalm but on the idea that the war is costing too much for too little. Fulbright made the mistake of attacking this country's arrogance of power in its commitment there. If he had said instead "We can use this arrogance and power better somewhere else," he might have been more successful.

Galbraith will not make this mistake. His opposition to the war is tough, consistent, and pragmatic. He has become, in American life, a very respectable figure and a successful one. Hence the question on many people's lips: Will success spoil John Kenneth Galbraith? The likely answer: No, it will only make him more so.

Michael Harrington

THE SOCIAL-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

Will recent developments in education and in the cities lead to private alliances between self-interested executives and ambitious bureaucrats? At stake is "how Americans of the twenty-first century are going to think and live."

American business has long scrambled over the common good in its haste to pursue private profit. Industry's contribution to air pollution is only the most recent example of the consequences of this habit. But now the corporations proudly threaten a new, distinctive, and paradoxical danger. Instead of creating social problems, they are going to solve them. In a strangely optimistic speech at the University of Chicago last year, Lyle M. Spencer, President of Science Research Associates (an IBM subsidiary), aptly and ominously named this new development the "social-industrial complex."

Spencer's enthusiasm is puzzling in that his phrase is modeled on one of the most somber statements Dwight Eisenhower ever made: his warning against the "military-industrial complex." And indeed, the phenomenon Spencer describes is quite similar to the united front of executives and generals which so alarmed President Eisenhower. The military-industrial complex bases itself on the war economy and a huge defense establishment. This enormous vested interest in the means of annihilation, Eisenhower feared, could subvert the democratic process on vital questions of war and peace. The social-industrial complex also builds upon public expenditure and a "partnership" between government and business. But its rationale is the Great Society, not the Cold War (much of the massive spending waits, in fact, upon the end of the tragic war in Vietnam).

As Spencer puts it, "Social causes which in the 'thirties were the domain of college professors, labor unions, and student demonstrations are today becoming the new business of business." What is menacing about this sudden outburst of

corporate conscience is that satisfying social needs and making money are two distinct and often antagonistic undertakings. Certainly the urgent demands of the nation for housing, schools, jobs, clean air, and plain civility must be met. But will citizens as well as corporations readily profit if these demands are met by private and profit-seeking enterprises? To answer this question, it is well to begin with a slightly cynical analysis of some of the executives' earthy motives.

First of all, it is important to understand that thought is becoming power to a degree beyond the wildest imaginings of a Platonist philosopher-king. Five years ago, Clark Kerr estimated that the production, distribution, and consumption of knowledge already accounted for 29 per cent of the Gross National Product and was growing at twice the rate of the rest of the economy. Last year, the president of IBM declared that the nation was fast approaching a time in which more than half the work force would be involved in processing and applying data. So higher education is no longer the aristocratic province of a tiny upper-class minority.

Second, the executives of the social-industrial complex, and the American people as a whole, have been tutored by militant Negroes, some of whom can't read. Beginning with Martin Luther King's Montgomery bus boycott of 1955, a Negro mass movement rescued America's better self. Eventually, the practical idealism of black men rekindled the spirit of protest on the campus, challenged the churches and the unions, and in effect prepared the country to respond to John Kennedy's summons to action. In the process, social conscience became a political force. Americans suddenly noticed the racial ghettos, the black

and white poor, the polluted air, and the squalid facilities of the public sector.

This created, as J. Herbert Hollomon put it on behalf of the Department of Commerce, a "public market." Hollomon urged private industry to go out and build colleges and create new cities. Max Ways of *Fortune* called this approach "creative federalism." It rested, he said, upon "the rapprochement, during the Johnson Administration, between government and business."

Finally, credit must be given to Barry Goldwater for persuading private enterprise to ratify the massive federal activity which the social-industrial complex requires. The ideological unreality of Goldwater's Presidential campaign forced businessmen to choose between the risks of the market and the stability of a managed economy. Unhesitatingly, they picked the latter, and in the process endorsed Lyndon Johnson's visionary Great Society.

So the companies have acquired a conscience at that precise moment when, for a variety of technological, social, and political reasons, there is money to be made in doing good.

A great many corporations have already begun to tap the new source of wealth. The knowledge industry now includes among others, General Dynamics, AT&T, General Electric, Time Inc., Philco, Westinghouse, Raytheon, Xerox, CBS, Burroughs Business Machines, and Packard Bell. The city-building industry has attracted Good-year, General Electric, Humble Oil, Westinghouse, U.S. Gypsum, Sunset International Petroleum, American-Hawaiian Steamship Lines, and even Walt Disney Productions. And this, clearly, is only the beginning of the beginning.

Charles Silberman of *Fortune* was not being extravagant when he wrote recently that the knowledge industrialists, in partnership with the government, are "likely to transform both the organization and content of education, and through it, of American society itself." Clearly such a massive concentration of private power in a traditional public domain is disturbing. I asked one of the top men in the field, Francis Keppel, about it.

How Real Is the Danger?

Keppel, the former United States Commissioner of Education, is now the head of General Learning, a knowledge corporation put together by General Electric and Time Inc. His social conscience long predates the business discovery that thinking is a blue-chip occupation.

There was, Keppel conceded, a danger that busi-

ness would dominate, rather than serve, American education. Yet, he continued, perhaps the danger has been exaggerated. Of the tens of billions of dollars which America spends each year on schooling, the largest single expenditure is for teachers' salaries. After that, the money goes to construction and maintenance, and only about 4 per cent of the total, or less than \$1.5 billion a year, is devoted to instructional materials of all kinds. Therefore, Keppel argued, the giant corporations have not really discovered such a huge market and there really isn't a fiscal motive for "taking over" the system.

Second, Keppel said, decision making in American education is decentralized, authority is vested in a multiplicity of boards, superintendents, and principals. The only way that the knowledge industry can serve a truly public purpose, he believes, is by being clearly subordinate to the educators. The latter must dictate the content of what is to be taught. The corporations can then supply them with services and materials, but they must not impose a curriculum which is designed to satisfy the needs of private profit rather than those of students.

Keppel's second point, it seems to me, involves a crucial distinction. For business can go about solving social problems in either of two antagonistic ways, both of which often employ an identical rhetoric. On the one hand, the society can democratically decide what it wants to teach and what kinds of cities it wants to live in. It can then contract out the preparation of materials, the construction work, and even certain advisory functions to the private sector, keeping planning and programing clearly under democratic and political, rather than corporate, control, and making nonprofit institutions the pivot of the whole system. This is what Keppel advocates. On the other hand—here is the sinister potential of the social-industrial complex—America might unwittingly hire business to build a new urban civilization on the basis of the very money-making priorities which brought the old civilization to crisis. The contractor might not simply execute the contract. He might draw it up as well.

Keppel agreed that this second, and ominous, possibility existed. He also conceded that the relative smallness of the educational market might be a cause for pessimism rather than optimism.

Michael Harrington, author of "The Other America" and "The Accidental Century," will have a new book published in the spring. It will be called "Toward a Democratic Left" and will be, according to Mr. Harrington, "much too radical for next year but practical in terms of 1988 . . ."

It could mean that companies would design machines and programs for private use and then, as a careless, money-making afterthought, unload them on school systems as well.

Enthusiastically, even euphorically, the *Wall Street Journal* has reported recent developments which indicate that Keppel's worst fears are already becoming fact. "It is clear," the *Journal* said in one analysis, "both government and industry will play increasingly active parts in deciding what schools will teach and how they will present it." A little later, the paper was more precise: "... new schools to a considerable extent have to be built around the electronic gear that will cram them."

This means that fundamental decisions about how learning is to be structured will become part of a corporate struggle for shares of the knowledge market. Each producer will push its own particular educational technology: Xerox, its kind of teaching machines; IBM, computer classrooms; CBS, television; and so on. Obviously, machines, computers, and television may have an enormous contribution to make to American education. But how is one going to decide among them?

Each element in the defense sector—particular industries, branches of the service, "independent" associations for the Army, Air Corps, Navy, and Marines, and even trade unions—has its own special interest (profit for the companies, prestige and power for the officers, jobs for labor), and each one lobbies for strategies which are determined, not by any objective analysis of the needs of the nation, but by its own stake in the decision. The debate over the B-70 bomber during the Kennedy Administration was a classic case in point. A powerful section of the military-industrial complex, led by the Air Force and aiming to serve purposes of its own, mounted a determined campaign against the Administration in favor of proposals which had been rejected by three Secretaries of Defense under Eisenhower and by Secretary McNamara under Kennedy.

Something like this pattern is beginning to emerge within the social-industrial complex. "Business," to quote the *Wall Street Journal* once more, "is turning into an important force for pushing embattled domestic proposals through Congress." An executive of the Department of Housing and Urban Development is quoted as saying, "Each agency has gradually developed a list of firms interested in its field. . . . We know how to turn them on. . . ." At first glance, this might seem to portend a happy situation in which the corporations lend their political power to a

public purpose. But, as the experience of the military-industrial complex demonstrates, such procedures lead straight to private alliances between self-interested executives and ambitious bureaucrats. This trend is already quite developed in the cities industry—where, for instance, real-estate men support rent subsidies as a means of attacking public housing—and, as the *Wall Street Journal* realizes, it is going to appear in education too.

A report in the June 17, 1967, *New Republic* vividly illustrates what this might mean. The Office of Education, it said, was considering a grant of \$2 million to build a computer classroom for Menominee Indians in Wisconsin. Westinghouse Electric was to develop the hardware which would eventually serve sixty students. This considerable investment would do nothing to help nine hundred other children on the reservation, who are currently receiving inferior education from uncertified teachers, and it is proposed at a time when mechanized teaching is being criticized by some educators as being too impersonal. If *The New Republic* is right, the responsible decision makers had focused not on the needs of the Indian children but on considerations of government-corporate *realpolitik*. "The one substantive reason for financing this project," the article held, "is the government's interest in building up the education industry."

As Keppel emphasized, the ultimate outcome of many such apparently alarming trends is still in doubt. The giants in the knowledge industry have been working cautiously with the long run in mind. So far they have been most active in vocational training, both private and public, and the case of the Job Corps may offer some hints of things to come.

Making Schools into Factories

When the Corps was first set up, it was widely hailed as a trail-blazing example of uniting federal idealism and free-enterprise expertise. In general, it has proved a disappointment. Costs have been high (the contracts are, in effect, on a cost-plus basis) and the companies themselves have lost some of their enthusiasm, partly because the escalation of the war in Vietnam makes them feel they can look to McNamara rather than to Shriver for government contracts.

The most relevant perspective on the Job Corps experience is provided by the members and organizers of the American Federation of Teachers. Among the fastest-growing unions in the country,

the AFT has consistently fought to improve the quality of education as well as the wages and working conditions of its members. Its somewhat disillusioned view of the privately operated Job Corps camps does not really have to do with money. Rather it centers on the feeling that the companies treated the educators in their employ like so many hired hands, and the schools as if they were factories. John Schmid, the State Federations Coordinator of the AFT, thinks "it is plain that private industry feels that teachers deserve even less of a voice in the formulation of curriculum than do most boards of education." In terms of Keppel's hopes and fears, business is here taking a commanding, autocratic position, not a subordinate one.

Indeed, David Gottlieb, a top analyst in the Office of Economic Opportunity's Plans and Program division, generalized this point in terms of OEO's experience. The conservatives in Congress, he says, are always ready to attack the inadequacies of a federal project run by Harvard, Columbia, or Berkeley, but they're not apt to question the undertaking of a good, down-to-earth businessman. Therefore, Gottlieb argues, the corporate operations are freer from governmental supervision than, say, a Peace Corps training institute directed by a university. And since social programs are always looking for industry and conservative support, there is no great drive to bring these operations under closer public control.

Gottlieb does not think the companies have abused their freedom. Yet the fact that private entrepreneurs in the new knowledge industry already have an immunity from democratic criticism which is denied to nonprofit professors indicates, I believe, a dangerous trend. In the field of education, the exact opposite should hold true.

How Many Million Houses?

But the social-industrial complex is not simply concerned with how Americans think. It may also attempt to decide how the nation lives.

During the hearings chaired by Senator Ribicoff in 1966, the country got some idea of the enormous dimensions of the urban crisis. It is necessary, in President Johnson's phrase, to build a "second America"—between 1966 and 2000, the United States must construct more new housing units than it now possesses. The official estimates call for two million additional units a year, with at least 500,000 of them designed for low-income families. The AFL-CIO says we need 2.5 million new units a year; Walter Reuther's figure is three

million. And these things can only be done, businessmen like David Rockefeller told Ribicoff, if there is a federal subsidy to attract the social conscience of profit makers.

This is at least one reason why the backers of the Demonstration Cities (now Model Cities) Act in the fall of 1966 included Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Thomas Gates of Morgan Guaranty Trust, Alfred Perlman of New York Central, and R. G. Follis of Standard Oil of California. It also helps explain, I believe, why General Electric is now interested in building a city of 200,000 people from the ground up—using GE products where possible, of course—and why U. S. Gypsum is demonstrating its skill in publicly supported slum rehabilitation and hopes to make an eventual 8 per cent to 10 per cent profit from such work. What was considered "socialism" only yesterday is turning into a sound business investment.

There is a modest precedent for this pattern in the activities of the "civic" executives who appeared in many major American cities in the 'fifties and 'sixties. These men were primarily bankers, department-store owners, office-building landlords, and others with a strong business stake in the central city. They mobilized entire communities, used both federal and local funds, and improved the downtown areas to meet the needs of banks, department stores, and office buildings, however, rather than those of the black and white poor.

But the real danger today is not that the social industrialists in the city industry will repeat these mistakes from the past (though some of them will). Nor, with a few exceptions, is the trouble that they are greedy profiteers engaged in some kind of conspiracy against the common good. The issue goes deeper than that. For when business methods are sincerely and honestly applied to urban problems, with very good intention, they still inevitably lead to antisocial results. It is exactly when crass concerns are not paramount that the real problem—the inapplicability of business methods and priorities to the crisis of the cities—emerges most clearly. The testimony of David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan before the Ribicoff subcommittee is an excellent case in point. Rockefeller is an enlightened, and liberal, banker. On urban problems, he quite rightly told the Senators, "are so closely interrelated they call for the establishment of overall goals and guidance. Public agencies, in most cases, must set the overall goals, then provide assistance and incentive to private enterprise to carry out as much of the program as possible." Senator Charles Percy's original home-ownership plan was most blue-

on this point and candid about real motives. His program, he said, "would be attractive to lenders because it promises a *competitive yield and no risk* in addition to its social and philanthropic appeal" (emphasis added).

In theory, the Rockefeller approach subordinates the businessman to the "overall goals" of the community, which are determined by democratic process. But, and in my view this is the crucial point, with all the good will in the world Mr. Rockefeller proposes to interpret those goals according to an economic calculus which can have only antisocial consequences. And since he is talking in terms of five business dollars of investment to every federal dollar (Ribicoff hopes for a ratio of \$7 to \$1), the fact that he will allocate resources and order his design on the basis of tried, true, and disastrous priorities is of some moment.

"Economic logic," Mr. Rockefeller says, "dictates that the use of real estate be in some meaningful relationship to its value. The projects we have mapped for lower Manhattan are *massive, and generally of a commercial, tax-paying nature*" (emphasis added). Because this is exactly the approach which contributed much to creating our current problems, it is difficult to see how it will solve them.

In the 'fifties and 'sixties, the Rockefeller conception of land use prevailed dramatically in Manhattan. Builders made quite sure that real estate had a meaningful relation to its "value" as narrowly and commercially defined. Huge office buildings were constructed in the center of the city without regard to other possible locations (Harlem, for instance, or Bedford-Stuyvesant) or to alternate use of the resources for abolishing ghettos. An intolerable load thus was placed upon already crowded and grimy transit facilities. And there was, of course, a total lack of concern for history, beauty, and civility.

A task force told Mayor Lindsay in 1966 that "few stores, theaters, or hotels can compete with the arithmetic of office buildings. Those sites which have become legendary, surrounded by character and convenience, often are just the ones the office builders want."

What the cities need are "uneconomic" allocations of resources. Money must be "wasted" on such uncommercial values as racial and class integration, beauty, and privacy. And this is not a simple matter of overall plan either, for it relates to individual trees in front of individual houses as much as to metropolitan areas. Businessmen, even at their most idealistic, are not prepared to act in a systematically unbusinesslike way. And even if they were, they would have no

democratic right to do so, for the determinations to be made are in, or should be in, the public domain. In this area, even more than in education, the social industrialists must be subordinated to democratic planning institutions.

Some people, of course, think we can get around the urban crisis by uttering the magic word "rehabilitation." A great many of the social-industrial complex proposals on housing—ranging from HEW's Urban Development Corporation to Senator Percy's home-ownership plan—pretend that current problems will be solved if existing slums are refurbished. On this theory, one is absolved from exercising any imagination in creating the second America; all that is necessary is to spruce up the first. The only difficulty with the solution is that it will not work.

To be sure, occasional neighborhoods in big cities can be rehabilitated, thus preserving variety and sometimes even beauty (Georgetown in Washington, D.C., is an ex-slum). But in almost every case this involves removing about three-fourths of the neighborhood's residents, leaving a prettied-up but racially segregated community. Rehabilitation will really work only if it is part of a program to build millions of new housing units for the poor and deprived. In an area like Harlem, for instance, the trouble is not just that people pay exorbitant rents for dilapidated quarters, but also that three, four, and five humans have been crammed into spaces adequate to the needs of single individuals. Both the problem of density and the problem of integration obviously require massive planning at the federal, regional, and local level if they are to be solved. Current federal proposals, however, are necessarily flawed because they count on business to play a dominant role in rescuing cities from the mess which business methods and priorities have created.

Consider, for example, Senator Robert F. Kennedy's anti-slum program. Kennedy has been one of the most conscientious and compassionate of men with regard to the ghettos. He understands that decent housing is utterly central to both the war on poverty and the struggle for civil rights. Yet his \$1.5 billion of tax incentives to lure investors into the slums would produce only 400,000 units in seven years, according to the *New York Times*. That is 100,000 fewer units than the yearly rate of low-cost housing production advocated by the Council of the 1966 White House Conference on Civil Rights. Moreover, the Kennedy approach might result in breaking a living neighborhood up into a myriad of 100-unit undertakings. The Senator proposes that the federal government insist on minimum standards, but surely they are no

substitute for the creative planning of a new urban environment.

And neither is the philosophy expressed by John Notter of the American Hawaiian Land Company, a new-town outfit. "The secret," Notter told *Fortune*, "is speed—getting other people to spend their money instead of you spending yours. Most of our office space is devoted to bookkeepers. In new-town developments that's the real name of the game." And *Fortune* added admiringly, "As American Hawaiian and Humble [Humble Oil] are proving, that's one game large corporations can understand." What kind of a civilization will such a game produce?

If Problem-solvers Take Over

At this point it is possible to synthesize various aspects of the social-industrial complex and to identify a new, and dangerous, American philosophy. It is the ideology of anti-ideology.

The notion that Western society is coming to an "end of ideology" was first articulated by academics, almost all of them liberals, some of them socialists. As Daniel Bell developed the idea, the advanced economies had achieved such material affluence and political consensus that "the old politico-economic radicalism (preoccupied with such matters as the socialization of industry) has lost its meaning. . . ." The result was a "post-industrial" society in which the "new men are the scientists, the mathematicians, the economists, and the engineers of the new computer technology."

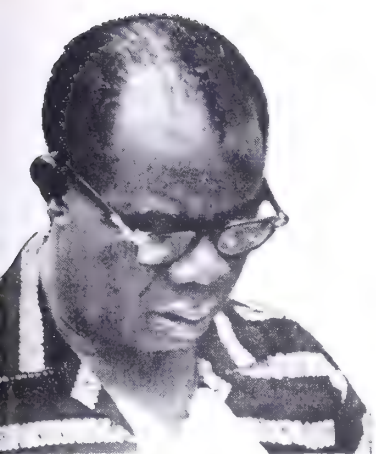
This theory was adapted to corporate purpose by business philosophers like Max Ways of *Fortune*. For the proclamation of the end of ideology provided an excellent rationale for the social-industrial complex (Bell and his colleagues had not, of course, intended this use of their thesis). If the public market were still a 'thirties-like battleground where antagonistic classes and groups fought for dominance, then business, as a minority special interest, could hardly be trusted with the social fate of the majority. But if, as Ways argued, "U. S. politics is making a major turn from the politics of issues to the politics of problems," then all is changed. The old, ideological debate over "issues," in which the radicals proposed to take from the rich and give to the poor, is no more. Problem-solving is the order of the day. And the corporation, as a neutral association of qualified experts, will, for a reasonable fee, promote the public good in an absolutely impartial and scientific way.

The evidence assembled here suggests to me that Ways and the other philosophers of the social-industrial complex are wrong. In producing a knowledge technology, running Job Corps camps, improving the downtown area, proposing priorities for revitalizing entire cities, or suggesting panaceas of slum rehabilitation, the social industrialists are, at every point, pursuing a private interest. And ideology.

What is at stake is nothing less than how the Americans of the twenty-first century are going to think and live. The tragic results of the new and profitable business conscience with which they may have to deal are already foreshadowed in the actual history of one of the first industries to adopt the pretense of unselfishness and anti-ideology: television.

In the mid-'thirties, William Paley of CBS appeared before the Federal Communications Commission. His company, he said, was not primarily a "business organization, except to the extent that economics are a necessary means to social ends. Surely any stress on economics as an end in themselves would betray a lack of understanding of the role which broadcasting plays in every plane of American life." A generation later, after broadcasting had become totally commercialized, Newton Minow described the "wasteland" which had resulted. The Kennedy Administration then exhorted the broadcasters to live up to their social responsibility. In March 1965, after four years of this concentration upon ethics, the FCC reported that hours given to public-service programs had declined by 15 per cent. Walter Lippmann summed up the implications of this particular experience, and his words apply to the social-industrial complex as a whole. "The regulatory method," he wrote, "runs counter to the facts of life. It supposes that broadcasters can function permanently as schizophrenics, one part of the brain intent on profits and another part of that same brain based on public service and the arts."

The knowledge and the cities industries—and the entire social-industrial complex—suffer from this very same schizophrenia, and they are quite capable of making wastelands of the schools and cities. Like CBS in the 'thirties, they too disdain the "stress of economics" even while they pursue their private interest in the name of anti-ideological public spirit. America, whether it likes it or not, cannot sell its social conscience to the highest corporate bidder. It must build new institutions of democratic planning which can make the uneconomic, commercially wasteful, and humane decisions about education and urban living which this society so desperately needs.



EVERYBODY'S LOUIE

by Larry L. King

*When I blow I think of times and things from outa the past
that gives me a image . . . A town, a chick somewhere
back down the line, an old man with no name you once seen
in a place you don't remember. What you hear coming
from a man's horn, that's what he is."*

Perhaps you have not heard of my singing with Louis Armstrong. Nobody reviewed us for *Downbeat* and we didn't get much of a crowd—just the two of us. This impromptu duet with Pops (also Satchmo, Louie, Dippermouth, "America's Ambassador of Good Will") took place last July in his suite at the Chalfonte, a resort hotel on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, around five o'clock of a foggy morning.

For several hours we had been "stumbling over airs"—Satchmo's euphemism for serious tipping—while he reminisced, smoked an endless train of Camels, and poured with a quick hand. His mood carried him back almost sixty years to New Orleans' Storyville section where as a boy he delivered coal to the cribs of certain available ladies, lingering to monitor honky-tonk and sporting-house bands until "the lady would notice me all in her crib—me standing very silent, digging the sounds, all in a daze—and she would remind me there wasn't no proper place to daydream."

Storyville was wide open in those days. Liberty flors, traveling drummers, cotton traders, and assorted bloods in hot pursuit of fun mingled with

prostitutes, pickpockets, musicians, gamblers, street urchins, and pimps. It was located directly behind Canal Street and touching the lower end of Basin in the French Quarter, and it had everything from creep joints where wallets were removed from the unwary during sex circuses to Miss Lulu White's Mahogany Hall on Basin Street with its five posh parlors, fifteen bedrooms, and \$30,000 worth of artfully placed mirrors. Miss Lulu hired "none but the fairest and most accomplished of girls," and Jelly Roll Morton played piano for her. In 1917 the Navy Department sent in a task force to clean up the district after too many sailors turned up robbed, drugged, or dead. Preachers railed against this sinkhole, but it was the place where jazz was born and where Daniel Louis (pronounced "Louie") Armstrong, literally before he was out of short pants, learned to play a little toy slide whistle "like it was a goddamn trombone." The boy strolled behind brass bands at street parades, funeral processions, or in horse-drawn bandwagons to tout their appearances at local clubs. "Two bandwagons would park head-to-head," Armstrong remembers, "and blow until

one band was reduced to a frazzle." The Armstrongs lived in a cement-block house on Brick Row. Armstrong's grandmother bent over a tin tub and corrugated washboard to scrub white families' clothes and his father, when he was around, attended turpentine boilers. There was a decrepit neighborhood tavern called the Funky Butt, which Armstrong remembers for its bands and its razor fights. A detective grabbed Armstrong for celebrating New Year's Eve with a "borrowed" revolver in his thirteenth year, and he was banished for eighteen months to the New Orleans Colored Waifs' Home. At nineteen he married Daisy Parker, the first of his four brides. One night she caught Louis with another doll and chastised him with a brickbat. "I ain't been no angel," Pops confessed that morning as we lounged in the Chalfonte, "but I never once set out to harm *no* cat."

Louis Armstrong's marvelous memory took me back to the night he arrived in Chicago in 1922, up on the train from New Orleans to join King Joe Oliver's Creole Jazz Band as second trumpet for \$50 a week. "I was carrying my horn, a little dab of clothes, and a brown bag of trout sandwiches my mother, Mayann, had made me up. Had on long underwear beneath my wide-legged pants—in July. I am just a kid, you see, not but twenty-two years old, don't know nothing and don't even *suspect* much. When we pull into the old La Salle Street station and I see all the tall buildings I thought they was universities and that I had the wrong town. Almost got back on that rail-runner and scooted back home."

He spoke lovingly of old pals: King Oliver, Jack Teagarden, Kid Ory, Bix Beiderbecke, and a hot-licks bass drummer everyone recalls only as Black Benny. ("All dead and gone now, them swinging old cats—and I've took to reading the Bible myself.") Between dips into his on-the-rocks bourbon Armstrong hummed or scatted or sang snatches of his ancient favorites. "Hotdamn"—he would say, flashing his teeth in that grand piano grin—"you remember this one?" and out would pour *Didn't He Ramble*, *Gut Bucket Blues*, *Blueberry Hill*, *Heebie-Jeebies*, *Black and Blue*.

II

Just how I presumed to sing with him remains unclear and possibly indefensible. Earlier, in a noisy penny arcade on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, I had proposed to his traveling manager, Ira Mangle, that I perform on stage with Armstrong at one of his three-a-day shows. Mangle, a stoic man of generous figure, ate peanuts, staring, while I explained. I would describe both the elation

and the dread of appearing with the most celebrated figure in a field wholly alien to my talents: a man who has been called "an authentic American genius" for his contributions to jazz. Paul Gallico and George Plimpton had done the same thing in sports, I recalled to Mangle, boxing Jack Dempsey and Archie Moore, golfing with Bobby Jones pitching to Mantle and Mays. Their first-person stories permitted the average sports fan to consort vicariously with champions. Out there on that stage, moving into the spotlight to join Pops in *Blues in the Night* or perhaps even *Hello Dolly*, I would represent all my peers.

Ira Mangle has been in show business almost as long as pratfalls. He is neither easily rattled nor easily amused. When my special plea was done Mangle gazed into my face, chewing all the while. When the peanuts ran out he smiled and walked away.

Now, days later, sitting at a table holding the wreckage of our midnight snack (sardines in oil, Vienna sausages, Chinese food, soda crackers, pickles, beer) Pops and I somehow cut into *That's My Desire*. My uncertain baritone mingled with the famous voice that has been likened to a "cement mixer... rough waters... iron filings... a gearbox full of peanut butter... oil on sandpaper... a horn wailing through gravel and fog."

Once—when I came in on the break behind him at precisely the right point—Pops gave me some skin. He reached out his dark old hand just as he does on-stage when Joe Muranyi has ripped off an especially meritorious stretch on clarinet, and I turned my hand, palm up, as I had seen Muranyi do. Leaning across sardine tins and cracker wrappers Pops lightly brushed my open palm in a half slap, the jive set's seal of approval, the jazz equivalent of the Congressional Medal of Honor. And there was good whiskey waiting in the jug.

We had already siphoned off generous rations, waving our arms a bit much, gently boasting and exaggerating. "Hey, Pops," my host said (it is his all-purpose salutation, as well as what friends call him, and saves everybody memorizing a lot of troublesome names), "this is the way I get my kicks. Having a little taste... talking over the olden times in Storyville and Chicago... remembering all the crazy sounds that always seemed to be exploding around you and inside you. *Every-*

This article is the tenth by Larry L. King to appear in "Harper's" since 1965. They will be published, along with other articles by him, in book form by New American Library next February under the title "My Hero LBJ & Other Dirty Stories." Mr. King is also author of a political novel, "The One-Eyed Man."

thing made music here, then I found some jazz pickers, then pretty painted streetwalkers all singing out their wares—oh, *yeah!* Everything rocking and bobbing and jousting and jumping.” He grinned that huge, open grin again. “Ya know, Pops,” he said, “my manager, Joe Glaser—Papa Joe, bless his ole heart he’s *my* man, we been together since we was pups, why to hear us talk on the phone you’d think we was a couple of fairies: I say, ‘I love you, Pops,’ and he say, ‘I love *you*, Pops’—well, anyhow, Joe and Ira and all them people don’t like for me to talk about the olden days. All the prosty-*toots* and the fine gage and the bad-ass racketeers. But hell, Man, I got to tell it like it was! I can’t go around changing *history!*”

(Often one gets the feeling that Pops prefers those “olden days” to the frantic existence that has become his life. He once told writer Richard Meryman, “I never did want to be no big star.... All this traveling around the world, meeting wonderful people, being high on the horse, all *grandioso*—it’s nice—but I didn’t suggest it. I would say it was all wished on me. Seems like I was more content, more relaxed, growing up in New Orleans. And the money I made then—I lived off it. We were poor and everything like that, but music was all around you. Music kept you rolling.”)

Though two weeks earlier Louis Armstrong wouldn’t have known me from any other face in the multitudes, we had reached a stage of easy friendship—all thanks to him. For though I have known three Presidents and two wives, I sat down to face Armstrong that first night in Washington with a head full of wind and dishwater. There seemed nothing I was able to ask or say, not even banal comments about Washington’s dreadful humidity, for on the couch beside me sat a living legend, a talent so long famous and admired that I considered him of another age and so was struck dumb in his presence—as if I had come upon Moses taking a Sunday stroll in the Gaza Strip or had encountered Thomas Jefferson at a Democratic National Convention.

Downstairs, I knew, Shriners offered hotel bell-boys five-dollar bribes for Louis Armstrong’s room number. No telephone calls were put through to him from the Shoreham front desk unless you knew a special secret. In Armstrong’s suite (a palace of curved glass, rich draperies, soft carpets, and pillows of psychedelic hues) he sat wrapped in a faded robe. A white towel around his neck soaked up juices from the last of the evening’s two one-hour shows, while Pops accepted photographs of himself from a thick stack presided over by his hovering valet, Bob Sherman. On each he scrawled “Hello, Louis Armstrong” in a round, uneven

hand. Ira Mangle asked his star if he would like a *Shirley and a little something else a very beautiful lady*. Armstrong in those days declined such women and headshakes. “You go ahead,” he said as I sat there tongue-tied and witless. “Ask me anything you want. Won’t cramp my writing style. Just doing the bit for a few of my fans.” Out of the silence Ira Mangle suggested that Armstrong discuss a recent TV tape cut with Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass: perhaps Armstrong would compare the two generations of music and judge the younger man’s artistry. “Oh, yeah,” Armstrong said. “He blows pretty, all right. Nice young cat.” Mangle then prompted him to say something of his popularity with the public, his friendships in show business, the world figures who have toasted him. “Everybody’s been real nice,” Pops said.

Mangle’s helpless shrug left me on my own. Finally I said, “Well, I seem to have come down with a bad case of buck fever. Can’t think of a damn thing. Maybe I’d better run along and return another night.” Quickly Armstrong cast aside his pen. A look of pain passed his face. “Aw, naw!” he said. “It ain’t like that! We’ll just loaf and chew the fat and have a little taste of bourbon and if we feel like stumbling over chairs—well, hell, we all over twenty-one! Ira, get my man a little taste.” Then he launched into a story, and the generous act got me functioning again.

The men who handle Armstrong thought we got a little too chummy. Valet Bob Sherman, a dapper middleweight with a heavyweight’s torso and a Sonny Liston scowl when one is needed, nailed me backstage at the Steel Pier. “You’d better cut on out tonight after about an hour,” he said. “Otherwise, you’re gonna wear Pops out. He needs rest.” Later, when I tried to leave at a decent hour, Pops protested. “Man, I’m just starting to *roll*. Won’t be hitting the sheets for some-odd hours on. Here”—he splashed liquid into my glass—“relax and have another little taste.” Waiting in the wings for his introduction one matinee, mopping his face and carrying that golden trumpet, he waved me over: “Where’d you go last night, Pops? Had to stumble over chairs all by myself. Ira and them people keep you away from me?” Well, yes, I admitted. “Aw, they ought not to do *that!*” Armstrong said. “They *know* Pops is still gonna be unwinding when first light comes. Don’t pay them people no mind.”

Armstrong’s associates can hardly be blamed for their vigilance: he is a most valuable commercial property. Last spring a two-month recuperation from pneumonia cost more than \$150,000 in bookings. His sixty-seven years, his respiratory ailments, and his grinding travel

schedule—Ireland, England, Denmark, France, Spain, Tunisia, New England, the Midwest, the West Coast and two major TV bookings in August and September alone—cause concern for his health.

He is not the world's most docile patient. He walked around with bronchial pneumonia for two weeks last spring before anyone knew it. His trombonist, Tyree Glenn, was one of his first hospital visitors; Pops coaxed him into rehearsing a duet he wanted to put in the show. Nurses managed to clear the room only after a one-hour concert. The Washington booking was the first to follow his illness. Yet he stayed up all one night reveling with me, another with old music-world cronies (Duke Ellington and Clark Terry turned up at the Shoreham on July 4th to lead the mid-night-show crowd in singing *Happy Birthday* to him), and on his night off he dropped by Carter Barron Amphitheatre to catch Ella Fitzgerald's performance—and ended up doing several numbers with her. Pops played two shows of his own each night and one two-hour benefit for wounded Vietnam veterans at Walter Reed Hospital.

A week later in Atlantic City he stunted and cheered at a nightclub until dawn, and the following night railed—in vain—when he learned that Ira Mangle had wired a second club expressing regrets that Pops would not catch the late show as promised. "Damnit!" he complained. "All them cats over there live and *breathe* Louis Armstrong. They *love* Pops! If I go back on my word to them people it's like—why hell, it's like the United States Marines losing a goddamn war!"

III

Armstrong has a zealot's faith in certain old remedies. He is quick to offer his medical opinions: "Man, a heart attack is nothing but so much *gas* accumulated and bubbled over." Armstrong on cancer: "Nowadays it has come in fashion to die of it. What they call cancer is merely the bodily poisons fermented because people is so full of fevers beating and working in the blood." Germs: "I always carry my mouthpiece in my hip pocket—never pitch it around where germs can crawl over it and into its parts." To rid himself of possible heart disease, crawling germs, or malignant tissues, Armstrong recommends the removal of "bodily impurities." For this he relies on a laxative called Swiss Kriss. It is his old reliable among an assortment of wonder-working products that seems to enhance his unusual vigor. One dawn he gave me three Swiss Kriss sample packets. The following night, as we blitzed another midnight snack of sardines and supporting embellishments, Pops asked, "You take your Swiss Kriss yet?"

"Ah . . . well; not yet."

"Get my man some Swiss Kriss," Armstrong instructed Bob Sherman. "Be just the thing to clear him all up. Flush out the bodily impurities." Sherman didn't move a step. He dipped into his pocket and produced a thin packet of olive-drab substance.

"Lay it on your tongue," Armstrong said. "Take it dry, then send some beer chasing after it. Beer all gone? Well, bourbon do it too." I turned the thin packet in my hands to stall for time. "Active ingredients"—I read aloud—"dried leaves of senna. Also contains licorice root, fennel, anise, and caraway seed. Dandelion, peppermint, papaya, strawberry and peach leaves. Juniper berries—"

"Oh yeah," Pops broke in. "Got all *manner* of elements in there. Lay it on your tongue."

"—Juniper berries, centaury, lemon verbena, cyani flowers, and parsley for their flavoring and carminative principles."

"Here's your chaser, Pops." Armstrong nudged the bourbon glass over while I frantically searched for something more to read. Bob Sherman celebrated my discomfort with a grin as Armstrong, hooting and exhorting like an evangelistic witch doctor, urged the treatment on.

I know not what it tastes like on the tongue of Louis Armstrong. In my mouth it registered flavors of creosote and licorice with slight overtones of Brown Mule chewing tobacco. It neither improves bourbon nor bourbon it. Just as the main body of surprise had passed my host reproved me:

"Looka here, Pops! You left half of it in the bag!" He poked the dose under my nose. "Don't never do nothing halfway," Pops said, "else you find yourself dropping more than can be picked up."

"Take off your shirt" he ordered, suddenly.

"Beg your pardon?"

"Gonna teach you another little trick. Now this"—he grabbed a brownish bottle from a nearby table—"is called 'Heet.' H-e-e-t. Swab myself down with it when I come off stage all sopping wet. Cools me down and dries me out and steadies the skin. . . . You ain't got that shirt off, Pops." Armstrong circled me like Indians attacking a wagon train, crying a sales pitch as he daubed my chest ribs, back. "Don't that cool you like rain?" he said "Ain't that a goddamn groove?"

"Now you take a man's eyes," he said, ominously. "You ever have any trouble with your eyes?"

"No . . . not really . . ."

"Must have trouble, else you wouldn't be wearing them eyeglasses! This little remedy gonna pull all the bloodshot qualities right outa your eye

alls." He brandished a new bottle. "Witch hazel. Now, I take these"—he was ripping into a package and extracting two gauze pads—"and I dab a little on there, like this, swoggling it all around. Now I put them babies on your eyelids and it won't be thirty seconds until you feel it cooling up all the way back inside your *cranium!*" He marched about, rattling on, while I sat in darkness, feeling like a man who has stumbled into Mayo Clinic by mistake. "Take them pads off in another three minutes and you can feel heat on the underside like you had fried an egg there! So, quite *nat-ur-ally*—you gonna see clearer and sweeter and cooler than you ever did see before."

"You use all sorts of nostrums, don't you?" I said.

"Use whatever *helps*. You know, it wasn't long ago I believed in all kinds of old-timey remedies like the voodoo people. Yeah! Various dusts and herbs and junk like that." He laughed to think on days when he had been so medically unschooled. Now I just use things do me some good, ya dig? And it works, Pops. Do you know I am the only one left from the olden days in Storyville still owing? Oh yeah, lotta cats lost their chops. Lips split and goddamn the blood spurt like you had cut hog and the poor cats can't blow no more. Now, I got this lip salve I'm gonna expose you to. Keeps my chops ready so I don't go in there and blow cold and crack a lip like I did in Memphis so bad I lost a chunk of meat."

Armstrong snatched the pads away and leaned forward with his face almost against mine, pulling his upper lip outward and upward, trying ineffectually to talk under the handicap. I leaned in, such in the manner of a man judging a horse's teeth for age, and saw in the middle of that pented lip a sizable flesh-crater. "My poor damn lips would be tender as a baby's bottom," Pops said. "Oh, *no way* to tell you how them chops could rob." He poked a small orange tin at me. "I order this salve from Germany by the caseload. Bought it 'cause the cat that boils it up named it after me. See, it says 'Louis Armstrong Lip Salve.' You like something nice about that cat for Pops, ya dig? Aw yeah, he's *fine!*" He reached for my notepad. "I'll write it down so's you don't forget." He selected a cocktail napkin and printed in large, undisciplined letters: ANZACZ CREME MADE IN MANNHEIM GERMANY. He turned the napkin over and printed BY FRANZ SCHURITS. "That cat saved my lip," he said. "Reason his salve's so good it draws all the tiredness out. So—quite naturally your chops rest easy. You oughta try some... if you don't blow so it wouldn't benefit you." He daubed his own lips with the wonder potion.

"Oh, *yeah!* I got this other little tidbit here! I see you got weight problems—now no offense, Pops, 'cause most of us go around bloating ourselves up with various poisons which—quite naturally—causes some heavy stomping on the scales. All the sweets and sugars a person eats just goes right down there and hangs over your belt and *looks up at you!* Fat is made outta sugar more than anything else—you know that? Yeah! Why, a year ago I weigh two hundred and some pounds and now I'm shed off to a hundred and sixty-some and feel retooled. Between my Swiss Kriss and this Sweet 'N Low—it ain't like real sugar, you can eat a ton of this—I got no more weight imbalances which throws the body off center. Here"—he again sprang across the room to produce yet another packet—"it goes groovy on grapefruit. You want to try it? I got plenty grapefruit."

When I demurred, Pops looked somehow betrayed. "Well," he said, "you come on back tomorrow night. I'll lay it on you then, Pops."

"Quite naturally," I said.

IV

Louis Armstrong is sophisticate and primitive, genius and a man-child. He is wise in the ways of the street and gullibly innocent in the ways of men and nations. After four marriages, reform school, international fame and personal wealth, there is still a fetching simplicity about him. (Of his friend Moise Tshombé, kidnapped and facing a return to the Congo, he says, "I pray each night they won't kill him. When I played Africa in '59 that cat was *so* nice to me. Kept me in his big palace and all... fed me good... stayed up all night gassing. I had this little tape recorder that cost me several big bills and Tshombé dug it so much I laid it on him. They ain't gonna kill a sweet cat like that, are they? So maybe he hung out with the wrong cats—that any reason to *kill* a man?")

The on-stage Louis Armstrong is all smiles and sunshine, almost too much the "happy ducky" of white folklore. When he has finished *Hello Dolly* in a spasm of body shaking, jowl flapping, and guttural ranges, and has the joint rocking with applause, he sops at his ebony, streaming face with his white handkerchief and rasps, "Looka here, my Man Tan's coming off!" Maybe his white audiences break up, but they no longer laugh at such lines in the black ghetto. One soon learns that this "happy" image is not all stagecraft; privately Pops is often full of laughter, mugging, instant music, irrepressible enthusiasms, and vast stores of colorful misinformation.

He is not all Old King Cole merry old soul, however; his waters run much deeper. I have seen

Pops swearing backstage between numbers, his face wrinkled and thoughtful and sad only seconds before he burst back on stage, chest out, strutting, all teeth, and cutting the fool. He can be proud, shrewd, moody, dignified—and vengeful. “I got a simple rule about everybody,” he warned me one evening. “If you don’t treat me right—shame on you!”* Cross him or wound his pride and he never forgets. My innocent mention of a noted jazz critic set off a predawn tirade: “I told that bastard, ‘You telling me how to blow my goddamn horn and you can’t even blow your goddamn nose.’” When he was young and green somebody gave him fifty dollars for a tune he had written called *Get Off Katie’s Head*. “I didn’t know nothing about papers and business, and so I let go all control of it.” Pops did not share in the money it made under another title. He has never performed the tune in public and never will. Of his father, Pops said, “I was touring Europe when he died. Didn’t go to his funeral and didn’t send nothing. Why should I? He never had no time for me or Mayann.”

He is big on personal loyalty. “Frank Sinatra—now there’s a man carries a lot of water for his friends. A most accommodating gentleman—if he digs you. My wife, Lucille, she’s another one that when she’s with you she’s with you one thousand per cent.”** And my mother, why she would work with you—laugh, cry, or juice with you. Oh, what a sweet and helpful girl Mayann was. Only tears I ever shed was when I saw ’em lower her into that ground.”

He is generally a relaxed man, able to take a quick nap in strange rooms or on buses. “I don’t like nothing to fret me,” Pops said. “You healthier and happier when you hang loose. Business I don’t know nothing about and don’t want to. It must have killed more men than war. Joe Glaser books me, pays my taxes and bills, invests me a few bundles. Gives me my little leftover dab to spend. And that’s the way I want it. Don’t want to *worry* all time about that crap! I don’t even know where I go when I leave this pier until today I overhear his say something about Ireland and France and such places. I go wherever they book me and lead me.” (Both Armstrong and Joe Glaser are wealthy men. Armstrong commands top money—\$20,000 to \$25,000—for gigs at hotel and television. He accepts eight to ten such jobs each year.)

Armstrong despises a couple of comedians who use their audience as a scapegoat, as target, in their acts. “Ain’t nothing funny about putting another man down,” he judges.

Louie holds the record at Mrs. Armstrong. They have been married twenty-five years, and live in Queens on Long Island.

Nothing worries Louis Armstrong for long. “Mama taught me,” he says, “that anything you can’t get—the hell with it!” This philosophy may be at the root of Armstrong’s rumored difference with militants of the Black Power generation. Nobody has flatly called him Uncle Tom but there have been inferences. Julius Hobson, a Washington ghetto leader, said during Armstrong’s Shoreham appearance last July, “He’s a good, happy black boy. He hasn’t played to a black audience in ten years. I’m glad I saw him though, but wouldn’t come here if I had to pay. He’s an interesting example of the black man’s psychology; but if he took this band”—two whites, three Negroes, a Filipino—“down on U street it would start a riot.” Armstrong, who remembers that no long ago everyone cheered him for having an integrated band, is genuinely puzzled by such comments.

He was not eager to talk civil rights. When first mentioned the subject, as he dried out between shows in the dingy dressing room at Atlantic City, Pops suddenly began to snore. The next time he merely said, “There is good cats and bad cats of all hues. I used to tell Jack Teagarden—he was white and from Texas just like you—I’m spade and you an ofay. We got the same soul—soul—let’s blow.”

One morning, however, he approached the racial topic on his own. “When I was coming along, a black man had hell. On the road he couldn’t find no decent place to eat, sleep, or use the toilet service-station cats see a bus of colored bandsmen drive up and they would sprint to lock their room doors. White places wouldn’t let you in and the black places all run down and funky because there wasn’t any money behind ’em. We Negro entertainers back then tried to stay in private homes—where at least we wouldn’t have to fight bedbugs for sleep and cockroaches for breakfast.”

“Why, do you know I played ninety-nine million hotels I couldn’t stay at? And if I had friends blowing at some all-white nightclub or hotel couldn’t get in to see ’em—or them to see me. One time in Dallas, Texas, some ofay stops me as I enter this hotel where I’m blowing the show—me in a goddamn *tuxedo*, now!—and tells me I got to come round to the back door. As time went on and I made a reputation I had it put in my contract that I wouldn’t *play* no place I couldn’t *stay*. I was the first Negro in the business to crack them big white hotels—Oh, yeah! I pioneered, Pops! Nobody much remembers that these days.

“Years ago I was playing the little town of Lubbock, Texas, when this white cat grabs me at the end of the show—he’s full of whiskey and

trouble. He pokes on my chest and says, 'I don't like niggers!' These two cats with me was gonna practice their Thanksgiving carving on that dude. But I say, 'No, let the man talk. *Why* don't you like us, Pops?' And would you believe that cat couldn't tell us? So he apologizes—crying and carrying on. Said he was just juiced and full of deep personal sorrows—something was snapping at his insides, you see—and then he commenced bragging on my music. Yeah! And dig this: that fella and his whole family come to be my friends! When I'd go back through Lubbock, Texas, for many many years they would make ole Satchmo welcome and treat him like a king.

"Quite naturally, it didn't always test out that pleasurable. I knew some cats was blowing one-nighters in little sawmill stops down in Mississippi, and one time these white boys—who had been dancing all night to the colored cats' sounds chased 'em out on the highway and whipped 'em with chains and cut their poor asses with *knives*! Called it 'nigger knocking.' No reason—except they was so goddamn miserable they had to mess everybody else up, ya dig? *Peckerwoods*! Oh, this world's mothered some mean sons! But they try to teach stunts on the young Negroes we got coming along now—well, *then* the trouble starts. Young cats, they ain't setting around these days saying 'essuh' or 'Nawsuh.' Which I ain't knocking; everybody got to be his own man, Pops. No man oughta be treated like dirt.

"If you didn't have a white captain to back you the old days—to put his hand on your shoulder—you was just a damn sad nigger. If a Negro had a proper white man to reach the law and say, 'What the hell you mean locking up MY nigger?'—quite naturally—the law would walk him free. Get in that jail *without* your white boss, and under comes the chain gang! Oh, danger was nailing all around you back then.

"Up north wasn't much to brag on in many years. Not only people put your color down but you had mobsters. One night this big, bad-ass hood rushes my dressing room in Chicago and instructs me that I will open in such-and-such a club in New York the next night. I tell him I got this Chicago engagement and don't plan no traveling. And I turn my back on him to show I'm so *cool*. Then I hear this sound: SNAP! CLICK! I turn around and he has pulled this vast revolver on me and cocked it. *Jesus*, it look like a cannon and loud like death! So I look down that steel and say, 'Weeeelllll, maybe I *do* open in New York tomorrow.' That night I got every Chicago tough me and my pals knew—and it must have been eighteen hundred of 'em—to flock around and pass the word

I wasn't to be messed with. And I didn't go to New York. Very very shortly, however, I cut on out of town and went on tour down South. And the mob didn't mess with me again. They never wanted me dead, wanted me blowing so they could rake in my bread.

"You was running a very large risk to buck them mobsters and all the sharpies. They controlled everything. Cross 'em just so far and—BLIP! Your throat's cut or you're swimming in cement with lumps on your head. You needed a white man to get along. So one day in 1931 I went to Papa Joe Glaser and told him I was tired of being cheated and set upon by scamps and told how my head was jumping from all of that business mess—Lil, one of my wives, had sweet-talked me into going out on my own to front some bands and it was driving me *crazy*—and I told him, 'Pops, I need you. Come be my manager. *Please*! Take care of all my business and take care of me. Just lemme blow my gig.' And goddamn that sweet man did it! Sold his nightclub in Chicago where I had worked and started handling Pops.

"Sometimes Joe Glaser says I'm nuts. Says it wasn't as bad as I recall it. But then Papa Joe didn't have to go through it. He was white. Not that I think white people is any naturally meaner than colored. Naw, the white man's just had the upper hand so long—and can't many people handle being top cat.

"Passing all them laws to open everything up—fine, okay, lovely! But it ain't gonna change everybody's hearts. You know, I been reading the Bible this last little bit and them Biblical people had wars and riots and poverty and bad-asses among 'em just like *we* got. Nothing new happening!

"It's much the same they talk about making marijuana legal. They think they're gonna do that and say, 'Everything's cool now, babies, it's all right and set square.' But how about them poor bastards *already* been busted for holding a little cage and have done their lonesome fifteen and thirty and fifty years? My God, you can't *never* make it all right with them! Many years ago I quit messing around with that stuff. Got tired looking over my shoulder and waiting for that long arm to reach out and somebody say, 'Come here, Boy. Twenty years in the cage!' BLOOEY! Naw, they can't undo all the years of damage by passing a few laws." After a moment's brooding he said, "That's why I don't take much part in all this fandangooing you hear about today. All I want to do is blow my gig."

Louis Armstrong's first professional gig—as a substitute cornet player in a Storyville honky-tonk

—brought him fifteen cents. He was fifteen years old. "But I sang for money long before I played for it," he says. "When I was around twelve we formed this quartet—me, Little Mack, Georgie Gray, and Big Nose Sidney. We'd sing on the streets and in taverns—pass the hat; might make six-bits, a dollar. Good money. After hours all them prostitutes would be juicing, having a little fun, and they would offer us big tips to entertain 'em. Carried their bankrolls in the tops of their stockings. Some would hold us on their laps and we would sniff the pretty scents and powders they wore."

Though he had taught himself to play the little toy slide whistle and a homemade guitar, Armstrong really familiarized himself with musical instruments in the New Orleans Waifs' Home. He began with the tambourine, then the snare drum, then ran through the alto horn, bugle, and cornet. Soon he was the leader of the Waifs' Band, playing picnics and street parades. Old-time drummer Zutty Singleton, a boy then himself, was so astounded at hearing Armstrong's horn that he moved closer to see if the boy was actually playing those fabulous notes. On his release from the home, Armstrong took one-night jobs filling in with bands until a few months later he landed a regular job at Henry Matranga's in Storyville. "I wasn't making no great sums so I kept on delivering coal, unloading banana boats, selling newspapers—though there never was any doubts I would follow music at that point. Had to work for extra bread, you see. For when I am sixteen I start hanging out with the pretty chicks and need operating money."

King Joe Oliver took Louis Armstrong under his wing. "He was the best," Pops says. "Laid a new horn on me when mine was so beat I didn't know what sounds might come out of it. Advised me . . . took me home for red beans and rice feasts. Taught me about blowing trumpet, too. Lotta claims been made that Bunk Johnson put me wise to trumpet—Bunk hisself helped that story along. No such thing. Joe Oliver was the man."

When King Oliver left Kid Ory's brass band to go it alone, seventeen-year-old Louis Armstrong took his chair. In the eighteen months he played with Kid Ory at Pete Lala's, Armstrong's reputation grew. He was with the Tuxedo Brass Band in 1922, when King Oliver called him to Chicago—then the center of jazz as New Orleans once had been. In 1924-25 Armstrong was with the Fletcher Henderson band but quit because "The cats was goofing and boozing—not blowing. I was always deadly serious about my music." From Henderson he joined Lil Hardin's group (she was his second

wife) and also worked in Erskine Tate's pit orchestra at the Vendome Theatre in Chicago. Then he went to work at the Sunset Club for Joe Glaser—who immediately billed him as "The World's Greatest Trumpet Player." This title had been generally conceded to Joe Oliver—and King Joe was playing at a rival club nearby. It came down to a head-on contest between the two great trumpeters. "I felt real bad when I took most of Joe Oliver's crowds away," Armstrong says now. "Wasn't much I could do about it, though. I went to Joe and asked him was there anything I could do for him. 'Just keep on blowing,' he told me. Bless him."*

V

Armstrong first played New York in 1927, fronting the old Carroll Dickerson band at Connie's Inn in Harlem. He arrived there with four carloads of sidemen, ten dollars, and after two car wrecks en route. "Blew four shows a day," he remembers. "Wild stuff. Knocked myself out—blowing crazy and carrying on. Going in with four chops. Wonder I got a dime's worth of chops left. In mid-1932 Armstrong made his first swing through Europe—and Europe flipped. By 1935 few disputed that Louis Armstrong was the king of jazz."

Though with the advent of television and small hits like *Hello Dolly!*** Armstrong became more popular than ever, jazz purists say that he is no longer inventive, that he is too commercial, too much the clown. A decade ago Raymond Horrock wrote that his trumpet playing "in recent years . . . has declined as a creative force on account of the contact with unsympathetic supporting musicians and of Louis' own increased exploits dressed in the cap and bells of a court jester." Even a du-jacket plugging a record Armstrong made with Ella Fitzgerald carries this curious advertisement: "Unfortunately, of late, Louis has confined himself almost exclusively to remaking the blues of an earlier age and pedestrian popular songs, so that each impression was but a fainter and dimmer carbon of the original talent."

He is impatient with this criticism. "Aw, I am paid to *entertain* the people. If they want me to come on all strutting and cutting up—if that makes 'em happy, why not? For many years I blew my brains out. Hitting notes so high they hurt a dog's ears, driving like crazy, screaming it. And everybody got this image I was some kind of a wild man. Joe Glaser told me, 'Play and sing pretty. Give it

*Years later, when Joe Oliver was on the financial skids, Armstrong several times helped him.

**The best-selling record of all time—Ira Martin's

people a show.' So now I do *Dolly* how many times? Six jillion? How ever many you want to say. Do every show. And you got to admit, Pops, it gets me the biggest hand of any number I do.

"There's room for all kinds of music. I dig it all: country, jazz, pop, swing, blues, ragtime. And this rock 'n' roll the young people believe is a new sound—babies, it comes right outa the old spirituals and soul and country music and jazz. Like I have said, 'Old soup warmed over.'

"Each man has his own music bubbling up inside him and—quite naturally—different ones will come out in various ways. When I blow I think of times and things from outa the past that gives me the image of the tune. Like moving pictures passing in front of my eyes. A town, a chick somewhere back down the line, an old man with no name you've been once in a place you don't remember—any of them can trigger that image. Or a certain blue feeling or a happy one. What you hear coming from a man's horn—that's what he is! And man can be any different things."

Pops is right: if the critics have soured, the people have not. "Can't even go to a baseball game," he said one night. "Went to one Dodgers-White Sox World Series game and cats was climbing all over my box seat. Some of the players asked me what in hell was all that commotion up in the stands. Sometimes them big crowds can spook you. Get to pressing you and grabbing your clothes. You get a funny feeling they might trample on you. Especially in Europe. I draw a hundred thousand people over there blowing outdoors. And they get crazy."

Each afternoon and evening a limousine with Pops and Bob Sherman in the back seat made its way slowly along the Boardwalk; police and firemen walked ahead to clear the massed crowd. "Hey! That's Louis Armstrong!" someone would shout, starting a stampede of old women, small children, bald-headed men. ("Hey, Louie, looka here!" "Satchmo—over here!") They clawed at the limo, knocked on windows, snapped cameras in his face, tried to poke their hands inside for handshakes. Pops smiled and waved in return, seldom missing anyone, though he might be chattering away about Storyville.

Through the entire Atlantic City engagement a well-worn, aged little man in hand-me-down clothes hunted the backstage area. After each show Pops graciously received him in his dressing room. "You really got your chops tonight, Pops," the old man would invariably say. Armstrong would reply: "Aw, thank you, Pops. How you been?" After a few moments the old fellow would go away content. I later learned that he is known to Arm-

strong's entourage as The Clipping Man. "He lives in Philadelphia," I was told, "and anytime he sees Pops' name in the paper he clips it and mails it to him. If Pops plays within a hundred miles of Philadelphia he makes the scene and hangs around for his two or three private moments after each show." The Clipping Man was around so much that for days, seeing him standing patiently in the wings or sitting on a bench backstage, silent and pensive, I had presumed him to be a stagehand. One night he encountered me in the alcove outside Armstrong's dressing room. "You know Pops long?" he asked. No, only a few days. "I been good friends with him for thirty years," The Clipping Man said.

VI

One night near the end of Pops' ten-day Atlantic City run we dallied in his dressing room long past midnight, having a little taste, while on video-tape heavyweight contender Joe Frazier repeated his brutal knockout of George Chuvalo. Freshly towed by Bob Sherman, wearing a faded robe and a handkerchief tied around his head so that he resembled Aunt Jemimah, Pops bounced around the cramped room, grunting and grimacing as gloves thudded against flesh, sucking in air and occasionally throwing an uppercut of his own.

After he dressed we walked along the Steel Pier, dark now except for a few dim lights on the outer walkway. The noisy crowds had been dispersed and the gates locked; a few sleepy night watchmen prowled the shooting galleries, fun-house rides, and endless rows of concession stands. Strolling the walkway, we could hear the ocean boiling beneath us. Pops peered up at a tall tower from which a young blonde on horseback plunges into a giant tank of water three times each day. He shook his head. "Ain't that a hell of a way to make a living? And them cats in there fighting on the box—beating each other crazy for the almighty dollar. Pops, some people got a hell of a hard row to hoe."

We paused at the end of the pier jutting into the Atlantic; Pops lit a cigarette and leaned on a restraining fence to smoke. For long moments he looked up at the full moon, and watched the surf come and go. The glow from his cigarette faintly illuminated the dark old face in repose and I thought of some ancient tribal chieftain musing by his campfire, majestic and mystical. There was only the rush of water, gently roaring and boasting at the shore.

"Listen to it, Pops," he said in his low, chesty rumble. "Whole world's turned on. Don't you dig its pretty sounds?"

STATUS REPORT

Mixed tidings about events which have stirred special interest when first reported in "Harper's."

This month: Word from a professional radical; the prospects for "truth-in-lending"; a tragic stalemate in LSD research; mental health and wasted womanpower.

Alinsky Revisited

"A riot can happen whenever a mass of people feel utterly trapped, where they have no hope, no future, so they explode in a death agony." These cautionary words appeared in the "Conversations with Saul Alinsky" which *Harper's* published in June and July 1965.

Late this August we caught up with Mr. Alinsky and talked briefly about the agonizing summer of 1967.

"Why should we be surprised by violence?" he said. "For more than a hundred years we've been perpetrating Chinese torture against the Negroes' hopes and spirit. Of course, we don't call that violence because it isn't violence against property."

"The poor need power—but I don't mean black power. That's a stage like Picasso's blue period. The black-power leaders have no following. They're the creation of white publicity. The thing is that in terms of power all the poor—black and white—are a distinct minority. To have power they need allies. But a ghetto can't form alliances unless it's organized."

Over the past two years, Alinsky and his people have been hard at work in a dozen or more cities setting up militant organizations of the poor. One of the most obstreperous (and apparently effective) is FIGHT in Rochester. Last spring church groups in that city which owned large blocs of Eastman Kodak stock withheld their proxies at Kodak's annual meeting to support FIGHT's demand that the company hire more Negroes. This new strategy, the *National Observer* commented (in its May 1, 1967, issue) "may have significance far beyond recriminations over Kodak's employment policy..."

For Mr. Kodak, wrote a Daniel

P. Moynihan to help mediate the dispute and a compromise settlement was reached. Kodak has agreed to recognize FIGHT as representative of Rochester's poor and will send recruiting teams into the ghetto to interview applicants whom FIGHT will help provide. FIGHT, in turn, has dropped its prior demand for the hiring and training of a specific number of people over a specific span of time. Alinsky is understandably pleased with the outcome. "It's the only way to deal with the modern corporate society," he said, then added, "One thing we've got to get rid of these days is what I call the zoo-keeper mentality, worrying about keeping the peace instead of facing the real issues."

Those issues—the complex of problems commonly called the "urban crisis"—are set forth with extraordinary concreteness in a remarkable new paperback, *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness* by Robert Conot (Bantam, 95 cents). Belying its flashy title, this is a sober, meticulously documented, and deeply moving minute-by-minute account of the Watts riots, which the author covered as a working journalist. He spent the next ten months poring over mountainous reports, studies, court and police records, and interviewing more than a thousand of the people involved in the riots—both as law enforcers and lawbreakers.

We think Mr. Conot's book should be required reading for those members of Congress who have enthusiastically passed anti-riot legislation, defeated the federal rat-control program, and whittled away at budgets for better housing, jobs, and job training.

Among the many memorable portraits in Mr. Conot's pages we find it

hard to forget a bewildered police officer assigned to duty in the ghetto, totally unprepared for "the lie, the violence, the idleness, the violence, it was always simmering just below the surface..."; a twenty-two-year-old father of three unable to find a decent job, "who took to coming here only when he felt he had to have someone on whom he could take his hate that had been tearing him apart"; and a Negro boy whose favorite diversion was going to the movies—not to see the film—but for the fun of spearing the rats that scurried in the aisles.

Curbing the Forty Percenters

The installment buyer who thinks he is charged only 6 per cent a year is actually paying six or seven times that amount. The loan that supposedly costs "only \$5 a month" nets up interest charges of 40 per cent or more annually. A guide to what has been called "the wonderland of white money" appeared in *Harper's* in October ("Your Friendly Finance Company and Its Friends on Capitol Hill" by Julius Duschka). At that time a growing coalition of finance companies, banks, and merchants had effectively blocked the "truth-in-lending" law first introduced in 1960 by Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois.

Though he was defeated last November by Charles Percy, Sen. Douglas may well see the victory in the finish of his long, dogged battle. In July the Senate passed the truth-in-lending bill by a unanimous vote of 92 to 0.

What ended the seven-year stalemate? For one thing, President Nixon gave the measure full support.

message to Congress. Another factor was the testimony at Senate hearings this year by public officials, merchants, and bankers from Massachusetts, a state which passed its own truth-in-lending bill in 1966. These pressures, on the basis of actual experience, demolished the argument about telling consumers the true cost of credit would fatally complicate and need ruin the whole installment-economy. On the contrary, credit managers testified that sales had gone up rather than down after the law was passed.

As we went to press, the fate of the bill rested in the House, where the champion of truth-in-lending is Representative Leonor Sullivan of Missouri. A hardheaded lady, she regards the measure passed by the Senate as somewhat anemic.

"After all," she said when we discussed the outlook with her, "when all that's been beaten for seven years suddenly passes unanimously wonder why."

She is fighting hard for a law with teeth—including a requirement that the true interest rate of revolving-charge accounts be disclosed (1.5 per cent a month equals 18 per cent a year). Some department stores and mail-order catalogue houses are not pleased by the prospect. But Representative Sullivan is undaunted. "Believe me, I've stuck my neck out on this," she said, "and I'm not about to pull it back."

Death and LSD

Under the traditional conception of the meaning of things, death was seen as a striking out of a divine plan, as a decree of God's will, or as an inevitable end of living which was, in turn, a way to a better and more rewarding existence. In the wake of declining expectations concerning resurrection and personal immortality, the prospect of dying has come to be surrounded with intense fear, denial, and emotional distress. Parallel to this decline of traditional values and beliefs concerning death, life is being prolonged through better medicine. Increasing numbers of people now die of lingering painful diseases such as cancer. Heroic treat-

ment measures, in effect, prolong these final sufferings."

This is an excerpt from a paper which Dr. Albert A. Kurland, Research Director of the Maryland Mental Hygiene Department, presented at the May 1967 meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Detroit. He was reporting on a small pilot study recently conducted at Spring Grove Hospital in Baltimore in which LSD was administered to terminal cancer patients.

The resulting relief from depression and pain was comparable to the dramatic case history which Dr. Sidney Cohen—one of the nation's leading LSD researchers—described in "LSD and the Anguish of Dying," in *Harper's* of September 1965. Dr. Cohen remains convinced that LSD can be a powerful tool for altering the meaning and lessening the dread of dying. But, except for Dr. Kurland's study, research in this area is virtually at a standstill. "LSD research in general is a casualty of the current zany psychedelic scene," Dr. Cohen told us. "Hopefully, new studies will be carried out in the years ahead. The careful study of its potential should not be abandoned despite the misuse of this powerful and important chemical."

Housewives and the Psychotherapy Gap

In the suburbs of Washington, D. C., five years ago eight housewives were "graduated" from a modest but unique training program designed to attack two social problems: the shortage of psychotherapists and the waste of educated womanpower. The experiment—conceived and directed by Dr. Margaret Rioch of the National Institute of Mental Health—was reported by Maya Pines in *Harper's* of April 1962.

Since then, Dr. Rioch has received many inquiries—and so have we—as to what became of her trainees and whether this pilot program has been imitated elsewhere. Checking up, we found that all of the trainees but one (who dropped out because of illness) are working successfully in individual therapy, counseling, or group therapy.

Immediately after graduation, all got jobs as Mental Health Counselors earning an average of \$9,000 a year. Three have gone on to advanced study in psychology or social work. "I didn't realize that success breeds ambition—they wanted a way up," Dr. Rioch said. Her assumption had been that once housewives were trained to do something interesting and remunerative they would be content with this role for the rest of their lives. One goal to further training was the desire for professional status—which they don't have as Mental Health Counselors.

A follow-up study recently completed by Dr. Stuart Golann of the American Psychological Association, reports that the pilot project generally achieved its goals: dipping into a new source of mental-health manpower, and training selected women to become "skilled, psychodynamically oriented psychotherapists" in two years of part-time study. He concluded that its greatest significance might be as a demonstration that effective therapy with troubled people can be given by persons without degrees in psychiatry, psychology, or psychiatric social work.

Despite the success of this pilot project, only a few organizations have ventured to imitate it. Children's Hospital in Washington, D. C. trained women to counsel with mothers of very young children, in an attempt to prevent childhood disturbances; six of them are working in mental-health centers and a day-care center, but the other two entered a school of social work to obtain conventional degrees. A year ago Johns Hopkins started its own program to turn housewives into psychotherapists; its first trainees will graduate in June 1968. In September 1967, a mental-health center in Chester County, Pennsylvania, began training mature women as child therapists. The State of Pennsylvania promised to hire its graduates as professionals and give them high civil-service ratings. Dr. Rioch hopes that "other mental-health centers, where they supposedly need personnel so badly, will then take up this idea."

But for the moment, the large pool of intelligent women who have raised their children and seek new challenges remains largely unused.

Alfred Kazin

IN ISRAEL: AFTER THE TRIUMPH

Every fresh struggle intensifies Israel's conviction that it is right and destined for a special role in world history. And, astonishingly, the way to understand Israel in the most profound sense, a distinguished American-Jewish writer says, is as a phenomenon of religious experience.

As the plane's wheels hit the ground, people applauded. There is always a sense of accomplishment about making one's way to the Holy Land, to *Eretz-Israel*, the Land of Israel, the sacred soil—especially after the gluttonous discomfort of the long air journey, which becomes as stiff as the last leg by camel must have been to a medieval pilgrim. But to arrive in Israel so soon after the war, in the distinctly new atmosphere created by the war, with the anxieties that we felt on June fifth about the possible destruction of Israel still fresh in my mind, really made for an occasion this time—and I arrived on a Friday just before sundown, with the Sabbath coming on fast and just about to exert its authority. Jews do feel that they have accomplished something just by getting here. "I'm not religious, and I'm not a Zionist," said the Cleveland druggist sitting across the aisle, "but I tell you, when I come to Israel..." The woman next to me, Israeli-born but long exiled to Brooklyn's Brighton Beach, was rapturously singing the popular chant *Hec'nuu Shalom Aleichem. Shalom! Shalom! We have brought you peace. Peace! Peace!*

Night falls fast in the Middle East, straight down, and I wanted to drive up to Jerusalem while I could still see the craggy mountain landscapes that make the entry into the city so unforgettable. The roads were lined with soldiers waiting for a lift, and the driver, after explaining that they usually have to hitchhike to and from a base but that the government does cover motorists who give soldiers a lift, happily stopped for two sweaty corporals who climbed in with their little Uzi machine guns and fell asleep. The driver, Chaim G., works every night all through the night. "In the daytime,

you drive only for a boss." A Romanian, he forced his way into Palestine during the war, lost a brother on a ship trying to run the blockade, lived for a few cents a day as a laborer in the orange groves, finally joined the British Army and fought in North Africa and France. A subdued little middle-aged man, very quiet and measured in his manner, he drove like a man who got his only joy driving a night taxi up the hills to Jerusalem. In his low voice he spoke of "our state," "our effort." Like many Yiddish speakers who came from Eastern Europe when they were past their youth, he spoke of the shapers and makers of the state (and of his *sabra* sons in the Army) with some awe at what "they" could do. "They're something, I tell you," he said about "our leaders." "Altogether serious people. When they make a state, it's a state! When they make an army, it's an army! They don't play around. The Arabs thought maybe we were going to play tennis with them?" Then sadly: "I hear they lost as much as fifteen thousand men. No rejoicing for us. And peace it's not either. Did you hear Eban on the radio tonight? 'For the first time it's the victors who plead for peace.'"

In the lobby of the King David Hotel an electric Menorah was burning brightly, and in the great dining room, meant for more worldly fare, the Sabbath candles were aglow. "Guests are kindly

Alfred Kazin went to Israel this summer because he is interested in Jewish history—"an unfailingly dramatic story." His most recent book was "Starting Out in the Thirties," and he holds the chair of Distinguished Professor of English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

requested to abstain from smoking on the Sabbath." There was an air of indiscriminating piety in the room. Amid the lithe young Frenchmen in sports clothes, laughing as if they were on the beach at Antibes, the other guests were mostly American Jews, young and old wearing skullcaps (one man automatically put up his hand to hold his *yarmelke* down every time he bent his head back to drink) and radiating contentment. At a center table a fat little man who had finished his meal was humming Sabbath tunes to his fat little wife. The waiters, by contrast, are very starched and frown as if they have been trained at the Dorchester. Irwin Shaw and Jules Dassin came in; they have been making a documentary film. "Danny Kaye is here to entertain the troops," said the maitre d'hôtel. "You enjoy Danny Kaye? Isaac Stern is here. Leonard Bernstein is here. Barbara Tuchman is here."

Across the street from the King David, on the stone steps and railings of the YMCA, some boy and girl soldiers were kidding around. Their *sabra* Hebrew is fast, the syllables bitten off, not declaimed in the resounding voice before the Ark; Hebrew is their language, Israel their country, Jerusalem their capital. Before leaving for Israel, I had read Norman Cohn's scholarly study of the Protocols of Zion, *Warrant for Genocide*, and was struck by his saying that Jews under forty have never heard of the Protocols. On that street, a few hundred yards away from the windmill that marks the first dwelling constructed outside the walls of the Old City a century ago, the Protocols of Zion certainly belonged to my experience, not that of Israeli kids. Music-box chimes were being softly microphoned into the fragrant gardens, and the Greenwich Villagelooking boy soldiers, in hippie beards and camouflage pants, were flirting with girl soldiers who in their neat outfits looked delicious. It was all incredibly, bountifully peaceful. The street was almost wholly dark, and in this fragrant dark, people were slowly walking with that light step in empty streets that I remember of Friday night in childhood.

The novelist Chaim Gouri, who admits to having been "sort of a military governor for a few days" at Ramallah, a Jordanian town north of Jerusalem, kindly took me along when he went to call on an Arab family whose car, "liberated" by Israeli soldiers, he had restored to them. The traffic out of Jerusalem this Saturday morning was hot and heavy; everybody in Israel wants to see the Old City—closed to Jews since 1948—and then they want to see the occupied parts of Jordan, where white flags fly from every house and where the arches put up by King Hussein across the highway no longer show the royal insignia. After the checkpoint—you need a military pass to get into Ramallah—the traffic eased up, and we drove along in full view of the wild, hilly, stony Jerusalem landscape, between middle-class houses built out of the light-colored stone that gives all Jerusalem the same color. Ramallah was packed with Israeli soldiers and sightseers who seemed to be passing very familiarly up and down the streets. By the time we pulled up at our destination, which was right on the highway, our party included the Israeli novelist Aharon Megged and his wife; a Dutch sculptress, a Norwegian, and a Dane. We were greeted very civilly by the owners, an architect and his wife in their sixties, and their married daughter, who teaches sociology in the local college. Everything went forward in a mood of highly charged courtesy. The architect and his wife, very suave, very polite, talking excellent English and French by turns, thanked Gouri for returning



their car, quietly added that the radio was missing from the car plus a bracelet and some trinkets from the house, and when Gouri expressed his dismay, informed him that *all* the radios had been stolen from the local cars.

Somehow this led to Nasser's radio speeches, a subject grimly on Israeli minds, for when the war broke out the Egyptian radio repeatedly affirmed, "Jews, we are coming to kill all of you. We are going to exterminate you." Still, everything was going swimmingly until the architect's wife, smoothly diffident in manner, said, "It appears that the Egyptians lost as they did because their generals are traitors." The Israelis were stunned, the Dutch girl was quietly furious, but the conversation was quickly shifted to more agreeable topics. Gouri, an extraordinarily warm, spontaneous, feeling man, launched into a passionate plea for Arab-Israeli cooperation. His hosts listened very politely, especially when he explained—in what seemed to me a wistful attempt to make the Israelis less fearsome to the Arabs than they are—that not a single Israeli soldier had been charged with rape, and that wherever there are two Jews there are three political parties—witness the quarreling labor parties, the three different religious parties, etc. Whether this reassured our hosts or not, they didn't say; what they did communicate before we left was that they were from Jaffa (now Yafo, a suburb of Tel Aviv), an Arab town before the 1948 fighting. Everything then brimmed with correctness until we took our leave, and the architect even wished us a *Shabbat Shalom*.

We returned to Jerusalem in heavy military traffic, and it was funny to see that no two Israeli soldiers look as if they belonged to the same army. With their little beards or sergeant-major English handlebar moustaches, they look like young actors waiting to get into a TV Western. Gouri watched them with delight. "The Jordanian Army *looks* like an army. But ours?" Full of pride, he reiterated that there had not been a single instance of an Israeli soldier raping an Arab woman. "Pas une femme violée par une!"

André Schwarz-Bart, the French author of that most powerful of all novels about the Holocaust, *The Last of the Just*, had been recently in Israel, and Gouri described with some wonder the cycle from exultation to depression that Schwarz-Bart had visibly gone through. Was Schwarz-Bart's obsessive memory of the Holocaust, his sense of Jewish "martyrology," in Gouri's word, perhaps a stronger influence on his mind than the positive achievements of Israel?

"Martyrology" is an interesting word to use in connection with Schwarz-Bart, whose hallucina-

tory gift for summoning up the full choking horror of the gas chambers shows how much the power of certain Jewish writers depends on their identification with the murdered Jews. Psychologically, many Jewish writers now feel armed to the teeth, cannot acquit Western civilization—which also means themselves, their guilt as bystanders—from the burden of their *J'accuse!* What we don't say about writers like Schwarz-Bart is that they write from an ecstasy of moral condemnation. "Auschwitz" is the ineradicable name, the crucifixion of the Jewish people, which more than a generation later still releases in Jews the holy wrath that comes out as *their* power—of the word. "The power of our suffering after the war," says Simon Wiesenthal, that indomitable conscience of the Jewish people, "had the force of an emotional atomic bomb, but we traded this for a box of matches by going after material restitution." But there is still no moral force like that of Jews—in Europe and Israel—who have survived the condemnation of a whole people. The war made many of us Jews again. Aroused feelings have so clearly shaped many books by Jews in our day that the brilliant English critic, Frank Kermode, has gently suggested that Jewish writers can be "moral terrorists." But as both the Christian Church and the Negro Revolution have shown, the symbolization of great suffering releases a powerful sense of virtue.

Schwarz-Bart, who is married to a West Indian, has passionately identified himself with the ordeal of the Negro people as much as his wife has identified herself with the Jews; he is writing a whole cycle of novels around Negro history. Obviously Jewish "martyrology" has led this son of Polish Jews to a new subject. But Israel—whose fascination for the Jewish intellectual Schwarz-Bart has brilliantly defined as a way of expressing his commitment to Jewishness without adhering to Orthodox Judaism—is not this for the Israeli. It is his country, his achievement, his positiveness.

Praying Like Mad

Back in Jerusalem this same Sabbath I went, at last, to the Wailing Wall. I walked through the Mandelbaum Gate, the old barrier between Israel and Jordan, which had been blasted right through at the beginning of hostilities, and found myself in a great procession of Orthodox Jews, one of whom, a little blond boy in full Hasidic regalia, screamed "pagan!" at a tourist aiming a camera at him. That crowd raised a lot of dust, and by the time we got in sight of the Wall, at the end of a

large cleared area, it was a powerful mass in those war-shocked streets. The Wall rises up at the end of this long vista now, where in the old pictures it forms one side of a narrow courtyard. The official explanation is that everything in the area was razed so that the large crowds could move freely. There was a lot of hard fighting here, and the area was, of course, full of damaged houses. After the 1948 fighting, all the Jews left in the Old City, and all *their* houses, were destroyed. When they recovered the Mount of Olives, holiest of Jewish burying places, the Israelis discovered that some tombstones had been used as latrine covers. Jerusalem is not negotiable, and the temper of the Israelis at recovering the Wall is typified by the story of Ben-Gurion's visit. "What's this?" he cried when he saw that the old street sign in Arabic and English was still hanging there. A soldier knocked the sign down with the butt end of his rifle.

At the Wall, as in an Orthodox synagogue, the women were dutifully praying in their section—it was marvelous to see among them young things in miniskirts—and men in *their* section were praying—praying like mad, bowing repeatedly, twisting and trembling in the ecstatic movement of the worshiper's body that is to unite him firmly to God. A thoroughly anonymous-looking man, beardless and wearing a sweat-stained old Panama hat, was saying Thanksgiving prayers, to the reiterated cries of *Amen* and *Hallelujah* from the formidably bearded Hasidim behind him, in white stockings, caftans, and fur hats. A whole row of modest little wooden Arks of the Covenant—army issue?—stood before the Wall, and there were tables lined with prayer shawls and prayer books. Whenever a man would take the Torah out of the Ark, and the other worshipers would gather around, in the usual way, to kiss the coverings, what struck me more deeply than anything else was that beardless men in sports shirts and the Hasidim in their seventeenth-century Polish costumes, with full beards and side-curls, were all happily standing together. We were all there.

"The Wall," says Zalman Aranne, the Minister of Education, "is our roll call." Aranne, a burly, powerful-looking man with a clean-shaven head, *à la Russe*, is my favorite *rebbe* in Israel—my teacher; when he talks, I listen. He has this great gift of treasuring his Jewishness, of recognizing it as a wonder; to him the Jews are not a problem but a triumph of the human imagination. Aranne turns Israel the state, with all *its* problems, into the flow of Jewish history. Unlike those desperate souls who admit, with tremendous caution that they cannot disown their "Jewish identity,"

Aranne describes being Jewish with Blakean joy as the energy of the body and the enthusiasm of the soul. "I am a physiological Jew," he says in his basic imagery, and I believe him. To the fundamental question put by my friend Elie Wiesel, "What is a man to *do* with his Jewishness?" Aranne could easily say, "Live it!" Everything in his discourses comes down to this overpowering harmony he projects of the Jew with his history, his land, himself. It is on this ideal of everlasting moral unity that I grew up. When I listen to Aranne, living more brightly in his company, I recapture for a moment that vision of an integrity so absolute that it would protect one against every evil.

It Is an Exception

Yet Aranne is also a cabinet minister and an important figure in Israel's controlling labor party, the Mapai. He has been criticized for not representing the same immediately belligerent reaction to Nasser's blockade of the Strait that others did. Despite the widespread admiration for his personal culture and elevated outlook, young pragmatists in Israel, worried about the disparity between the "Oriental" Jews (mostly from North Africa) and the dominating group drawn from European (mostly Russian) Jews, complain that educational methods in Israel are too conventional to bring about in short order the advance desperately needed by children from "Oriental" families. (The Army's extraordinary educational corps administers many elementary schools and even high schools for recruits.) It is said on every hand that the generation that founded the state—Eshkol is in his seventies, Ben-Gurion eighty-one—is being challenged by native-born "technocrats." Certainly it is these curter, more sophisticated people who dominate the technology of the country, the Air Force, and have given the Army its brio.

Aranne, on his own part, finds his particular pleasure in Israel marred these days by Russia. Like so many founders of the state, he grew up inside the Russian revolutionary movement. This year, the fiftieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, which Jewish intellectuals and revolutionaries helped to lead, now sees the most violent enmity displayed by the "socialist bloc" against Israel and world Jewry. From China to Cuba, all the usually conflicting voices of international communism are united in proclaiming Israel an aggressor and imperialist, while elevating Nasser—who keeps Egyptian communists in concentration camps—to the status of a "true revolutionary."

The Soviets are now unrelenting in opposition to the Jewish state which they, with the United States, initially helped to bring into being. Their hostility constantly emphasizes Israel's isolation on the world scene. As soon as Nasser began the blockade in mid-May that was to lead to the six-day war, it became clear from the agonizingly cautious reaction in Washington that the Israelis could not depend on anyone but themselves. Nor, after they went to war, did they want military support, for the price of this, as Suez showed in 1956, was that former allies could exert pressure on Israel to give up what it had won. Nevertheless, Russia's dedicated opposition presents the greatest possible threat to Israel's safety. And while the fact that Israel is implicated on the side of the "haves" rather than the "have-nots" does not distress Israeli leaders, who take the world as they find it, and who silently approve the show of American power in Vietnam, the fact is that the universal communist hatred of Israel does emphasize before a divided world the exceptional nature of the Jewish state.

Ironically, the Israelis themselves believe, with good reason, that their country is more genuinely "socialist," more truly cooperative in spirit, more sincerely dedicated to the welfare of all the people, than are the communist countries. They cite the famous kibbutzim, which have been essential to the country's defense and models of community living; the powerful influence of the great federation of labor, the Histadrut; the elaborate system of health protection; the way in which the Army's education corps has spiritually conditioned a whole generation to social ideals. But everybody in Israel is also aware that despite the historic claim to the country and the overwhelming record of social achievement, the lack of a true binational state and the unending struggle with the Arabs make it natural for many people to accept the Soviet-communist view that Israel is a "Western imperialist intrusion." The Israelis answer that Israel exists, that two and a half million Jews live there, and that as the world saw they are more passionately attached than ever to the country which they have developed so brilliantly, with such heroic devotion, and which they have saved in three wars and countless minor skirmishes. From the Israeli point of view, there is no longer any need to defend or to explain their right to the country; they have made it out of the desert, and it is theirs—larger and more confident as a result of every war with the Arabs. Let the communists and Arabs call them "imperialists"; Israelis are less concerned with other people's opinion than they ever were.

Nevertheless, in the purely political world, the Israelis represent an idiosyncratic element—and Jews always have. Not Israeli power as such but a profound commitment to Jewish experience through the ages made Israel possible and keeps it alive today. The Israelis now admit this. The old Zionist contempt for the Diaspora is far less felt in Israel today than the moral (as well as financial) dependence on the world's Jews. The Israelis rather take the financial assistance for granted; it is the moral tie that they need, especially in the form of large-scale immigration. The "bigger" Israel becomes, the more Arabs it "collects," the more isolated the Jews in Israel feel, the more they look to the Jewish world for solidarity and participation.

Indeed, the Israelis see themselves as representing the Jewish people. Of course many Jews have trouble understanding this, and not only because there are so many more Jews in America and Europe than there are in Israel. Israel is such a militant force and *fact*, it arouses such violent passions that many Jews sense, quite rightly, that their lives cannot escape the disturbance that Israel represents. And then there are all those Jewish Marxists, socialists, fellow travelers, internationalists, who cannot reconcile a Jewish state with their "progressive" ideologies, and who honestly see Israel as representing both a profound injustice to the Arabs and as a regression to nationalism.

But the Israelis understand nothing so well as the fact that every fresh struggle and triumph they experience as a people, in their own land, intensifies their conviction of their rightness and of their destiny as a people. The more Jews experience as Jews, the more certain they become that they represent something profound and timeless. As a result of persecutions and massacres, the Jews became ever more fiercely assertive of their Jewishness. As a result of their achievements in Israel, they have become more fascinated by their own Jewishness. Jewish history goes back ever more deeply to itself with each experience that Jews undergo in Israel as Jews. Almost twenty years after the restoration of a Jewish state, the history of this land is one of the compelling national passions, and archaeology, which owes so much to the military and from which commanders have learned much about the art of war in Biblical times, has been called "the national religion of Israel." The Bible has taken on a new fascination for intellectuals usually shy of revelation. In this briskly up-to-date country, which one Israeli novelist has called "the most secular society in the world," one also sees that the real founda-



ions of this state are Jewish bonds of memory in the Israelis themselves. This country is an act of faith. Israel gets itself accepted in the world at large because it has power, but this power came into being because Jews, even when they lack religious language, do see their persistence through the ages in terms the reverse of "modern" and "secular." The immovability of Jewish conviction is as staggering as it was to the Romans.

The way to understand Israel is through the immemorial attributes of the Jews as a religious group: the sense of destiny, the gratitude for life, the prophetic hope for all mankind combined with just as extraordinary a self-centeredness and self-justification. Astonishing to relate even to oneself, Israel is a phenomenon of religious experience. Even the most brilliant intellectual observers of Israel, when they judge religiosity by the test of observance borrowed from Christianity, are understandably skeptical of the force of religion here. Most people in the country do not go to synagogue, a hard core of Orthodox believers is tacitly self-isolating, the government is headed by socialists. But how was it possible for the Jews to survive so long as a distinct group, what was it that made the "return to Zion" so important to brilliant cosmopolitan scientists like Einstein, what but an "idea" was the spiritual force that got the Jews back to Palestine? Now it no longer seems strange to Jews to have come here from everywhere, a Noah's Ark bearing every specimen of the human kingdom, from Ethiopia and China, Norway and Yemen, Greece and India. The naturalness of their all being here is one of the great enigmas of history—which Jews under-

stand as little as anyone else. But it is an enigma which Jews live.

Israel for the Israelis has become the great symbol of Jewish redemption. It has redeemed their Jewishness, has given a dignity to their being Jews which often leads to religious self-discovery. What a change all this represents! Zionism in its beginnings was distinctly the creed of emancipated middle-class intellectuals for whom the "return to Zion" was first of all a political necessity for the defenseless Jews of Eastern Europe, who lacked civil rights. These first Zionist leaders had long since left behind them the piety of the Jewish masses. Believers, on their side, were usually non-Zionist, and even, like certain fanatical sects in Jerusalem today, anti-Zionist. When Rabbi Leo Baeck, a great leader of German Jewry, was asked after he left a concentration camp if he was now a Zionist, he said proudly, "I am a Jew; I don't need another crutch." By and large, with the exception of certain religious groups on the fringes of the movement, Zionists were usually socialists, right, left, and center.

Before the Holocaust and the foundation of the state of Israel—events that are profoundly connected, and make up the greatest single fact in Jewish history since the Temple was destroyed and the Jews dispersed—the Zionist settlers in Palestine, the "Yishuv," already thought of their return to the land, their rejection of commercial and urban traditions in the Diaspora, as having a quality of idealism so dedicated that it would symbolically purify Jewish existence, hold up a moral standard to Jews in other countries. The settlers felt that they were heroically, arduously living

their Jewishness in a way unknown to the Orthodox, the assimilated, and the ideologues of an unreal internationalism. The socialist kibbutzim often celebrated the great Jewish festivals in their own way, at Passover reconstructing the exodus from Egypt to give it a "labor" tinge, but they celebrated these festivals. In Palestine the Sabbath was naturally the day off. An ancient harvest festival obviously meant more in an agricultural settlement than it did in the courtyards of city tenements.

Owing to Hitler...

But with the Holocaust, Jewish Palestine, already identified with fulfillment, naturalness, self-respect, became for many Jews the only alternative to their destruction. By 1947, when survivors of Hitler's camps were being smuggled into Palestine by men and women who took on British soldiers without fear, and who often gave up their own identity cards, their freedom, even their lives, to keep immigration flowing, the *Yishuv* embodied the self-sacrifice that is fundamental to religious loyalty. Hitler had plainly announced his intention to murder every Jew in the world, and the Jews had no reason to doubt him. Many a Jew became more catastrophic—and Jewish—than he had ever expected to be. Nationalism seemed to be the most profound force even in "socialist" countries. If Jews could be slaughtered because they had no civil rights, no military force, how could Jews in Poland, still grimly fighting pogroms at war's end, not obey the call to Palestine? The harder it was to get them in, the more truculently Ernest Bevin turned down appeals for children, the more every effort to save Jews in Palestine was redoubled with a sacred fury.

Just off the highway from Tel Aviv to Haifa you can see, kept as a monument, one of the pitiful little boats that challenged the British blockade. But to grasp the full identification of Israel with Hitler's victims, you must go to the national memorial in Jerusalem, Yad-Vashem. One building is a documentation center; it contains, so far as is possible, a complete record of the fate of individual Jews in the different camps. An exhibition hall features pictures and documents of the Destruction—the Jewish villages, the schools and synagogues, Jewish partisan units that fought with the Russians. But the central sight at Yad-Vashem is the memorial itself, a low, harsh, stony building which comes down on you like the shadow of a tomb. On a low platform inside, around an eternal flame, are marked in German and Hebrew

the names of Hitler's murder sites—including not only Auschwitz and Babi-Yar but also unfamiliar names like Lvov-Janowska, Stutthof, Ponary, Brenndonck. Outside, in "*L'Avenue des Justes*," trees have been planted in honor of those Christians who aided the condemned—Christian X of Denmark and "the people of Denmark"; "Zegota," a Polish underground organization in defense of Jews; "seventy-three Dutch citizens"; the Amsterdam workers who went on strike, February 25-26, 1941, in protest against the deportation of Jews; Gertrude Boblinska of Poland; several Dutch and French priests, etc.

Yad-Vashem is officially the "Martyrs and Heroes Remembrance Authority." In times past young Israelis, when they were taught about the Holocaust, professed not to understand "how so many Jews could have let themselves be killed"; one of the main purposes of Yad-Vashem has been to give evidence of active resistance to the Nazis, to undo the image of Hitler's victims that Israeli militants once created by contrast with themselves. In 1960, when I was first in Israel, it seemed to me that the Israelis honored the victims but subtly put them down. But even before the recent war, with the sharp sense it brought of Israel's isolation, many Israelis felt a more compassionate understanding. In the nineteen years of the state so much has been revealed from intimate knowledge of the camps that this had become a national consciousness. Everywhere I went in Israel I saw reminders of the camps: the green number branded on a taxi driver's wrist; the elegant and poised woman journalist who as a very young girl did forced labor in Hamburg, was in Auschwitz and Belsen, and who regards her life as a "present," because while lined up in Auschwitz, she was told to move left rather than right—right went to the gas chamber. Just before one company went into action, its commander said, "No speeches. But if we lose this war, it will be another Auschwitz."

A well-known Israeli author, who had vowed in Auschwitz to describe everything he had seen, was called as a witness in the Eichmann trial. He got to the stand, said, "It was a planet of ashes," then fainted. That "planet of ashes," it can be said, is in the Israeli mind more than it was some years ago—not only because the Israelis have a good reason to believe that they have been in danger of total destruction, but also because Hitler's victims have so occupied the imagination of many Jews that they have become, by now, a symbol of innocence in a hate-filled world. "What do they want of us?" I heard more than one Israeli say bitterly about the Arabs—and the Russians. "Why

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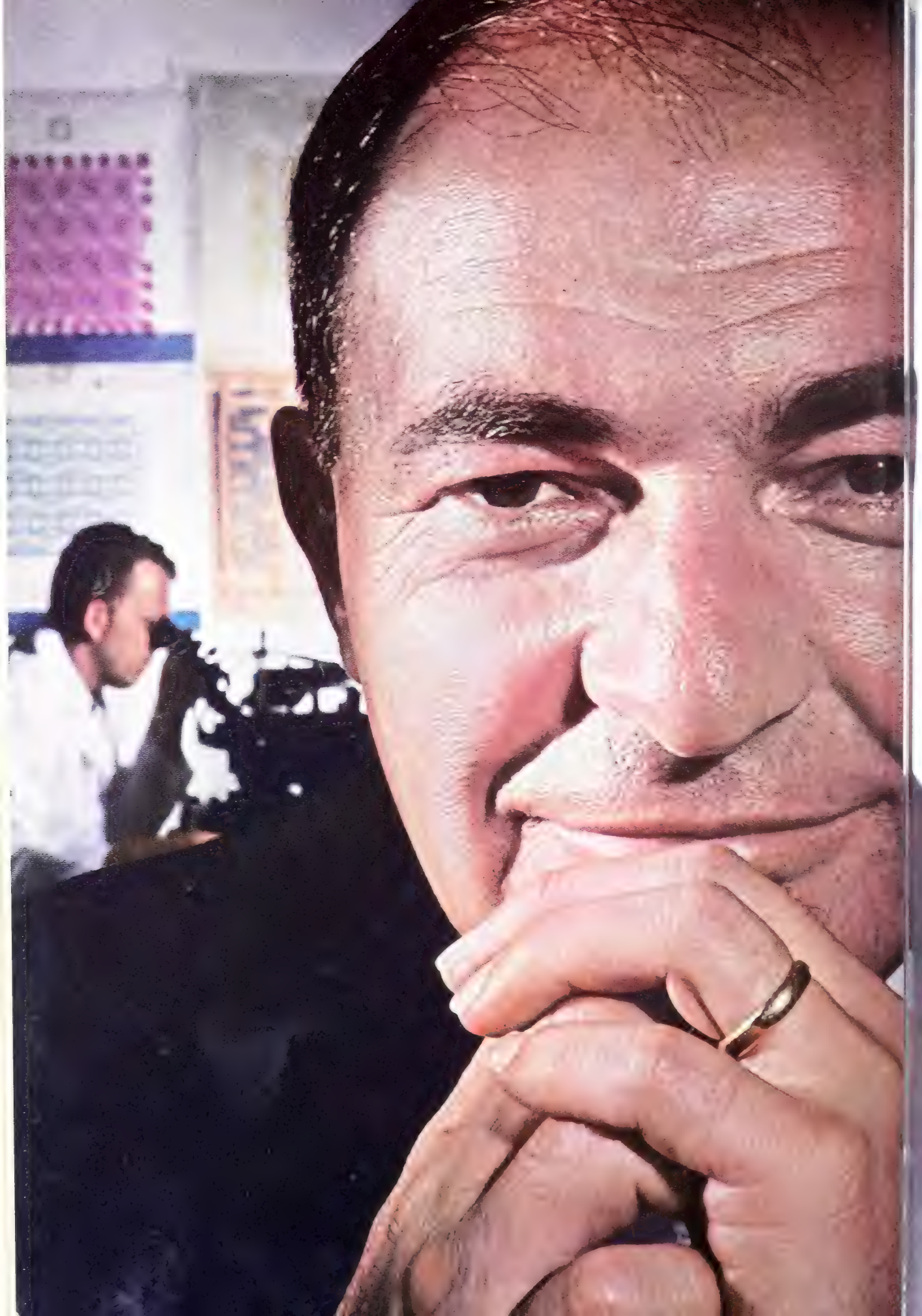
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won't they just let us be?" Not for a moment would these Israelis allow that the Arabs have also been victims of history, for the Israelis feel that the Arabs, who are almost a hundred million compared with their two and a half million, want not peace but the destruction of Israel. By now the Israelis see themselves as the children of light struggling against the children of darkness—the Biblical phrase was used in the Chief of Staff's first war order. In an impassioned government plea for large-scale Jewish immigration, I was startled to see the expression "God's people."

It is this embattled sense of their own destiny that now makes every defense action sacred in Israeli eyes, that creates a militant patriotism that is unforgettable in its common passion. Of course, it is very easy to engage Israelis in conversation: you ask your way of a housewife waiting for a bus, and in two seconds she engulfs you with her memories of the Vilna Ghetto, the full history of her family, her exact opinion of everyone in the Cabinet. Everyone has a story to tell, everyone born outside the country tells you how he got to it, everyone recognizes Israel as a wonder and his participation as an event. I even met an English Catholic girl who belongs to a kibbutz and is a passionate Israeli. Crossing the Sea of Galilee in an excursion boat, I was invited by the pilot, a Jew of Singapore, to sit with him while he told me about the war on the water. He was extraordinarily gentle in manner and kept a King James Bible beside the wheel. And though he was extremely relieved that the Syrian heights that rise up over the lake now belonged to "us," were no longer a danger to the kibbutzim, his proud anecdotes of the gallantry with which the excursion Jews had transported wounded under fire were fixed with the refrain, delivered in his slightly colonial British accent, "Why *won't* they be sensible? Oh! what an *awful* waste all this fighting."

"It Is a Miracle..."

When the news comes on *Kol-Israel*, the national radio—signaled by a *beep-beep-beep* that puts everybody at attention—people listen with tense



excitement, then proceed to talk about "them" and "us." They have news broadcasts even in the excursion buses. In houses everything stops for the news. By the time you have heard the news summarized for your benefit, then interpreted and disputed by members of the family and guests, the facts and opinions and war stories are so strikingly similar to those you have heard from government officials and taxi drivers that you recognize how much everybody has lived the same experience, with the same apprehension and the same hope. Listening in Israel, I soon knew that a phrase heard in Tel Aviv would be repeated in Jerusalem. Of course some people are wittier than others. "It is a miracle that we exist," said a woman in Petah Tikvah. A woman in Rehovoth said, "It is a miracle that we exist—but one waits for God to drop the other shoe."

"They fought without hatred," I heard more than one officer say about his men, "but with a terrible rage at the waste." At El Qantara, on the Suez Canal, to which I went across the Sinai desert with a busload of correspondents and photographers, a mild-looking little colonel traveling part of the way back with us silently observed the enthusiasm with which the photographers shot every blackened, burned-out tank and truck. From the Gaza Strip to the Canal you can see hundreds upon hundreds of demolished vehicles, and it does not take much imagination to picture screaming soldiers on fire themselves. One photographer, coming back with shots of his hundredth tank,

triumphantly announced that he had seen a body in it. The little colonel, when he took his leave of us, gently said, "May I say one word. You have seen what we can destroy. Please also notice what we can build." A North African soldier, who was severely wounded in the stomach, was asked by an interviewer if he was not afraid to return to a combat unit which was likely to be involved in battle again. The youth replied with a hurt look on his face, "You can ask all the soldiers. I am a member of the State."

Of course Jewish solidarity can get too intense for comfort. On a tour of the West Bank of the Jordan, we came to the Allenby Bridge, which was crumpled without being knocked out. On the Israeli side, Army engineers had built a solid wooden boardwalk; on the East Bank, the twisted, loosened girders had been left just as they were at war's end. Behind them sat several Arab families which had just, I was told, made their way over; some fifty people had flopped amid their clothes sacks, furniture, kitchen ranges, even refrigerators, which, the Israeli guard told me, the women had unbelievably carried over, dragging everything up the twisted girders. I watched the scene through Army binoculars: the people squatting out there were waiting for buses to pick them up, but no buses were as yet in evidence; it was a grim sight. Off in the distance, on the veranda of a house, sat a group of Jordanian Army officers looking at us through binoculars. Meanwhile all those inert-looking people—including old men, women, and children—were obviously prepared to wait. When I asked how long they might be sitting there like that in an empty field, my driver—on the way over he had been telling me how in the 'thirties his father, a tombstone maker on the Mount of Olives, had been murdered by his Arab assistants—said, "Don't forget how many refugees we've had." The young Israel guard, an ingenuous looking blond boy, who did not understand English but saw that I was troubled, asked the driver if I was a Jew, and when told that I was, grinned broadly: "Then you're okay!"

Different Worlds to Live In

TO anyone who has seen the kibbutzim around the Sea of Galilee, which for nineteen years were under the heavy guns mounted on the Syrian heights, it is an extraordinary experience to get up to those mountains and to see the gun emplacements, trenches, gigantic searchlights, mounds of ammunition. The Galilee valley is wonderfully green, lush, peaceful-looking; it is, for me, the

most beautiful and humane landscape in Israel. But the kibbutzim were sitting ducks for the Syrian guns, were regularly shot up, and the people were saved only by living in the deep shelters, where you can still see children's drawings pasted on the thick concrete walls. By contrast, the grim Syrian towns up in the mountains, Baniyas and El Quneitra, look as though all of Syria's wealth had been spent on those military installations aimed at Israel. From the heights you can see the loving care that has gone into those groves and fishponds below, but the Syrian towns are desolate stretches of identical houses built of blackened volcanic ash. The houses are mostly empty now, the shops in the center of Quneitra are open to the wind; most of the owners have fled, and half the merchandise seems to be piled up with the broken glass left of the doors. Israeli soldiers patrol in jeeps or on horseback, but the only inhabitants seem to be untended cows and chickens.

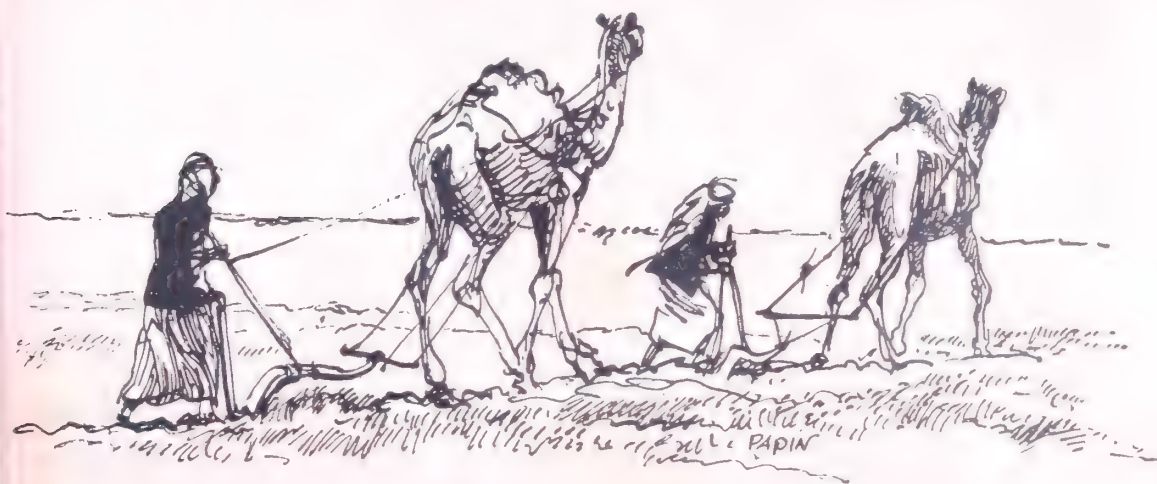
The effect of those empty deadly black houses, the color of the ashy volcanic earth, is to make one realize more keenly and anxiously than ever what different worlds Arabs and Israelis live in. What in the world will get the Arabs to make common cause with those whom before the war they already hated so bitterly? I saw the Arab street crowds in Gaza, the hordes of Arab boys peddling cheap fountain pens and flyspecked candies; I saw Arabs on the West Bank and in Jerusalem; but mostly, in the occupied parts of Syria and Egypt, I saw deserted houses, ghost towns. The hostile emptiness of those houses and towns epitomizes for me, as nothing else could, the Arab refusal to understand, to treat with, to live with the Israelis. There is a well-known restaurant owner in Tel Aviv, Abie Nathan, who has been trying to cultivate the Arabs by flying his "peace plane" into their territory. When Israel's Army took over the Gaza Strip, he went there with a Good Humor truck and passed out ice cream to the Arab kids. To my surprise the people in Israel who told me the story did not laugh, but thought it summed up the hopelessness of Jewish-Arab relations. One woman in Tel Aviv puts up notices asking Arabs and Jews to meet together at her house; she has even become something of an expert on Arab cooking, for she feels that this may draw Arab interest in her meetings. I did not hear of many such efforts.

With their fierce competence, their determination to find a solution to this, too, the Israelis express confidence that they can "deal with the Arab problem." Militarily, the Israelis are of course in an advantageous position, and the Israeli commanders radiate militant self-confidence, are

exuberantly proud of the courage and skill displayed by their troops during the war. "Russia, of course, we cannot beat, but Russians, yes." One Air Force commander told me of a wounded pilot who secretly left his hospital bed to fight with his squadron. "Would you have believed that a people brought up to be shopkeepers and professors could have produced such fighters?" Indeed, "professors" were among the largest group to fall in battle; the Hebrew University lost forty of its men, the Technion in Haifa forty-two, plus thirty-eight students. One of the most moving stories of the war tells of a scientist who was not even supposed to be in the Army, but smuggled himself in and was killed in action. One lieutenant, leading an attack up the Syrian heights, managed to keep

with something like panic that the European Jews in now enlarged Israel may be swallowed up in a sea of Arabs. This anxiety is based on a passionate desire to keep the Jewish spirit foremost in a Jewish homeland—the spirit that alone explains Israel, and that, in the face of everything, has kept it alive.

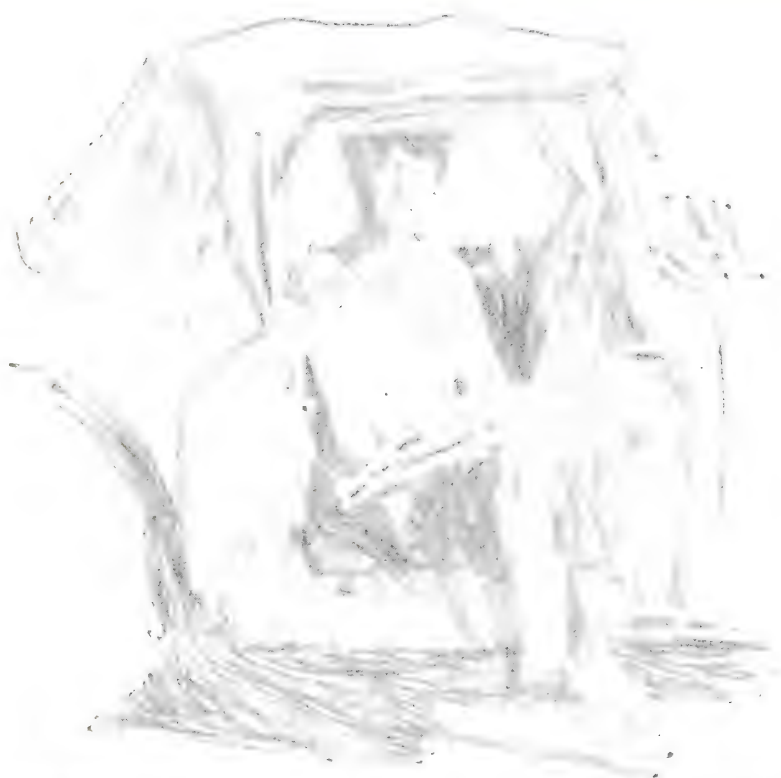
The Jews of Israel have learned that they are not "Canaanites," but Jews. Never, it is safe to say, has the bond to other Jews been felt so keenly. Therefore, what the Israelis are consciously striving for most is a great new immigration of Jews, especially of young Jews, and preferably from the West. The Israelis are looking very hard at American Jews, but of course are getting only youth volunteers for a season—and tourists. It would



going even after a leg was shot off. The survivors of destroyed tanks got out to fight as infantry. The stories are endless, the pride of the commanders overwhelming; in any case, say the Israelis, "we've nowhere left to go, so we fight it out here." Just about every man I met seems to have been in the Army, and it is not until one has heard taxi drivers and porters talking with brisk competence about firepower, cannon, mortars that one realizes how much the ideal of military competence has overtaken many Jews in Israel, and that it means to them to be able to say, "We have the situation well in hand."

Militarily, they do. The Israelis smile when they hear Radio Cairo say that sooner or later the sheer mass of the Arabs surrounding Israel will be too much for it; that it may take a century, but Arab victory is sure. But while the Israelis are clearly not afraid of the Arab military forces, they do see

seem that the staggering prosperity of so many American Jews, though it creates "alienation" and a special affection for positive, Spartan, heroic Israel, also makes it impossible to see Israel as one's personal destiny. The Israeli leaders, constantly pleading with what one writer bitterly called the "rich, self-satisfied burghers of Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York," will not admit to themselves that most immigrants to Israel went there out of dire necessity. "How can you write the Russian novel in America," Robert Frost inquired, "when people live so unutterably?" The Israelis think that spiritually speaking, American Jews do indeed live "terribly." They feel that *they* are the center of Jewish existence in the world, and what they are most deeply concerned about just now is no longer the survival of their country, but the survival of Jewishness, of the Jewish idea, in Israel itself.



TO BE AN ATHLETE

A story by Eunice Luccock Corfman

The new tenant's luggage—one Sears under-the-bed flat trunk, eight crates of books trussed in bailing wire, marked on every side in red Magic Marker with threats of reprisal if damage were done—had been dumped on the front porch by the trucker while Miss Everleave was away at the Glen Rock Invitational. She saw the boxes as she turned in her drive, but no sign of the new tenant. The things first, she unloaded the MG, covered it and put away her rackets. Now she contemplated the oversized crates and single, shabby trunk. It was none of her affair, but she didn't like to see them left out overnight with rain threatening.

So before she went in to take her shower she unlocked the tenant's apartment and one after another hauled his crates and trunk into the sitting room. When it began to rain, she felt vindicated. Miss Everleave locked her tenant's front door and went to take her shower.

In the bathroom she stripped, then stood still a minute. She had just moved several hundred

pounds of books, played two matches today—one this morning, one this afternoon, at which she had been eliminated—and driven home in sweater and whites directly, without stopping to bathe, change, or eat. She let herself acknowledge that she ached.

Leaning against the tile, Miss Everleave crooked her leg and examined the blisters on the soles of her feet, touched the big one on her right heel. She scolded herself briefly: who plays on her heels gets blisters there. She studied her right hand, stretching it so the calluses stood out in yellow islands—no damage. She lifted her right arm to the cabinet mirror and saw what a red welt her bra had incised between her breast and armpit. She pressed it gently with her fingertips and out loud said, "Ouch." In close-up she squinted at her face: nobbled leather, drawn with fatigue but not gaunt, unabsorbed Noxema lining the bridge of the nose, flakes of salt clinging in the webbing each side of the eyes, gray-streaked hair crimped now to kinky ringlets because she had not stopped to comb it out right after the match while it was

wet. She turned to the shower, twisting the HOT handle.

Miss Everleave stood for some time in the beating spray, again and again stooping—for she was tall—to pass her head through it, offering her shoulders to it, her neck and ribs and back. She methodically massaged her legs—white at the hip, cordovan the length of thigh and shank, abruptly white again at the ankle, and white, battered feet—digging in her fingers. She turned off the water and, stepping into the hall where it was cool, rubbed herself down.

Now. Now we face it, she ordered. That she had lost the match this afternoon had been a failure not of legs but of concentration, far more nettling. The defect first appeared earlier in the summer, at the Longacre Open and again in the first match of the Burning Tree Invitational: a disconnection between directions she gave herself and the manner of her body's response. Miss Everleave sat at her kitchen table wrapped in a robe and, reflecting, kneaded a handball, an exercise that over the years had made the dimensions of her right wrist three-quarters of an inch larger than her left.

She took a steak from the freezer; she would have to wait while it defrosted. There was nothing much to eat—she had not expected to be eliminated until the quarterfinals on Friday. She heard noise from the tenant's apartment next door, someone tumbling over the crates. It had started, she decided, in the second set, the third game, when she had lost her serve for no good reason. She was taying in the backcourt to save her legs for the days ahead but playing carefully, stroking hard, placing well; that was when it had fallen, this cut or curtain between directives and her muscles' reply.

Miss Everleave poked the steak and found it still hard at its center. She put on slacks and went down into the basement, her workshop where over the years she had accumulated the equipment of a modest gymnasium—mats, the old-fashioned Indian clubs, a set of pulleys, and her great extravagance, parallel bars, set where the ceiling had been built high to house a coal bin.

Miss Everleave went to the parallel bars and began to swing, slowly, for she knew her body was tired. But it had not behaved well today; it had

not been obedient. Upstairs the new tenant knocked at his boxes. After the isolation of the summer, she regretted having to share the house again with someone else's noises. It was unavoidable. In any case, classes would start in another week and any isolation at all would be gone for another nine months. She swung off the bars. The steak would be ready now.

Eating her steak, Miss Everleave reviewed the third set stroke by stroke. Next door the new tenant made banging and unpacking sounds. She became aware her review was turning into wishful thinking—"if only . . ."—she caught herself and clucked with contempt. She decided to spend the evening answering some letters.

Though sometimes it seemed to her the letters took an unconscionable amount of time wasted at a desk, she would not have had it any other way. These letters written to or on behalf of former students were connections she prized. Her relation to these correspondents was not "family" at all; the term made her bridle. If she had been male, her relation to them would have been obvious to anyone—they had in common that she had once been their coach. They were related to her by having once been athletes. To be an athlete among athletes was why, though overage and legs going, rarely a finalist, she continued the tennis circuit and, more indirectly, why she always answered these letters. To be an athlete was so clear a definition of herself that in twenty-seven years of teaching—she preferred to call it coaching—it had never occurred to her that for most people there is no such thing as a female athlete.

There was a knock at her door: it would be the new tenant. She tried to recall: a new man for the —history? economics? something like that—department. She hurried to the desk drawer and found the card: Ekstein. Hector Ekstein. She went to the door and opened it.

She said, "Dr. Ekstein? Come in. Get out of the rain." Another disappointment in a day of them. He was fat, how fat! And quite ugly, though she did not mind ugliness. Thick glasses and small, ripe lips. A little chin that nestled in folds of flesh, pale skin liberally moled, and a gross body below. He looked a larded forty in wet shirt and unbelted pants strained at the fly. Miss Everleave turned politely away in confusion, afraid she might have without intending betrayed her distaste.

But when he stepped into the light and spoke, the impression he made was entirely otherwise, she couldn't say exactly why, since he certainly became no thinner. His voice was pleasant, very pleasant, what she would call chuckly. He seemed

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to find the rain, the lack of furniture—he had understood the apartment would be furnished—the absence of bookshelves when all he had brought were his books, the crowded College Inn which could not give him a room for the night, from which he had just hiked through the storm, all a conspiracy put together for his amusement and hers. Behind the lenses his eyes shone at her, coaxed her to join the fun at his expense. She liked the shyness of his manner, though it threw her off stride that he seemed to use it in order to be outspoken. He gave out first impressions of the town and campus on an hour and a half's acquaintance with a candor and assurance that amazed her. The remarks flew from his curling lips; his shoulders shrugged to deprecate them as they came; all she had to do was listen. She did not know whether to laugh or take offense, but she was shrewd enough to recognize he was trying to be friendly.

"I'm Sam Johnson come to Scotland," he confessed and when she did not catch the allusion, interpolated quickly, "Strong suspicions of Ohio all my life and never been west of the Hudson till last night."

He went too fast. "You mean the Hudson River?" she asked. "How good for you? Have been west of the Hudson? What was east of the Hudson? Was he foreign? He sounded American. 'There's nothing east of the Hudson, is there?'"

He seemed to think she had made a joke. He laughed happily. "Right, east of the Hudson is nothing. Offshore islands. I'm from one of them."

She racked her brain. Islands off the coast? She changed the subject. "You have no furniture. Where will you sleep tonight?"

"I don't know!" he said gaily. "In the bathtub?"

She gave him her sleeping bag and he thanked her effusively and had to be shown how it worked. Later, ready for bed, rubbing ointment on her welt, she heard him still moving around, cracking loose a tray of ice in his kitchen. He had left a warm feeling behind him. Miss Everleave liked and admired warm people; she knew her height and posture and untalkativeness sometimes gave an impression of coolness, which she recognized as a defect. It came to her; he must have meant Long Island. Or even Manhattan, for that matter. Of course! She grinned. That would explain why he'd never used a sleeping bag. She began to review the third set again, dozing off. But became aware Hector Ekstein was coming regularly into his kitchen, its wall adjacent to her bedroom, for water, the pipes thucking each time he turned the tap.

She told her brain to stop listening and it did.

She fell asleep. The cracking of another tray of ice waked her. She sat up and checked her clock. Two A.M.! Why was he not asleep? Why drinking ice water? Had he had no dinner? Chewing ice from having had no dinner! Miss Everleave swung her long legs out of bed.

She got out of bed and padded to the closet, threw on a robe, and crossed the porch to his front door. Hector opened it and stepped back, arms spread in welcome. "My God! *A droit du seigneur*! I don't know about?" He ushered her in. "I'm game if you are. Have a drink?"

She drew her bathrobe closer and wondered what he meant. He held up what was left of a quart of whiskey. Yet he seemed completely sober moving for his weight with agility between the boxes toward the kitchen. The air in the room was hazed and stung her nose. Two full ashtrays and eight or nine open books were spread out around her sleeping bag, which he had not even unrolled. "I'm sorry to intrude, Dr. Ekstein, but I wondered if you'd had your dinner?"

Again, that shy smile. "How considerate. Yes I ate at the Inn. Here." He handed her whiskey which she did not tell him she rarely touched.

She watched him closely. "You're not a drinker are you?"

"Gracious, no. Not unless you are. I'm sipping while I—" she was surprised to see him blush and falter. "—prepare my first lecture."

"It's almost two-thirty in the morning!"

"I hope you don't mind. I do appreciate the sleeping bag. It seemed simpler to stay up." He was a puppy dog, placating.

Involuntarily, she asked, "How old are you?"

He blushed more deeply. "Twenty." And snickered painfully. "Not even into my majority."

She was shocked. Twenty and all that flab! Quickly, she said, "That's very good to have you, Ph.D. at twenty." And added, "Don't you worry Lectures are easy." Again she watched him closely for a sign of sneer. He would know, of course, he lectures were physical education.

But he seemed genuinely thankful. She said "You must get yourself some furniture in the morning. I'll lend you my car if you like."

"That's so good of you." His whole face crinkled. She thought: what a merry type of person. He said, "But on my island many natives grow up without ever learning how to drive."

Now that she guessed he must mean Manhattan, she could see he was being amusing, so she laughed. "All right, I'll drive you." She put down her drink, untasted. "Since you're fed, that's all came for. I'll get back to bed."

"So soon? I hope you'll come again, often."

"I won't. I rarely interfere with my tenants and vice versa. It's better that way. Unless you need something."

By November Miss Everleave had learned she need not have reassured Dr. Ekstein about his lectures; he had become a quick sensation on campus. Auditing Ekstein had become a Thing to Do. His coterie of student familiars was becoming the most select on campus. One of her Phys Ed majors told her he had scheduled private conferences with every one of his students about the reading they would do for their term paper from a reading list of hundreds of titles any of which he could talk about. He discarded the Economic History textbook and switched entirely to paperbacks; the local bookstore had to set up a special corner to house them. He ate regularly in the student dorms and seemed to think it a delight instead of a duty. One of Miss Everleave's own juniors defected to become a History major. He had become Prominent.

In what spare time she had, Miss Everleave spent the fall working on her lob topspin. Against her age, he undertook an extra conditioning program for the winter to keep her legs in shape:ometrics, ankle weights, a bicycle machine. And, of course, she continued kneading the handball.

A matter that troubled her more than a little as fall turned to dawn, the incredible quantity of beer Dr. Ekstein consumed, leaving four or five cases of empties on the porch each Saturday to be picked up by DeFazio's delivery boy. He had been truthful in saying he was not a liquor drinker—there had been no bottle in the garbage since the first one. And town beer, she had been told, was only .2, scarcely more than a beverage. He must eat and drink nothing but 3.2 beer.

She appreciated the price Dr. Ekstein was paying for his phenomenal popularity: each night he came home with a green bag full of books from the college library, in addition to those he already had of his own. Dined up along every wall had a round each scanty piece of furniture. She watched him juggle up the drive, merry, fat, burdened as Santa Claus with his bag, heard him while he read each night until a few—regularly every night—would noisily snapping the cap off a bottle in his bedroom next to her bedroom.

But she was on good terms with him. He believed, only once despite herself moved to suggest to him Diet-Pepsi instead of beer, for his weight's sake. He had replied with an airy smile, thanking her, that he certainly ought to and so much would he to, but Diet-Pepsi put him to sleep and he never had bag—and he couldn't see the size and color of

olives. His cases of empties continued to appear on her porch each Saturday. He lost no weight and she continued to hear him in his kitchen late at night and early morning napping his cap. During the day he was indefatigable, for History defector, aware she was his landlady, confided even Science majors were watching schedules to take Econ II, I and that his three History II sections would be reassigned to the largest hall in Wentworth at the new semester.

For the Christmas holiday Dr. Ekstein came home to his island, giving her a begonia for a present before he left, leaving it all the way from town. They said goodbye with warmth; he called him Hector, he called her Florence.

But two days into the holiday she heard in the night sounds coming from his apartment. Investigating the next morning, she found no one there and nothing missing she could see. The next night, Christmas Eve, down in the basement on the parallel bars, she thought she heard sounds again. She went up and knocked at his door, but there was no answer. Christmas Day she drove to her old friend Coach Ben Kashimoto's home, as she had for years, bringing presents for him, his wife, the children. As always, it was a jovial day. He was fat but he had been in the Midland-Texas League, he had been in tomato juice, the first forehand east of Pasadena and north of Houston. She enjoyed Kashie's heavy kindness, his wife's interminable ritual of the holiday, seeing the team children, one, two, three.

Returning at dusk, she was surprised to see the light on in Dr. Ekstein's apartment. The first knocking and knocking again, she was answered by an undressed young man and just behind him, in bare feet, one of her sphinxes. "Oh!" exclaimed the surprised girl, "we thought you'd be someone else." The unperturbed young man answered her request for an explanation: "Dr. Ekstein had given them his key for the holidays, and produced it. Miss Everleave took the key and told them they had three minutes to get out. They were not at all ashamed, seemed even angry."

When Dr. Ekstein returned the evening of January first, she asked him for an explanation. He was mild. "What kind of explanation, Florence? He's exceptionally promising, he's charming. They're two friends that wanted an apartment for the holidays."

She studied him, trying to figure his meaning. "I'm not running a brothel, Dr. Ekstein."

"I should hope not, you'd scare me into town if you were." His chuckle coaxed her. She felt needed. "What's the problem?" he asked.

"Are they secretly married?"

He in turn seemed scandalized. "Certainly not. He's only nineteen, after all. Give him a fighting chance."

Again she wondered what in his brilliance he could be talking about. She said in growing wonder, "Why, you're not reliable, Dr. Ekstein."

He spread his hands. "But why, Florence, *please*, why?"

Her tongue was stiff. She could not tell him why when it was so unspeakably obvious. In her own house. All she said was, at last, "It must never happen again."

But the satisfaction she had taken in his success and his living beside her, as wholly given to his calling as she was to hers, satisfaction despite his empties on her porch and night noises that kept her awake, was gone. She saw that he continued overworking himself, single-minded as ever, as chaste as she and as uncaring, but always now there loomed for Miss Everleave the enormous, threatening unknown of great difference between them.

With the new semester she began a gymnastics seminar she gave in alternate years, which she anticipated especially this year because she had three good athletes, one of them outstanding. Because gym facilities were crowded—coeducational folk dance and modern dance had recently been approved for a quarter credit, neither of them legitimate sports in Miss Everleave's judgment, and the flatfooted were flocking to take advantage—she decided to hold the seminar in her own basement.

The three girls arrived on their bicycles at seven, warmed up for a half-hour with calisthenics, worked separately for an hour as she moved between them, holding a leg, straightening a back, slapping a stuck-out bottom, speaking infrequently and quietly, while the room warmed, silent except for their sighs and pants. They rested briefly and then together spent the final hour on the parallels, the best hour. She would demonstrate, they would repeat, again and again. There was hardly a word. When they had gone, Miss Everleave, drenched and extremely happy, would spend another hour writing up notes, working out regimens for each of them, blocking sequences for the next seminar while this one was still fresh in her mind.

One snowy morning she offered Dr. Ekstein a ride to Wentworth for his eight o'clock, not because she distrusted him less but because he would otherwise get his feet wet. Since the holidays they had exchanged scarcely a word. He did not look

well. The hours he kept, his pace, his diet, were showing on his face, but still he was no thinner. He was always fastidious in dress, but today she noticed his fingernails, raggedly bitten to the quick. He made an effort to be genial. He told her he was taking a leaf from her book and moving one of his unofficial seminars, currently meeting at DeFazio's which closed at eleven, out to his apartment, which needn't close at all. As she let him out at Wentworth, she saw even at 7:45 A.M. of this snowing cold morning a waiting circle of students moving forward to enclose him.

Initially apprehensive, Miss Everleave was reassured when Dr. Ekstein's seminar proved to be all male and noncarousing. Though they stayed late, they were not loud. All they seemed to do was talk, steadily, for hours. At first they came once a week, then two or three times a week, talking endlessly into the night and early morning. Whole-some enough, she decided, trying to put herself to sleep.

Chapel speakers were elected by student ballot at the end of March, five of the faculty invited to give a paper on a subject of his (or, theoretically, her, but that had never happened) choice at a series of Chapels the whole college attended. This March. Instructor Hector Ekstein won in a remarkable landslide. No one before had ever won by such a landslide, least of all a first-year lecturer. Miss Everleave was both pleased and puzzled. Hector was likable enough and certainly worked too hard; she had been told his lectures were dazzling; she heard his quips quoted here and there. But why it should all erupt in this overwhelming vote she did not understand, nor the extraordinary jubilation it caused among the students.

Over milk and graham crackers she questioned her seminar girls. One of them burst out, "It's his charisma and his fantastic scholarship. He's out of this world. He's a showman, he's intrepid, he's got character, he's *engagé*, he loves us, he's against *locum parentis*, it's the concatenation." Miss Everleave sighed. She wished people would speak simply. The girl added, "And he knows more about parallel-bar technique than I do." Miss Everleave was startled.

In due course Hector gave his Chapel paper which ended in a standing ovation. The title of his talk was "Lonely Man on a Rock" and the gist of it seemed to be a plea for understanding toward those who chose or are condemned to spend their lives out on a lonely rock, alone in their singular perception. Miss Everleave felt her core touched. He seemed under the welter of words to be addressing her directly, to have singled her out for his topic. She was bewildered by the clapping and

fervent cries that followed his speech. Everyone else seemed to feel just as she did. How many lonely men on how many rocks could there be?

Nevertheless, that evening when he trudged up the drive, she crossed the porch to tell him, "That was a fine speech, a great speech. I wanted to thank you." His eyes gleamed; she knew in the dark he was blushing; he made her feel she had crowned his day. Feeling as warm toward him as she ever had, she teased him, "Where did you learn parallel-bar technique? One of my girls tells me you know more than she does."

His lips curled in their tentative way, his voice was chuckly as of old. "You keep a text in the back seat of the MG. I read it one day you gave me a lift, while you stopped for a head of lettuce." He grinned. "I *don't* know more than she does. I'd break my legs if I actually *tried*."

Mollified, Miss Everleave suggested, "You've made quite an impression in your short time here. My students tell me you're leading a Reformation." She was not sorry to use the word. It hinted, since he knew parallel bars, she, also, knew history.

He laughed, this time without his twinkle. "Oh, well." Then in a rush, confessed with urgency, "Yes, like Luther. Faced with a peasants' revolution and wanting to backtrack. I want the study, Flo, and the protection of Princes; I'm ashamed of myself. But I *won't* be Luther, I can't, that constipated funk, I despise his bones. I'll stick with the peasants. Though they don't know anything. Anything at all."

Overpowered, lost, Miss Everleave wondered what to say. She hadn't an idea what he meant. She knew he was telling her something important and he wanted to help. She should never have pretended to know about the Reformation. Now he was waiting for some kind of answer. He was used to people he could talk to and who talked back. Mortification brought her to her height, her chin lifted. "I'm sorry, I don't know anything about it."

A step below, he looked up at her a moment and said, "You're very handsome, you know that?" Her words had been rebuffing, he was responding with tact.

She nodded. It was not the first time she had been told. He was changing the subject. She had wanted to help him and he had had to help her. The failure was upsetting. It spoiled her good mood. She returned to her kitchen. Restless there, she went to the basement. She did swings and turns and leg crosses for a while, soon she was concentrating. What she desired of a sequence was that she should climb slowly to a strong finish; she despised a fake build more than incompetence. The

series began to take a shape. She did a stand, two full turns, a pike, dive, save, final arm stand, brace, and swung to the mat. She would have to quit. It was seminar night and the girls would be coming soon. She went upstairs.

Across the porch Hector's seminar had already begun. Through the thin wall and open windows she heard their male voices already edged, argumentative before the argument. Always the roosters, she thought, smiling, scrubbing her arms and legs with a towel. They couldn't find a bottle opener.

"Get it, can't you?"

"I'm hastening all I can. It isn't here is what."

"Find it yourself." Noise, shuffled silverware, clatter. "Hector! Where's your bottle opener!"

"So use your teeth. Don't be helpless. I'm extremely dry if you don't mind."

"Up you, pardon me. Use your own."

Miss Everleave stripped off her damp T-shirt and put on a fresh one. She sat on the edge of her bed and strapped on her ankle weights.

"Go next door and borrow one."

"Heh. After you."

"Chicken. Always."

"Go ahead. Get us a bottle opener from next door. Your idea. Get for us a bottle opener from her."

"The girls here yet?"

"Nope. She's all alone yours."

"I'll wait. Hector! Please! We can't find the opener!"

At her bureau Miss Everleave pared her nails, grinning. She could take a bottle opener over, except they'd think she'd been eavesdropping.

Hector's voice, coming into the kitchen, "I own at least three bottle openers."

The first voice, light and hoarse, "Contrary to fact. Find one."

The second voice, deep, "I told him go next door for one. He's chicken."

Light voice, "When the girls come."

"Chicken, chicken."

Miss Everleave, flexing her weighted ankle, paused: why chicken?

Light voice, "I do not provoke, see?"

Deep voice, "Go, boy, gird your loins. Storm Lesbos, come back a man."

Miss Everleave closed her eyes and sucked air in slowly, waited—waited for Hector to come down hard on the deep voice.

Light voice, "I wait for the girls. It's safer."

Miss Everleave waited, breath held.

Hector's voice, chuckly, said, "Why safer? One is safe. Four together could be an orgy."

Light and deep blended in laughter, rooster

crows. Miss Everleave's lips loosened and the breath came out.

Too little, too late, Hector's voice added, "Enough time wasted?"

Miss Everleave's hand sought her pin tray, where she kept one of her handballs, found it, began to squeeze. But no footsteps came along the porch. And then because she was accustomed to disregard pain, she straightened, put the ball back in the pin tray, went to her desk to review her notes until the girls came.

After the girls had gone she remained at the parallels, instead of coming upstairs to do her written work. But there was no assuagement in it. At last she gave up, showered and sitting at the kitchen table wrote a short note to Dr. Ekstein suggesting he seek other quarters.

She left the note in his mailbox on her way to class and when she returned that evening he was waiting for her on the porch steps with her note in his hand, anxiety on his pale, olive-bagged, and mole-flecked face. He wrung his hands. "But Florence! What did I do! What have I done!" His consternation was clear, the only clear element in the cloud of unknown he was.

She said, "Less said, the better." She dreaded that he might become vindictive. On the courts, proximity to a poor loser could make her physically ill.

He flapped his arms vaguely toward his door. "But I have to talk about it. Can't you say why? It's all so—inexplicable. I thought we got along so well, I thought . . . Won't you come in, have some . . . milk?" She was relieved to see his shoulders drop, his hand flutter; he was not going to be nasty.

"No. You can stay till the end of the school year." The concession made her feel better.

But he would not let her have it. Again that trick of opening himself, deliberately courting invasion, he said, "It's not losing the apartment, Florence; it's losing you." How easily he did it—zzip! open, walk in, I'm all yours—she drew back, an actual step backward on the porch. She had almost gone ahead and thrown it at him, so bold, ignorant, sure of himself, asking for it, sent all her anger screaming cold into that stupidly young unzipped pouch. Even as she smothered her anger, fumbling for her key, she gloated at what it could have done to him. She walked to her door.

From the steps he called after her, tentative but stubborn, "You're one of the Counter-Reformation?"

She turned around to look at him, her key in the lock and the door half-open. He stood with podgy hands half-raised toward her, upper lip

lifted in inquiry, for all the world as if he thought he was talking sense. "Gibberish," she told him and went in.

But she sought out her former junior who had defected to history. Last year the girl had adored her, now she was brusque. "For God's sake, you don't *know* what's going on? I mean, Miss Everleave, I don't want to be *rude*." There were, the girl said, in fact, two camps, the Reform and the Counter-Reform. They had always been there, the contentions, the proposals, the battle lines. The girl was a talking encyclopedia of classified faculty infighting. "But now all this *amorphous* matter has been given bones, oh, Miss Everleave. *Hector's bones*." She flipped open her spiral notebook and fired, "Why have *three* Faculty Committees issued recommendations this year, *why* has the Administration promised a White Paper for June, *why* will there be an Alumni Magazine Special Issue at graduation, *why* is the Student Council revolutionizing house rules, *why* is the Reporter printing Manifestos, *why, why*, Miss Everleave?" She scarcely paused. "On the other hand is the enemy. *You* know. Anti. As-you-were. Dump-Ekstein. Be grateful. Jesus."

"What do you mean, dump-Ekstein?" she asked the girl in parting.

"Naturally. Arch Seven leaked that two weeks ago." The girl rushed off for a class.

This Arch Seven innovation Miss Everleave had heard of from Ben Kashimoto. Each evening at seven at the Memorial Arch students were gathering to hear anyone speak about anything. At the same time, Ben also told her about the decision to rewrite the course curriculum of the Physical Education Department, a suggestion she had last made thirteen years ago. Miss Everleave by virtue of seniority was offered the chairmanship of the committee, but declined because the meetings would fall during the only hours the courts were free enough of students for her own practice.

She found her legs had weathered the winter and her hours of work against the gym wall had given her lob topspin a jump it had never had before. Her net game was the next obstacle.

At home Miss Everleave tried to carry on, but Hector Ekstein's apartment had become, practically, a student lobby. Because the house was a mile and more from campus, the students rode bicycles, which continually blocked her drive and gouged her lawn. At night knots of students retired to the porch to finish arguments too subtle for the din of Hector's sitting room; they lay together on their backs on the grass, elucidating to the moon. Some nights Hector spent shut away in

his bedroom trying to keep up his reading or prepare his lectures, for she heard the voices calling out to him at midnight, to unlock his door. Other nights he took the floor and she heard, blurred by the walls, the lilt that launched the Reformation. In either case, she had much less sleep, but said nothing.

One raining morning two weeks before exams she pulled the cover off her MG and noticed Hector's door was open, banging in the wind against the doorstep. She went to close it and saw rain had wet the whole hall, stood in puddles on the oak floor. She went for mop and towels and on her knees in his hall began to sop up water. As she was doing this she looked into his sitting room and saw him lying in his last night's clothes asleep on his blue sofa. Surprised—she knew he had an eight o'clock—and shamed—celibate and forty-six, she found a sleeping male an unnatural sight—she could not decide whether she wanted to get out or finish. How terrible he looked—even, at last, losing weight. In sleep the folds under his eyes, his cheeks, his jowls were sunken, unpleasantly colored, hanging loose; it was his fastidiousness that had made him seem much healthier than he was. Asleep he had no such protection. Her consternation grew. He was sick! This whole year long it had been happening! Her hands wrung the towel and excess water dripped, splashing on the floor and waking him. He opened his eyes and saw her, sat up unsteadily, feeling his beard. "What's t—" he began, then slumped, holding his head.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"What is the time of day?"

"About a quarter of eight."

His head jerked. "I'll be late!" He stood up, holding his pants.

"Why don't you be sick today? You are."

"No, no." He rubbed his scalp and scrubbed his cheeks. "Shower!" He headed away and stopped, turning to her, hesitated. No, she noticed, he no longer unzipped so easily. "Uh, look. I know you don't like me, but would you give me a lift to Wentworth?"

"All right. You'll have to hurry."

In the car he leaned back and closed his eyes. His bulk cramped them, made the cabin small as a fitted sock, their laps and knees conspicuous. She backed down the drive. "You should have stayed home. I could have come home at noon and fixed soup or something."

He rubbed his eyes. "If I had stayed home, soup could not have been the problem. If I had missed my class by noon I would have had twenty bowls and twenty of them swarming out to feed me." It struck her. The same tone as when he had said, one

is safe; four might be an orgy. She perceived that it was his way. He could betray with a joke his students' loyalty as easily as he had her. The pleasure of helping him out melted away. She regretted having felt pleasure.

He was not aware of the change. "Anyway, this is good again." He rested. At the red light he made an overture. "The old days were nicer, weren't they, Flo?" She was glad to feel him waiting for an answer until it was clear she was not going to give him one. He looked down at his bitten nails. He rummaged in his pockets for his lecture notes.

And then just before exam week everything seemed to happen at once: two of the faculty reform reports came out, her own department's curriculum revision, the administration's white paper, the alumni magazine's extra issue, the student newspaper's *Complete Manifesto for Change*, Arch Seven's *56 Intolerables* written out on lavender toilet-paper streamers and hung over the Memorial Arch, all the activated matter Hector's bones had pulled together and set dancing.

Miss Everleave kept herself aloof as best she could, agreeing when she was spoken to, avoiding being spoken to when possible. She knew her tolerance for talk was low, but it seemed to her it had never been put to such a strain. No one would be quiet, absolutely no one. Even Ben Kashimoto was full of opinion when she retreated to his home, even his turkey-baking wife, even his two daughters roller-skating in the hall. Everything alive wherever she looked was jittering to the dance.

Miss Everleave refused to read the documents, she refused to sign anything, she refused to disagree. It made no difference at all. There was no sanctuary, not her office, not the courts, least of all her own home around which the bicycles lay drunkenly everywhere. The students lounged along the porch and in the windows and on the grass, leaning at each other exchanging paragraphs. Even into her most private precinct, her basement gym, the three seminar girls arrived for their final exam and spent time heatedly whispering, until she sent them away with a rare show of temper.

And just as she believed things could not possibly be worse, news of the nonrenewal of Hector Ekstein's contract leaked. A departmental document, to be held secret until the campus was vacated for the summer, was stolen; Xeroxed copies spread over the campus within two hours of the theft. She was handed one in the grocery store.

As she brought her grocery bag into her kitchen she saw Hector's seminar Regulars around his door, eyes bright with pain, one of them, whose deep voice she would never forget, openly crying.

She heard them proposing through her kitchen window as she unpacked her sack: black arm-bands, a bonfire, an effigy hanging of the History Department head, a funeral procession with coffin—all rejected as puerile. Then: mass resignations and transfers, diploma burning, honors rejection. The cursing became obscene and Miss Everleave shut her window.

Shortly, someone knocked. It was her junior student who had defected to History. "Please, Miss Everleave, I have to talk to you?"

"Sure. What about?" The girl's face was blotched. Her hand held a pen, papers.

"We want faculty protest signatures. I've got one for simple protest and one for threat to resign, whichever you choose." She laid them on the table.

"I'm sorry, I don't sign things."

"Yes, I know. But this is different. We can't let this happen. We can't." Her hands made fists, her elbows hugged her body.

Miss Everleave's sense of fair play made her say, "It is sad news. He's been good for the college."

"He has! Has he ever!" The girl was radiant. "Which one do you want to sign?"

"Neither."

"But you just *said* . . . if you feel that way don't you *want*—"

"No."

"It's unjust . . . We can't let . . . We have to . . ." Barely controlled, she paused.

"I don't ever sign, however I feel."

"But for *him*, your own neighbor, *shafted* in broad daylight." The girl's voice rose.

"Even so." Miss Everleave smiled slightly.

The girl studied her, but Miss Everleave made no move to pick up the pen. The girl's expression changed slowly, she uttered a long, extended guttural. "Ugggggh," she breathed. "You. You . . . noncombatant." She swept up her petitions and left.

But Hector declined to be martyred. He refused all efforts on his behalf. He dissuaded the petitioners and curbed his Regulars. He was asked to prevent a History *magna cum laude* from a public repudiation of it and he did so. He was asked to speak at Arch Seven and did, to a hushed mob of students which blocked Miss Everleave in her MG, coming home after a net-practice workout. She watched the Ekstein magic at work as his squat figure paced and wheeled, paced and wheeled along the Arch dais telling them that to make an issue of one dismissed instructor was not nearly as important as getting on with the real options the year had opened. He did not deny he thought

injustice had been done him, which comforted them; they noisily approved. "But which do you want?" he challenged them, "justice or solutions? You can't have everything!"—which fell like a blasphemy, thrilling them to silence.

The sum effect, after so many days of collective tension, was a growing approval of the wise young man who behaved and spoke so well. No one wanted him a martyr—except his Regulars and even they were wavering. Reforms had become possible. On the whole, one and all were grateful to Hector that they could have his bones and eat them, too.

Miss Everleave observed that at last faculty, students, administration were turning faces in a slow pivot toward commencement. Without the threat of brutal confrontations all parties had much to gain. Much had been accomplished by the Reformation, much proposed, there was welcome room for positively oriented, temperate consolidation. A weighty consensus of hope, concluded the student *Reporter* in its final issue of the year. Miss Everleave read the editorial as she used the pages to wrap her dinner scraps for the pail.

Late in the night Hector knocked at her kitchen door. He asked to come in. Much earlier she had heard him send away his Regulars so he could finish up his blue books and for several hours Miss Everleave had enjoyed a quiet she had not known for weeks. She had been on the bars, was drinking a glass of water at the sink in her T-shirt and track shorts, enjoying the slow, earned relaxation of her muscles and mind. The knock was an intrusion.

"I'm all done!" he exclaimed. "Finished! Phut!" He spread his clumsy fingers. "You want to have a goodbye drink with me?" It was the opposite of unzipping, a guarded dare; the year had taught him something.

She would have much preferred another time. Out of courtesy, one final one, she said, "Oh, well. Sit down. I'll be back in a minute." She had to shower in a hurry and skimp the rubdown. Incompletely dry, her skin resisted, twisted her underwear. Cheated of their slow massage, her thighs felt heavy, her calves lumpy. She pulled on a shirt and slacks and combed the kinks out of her hair. Be a sport, she ordered.

He was waiting at the kitchen table with two drinks, hers pale, his dark amber. She fished the ice cubes from hers and added hot water to reduce the chill. "To the soul's ease," he toasted and they both sipped.

"It's a shame you have to leave. I can't see you did a thing wrong to them."

"I can't either." He tipped back his chair, awkwardly sporty.

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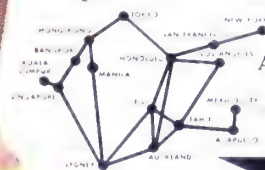


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"They'll do it every time," she ventured, irritated at his smartiness but wishing him well enough.

"Will they now." From his precarious balance he looked directly at her.

She saw her remark was tactless and also not very true. It made them stupid instead of wrong. It didn't do justice to the large injustice she could see he felt under the thin sportiness. "You had a raw deal here," she amended, "a very raw deal. They should be ashamed. After you've been gone awhile they will be. Don't worry." She shifted slightly because the elastic of her underwear was binding at her hip.

That was all it took, that one polite concession. "Christ!" he choked. The chair legs banged on her linoleum, he hit her table with the flat of his palm. "Oh, Christ, a raw deal!" His fingers curled over his mouth to shut it.

For a terrible moment Miss Everleave thought he was going to weep. Her superbly trained body and brain reacted instantly; gland discharge, tensed buttocks, nape pricks, sharpened vision. Warily, she watched his struggle, waited.

He won. He shrugged and drank. "That's the way the cookie bounces," he said with the merest edge of bitterness.

Relieved, Miss Everleave let her tension slack. She smiled and sipped, too. She wanted to find words to tell him she approved of him. "You're okay," she said.

Then without warning, in a fury, he said, "And a raw deal from you, too." Everything about his face was tight—shooting lips, pinched nose, eyes like forced screws splintering the skin around.

Once on the parallel in a split moment of slack attention her grip had slipped and the bar had caught her under the chin, jamming her sense. The bleakness of his voice had the impact of that blow. "Me? I?" she murmured. Even as her brain fought to recover it recognized his bleakness and how extreme it was.

The bleakness was a toad he had let jump on the kitchen table between them. A toad with whose back markings her own life had made her familiar. She knew her toad. She could and had at other times examined it without fright or repulsion, in the small cage she allowed it. It was a double jamming that slowed her brain's recovery: that someone else could have a toad like hers, that he could let it loose. Hector had flipped his on the table, not porny side up but all soft green tummy pulsing. She saw the moist, delicate membrane, unseen, unimagined until now.

Miss Everleave was appalled but she was not a coward. An Imperative faced her. She must do

something: flip it back, pick it up and hold it gently and return it to Hector. She must do something for it, felt herself moving to a verge. But her head cleared a little and she perceived the toad was only an impression, not actually there on the table, and the verge receded.

It had, so to say, jumped back into Hector. She must do something for *him*. Almost, she felt her arms lift to extend across the table and take his head between her hands. But her head cleared a little more and Hector's white face and speckly moles came into focus and she perceived how inappropriate and embarrassing such an impulse would be for both of them, and the verge moved off again.

But she must do something, anything, a gesture of comfort. Must, she pleaded to her brain, tried to think of various beginnings, raked to catch a snag of one, none came to mind. Raked, raked, did not know how to go about it further. Help, help me, she cried out to herself.

All that occurred to her was to act in accordance with her manner of procedure on the bars: build a deliberate sequence leading to a strong but unhoked finish. She raised her glass and drank it all down, to make clear to Hector she entirely accepted his invitation to drink goodbye. She smiled to show that she considered all was well between them. She spoke. "I want you to know that your Chapel speech was the finest I have ever heard. I'll remember it the rest of my life." And lastly, she went to the drawer beside the sink and came back with a bottle opener. She gave it to him. "It's a present. So in an emergency you'll never be without one."

They shook hands and said goodbye. When Hector had left, Miss Everleave pulled the door to and leaned on it. She looked around her kitchen, once more hers alone. In a day or so the whole house would be once more hers alone. She bowed her head. Not by a mile had the manner of her procedure been up to what was needed. Steps taken in a sequence toward a verge gone out of sight. She went to the sink to close the drawer and picked up her handball to knead. Her fingers dented into it, her fingernails pierced its surface. Against a rising panic her fingers pressed, rolled it, pressed again. Why couldn't I? Why not up to it? When the little thing had first jumped out and been capsize, that would have been the moment, even a moment later, time enough, even . . .

Miss Everleave sat down in the chair beside the kitchen table and clasped her hands together and squeezed the handball till her arm shook. And the seat where she sat was a high hard rock and every bit as cold.

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Truman Capote

VOICE FROM A CLOUD

Other Voices, Other Rooms (my own title: it is not a quotation) was published in January 1948. It took two years to write and was not my first novel, but the second. The first, a manuscript never submitted and now lost, was called *Summer Crossing*—a spare, objective story with a New York setting. Not bad, as I remember: technically accomplished, an interesting enough tale, but without intensity or pain, without the qualities of a private vision, the anxieties that then had control of my emotions and imagination. *Other Voices, Other Rooms* was an attempt to exorcise demons: an unconscious, altogether intuitive attempt, for I was not aware, except for a few incidents and descriptions, of its being in any serious degree autobiographical. Rereading it now, I find such self-deception unpardonable.

Surely there were reasons for this adamant ignorance, no doubt protective ones: a fire curtain between the writer and the true source of his material. As I have lost contact with the troubled youth who wrote this book, since only a faded shadow of him is any longer contained inside myself, it is difficult to reconstruct his state of mind. However, I shall try.

At the time of the appearance of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, critics, ranging from the warmest to the most hostile, remarked that obviously I was much influenced by such Southern literary artists as Faulkner and Welty and McCullers, three writers whose work I knew well and admired. Nevertheless, the gentlemen were mistaken, though understandably. The American writers who had been most valuable to me were, in no particular order, James, Twain, Poe, Cather, Hawthorne, Sarah Orne Jewett; and, overseas, Flaubert, Jane

Austen, Dickens, Proust, Chekhov, Katherine Mansfield, E. M. Forster, Turgenev, De Maupassant, and Emily Brontë. A collection more or less irrelevant to *Other Voices, Other Rooms*; for clearly no one of these writers, with the conceivable exception of Poe (who was by then a blurred childhood enthusiasm, like Dickens and Twain), was a necessary antecedent to this particular work. Rather, they *all* were, in the sense that each of them had contributed to my literary intelligence, such as it was. But the real progenitor was my difficult, subterranean self. The result was both a revelation and an escape: the book set me free, and, as in its prophetic final sentence, I stood there and looked back at the boy I had left behind.

I was born in New Orleans, an only child; my parents were divorced when I was four years old. It was a complicated divorce with much bitterness on either side, which is the main reason why I spent most of my childhood wandering among the homes of relatives in Louisiana, Mississippi, and rural Alabama (off and on, I attended schools in New York City and Connecticut). The reading I did on my own was of greater importance than my official education, which was a waste and ended when I was seventeen, the age at which I applied for and received a job at *The New Yorker* magazine. Not a very grand job, for all it really involved was sorting cartoons and clipping newspapers. Still, I was fortunate to have it, especially since I was determined never to set a studious foot inside a college classroom. I felt that either one was or wasn't a writer, and no combination of professors could influence the outcome. I still think I was correct, at least in my own case; however, I now

realize that most young writers have more to gain than not by attending college, if only because their teachers and classroom comrades provide a captive audience for their work; nothing is lonelier than to be an aspiring artist without some semblance of a sounding board.

I stayed two years at *The New Yorker*, and during this period published a number of short stories in small literary magazines. (Several of them were submitted to my employers, and none accepted, though once one was returned with the following comment: "Very good. But romantic in a way this magazine is not.") Also, I wrote *Summer Crossing*. Actually, it was in order to complete the book that I took courage, quit my job, left New York, and settled with relatives, a cotton-growing family who lived in a remote part of Alabama: cotton fields, cattle pastures, pinewoods, dirt roads, creeks and slow little rivers, jaybirds, owls, buzzards circling in empty skies, distant train whistles—and, five miles away, a small country town: the Noon City of the present volume.

It was early winter when I arrived there, and the atmosphere of the roomy farmhouse, entirely heated by stoves and fireplaces, was well suited to a fledgling novelist wanting quiet isolation. The household rose at four-thirty, breakfasted by electric light, and was off about its business as the sun ascended—leaving me alone and, increasingly, in a panic. For, more and more, *Summer Crossing* seemed to me thin, clever, unfelt. Another language, a secret spiritual geography, was burgeoning inside me, taking hold of my night-dream hours as well as my wakeful daydreams.

One frosty December afternoon I was far from home, walking in a forest along the bank of a mysterious, deep, very clear creek, a route that led eventually to a place called Hatter's Mill. The mill, which straddled the creek, had been abandoned long ago; it was a place where farmers had brought their corn to be ground into cornmeal. As a child, I'd often gone there with cousins to fish and swim; it was while exploring under the mill that I'd been bitten in the knee by a cottonmouth moccasin—precisely as happens to Joel Knox. And now as I came upon the forlorn mill with its sagging silver-gray timbers, the remembered shock of the snakebite returned; and other memories too—of Idabel, or rather the girl who was the counterpart of Idabel, and how we used to wade and swim in the pure waters, where fat speckled fish lolled in sunlit pools; Idabel was always trying to reach out and grab one.

Excitement—a variety of creative coma—overcame me. Walking home, I lost my way and moved in circles round the woods, for my mind was reel-

ing with the whole book. Usually when a story comes to me, it arrives, or seems to, *in toto*: a long sustained streak of lightning that darkens the tangible, so-called real world, and leaves illuminated only this suddenly seen pseudo-imaginary landscape, a terrain alive with figures, voices, rooms, atmospheres, weather. And all of it, at birth, is like an angry, wrathful tiger cub; one must soothe and tame it. Which, of course, is an artist's principal task: to tame and shape the raw creative vision.

It was dark when I got home, and cold, but I didn't feel the cold because of the fire inside me. My Aunt Lucille said she had been worried about me, and was disappointed because I didn't want any supper. She wanted to know if I was sick; I said no. She said, "Well, you *look* sick. You're white as a ghost." I said good night, locked myself in my room, tossed the manuscript of *Summer Crossing* into a bottom bureau drawer, collected several sharp pencils and a fresh pad of yellow lined paper, got into bed fully clothed, and with pathetic optimism, wrote: "*Other Voices, Other Rooms*—a novel by Truman Capote." Then: "Now a traveler must make his way to Noon City by the best means he can . . ."

It is unusual, but occasionally it happens to almost every writer that the writing of some particular story seems outer-willed and effortless; it is as though one were a secretary transcribing the words of a voice from a cloud. The difficulty is maintaining contact with this spectral dictator. Eventually it developed that communication ran highest at night, as fevers are known to do after dusk. So I took to working all night and sleeping all day, a routine that distressed the household and caused constant disapproving comment: "But you've got everything turned upside down. You're ruining your health." That is why, in the spring of the year, I thanked my exasperated relatives for their generosity, their burdened patience, and bought a ticket on a Greyhound bus to New Orleans.

There I rented a bedroom in the crowded apartment of a Creole family who lived in the French Quarter on Royal Street. It was a small hot bedroom almost entirely occupied by a brass bed, and it was noisy as a steel mill. Streetcars racketed under the window, and the carousings of sightseers touring the Quarter, the boisterous whiskey brawlings of soldiers and sailors, made for con-

Truman Capote was twenty-three years old when "Other Voices, Other Rooms" was published. This essay will preface the twentieth-anniversary edition, to be issued by Random House in February. Mr. Capote's book "In Cold Blood" has been a best seller since 1965.

A little planning can keep the tax collector from taking a bigger slice of your estate. If you feel sorry for him, figure it this way.

Your family'll need it more than he does.



There's no law that says you have to give the tax collector over your estate. But some men leave him too much—and their families less—than they have to.

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tinuous pandemonium. Still, sticking to my night schedule, I progressed; by late autumn the book was half finished.

I need not have been as lonely as I was. New Orleans was my hometown and I had many friends there, but because I did not desire that familiar world and preferred to remain sealed off in the self-created universe of Zoo and Jesus Fever and the Cloud Hotel, I called none of my acquaintances. My only company was the Creole family, who were kindly working-class people (the father was a dockhand and his wife a seamstress), or encounters with drugstore clerks and café folk. Curiously, for New Orleans is not that sizable a town, I never saw a soul I knew. Except, by accident, my father. Which was ironic, considering that though I was unaware of it at the time, the central theme of *Other Voices, Other Rooms* was my search for the existence of this essentially imaginary person.

I seldom ate more than once a day, usually when I finished work. At that dawn hour I would walk through the humid, balconied streets, past St. Louis Cathedral and on to the French Market, a square crammed in the murky early morning with the trucks of vegetable farmers, Gulf Coast fishermen, meat vendors, and flower growers. It smelled of earth, of herbs and exotic, gingery scents, and it rang, clanged, clogged the ears with the sounds of vivacious trading. I loved it.

The market's chief gathering place was a café that served only bitter-black chicory coffee and the crustiest, most delicious fresh-fried doughnuts. I had discovered the place when I was fifteen, and had become addicted. The proprietor of the café gave all its habitués a nickname; he called me the Jockey, a reference to my height and build. Every morning as I plowed into the coffee and the doughnuts, he would warn me with a sinister chuckle, "Better watch it, Jockey. You'll never make your weight."

It was in this café that five years earlier I'd met the prototype of Cousin Randolph. Actually, Cousin Randolph was suggested by two people. Once, when I was a very young child, I had spent a few summer weeks in an old house in Pass Christian, Mississippi. I don't remember much about it, except that there was an elderly man who lived there, an asthmatic invalid who smoked medicinal cigarettes and made remarkable scrap-quilts. He had been the captain of a fishing trawler, but illness had forced him to retire to a darkened room. His sister had taught him to sew; in consequence, he had found in himself a beautiful gift for designing cloth pictures. I used often to visit his room, where he would spread his tapestry-like quilts on the floor for me to admire: rose bouquets, ships in full sail, a bowl of apples.



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They're looking for something light and a little dry; something sophisticated, but not ultra chi-chi; something they can handle straight, or on the rocks, just like a drink.

What they're looking for, we submit, is La Ina.

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Put a glass of La Ina into your guest's fist. It'll give him something to juggle while he's trying to light his wife's cigarette.

He'll even drink it.

And if you find the La Ina bottle empty before the party's over, it's your own fault.

Who asked you to give people a drink they'd enjoy?

LA INA

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A SON OF THE ROMANOV

by Louis Simpson

This is Avram the cello-mender,
The only Jewish sergeant
In the army of the Tsar.
One day he was mending cellos
When they shouted, "The Tsar is coming.
Everyone out for inspection!"
When the Tsar saw Avram marching
With Russians who were seven feet tall,
He said, "He must be a genius.
I want that fellow at headquarters."

Luck is given by God.
A wife you must find for yourself.

So Avram married a rich widow
Who lived in a house in Odessa.
The place was filled with music . . .
Yasnaya Polyana with noodles.

One night in the middle of a concert
They heard a knock at the door.
So Avram went. It was a beggar,
A Russian, who had been blessed
By God—that is, he was crazy.
And he said, "I'm a natural son
Of the Grand Duke Nicholas."

And Avram said, "Eat.
I owe your people a favor."
And he said, "My wife is complaining
We need someone to open the door."
So Nicholas stayed with them for years.
Who ever heard of Jewish people
With a footman?

And then the Germans came. Imagine
The scene—the old people
Holding on to their baggage,
And the children—they've been told
it's a game,
But they don't believe it.
Then the German says, "Who's this?"
Pointing at Nicholas,
"He doesn't look like a Jew."
And he said, "I'm the natural son
Of the Grand Duke Nicholas."
And they saw he was feeble-minded,
And took him away too, to the death-chamber.

"He could have kept his mouth shut,"
Said my Grandmother,
"But what can you expect.
All of those Romanovs were a little bit crazy."

The other Randolph, the character's spiritual ancestor, was the man I met in the café, a plump blond fellow who was said to be dying of leukemia. The proprietor called him the Sketcher, for he always sat alone in a corner drawing pictures of the clientele, the truckers and cattlemen, in a large loose-leaf notebook. One night it was obvious that I was his subject; after sketching for a while, he moseyed over to the counter where I was sitting and said, "You're a *Wunderkind*, aren't you? I can tell by your hands." I didn't know what it meant—*Wunderkind*; I thought that either he was joking or making a dubious overture. But then he defined the word, and I was pleased: it coincided with my own private opinion. We became friends; afterwards I saw him not only at the café, but we also took lazy strolls along the levee. We did not have much conversation, for he was a monologist obsessed with death, betrayed passions, and unfilled talent.

All this transpired during one summer. That autumn I went to school in the East, and when I returned in June and asked the proprietor about the Sketcher, he said, "Oh, he died. Saw it in the *Picayune*. Did you know he was rich? Uh huh. Said so in the paper. Turned out his family owned half the land around Lake Pontchartrain. Imagine that. Well, you never know."

The book was completed in a setting far removed from the one in which it was begun. I wandered and worked in North Carolina, Saratoga Springs, New York City, and, ultimately, in a rented cottage on Nantucket. It was there, at a desk by a window with a view of sky and sand and arriving surf, that I wrote the last pages, finishing them with disbelief that the moment had come, a wonder simultaneously regretful and exhilarated.

I am not a keen rereader of my own books: what's done is done. Moreover, I am always afraid of finding that my harsher detractors are correct and that the work is not as good as I choose to think it. But recently I read *Other Voices, Other Rooms* straight through, the first time I had done so since it was published.

And? And, as I have already indicated, I was startled by its symbolic subterfuges. Also, while there are passages that seem to me accomplishments, others arouse uneasiness. On the whole, though, it was as if I were reading the fresh-minted manuscript of a total stranger. I was impressed by him. For what he had done has the enigmatic shine of a strangely colored prism held to the light—that, and a certain anguished, pleading intensity like the message of a shipwrecked sailor stuffed into a bottle and thrown into the sea.

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Richard J. Whalen

THE ELUSIVE GENERAL GAVIN

A bold critic of two Presidents' military policies might conceivably provide the GOP with a winning issue... or even a long-shot candidate.

Recently in New York City, Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, U. S. Army (Ret.) and the sole high-ranking dissenter among the military on Vietnam, arranged a meeting with Governor Rockefeller. They talked for an hour and a half. Gavin came away impressed, and left behind a promise to campaign for Rockefeller, if and when the Governor becomes a candidate for the Republican nomination. But at this early stage in the political season every position is tentative, and Gavin will solicit the views of Senator Percy and Governor Romney as well. He won't even bother talking with Nixon and Reagan.

While Gavin is sounding out potential candidates, and making a trip to Vietnam this month, the professionals will be scrutinizing him. He has chosen a role that could make him the Johnson Administration's most formidable critic on the conduct of the war. Not only the trend of the opinion polls on the war, but also Gavin's sureness (or lack of it) in handling his new role will determine the extent of his influence on the crucial decisions to be made in 1968.

He broke with the Administration last August. Though not formally registered as a Democrat, he was a member of the Massachusetts Democratic Advisory Council, a prestigious though powerless organization created to draw attention away from the Republican officeholders who dominate the state. Gavin symbolized the break with the President by resigning from the Council. "I cannot possibly support the Democratic party in the Presidential election of 1968 if it adheres to its present Southeast Asia policy," he said.

Following the resignation, secretaries in the executive suite at Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge-based research, management, and consulting firm which Gavin heads, were kept busy replying to hundreds of congratulatory telegrams and letters. Many urged Gavin to become a Republican peace candidate. A group of anti-war Democrats in Lexington, active in the "Vietnam Summer" program, began circulating in Boston and surrounding suburban communities a petition addressed to Gavin which pledged support if he would run as a Republican in the New Hampshire and Massachusetts Presidential primaries.

Obsessed by the nightmare of a Reagan candidacy, members of the liberal Republican Ripon Society encouraged the petition activity. They also inspired that unfailing sign of earnest amateur boomlets, letters to the editor of the *New York Times* endorsing Gavin's unavowed candidacy. Just a trifle flattered by this publicity, Gavin, himself a rank amateur, nonetheless politely kept the peace partisans at a distance. "He's smart enough to know," a Republican Congressman from Massachusetts says, "that if he gets involved with Ben Spock and that crowd, he's out to lunch."

Gavin for President? The idea is farfetched, but not absurd. He is a World War II paratrooper hero, the successful chief executive of a large corporation, and a self-made, combatively independent intellectual. Ten years ago he gave up a service career rather than remain an apologist for what he regarded as the dangerously inadequate defense policies of the Eisenhower Administration.

Next year's Republican convention might do worse than to nominate him, as some grassroots admirers are urging.

But Gavin, at this point anyway, has neither serious political aspirations nor a chance of being taken seriously in the Republican balloting. Even so, he has launched the kind of offensive that could carry an allied GOP to victory.

The son of Irish immigrants, who died when he was two, Gavin was reared by foster parents in the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania, was forced to quit school after the eighth grade, and lied about his age to join the Regular Army at seventeen in 1924. Assigned to Panama, he drilled himself mercilessly, won admission to West Point, and remained there by getting up at four o'clock in the morning to study in the basement latrine where there was a light. The slow climb of the peacetime Army brought him only to a major's rank at the outbreak of World War II, but he foresaw the technical revolution in tactics and helped form the first U. S. airborne division, the 82nd. In July 1943, after two decades as a soldier, he first experienced combat, leading the airborne assault on Sicily. Later, he was senior airborne adviser to General Eisenhower, and jumped into Normandy ahead of the D-day invasion. At thirty-seven, he became a brigadier general and took command of the 82nd airborne, the youngest commander of a U. S. division since the Civil War. His postwar rise to a lieutenant general's rank and the position of chief of research and development put him on the leading edge of the Army's radical changeover to nuclear weapons and missiles; when he fought a losing battle for swifter change and balance between nuclear and conventional forces, he went into premature retirement in 1958.

Gavin's retirement pay came to less than \$10,000 a year, and with a wife and five daughters his responsibilities were heavy. From several civilian offers, he chose the executive vice-presidency of Arthur D. Little. Many retired military men vanish into corporate executive suites as though into cloisters, and are never heard from again. Gavin, in contrast, entered into the intellectual and political life of Cambridge. He was recruited into the circle of advisers around Senator John F. Kennedy, whom he had first met as a young Congressman, and he provided memoranda on the

"missile lag," which became a major issue in the 1960 Presidential campaign. Kennedy sought Gavin's views on reorganizing the Pentagon, and later appointed him Ambassador to France.

Gavin, though a strong advocate of NATO, recognized de Gaulle as a difficult friend rather than a foe, and urged sympathetic consideration of some of his demands, particularly the development of an independent nuclear force. Kennedy listened, but the State Department didn't. When the crisis in Laos erupted, Gavin advised the President against U. S. intervention. Acting under Kennedy's instructions, he met several times in Paris with the neutralist leader, Souvanna Phouma, to work out a settlement. They became such good friends that the Gavins were the only Westerners invited to the Buddhist wedding of his daughter. Paris is an expensive diplomatic post, and Gavin, without personal resources, fell heavily into debt. He resigned after a year, and returned to Arthur D. Little in 1962.

Now, at sixty, Gavin is chairman of the board and chief executive officer, and works from a book-filled corner office overlooking the campus-like cluster of buildings. In the decade since his arrival the company's sales volume has tripled to about \$36 million last year. Approximately one-third of this volume comes from federal government contracts in such areas as computerization studies and operations research. Concern for this important customer would have given many another executive pause in opposing a notably sensitive President. Gavin says, "There are times when you have a public duty to stand up and be counted intellectually, which can be as hard as facing enemy fire. This is one of those times."

Moving Johnson Off Center

Gavin may have landed on President Johnson's point of maximum vulnerability. He is challenging the President's insecure balance of power, which rests on his claim before the electorate that his is the moderate, middle-ground position on the war between the opposing dove and hawk extremes. The President's ability to keep the anti-war and anti-Johnson Democrats within the Administration's lines largely depends on the continued absence of an appealing and realistic alternative. Gavin hopes to encourage a redrawing of the 1968 battle lines, a wholesale defection and regrouping of dissident Democrats around a new Republican position on the war which would leave Johnson holding an exposed extreme. The strategy has a chance of success, but only if the Republicans are

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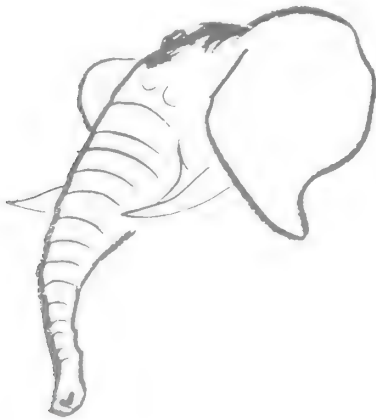
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willing to abandon their impotent "me-too" stand.

That is an imposing caveat. The party which nearly fulfilled its deep-seated ideological death wish three years ago can scarcely be expected to muster the opportunism to adopt an outright "peace" position in 1968. But nothing so drastic as that sort of total reversal may be necessary for the party to capitalize on the rising anti-war sentiment. The decisive ground to be taken lies, not on the extreme dove side, but in the broad middle range of opinion, among those Americans who have until recently suspended judgment on the war.



Gavin believes the party must offer a clear choice. "I don't want people put in the position of having to choose between Nixon or Johnson." In a long conversation recently with Senator Thruston Morton, the Republican National Chairman under Eisenhower, Gavin argued that the GOP must nominate a moderate candidate who had made up his mind to end the war. "Now, if another candidate is the one selected to do this, I'll back him," Gavin said. "And if I'm the one who's asked to do this, I'll have to seriously consider it." Morton listened, and later issued a statement saying the person who comes up with "a program to bring about an honorable disengagement in Vietnam . . . is going to be elected President."

With the first 1968 primary elections still months away, the Republican professionals are understandably cautious in their commitments. They are especially wary in their appraisals of an interesting but little-known newcomer. "He really isn't in the picture yet, but he's a general and he's against the war, and that makes him intriguing," said a party official close to Romney but suffering some disenchantment during the Michigan Governor's difficult "brainwashing" days.

Gavin claims he isn't a candidate, although he hasn't yet said unequivocally he won't become one. He is doing some of the things candidates tradi-

tionally do. With the help of Arthur Hadley, a former Pentagon correspondent for *Newsweek*, he is preparing a book on the issues in 1968, which Random House will publish early next year. He has discussed the perils of seeking the Presidency with two men who played important roles in 1964: former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton and conservative kingmaker F. Clifton White. He has received offers of financial support running into tens of thousands of dollars. He intends to "show these people my willingness to carry the flag for them" by opening a small, professionally staffed office to handle his mail, interviews, and speaking arrangements. By early next spring, he expects to be extremely busy making his views more widely known.

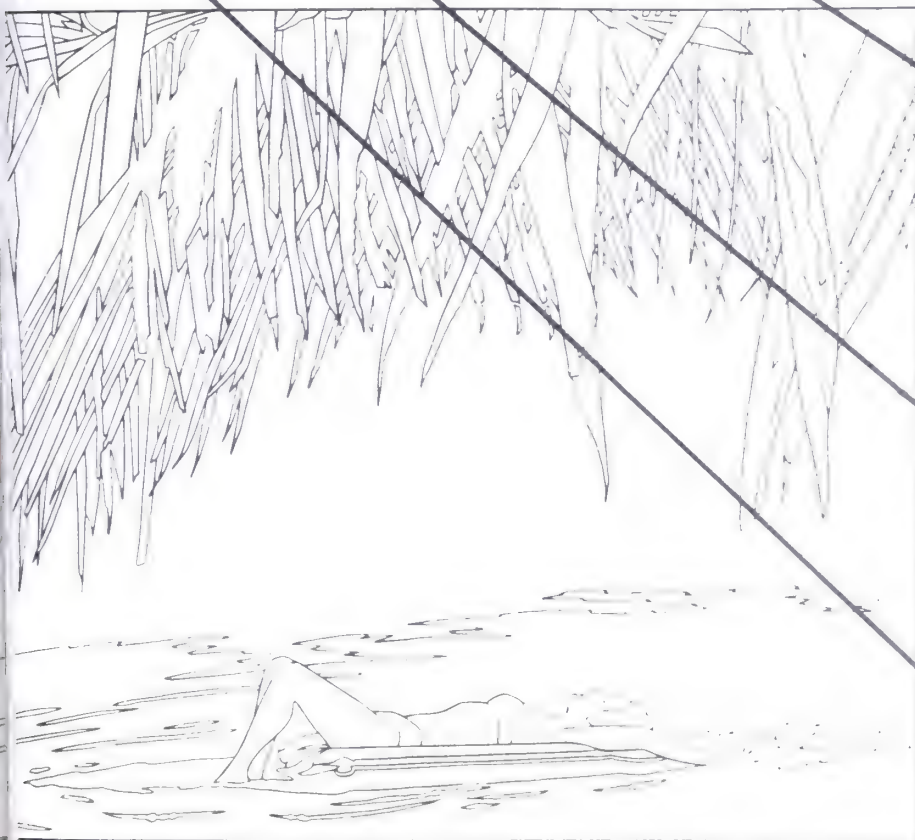
Clearly, the trend of the polls this fall has been running in his favor, even though he may not have figured in them personally. The prolonged debate on Vietnam has shifted away from resounding moralisms toward concrete assessment of the war as a military exercise. The voters who are unmoved by high-flown criticism of America's "imperial pretensions" or by official exhortation to fulfill vague moral obligations are keenly interested in whether America makes war effectively. In terms of declared U. S. objectives, the mounting military effort in Vietnam looks increasingly futile.

Gavin, alone among senior American military figures, has warned repeatedly against trying to achieve elusive political goals through massive use of American arms, particularly in the unpromising environment of Southeast Asia. The root of his apprehension lies in his conception of the changing nature of military power. "It is my belief that the advent of nuclear weapons has brought about a fundamental change in the very nature of the war itself," he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last February. "The Clausewitzian orthodoxy that war is a continuation of politics by other means . . . in my opinion, no longer applies. The concept that if you destroy enough people and enough property you overcome an enemy's will to resist I believe to be equally fallacious." Military power can no longer be applied indiscriminately, in a blind, savage search for the enemy's breaking point and under an illusion of total victory, for such warfare defeats the very objectives of the conflict and brings closer the threat of nuclear holocaust.

Fulbright complimented Gavin on "one of the most brilliant presentations that I have ever heard before this committee." He was particularly attracted to the General's emphasis on shifting expenditures from the war in Vietnam to urgent and

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neglected domestic problems. "I could not agree with you more," Fulbright said. Despite their enthusiastic agreement on large questions, however, Gavin has important philosophical differences with the camp of near-pacifists and neo-isolationists championed by Fulbright. As the Senator observed, Gavin has "a capacity for recognizing change and a willingness to adapt to it." Yet he also possesses the deep, anchoring beliefs of an enlightened patriot and conservative. Writing of his cadet days at West Point Gavin unashamedly says, "May there never be compromise when our Country and our Honor is at stake." Doves do not say such things.

The familiar American habit of rushing to extremes in argument has created a gulf of confusion between Gavin's actual and reputed positions. As disillusionment with the war has deepened, the conviction has spread that the United States should never have gotten involved in Vietnam in the first place, but such hindsight comes very quickly to a dead end before the reality of involvement. The search is intense, therefore, for an idea to seize upon in "the second place"—an idea promising somehow to get the U. S. out of Vietnam. Gavin is assumed to be the author of just such a proposal, widely known as the "enclave theory." This notoriety is undeserved and ironic, for when the General first advanced his so-called theory, he had no intention of laying the groundwork for American withdrawal. Quite the contrary: he was suggesting a course of limited involvement. But the crowning irony is that the mistaken interpretation placed upon his views may yet prevail, and the eventual process of disengagement may adhere to the theory wrongly attributed to Gavin.

"Enclaves on the Coast"

To understand what Gavin actually proposed, it is necessary to recapitulate his views in some detail. In a Communication to *Harper's Magazine* (February 1966), Gavin, while noting "philosophical and moral aspects of the war in Southeast Asia that are understandably disturbing to every thoughtful person," offered comments "based entirely upon tactical evaluation of our efforts there":

Today we have sufficient force in South Vietnam to hold several enclaves on the coast, where sea and air power can be made fully effective. By enclaves I suggest Camranh Bay, Danang, and similar areas where American bases are being established. However, we are stretching

these resources beyond reason in our endeavors to secure the entire country of South Vietnam from the Vietcong penetration....

The time has come, therefore, when we simply have to make up our mind what we want to do and then provide the resources necessary to do it. If our objective is to secure all of South Vietnam, then forces should be deployed on the 17th parallel and along the Cambodian border adequate to do this.... Such a course would take many times as much force as we now have in Vietnam.

U. S. forces in Vietnam then numbered some 275,000, which Gavin judged to be adequate for the course he proposed: "maintain enclaves on the coast, desist in our bombing attacks in North Vietnam, and seek to find a solution through the United Nations or a conference in Geneva." Pessimistically but quite accurately, he saw little likelihood that his tactical advice would be taken. Instead, the "ultimate prospect" of the American course seemed to be expansion of the war and intervention by Communist China, which he identified as the actual enemy in Southeast Asia. In that event, even though the U. S. had ruled out the idea of "sanctuary" for the forces of Communist aggression, Gavin foresaw that world opinion would prevent U. S. bombing and invasion of Manchuria. Hence the war in Vietnam could assume the hopeless character which had discouraged American intervention under Eisenhower.

Gavin did *not* propose U. S. withdrawal from the cities and countryside of Vietnam into fortified enclaves, but practically everyone who commented assumed he had. Appearing before the Senate Armed Services Committee in early 1966, General Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said a strategy paralleling Gavin's proposals had "been considered at a pretty high level," but had been discarded "for one reason or another." Wheeler said American strategy was to assist—"and I emphasize the word 'assist'"—the South Vietnamese "in establishing security for the population" by defeating the Vietcong main force units and the infiltrated North Vietnamese regular forces. "I would suggest that if you undertake the first two steps of this Gavin package—stopping the bombing and withdrawing to enclaves—there would be very little point in negotiation. I think the country would be going down the drain before you ever got a negotiation going." The bombing of the North, the presence of U. S. forces in Vietnam, and the timing of an ultimate U. S. withdrawal, General Wheeler said, were "three blue chips" to be reserved for bargaining at the peace conference, which would come

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about by means he did not disclose. In a speech two weeks later, General Maxwell D. Taylor, former Chief of Staff, joined the attack, roundly condemning Gavin's position—as he presented it—without mentioning him by name.

Taylor's studied neglect of the threat posed by China, as well as his misrepresentation of Gavin's position, marked his speech as a down-the-line defense of the Administration. Gavin, stung but not really surprised by such a performance on the part of his ambitious onetime comrade and friend, called a press conference in Boston. Pointing out that he had not proposed withdrawing U. S. troops to enclaves, Gavin said his views were misunderstood, and he was sorry he had ever committed them to paper. His attempt at clarification was somewhat less than successful: "I said that where we are now, we have these enclaves, and if we stay with what we have until we weigh the alternatives, we can either hold on or consolidate in several large areas or one large area."

Gavin's effort to explain has continued ever since. Yet he has himself to blame for some of the confusion. His ideas sometimes seem to run ahead of his speech, and the result in conversation is a colorful shorthand expression of his darting thoughts, often on two or three subjects at once. "He *sounds* articulate," a friend remarks, "but he isn't really. He doesn't do justice to himself."

A Great Emptiness Revealed

Gavin privately concedes that his "enclave theory," as first proposed, has become outmoded by the continuing buildup of American forces toward a goal next year of 525,000 men. "I originally thought that, if the South Vietnamese could be gotten to fight as well as the Vietcong, with two hundred and seventy-five thousand American troops to hold the ports and bases, we've got it made. But now we're doing most of the fighting, and we have almost twice as many troops, and the Administration says they aren't enough."

In these circumstances, he seems inclined toward the sort of holding strategy his critics originally imputed to him. Certainly he opposes further escalation of the American commitment and acceptance of an indefinitely protracted war of attrition. Looking ahead, he cites the officially declared U. S. objective in South Vietnam—"a stable, independent, free government, free of Communist control"—and assumes that, once such a government is created, negotiations with the Communists will somehow begin. "There will be

a great deal of euphoria in this country... when the headlines say, 'Peace Talks About to Begin,' " Gavin said in his Senate testimony last February, "... but the real hour of reckoning will come when we have to say precisely what we are going to do, under what conditions, because I have no doubt we will have to withdraw our forces. ... Now I believe that it would be possible to retain the bases such as, for example, Camranh Bay, Danang, for some period of time to phase out in a reasonable way. But this is going to be very strongly opposed by a significant segment of our society as a defeat, as a retreat, as a withdrawal under pressure, and yet if we examine our souls, and think of what we were wanting to do when we went in there, it seems to me to be an inevitable thing in the long run. ... " The American presence in these enclaves could continue for several years, but Gavin insists that the goal must be international guarantees of the stability and independence of South Vietnam. "It is not going to be our responsibility after the settlement to maintain law and order forever in Southeast Asia."

The truly striking thing about the whole drawn-out "enclave theory" argument is the great emptiness it reveals in most public discussion of the war. What began as a rather modest tactical suggestion can be chewed on endlessly because it relates to real questions of substance concerning troops and bases. Established critics and defenders of the war, no less than professional politicians, are apt to be somewhat unsettled by Gavin's brash call for maneuver in a static situation.

Gavin will undergo an important political test this month when he makes a five-day visit to Vietnam. He had not planned to go, but he was taken by surprise last August when his flood of fan mail included a "Dear Jim" letter on stationery bearing four red stars. By an extraordinary coincidence, in the very week when Gavin denounced the Commander-in-Chief, the American Commander in Vietnam General William C. Westmoreland finally acted on what he professed was a long-standing intention. "As you are the father of the Air Cavalry concept," wrote Westmoreland, "the thought occurred to me that you might like to see at first hand the Air Cavalry Division as it operates most successfully in this environment." After inviting Gavin to come as his personal guest, traveling under special Army orders at government expense, Westmoreland disclosed the purpose of the visit: "... I am convinced that one cannot get a true understanding of the situation by reading the confused news accounts that emanate from here and the editorial comments of the pundits who are frequently ill-informed or have been vic-



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timized by accepting distorted accounts. It would be my personal and official pleasure to give you an opportunity of seeing the situation at first hand. . . ."

Gavin decided to accept the invitation and he took pains with his reply. His good friend Senator Edward Brooke had gone to Vietnam on the dove side and had returned a hawk, much to Gavin's dismay. He could expect the same treatment, and he knew how strong would be the pressures, from within himself as well as from his hosts, to sympathize with the American boys in the field. Consequently he thought it best to state his position bluntly. "I have boundless admiration for the performance of our troops in Southeast Asia," he wrote to Westmoreland, "while, at the same time, I have profound reservations about the decisions being made in Washington." He then raised several troublesome doubts. For example, he wrote that he was "quite disturbed over our inability to obtain a better performance from the South Vietnamese themselves," for the U.S. had become involved in the belief that "they . . . were willing to fight for their own independence." He questioned the Army's takeover of the pacification program and the apparent conflict between Marshal Ky and the Johnson Administration on what constituted an acceptable South Vietnamese regime.

Gavin doubted that this declaration of his views was really necessary, and he was certain his letter would be forwarded to the Pentagon for reply, which merely emphasized the pointlessness of going to Vietnam. "Going there doesn't solve anything," he said, "because the decisions are made in Washington. But I *have* to go." If he declined the invitation, he feared the refusal would be used to blunt his criticism of the Administration.

What Did I Do Wrong?

Gavin has good reason to be wary of Lyndon Johnson, for his naïveté in dealing with the one-time Senate Majority Leader once cost him dearly. A former colleague recalls a gray afternoon in Washington in January 1958, when a handful of close friends assembled in General Gavin's Pentagon office and glumly contemplated the wreckage of his brilliant career. After thirty-three years, Gavin was being forced to leave the service and go into unwanted retirement at the early age of fifty-one. "What did I do wrong?" he asked of the circle. He had bucked the system and embarrassed his bosses, but beyond that, as his friends patiently explained, he had been "used" politically by a Democratic Majority Leader who sought to em-

barrass the Eisenhower Administration as much as possible.

The Soviet Union's stunning launching of Sputnik I in the fall of 1957 prompted the Senate preparedness subcommittee, led by Lyndon Johnson, to open an urgent investigation into the lagging U. S. missile and space programs. Gavin, as the Army's chief of research and development, was a key witness, and he also proved an outspoken one. In its drive for economy, the Eisenhower Administration had based its defense strategy on "massive retaliation" through manned bombers, and had cut back sharply on supposedly outmoded land and sea forces. Gavin, who had seen Chinese horse cavalry harass immobile, poorly equipped U. S. forces in Korea, was a leader in the fight within the Pentagon to prevent such cutbacks and modernize the Army, so that it could wage the most likely (*i.e.*, non-nuclear) kind of war. Simultaneously, he grasped the impact on warfare of the guided missile, and urged that the Army obtain medium-range missiles and an arsenal of tactical nuclear weapons. The opposition and indecision he encountered from the top civilians in the Pentagon filled him with frustration.

By the end of 1957, the mercurial Gavin had antagonized most of his superiors, although he kept their grudging respect for his brilliance and his usefulness on Capitol Hill. He had sought re-assignment early in the year, only to be talked into staying on through another round of Congressional hearings in which he defended a budget he privately opposed. He resolved not to be put in the position of upholding a grossly inadequate budget before Congress again, and when he was offered transfer to a new post only after the 1958 budget hearings, he refused and made plans to retire.

But first Gavin appeared before the Johnson subcommittee determined to withhold nothing. As he told the Senators, he knew they wanted "men of integrity to come here and tell you the truth and not be preoccupied with pleasing the men they work for." Chairman Johnson was delighted. The first witness that morning, Rear Admiral Hyman Rickover, had refused to answer certain questions, and in some instances, he had insisted his answers be off-the-record. Johnson reassured Gavin that this was a closed session of the subcommittee and that nothing would be released to the press. Although the main subject of discussion was the U. S. satellite program, Johnson also showed great curiosity about Gavin's impending retirement, which had been reported in front-page news stories two days earlier. Gavin said that he was resigning because he could not defend next year's budget, but this answer clearly dissatisfied John-

son. Why should a youthful General whose prospects were so bright resign over a matter of conscience? He unreeled a series of leading questions intended to show that Gavin had been punished for his heresies, and that he was retiring because he had been denied advancement. After the exchange, Johnson made notes on a piece of paper and left the hearing room.

To Gavin's surprise, when the hearing ended, Edward Weisl, a Johnson assistant, showed Gavin a piece of paper and asked him to approve it. Prepared for release were quotations from Gavin's testimony bearing on his request for reassignment and the denial of promotion. Gavin said he could not agree to the release. Weisl left with the piece of paper. Johnson gave out the testimony to the press, saying the subcommittee would seek to learn whether "Administration rubber-hose tactics" had forced Gavin's resignation. The General, he added, would testify further.

When Gavin met the Chairman outside the hearing room before the next session, Johnson grinned sheepishly and threw an affectionate arm around his shoulder. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he drawled. "Oh that's okay," Gavin replied.

Privately, Secretary of the Army Wilbur Brucker and others had been urging Gavin to reconsider his decision on the basis of various promises, all of which he refused. The testimony released by Johnson played neatly into the Administration's hands. For it obscured the true reason for Gavin's retirement and made it possible to depict him as a thwarted promotion seeker who was quitting after a squabble over a fourth star. Gavin was hurt deeply by Johnson's headline-grabbing performance, but he also learned something about the man.

Following Gavin's second round of testimony, in which he emphasized his reason for leaving the Army, Johnson himself approached the General with a piece of paper. Gavin read it carefully, made a small change, and said he would agree to it. Johnson asked him to initial the paper. Gavin smiled and said if he were to initial it, he would have to go over it with a fine-tooth comb. As Gavin began rereading the paper, Johnson took it away. "Never mind," he said, turning on his heel. During the Chairman's customary press conference, Gavin stood next to Johnson and made it clear that promotion questions had nothing to do with his retirement.

Although the brooding, long-memoried man at the White House may suspect otherwise, Gavin's present attitude toward Johnson has nothing to do with settling an old score. Trying to undo what he considers a fundamental military error seems

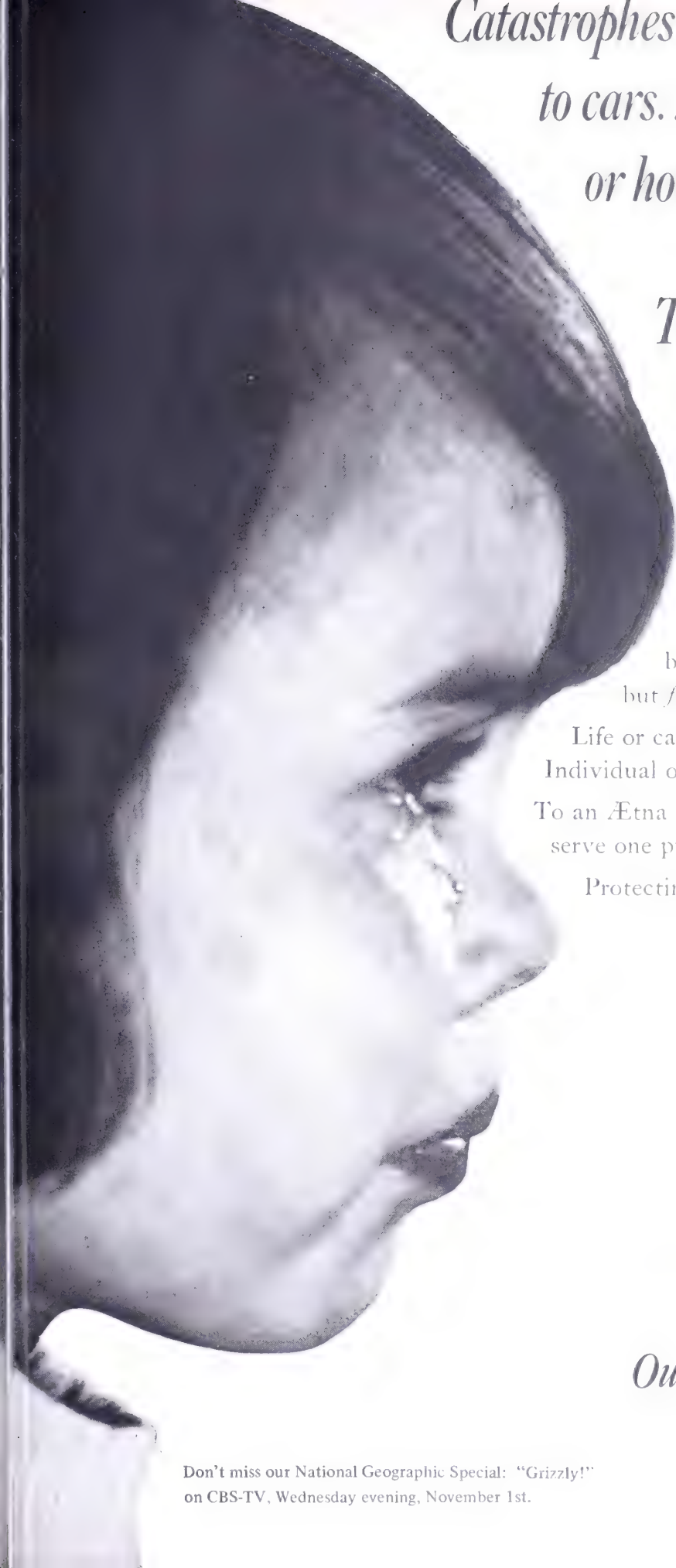
his sole concern, and the undoing of Lyndon Johnson merely seems a necessary preliminary.

Obviously, the source of Gavin's potential influence in the 1968 campaign is his unique position as a military opponent of the Administration's Vietnam strategy. As the voters change their minds, the General who doubted the war's effectiveness from the beginning is likely to command more attention. Moreover, his estimate of the relative priorities between the war and the domestic racial upheaval ("I look upon the ghetto problem as far more serious") has a broad appeal. But his attractiveness to the Republicans as a well-situated spokesman is clouded by uncertainty about the specifics of his position.

Intellectual Hawk or Dove?

As presently expressed, his views are painfully ambiguous. One high-ranking retired officer, who saw Gavin regularly in the Pentagon, says, "He's very excitable and he doesn't think things through. He doesn't have the balance for the job he's taking on." It would be too much to say he thinks like a hawk and speaks like a dove, but elements of each side of the argument are apparent in his statements. He wishes to go his independent way, avoiding all labels and tags, drawing subtle and intellectually responsible distinctions. This is a wise and reasonable course—for an intellectual. As a political figure, however, he runs the risk of baffling the broad audience he hopes to reach.

Friends who have watched Gavin change his mind as circumstances changed over the years contrast his Cold War positions—for example, he urged consideration of using tactical nuclear weapons in Korea and wished to intervene through an airlift during the Hungarian Revolution—with his dramatically different recent judgments. Still, even as his admirers speak of his impressive growth, they concede a worrisome elusiveness. It jars an interviewer as well when the General speaks in one moment of beginning American disengagement from Vietnam, and in the next of falling back to Thailand, where "the situation is entirely different—if the Thais want us." Does his valid attack on the Administration's lack of a clear strategic objective in Southeast Asia come down to a dubious suggestion of tactical retreat? He faces many such questions as he launches his offensive. How far he will advance depends on his ability to go beyond theory and offer clear-cut proposals the voters can grasp. Gavin is not unaware of the problem. "I guess," he remarks. "I've got my own credibility gap."



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More Tragic than the Male

by Elizabeth Janeway

Titania, by Parmenia Migel. Random House, \$8.95.

The Last Years of a Rebel: A Memoir of Edith Sitwell, by Elizabeth Salter. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.

Too Strong for Fantasy, by Marcia Davenport. Scribner, \$8.95.

Twenty Letters to a Friend, by Svetlana Alliluyeva. Translated by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. Harper & Row, \$5.95. English: \$8.50, Russian.

Here are the lives of four women. Two tell their own stories; two are the subject of biographies by friends close to them in their later years. Svetlana Alliluyeva is forty-one, Marcia Davenport sixty-four, Edith Sitwell died in December 1964 at seventy-seven, Isak Dinesen in 1962 at the same age. How much of the world in our century they have seen among them! Is it a world that differs in any way from that seen by men?

I think so, although it is not the private household world one thinks of as being "feminine." These women have lived and worked in the great world as much as any man has. They are all able, all capable of decision and action. They have fought to be responsible for themselves; and yet not one of them has controlled her own life in the way that men of equal talent expect to do. When they acted, it was out of necessity. The decisions they made resolved dilemmas instead of being arrived at by free choice. Not one of them made a "successful" marriage, though each loved one man deeply and passionately. All of them outlived their lovers, two of whom died violently. There is very little humor and much tragedy in these books, and above all a sense of struggle.

By contrast, two recent autobiographies of distinguished men, Bertrand Russell and Harold Nicolson, breathe a very different atmosphere. Wit, humor, easy control of life and

freely taken decisions mark them. Russell and Nicolson were certainly as serious in their attitude toward their work, but it was by comparison a straightforward approach, simple and untortured. Russell writes of the exhausting years during which he strove to complete the *Principia Mathematica*, but nothing stood between him and the struggle. He had no need to justify it to himself or anyone else. None of these women was able to approach a career with such simplicity.

This lack of control over, and space in, life is not necessarily "a bad thing," for one may very well see more, do more, and become more out of compulsion than by one's own intentions. But it accounts for the lack of humor and play in these stories. There was little room for it, and little psychic energy left for such indulgence. Edith Sitwell's wit was famous, of course, but there was nothing playful about it. It was a weapon, used on the theory that the best defense is the offense. No doubt, successful men are as busy, and sometimes feel as driven, as women with careers, but somehow they ride life more easily and with less effort. I suspect this is due to nurture, not nature; habit, not instinct—but that's another subject. At any rate, the twentieth century as witnessed by these four women is a tormenting, tragic, and overwhelming epoch.

Isak Dinesen, earliest born and probably most widely read, is represented by the least good book. I have never, myself, found her work particularly sympathetic, but I don't think this influences my opinion that Parmenia Migel's lengthy biography is wooden and pedestrian. That Isak Dinesen's own books are not. (I find them baroquely, sentimentally banal.) Her life is recounted here in relentless, imperceptive detail, and she comes to life as a person only rarely. Then it is usually when she is being

unpleasant. On a trip to New York, for instance, she told friends that she particularly wanted to meet Pearl Buck, and a luncheon was arranged. Miss Dinesen came late and talked steadily. Her desired guest was quite left out. "Was that really Pearl Buck?" she asked later. "She certainly didn't say much!" Of course, Pearl Buck had received the Nobel Prize, and Miss Dinesen had not. . . . For vanity, her need for adoration from young men, the unending demands she made on those around her, these details live; whereas her undoubted courage, the insight and verve which won her such a range of friendships in Europe, Africa, and America, her untiring interest in life and the welcome she extended to the young musicians are surmised.

Karen Dinesen was born into an old, well-to-do but not aristocratic Danish family. Her heritage, however, was not the settled upper-middle-class *gemütlichkeit* this might imply. Her father, an idealistic liberal, was a wanderer—he came to America and lived among the Indians for many years in the 1870s—and sometimes of a soldier of fortune. His daughter adored him—and he shot himself when she was ten years old.

It was the first note of tragedy, but not the last. Brought up in a household which demanded intellectual rigor and conventional behavior, Karen (or Tania, as she was called) married in order to gain independence. Her marriage took her to East Africa, which she came to love deeply, but every other way it was disastrous. Except that to survive at all, she

Mrs. Janeway's novels include, among others, "The Walsh Girls," "The Third Choice," and her latest, "The Accident." As president of the Authors Guild she has recently been testifying before Congressional committees on the bill to revise the copyright law.

An autobiography in mid-passage

NORTH TOWARD HOME

by WILLIE MORRIS



Norman A. Mott, Jr., *Yazoo Herald*

Willie Morris was born in Yazoo City, Mississippi. When he was seventeen years old his father put him on a Southern Trailways bus for the outside world. After graduating from the University of Texas, where he was editor of the *Daily Texan*, he spent four years as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, whence he returned to edit the lone-wolf *Texas Observer*. Subsequently he elected to try the most demanding educational institution of all, New York City (the Big Cave), where in 1967 he became Editor-in-Chief of America's oldest magazine, Harper's — the eighth, and youngest, chief editor in its 117-year history. On the right you can read what advance readers are saying about his book:

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to make herself a life. She did. Her best book, *Out of Africa*, tells much of that story. She spent seventeen years there of glory, misery, danger, drudgery, disillusion, and fulfillment, divorced her husband, fought to make her coffee plantation a going concern, formed deeply affectionate relationships with many Africans, and met her great love. This was Denys Finch-Hatton, an Elizabethan Englishman born out of his time. In the end, circumstances defeated her. The plantation could not be kept up and, numb with misery, she sold it and prepared to leave Africa. Just before she sailed, Finch-Hatton was killed when his plane crashed on takeoff.

She had married to get away from boredom and the restrictions of her home life. Back in Denmark, she began to write her way out of despair. Her first book, *Seven Gothic Tales*, cast back to the world of her ancestors. Perhaps its artifices stem from her need to hold reality at bay. Its publication in America brought her instant fame, and her career began. But the events of her personal life were over—except for the crippling encroachment of the ugly disease which was the only lasting gift her husband had made her. Unfortunately, the book Mrs. Migel has written is largely devoted to these later years of work and fame and minor friendships and minor feuding. It makes dull reading.

One might expect the same thing to be true of the short memoir of Dame Edith Sitwell (she was very insistent on the use of her title) by her secretary, Elizabeth Salter, but it is not so. Of course, this is not in the same class with Dame Edith's own book on her life, *Taken Care Of*, or her brother's magnificent quartet of volumes on their wildly erratic parents, but then—who writes like a Sitwell? Only another Sitwell. Mrs. Salter has produced a warm, acute, and affectionate portrait of a remarkable woman. The chronicling is kept to a minimum, and if a television interview is reported in detail, it is because the details tell us a great deal about Dame Edith.

Mrs. Salter was devoted to her, but not blindly. She came as a stranger, but their relationship grew steadily in intimacy and trust. Her help in the production of Dame Edith's own volume of memoirs is acknowledged there, and beyond that, she was a pillar of good sense and responsibility in

the personal life of her employer, who became her friend. She tried to make sense of Dame Edith's finances (which were complicated on one side by debts to the Inland Revenue, and on the other by the lady's feudal generosity), she found apartments and nurses, she took her round the world, she knew which furious letters to send, which to amend and which to suppress, and with it all she maintained her own dignity and kept her own work going—she is a detective novelist of skill. She records her memories with grace and precision, to make of Dame Edith a living presence, sharp-tongued, haughty, witty and warm, indomitable, stubborn, generous, vain, creative, appealing.

She was six feet tall and astonishing looking, with a great beak of a nose, broad forehead, and receding chin. She maintained that she looked like Queen Elizabeth, having inherited the same Plantagenet blood through her mother's family, and indeed the monument to Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey (reproduced here) supports that claim. Alice Toklas described her as the height of a grenadier, and once some Parisian children pursued her, crying, "*Soldat anglais!*" "Edith turned on them with great dignity," writes Mrs. Salter, "and answered, '*Sans les soldats anglais, nous n'avons pas gagné la guerre.*'" It is typical that she should speak to historical fact and ignore personal implications. Pavel Tchelitchev, whom she loved deeply, painted her six times, and wonderfully; but so powerful was her personality and so unique her appearance that even news photographs could not blur or obscure her.

Her own autobiography tells the story of her childhood with parents whose behavior to each other and to their children makes the word "eccentric" grow pale and stammer. Her father, "indescribably mean... resembled a portrait of one of the Borgias... Apart from the fact that he had married my mother, [his] principal worry was that the world did not understand that it had been created in order to prove his theories." As for her mother, she was wont to remark "with a faraway, idealistic look in her eyes... 'Of course, what I would really like would be to get your father put in a lunatic asylum.'" Edith was the oldest child by some years, and

growing up in the power of this father would have sent weaker characters to lifelong madness. She was saved, one supposes, by the inner resources of her talent and by the alliance of admiring affection which existed between herself and her brothers. Finally, at the start of the first world war, a particularly sordid domestic detour gave her the opportunity to move out of her parents' home. Her independent life began, never so sometimes catastrophic, but in its own way, triumphant. Read Mrs. Salter's book for a vivid summing up of Edith Sitwell's achievement, and for a speaking likeness of this fascinating creature.

The two women who tell their own stories both begin by declaring that they are writing less about themselves than about the people who shaped their lives. Marcia Davenport is the daughter of Alma Gluck by her first marriage. Mrs. Davenport barely mentions her father, and doesn't mention his name. Her mother married very young; she loved to sing, but had no idea that she possessed the kind of voice that is remembered fifty years later by those who heard her concert. A friend, coming for dinner, once heard Mme. Gluck singing. An ex-lover, he steered her to a good teacher and she moved into her career with the natural ease of a swan breaking water. The man she had married faded from the picture, and Marcia Davenport's early world was completely centered on the mother she adored.

Alma Gluck was also a mother on whom one had to recover, though not in the same way as was Lady Sitwell. Loving her mother and longing for freedom, Mme. Gluck's daughter was pulled two ways. The contest went on all through her childhood, past her own hasty first marriage (to a man whose name she doesn't mention) and into the years when she was making a good income at *The New Yorker* and living with Russell Davenport (She married him later.) Her mother (long since the heroine of a second marriage to Efrem Zimbalist) disapproved of her daughter's unconventional life, and one day she said, ending with the words, "I won't do it!" "You won't?" replied her daughter. "Just what can you do about it?" After a moment Mme. Gluck burst

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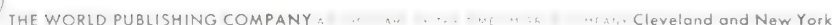
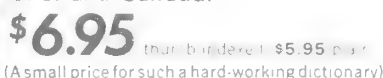
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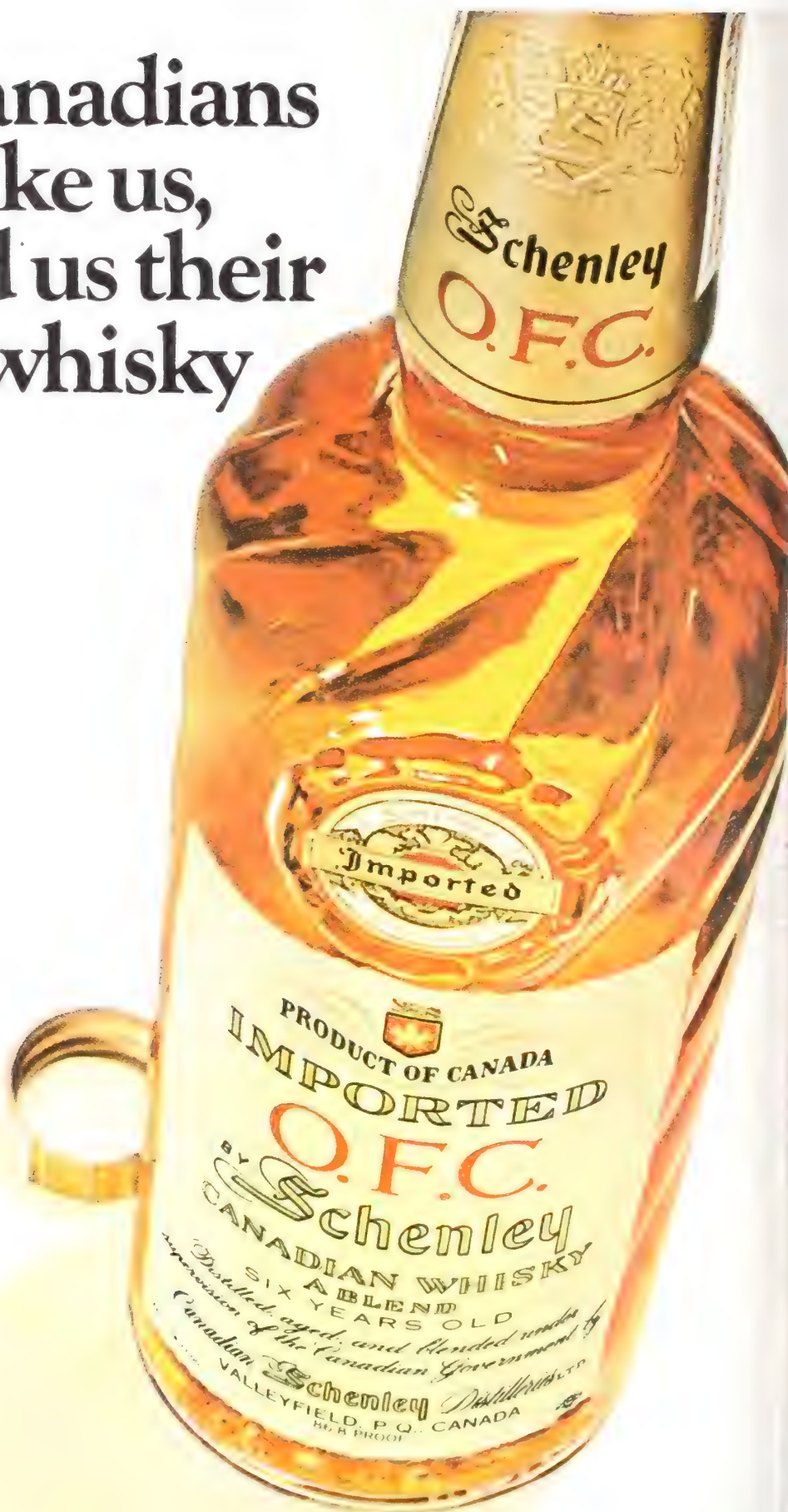
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ned, looking ill. Mrs. Davenport
e it a rule not to question him on
ies, unless he spoke first, but one
ing she did ask, "How does Stalin
you?"
h, he's very gracious," Masaryk
ered. "Of course he'd kill me if
uld. But very gracious."

out a month after that visit, Sta-
daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva,
three weeks with her father at
Black Sea resort of Sochi. It was
rst time that they had been to-
r for years, for he had bitterly
proved of her first marriage to
ory Morozov. This had ended,
ver, and Stalin's attitude had
what softened though, his
ter records, she was still a
e of irritation to him. Here is
ccount of him at that time:

He was difficult to talk to. Strange
it may seem, we had nothing to
to each other. When we were
ne, I'd rack my brain trying to
nk of something to talk about. I
ays felt as though I were stand-
at the foot of a high mountain.
was up above and I was shouting
him, but an isolated word here
there was all that was getting
ough. Only scattered words of his
through to me, too, and you can't
e much of a conversation that
v. . . . He had aged. He wanted
ce and quiet. Rather, he didn't
w himself just what it was he
ited. . . . The whole crowd would
e for dinner, Beria, Malenkov,
anov, Bulganin, and the rest. I
nd it dull and exhausting to sit
te or four hours at the table lis-
ng to the same old stories as if
e were no news and nothing what-
going on in the world.

Paps the most fascinating reve-
ic (if it can be called that) of this
ating book is how true are all
ends of power, all the morality
all the myths. Stalin's situation
end was one of total isolation.
ght have been Tolkien's Lord
Rings, alone on his dark tower,
the never-shifting shadow of
n taboo. In the last months of
e, he had no doctor. The only
had trusted, Vinogradov, had
rested, and he would let no
ear him. He dosed himself. His
ry had been arrested too, and
the old petty demon, Vlasik,
ad commanded the domestic
nce the days of the GPU. Per-

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● Class differences still flout democracy in American life. Norman Podhoretz, literary critic and editor, learned this while still a teen-ager in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. In *The Brutal Bargain* he recalls how a teacher who called him "a filthy little slum child" made over his manners and taste and set him on the road of estrangement from his native ground.

● Where is Bill Miller? In Lockport, New York, playing seven-card rummy with his pals and keeping a hand in his law practice. Indeed, *who* is Bill Miller? "The man," according to Dick Schaap, "who in 1964 missed becoming President of the United States by one heartbeat and sixteen million votes." Barry Goldwater's running mate accepts his obscurity with good humor, as do the citizens of Lockport—at least those dozen or so who know who he is.

Plus:

John Fischer's Christmas List; Louis Kampf on *The Death of Literature: Scholarship on the Campus*; Donald Kaplan on *What Happened to Freud's Patients*; and John Corry on Cardinal Spellman and the Catholic Politics of New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

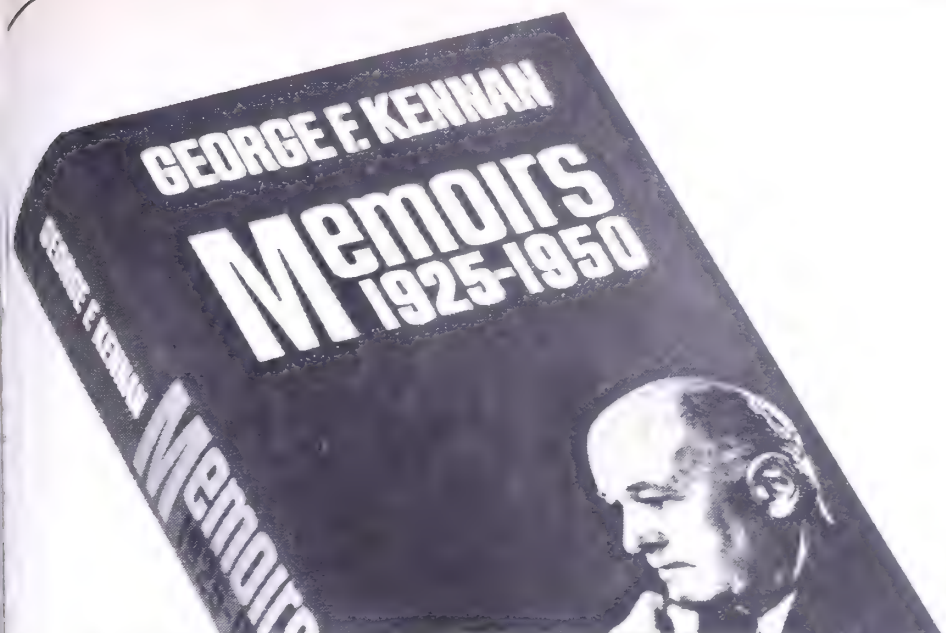
sonal ties had been broken long ago. "It was as though my father was at the center of a black circle," wrote Mme. Alliluyeva, "and anyone who ventured inside vanished or perished or was destroyed in one way or another."

This book will be read for many reasons, but whatever brings readers to it, they will profit; most of all, perhaps, by discovering that the great had a human child for a daughter whose nature obeyed the simplest human laws. Anyone who has been touched by affection for Russia's culture has felt that there is a kind of noble simplicity and grandeur of feeling possible, indeed characteristic, in that country (along with a great many less attractive qualities of course). This simplicity and sincerity shines everywhere in Mme. Alliluyeva's book. It is written with candor and breadth of spirit, and without lack of artifice.

Indeed she humanizes even the ogre-father, though not because she offers an apologia for him. What she does is make clear the nature of the terrible flaw which corrupted him, and, like the sickness of the young King, brought plague and paralysis to his country. Stalin was a very intelligent man, very perceptive, of a strong-willed, hard, and courageous completely puritanical about many things, who lacked that first instinct which underlies all fruitful growth: the ability to trust others. He expected to be betrayed.

Shakespeare made a tragedy of the flaw. Stalin was shrewder and more cunning than Othello, he found his Iago in Beria. That he became, Mme. Alliluyeva believes, Stalin's evil genius because he knew how to represent disagreement as betrayal. Once that word had been spoken, Stalin's heart chilled, and he turned away implacably from the man who had been closest to him. Like Beria, she believes, who arranged the murder of Kirov, and so set in motion the New Inquisition and the purges. But even before the advent of this when Svetlana's mother killed herself in 1934, Stalin rejected the thought that his wife's suicide was a rejection to him. He came to see that total betrayal.

How the child Svetlana survived her mother's death—she did not know it was suicide till ten years later—



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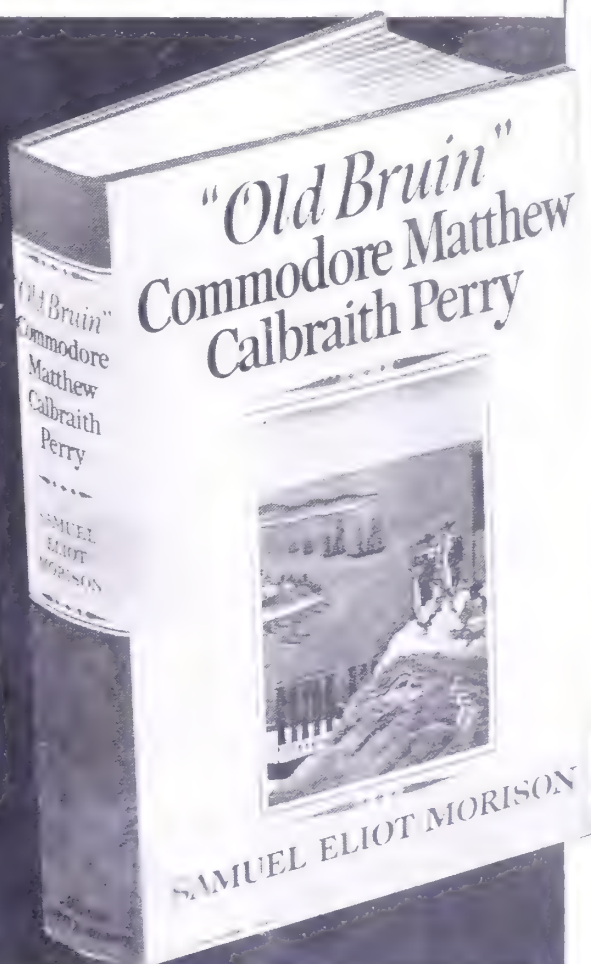


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she was sixteen and became the honest and magnanimous human being one meets in these pages is also a story out of legend or fairy tale. Quite simply, she was saved by her nurse; not from physical danger, but from the moral disaster which overtook her brother Vasily and sent him to an unmourned drunkard's grave. Alexandra Bychkov nursed Svetlana from the time she was born; and after her mother's death, she "was the only stable, unchanging thing left... the bulwark of home and family, of what, if it hadn't been for her, would have gone out of my life forever.... It was to her kisses and her words that I fell asleep at night... [and] I started off each day in her cheery capable hands." The translation tends to level down and make ordinary the terse and vivid simplicity of the original, but in the Russian, Mme. Alliluyeva speaks of her nurse as being like "a huge good stove"; and again, de-

scribes her as "a bountiful, h rustling-leaved tree of life, boughs full of birds, washed rains and glinting in the sun." she died, the child she had mourned her as the very near she had.

"We are all responsible for thing that happened." Svetlana yeva writes at the end of her (though interestingly enough tence does not appear in the R text). It is, of course, what Zossima preached and what A Karamazov held to, in the face brother's tale of the Grand I tor: that we are each responsi all for all, and if men knew, t world would become paradise. M Dostoevski nor Mme. Alliluyev I sure, meant to limit that "we" Russian people. The lives of a are intertwined, and the simi which echo in these books are pondences, not coincidences.

\$400 Million for What?

by John Warner

The American Schoolbook, by Hillel Black. Morrow, \$4.50.

Despite all the attention lavished on public education in the last decade, relatively little has been directed at the textbooks children use in school. But now Hillel Black, for one, has spoken out. No matter that he is gossip more often than incisive, or that he is as often wrong as he is right in his conclusions. His is a voice, and it will surely be followed by others, perhaps better informed. That people "discover" textbooks is the important thing. Taxpayers, after all, shelled out nearly \$400 million last year alone for textbooks. And of even more importance is the role of textbooks in the schools.

It is accepted among educators and publishers alike that the textbook is the single most important teaching tool in the classroom. Indeed, in many (if not most) schools, it is the curriculum. Using statistics to illustrate how widely used textbooks are, Black

notes that "During his school years your child will either commit time ory or attempt to absorb a least 32,000 textbook pages, and this does not include supplementary reading in social studies, literature, science."

Black began his book, he writes with the preconceived notion that "American public education has failed... children." He felt, finally, that the answer might lie in an examination of the workings of textbook publishing.

The American Schoolbook contains that answer—albeit an ironic one. For whatever one believes the state of American public education to be, one discovers from reading this book that the responsibility lies more with the people who buy the textbooks than with those who make them.

In truth, though, what goes

A former high-school English teacher and textbook editor, Mr. Warner is now a free-lance writer and editor.

THE NEW BOOKS

textbook is not the choice of the cator, either. There is the fact of ssure groups that—for good or evil timately dictate what Johnny will d. In his most enlightening and able chapter, "Texas: King Cen-," Black carefully documents how ssure groups in a single state can l do alter content in textbooks (in s instance, biology and history) t will be sold in schools all over the ited States. This one chapter alone worth the price of the book.

But unless you are greatly at-cted to gossip about the inner etum of a given industry, the rest e book is hardly worth the effort eading. There are a few charming cotes about successful textbook hors, a chapter that describes a e in the life of a textbook salesman, e nostalgic remarks about Web- s blue-backed spellers and the uffey readers, and so on. In short, *American Schoolbook* is just the d of book one has come to expect m Hillel Black. The author of five vious books (among them *The tehdog of Wall Street* and *Buy e, Pay Later*), Black's forte is in- preting the complexities of a seg- it of American industry to laymen. an interested layman himself, ever, his interpretations are usu- superficial and at times mislead- . Nevertheless they are always nently readable.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Roderick Cook

Pyramid, by William Golding. William Golding's new novel is le up of three episodes, all of h concern one youth and his home a village in rural England. The uring one is about his first dream ove and experience of sex; the next an interlude in which he is nghaied into the local yokels' mu- l-comedy production, during his vacation from Oxford; the last a memoir of his elderly maiden sic teacher. The whole thing adds



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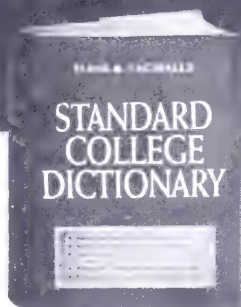
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

up, less to an exercise in nostalgia than to an exploration of a shifting in attitude toward its environment. The incidents and characters are as neatly drawn, funny, and touching as anything in the "going home again" vein. The life and times of the music teacher is a small masterpiece. The snap, the tang, and the tension in Mr. Golding's prose is always a pleasure. But to fans of an earlier essay into memoir style, *Fall*, where he seemed to have force, the imagery, and the compression of some twentieth-century John Donne, this new novel makes strangely tame reading.

Harcourt, Brace \$4.95

Stop-time, by Frank D. Conroy.

Young boy, in the late 1940s, generally down and out, from Florida to New York to Denmark and places in between, fights for survival and self-improvement against shiftless home conditions, feckless friends, and his own bent for self-destruction. It's gray-area living and thinking, most of the time; but it is good reading, for Mr. Conroy is a new young author with a remarkable knack for getting flesh and blood out of the stony walls of poverty-stricken Americana.

Viking, \$7.95

Don't Look at Me Like That, by Diana Athill.

Not the most recherché story in the world: shy daughter of provincial English minister becomes successful artist in Bohemian London and has doomed affair with husband of childhood best friend. But it's written in such a refreshingly straightforward, matter-of-fact style, with practical no soul-searching or steamy bedroom scenes, that it turns into a commendable novel, and not just a bit of high-class soap opera.

Viking, \$4.95

Osborne's Army, by John Anthony West.

A thoroughly entertaining novel about a group of disenchanted artists and intellectual idlers who escape from all parts of the world to an obscure island in the Caribbean called Escondite (The Hideout). Accused of their "simple life" make their way back to the mainland, and colonies of hippies start arriving by every bus. Things go from bad to the worst with

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

whole place gets developed as a Resort by some Miami-type operators, and Osborne, the leader of the principal group, takes desperate and drastic measures to preserve his principles and, in a way, the island. The episodic way in which this story is told sometimes makes it difficult to keep up with the large cast of characters; but the whole thing is richly and wittily written, and Osborne's account of the fortunes of this island, from the fifteenth century down, is the best bit of spoof history since John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor*. Morrow, \$5.50

Nonfiction

McLuhan, Hot and Cool. A Critical Symposium, edited by Gerald E. Stearn.

More about McLuhan, the well-known Canadian Confucius of Communications. The book is a symposium of the views of about thirty people, ranging from hot and cool on his much-quoted ideas of how the electronic media affect us now, and where they likely to take us in the future. Since McLuhan's own views suffer from wild ellipses, not to mention logical leaps, it all becomes a caucus race of reasoning, reflection, and conjecture; nobody wins and nobody loses. Kenneth E. Boulding comes nearest to describing the situation when he writes: "It is perhaps typical of very creative minds that they hit very hard nails not quite on the head."

At the gauge of McLuhan is that, at the end of this book (which also serves as a useful primer to all his books), one is prepared, however reluctantly, to take for granted his incongruities, his stunning over-simplifications, and his grueling repetitiousness. For the man is on to something, one knows that he may be right. The main proposition—that, owing to the growing all-pervasiveness of electronics, the whole world may become a global village, with TV as its tom-tom—seems an entirely credible proposition. How brave this new world may be in an aspect he only flirts with: he gives no direct answer to the brilliant question of Gerald Stearn, "Will there ever be silence?" He is curiously ambiguous whenever he writes about "content" and his observations about how people become "inert" often seem to have been

dreamed up in a brown study. As for his having developed "a thing against print" (A. Alvarez' phrase), which has infuriated many scribes (Dwight Macdonald in the van), this seems the result of puckish exuberance and the common habit of knocking down one thing to build up another.

But very much as junk sculptors have tried to enlarge our perceptions of refuse, opening our eyes to something we have always preferred not to see, McLuhan seems to be trying to make us stop kidding ourselves about the way things are beginning to be seen, heard, and transmitted now, and to watch out for the future. His basic aim seems to be a positive one of trying to help one's old mind join a set of new circumstances he doesn't think we can lick. The sound and fury of the arguments he arouses, as in this book, often reach the pitch of a philosophical disquisition; but one figures this as part of the Now-ness of what is, in fact, McLuhan's humanism.

Dial Press, \$6

With an Eye to the Future, by Osbert Lancaster.

A cheery ear on the past. Osbert Lancaster is the well-known British cartoonist and witty writer on architecture. In this personal memoir, he chats elegantly and amusingly about his family (great character, his mother), his student days (Charterhouse and Oxford), and his social life up to the early days of World War II. He knows a lot of the same people as Sir Harold Nicolson—a good friend of his—and, especially for readers of Sir Harold's recently published diaries and letters, the book provides a lot of entertaining sidelights and foot-notes on the smart sets of London, in the 'twenties and 'thirties.

Houghton Mifflin, \$4

The Innocent Consumer vs. the Exploiters, by Sidney Margolius.

A thoroughly depressing book about the doves and hawks of marketing—the hawks being sharp salesmen, and the doves being their endlessly gullible customers. The inference throughout is that the dear dumb public is constantly and recklessly trying to live up to an image of "the good life" that the advertisers have largely invented. But the deceptions of such exploiters depend directly on the self-deception of the consumers: the emp-

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tor who wants to *caveat* a bit more the future, and doesn't have a line to Betty Furness, would do well to remember some of the case histories here and keep the helpful list of Better Business Organizations handy. This is a book you can really profit from. Trident, \$4.95.

The Windsor Years. Text by Lord Kinross.

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This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen, by Tadeusz Borowski.

An almost unbelievable book, a short collection of gossipy stories and anecdotes by an inmate of Auschwitz. The point of it is that "having become totally familiar with the implacable and the abnormal; having learned to live on intimate terms with the crematoria, the itch, and tuberculosis; having understood the true meaning of wind, rain, and sun, of bread and turnip soup, of work to survive, of slavery and power; having, so to say, daily broken bread with the beast," the human mind has to find a "philosophic formula" to fit the most abnormal circumstances and make them normal, in order to exist at all.

One would think, almost up to the end of this book that it was one of the greatest tributes to the inviolability of the human spirit. The last sentence on the dust jacket shows that there is a deeper and more tragic breaking point. Borowski, in his last chapter, written some time after the war, tells how he finds it impossible now to shake the "philosophical formula" he had to learn in the camp, and stop seeing how it still applies in principle, to the world that is being rebuilt. He finds little difference in the meaning of power, then and now. The editors note: "In July 1951, Tadeusz Borowski took his own life by turning on the gas—a fate he had miraculously escaped in Auschwitz." Viking, \$3.95.

Mr. Cook, who is a graduate of Cambridge University, England, is a critic, and librettist.

performing Arts by Robert Kotlowitz

ROSELAND: THE ETERNAL PROM

Roseland Dance City—on West 52nd Street in New York—identifies itself in advertisements as “The World’s Famous Ballroom.” The description is accurate and even modest. For more and more of its national talents close their doors or sharp-tongued down on the number of sessions open to the public, Roseland before long may also find itself the world’s most famous ballroom. Chicago’s Monahan is gone and the Aragon is a discotheque. Hollywood’s Palms is the home of a catering service, serving the week and opens for dancing only on Friday and Saturday nights. Other ballrooms, too, have disappeared around the country, most of them mourned only locally. They were done in by a combination of factors, the most important of which was the sudden decision by the American public to sit out most social dancing after World War II while they learned how to enjoy the seden-

tary new pleasures of television. This decision was followed in the mid-’fifties by the emergence of rock ‘n’ roll music. With that irresistible beat and strange sound came an entirely brand-new style of social dancing—both highly charged and curiously inverted at the same time—which eventually found its permanent home in the discotheques of today.

Those old ballrooms had no way of accommodating rock ‘n’ roll. Their way was the easy, winding trail of the fox-trot and the baroque jitterbug mazes of gentle swing. Along with these went nervous, stuttering Latin rhythms, of which there are new ones every year: rumba, mambo, samba, cha-cha, merengue, and all kinds of fanciful and almost indistinguishable variations up to Roseland’s own current Pom-Pom. That is what their patrons wanted and most ballrooms never wavered a beat from this pattern, except to experiment with

odd-night special events designed to attract teen-agers and other specialists in experimental dancing. Roseland, however, has remained entirely pure. There are no experiments at Roseland. It exists in almost perfect integrity, a decorous reminder that time, perhaps, can be stopped if you do not pay too much attention to it. On Roseland’s ballroom floor, it is always 1943, more or less.

“A couple of kids in miniskirts and stringy beards wandered in here the other night,” a gentleman at Roseland’s ticket booth said. “They took one look around and asked for their money back.”

The heart of Roseland is a vast, lightly sanded, perfectly polished maple dance floor. It is set in front of a bandstand decorated by endless drooping folds of golden drapery which seem to fall from nowhere; this bandstand is big enough to hold two bands at once. The walls and ceilings at Roseland are also hung with drapes, some crimson, some mauve. Roses are everywhere. Real ones sit in tall vases on the bandstand. Plaster roses are carved four feet high on the walls. There are rosebuds on the chandeliers. Full-length mirrors are spotted around the huge room, reflecting roses. In one dark corner of the ballroom is a television set on which tired or discouraged patrons watch sporting events. Comfortable armchairs face the dance floor and snaking banquettes line the long walls; there gentlemen and ladies sit and watch other couples dance while ladies who are alone wait for invitations. Many people come to Roseland alone and most come regularly.

“Some of these girls,” a gentleman said, “come in and just sit around. They live in hotels and rooming houses in the neighborhood, seems to me, and they’re lonely. I come to dance. I think of myself as a good dancer. If you’re not a good dancer,



they don't dance with you. I come every Thursday and change around partners all evening. I alternate over like three hours. I dance with about ten of them. They're my steadies, what you might call."

Back in the old days, Roseland's dance floor was controlled by hostesses, who introduced all gentlemen visitors to the girls and sold them three dances for thirty-five cents. Then, according to Joseph Belford, Roseland's managing director, other interests began to conflict with the dancing. Some of the hostesses were known to try a little hustling. Out they went, never to be replaced. No lady or gentleman can visit Roseland in 1967 and fear that all the amenities will not be properly observed. It is possible these days to see middle-aged ladies wearing pearls and white gloves arriving alone and, sadly, often departing the same way.

"This place is done with dignity," a lady with a satin bow in her hair said. *"There's never any trouble. Why, a lady can't get a drink at the bar if she's unescorted. I've been com-*

ing here twice a week for twelve years with my husband. Once we even brought our doctor and his wife, that's how much we think of this place. You don't ever feel conspicuous here, either, when you're dancing. Other places, people stare at you if you do anything out of the normal on the dance floor."

Every Tuesday night is showtime at Roseland. At about eleven o'clock, the pink lights begin to dim, everyone finds an armchair or a section of the banquette or standing room, and then a lightly sanded, perfectly polished maple platform silently rolls out from under the bandstand. It takes up about a quarter of the ballroom. Some couples sit on the floor in front of it, clasping their knees; everyone is happy with anticipation: the pros are about to do their stuff.

"May we have the applause, please?" the master of ceremonies asks.

The first couple enters and demonstrates a new Latin step. It is all pelvic-centered, filled with hesitations, brief pauses, surprise turns

that only the performers have the to. On they dance, a spotlight trailing them around the platform. When finish, there is mild applause. Almost immediately, a second couple, Vicki and Yuri, make their entrance dressed as Russian peasants. The two character turns in the Moiseyev folk style. When Yuri's solo comes, Vicki faces the orchestra and tries to help him by whipping up the hat. They work hard together and both are highly trained, but they stay on too long. The crowd gets restless and talks; some turn away. At last, the act is over. Vicki and Yuri run off to be replaced by Juanita and Antonio who come out and do fifteen minutes of nightclub flamenco. Juanita rattat-tats her heels and holds her long skirt up to show off her feet. Antonio puts his hands over his head and claps. They too are well-trained, but they too are on too long.

In the end, Norton and Patricia quiet the audience when they enter. Drum rolls fill the air. Norton and Patricia take a few opening bars, then go into an old-style adagio routine filled with leaps and endless spins. Slowly they dance to *If I Loved You*, waving their arms, as poised as wax statues. Finally the climax to the evening's showtime is reached. Patricia is lifted horizontally over Norton's head, stuck up there momentarily and then spun around on one hand, dizzying.

"I love the shows here," a gentleman said. *"I love the music. It's the most fabulous place in the U.S. Where else can you see people beat their hearts out for a two-dollar mission? This here to me is like Broadway show. I entertain business clients here."*

That kind of compliment, although he is proud of it, was not quite new. Louis B. Brecker had in mind when he founded Roseland in 1919, and after he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, Brecker and his wife, both of whom loved to dance, opened a small dance hall of their own in Philadelphia. Other halls, then discovered, were almost bare decoration; in most of them, the wooden benches lined the walls and they decorated their own ballroom with comfortable furniture and food. But Philadelphia seemed to be free from a blue-law complex; it was said. The Breckers set off for

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PERFORMING ARTS

where they decided to open a room in the Times Square neighborhood.

Roseland's first location in New York was at 51st Street and Broadway; it stood there for thirty-seven years until a motel replaced it in 1956. In the early days, Louis Brecker's fear was that no one would make the effort to come that far uptown. In 1919, he had even stood on the corner of 51st Street and clocked the number of pedestrians who passed each hour; one evening he counted only four. But the tidal wave of popularity was with him (and so was his courage). Times Square was going out; Mr. Brecker claims to have entertained forty-five million guests to date.

"I've been coming here for forty years, twice a week," a gentleman said. "I remember Jean Gold and his Band. I remember Her Henderson and Chick Webb. All of a sudden now, I begin to see the men and women who met at Rosecoming here. Maybe five hundred couples met here. If they show a little affidavit proving they met, their name goes up in the lobby. They come here until they die. Do you not? This is all poise, posture, grace. Me, I got to get somebody here who can move. Somebody with the hands, the arms. I could of been a champ maybe. Listen, you women ask me to dance?"

In a most general (and entirely nonsensical) sense, the dancers at Rosecoming seem to fall into any one of six categories. Generally, too, they stay through their Roseland life—they may become more practical and accomplished but they change their essential style.

Memorizers: Couples who have steps to every dance clearly in their heads and who, in dancing, convey transmit the plan from head to feet. Often, memorizers are deaf and do not hear the melodies and is playing. Often, too, their ears cannot really sense rhythm. In combination, this always provides at least one lapsed beat between the end of the music and the perception of the dance. Everything, it appears impeccably correct to the dancing.

Errand boys: Smiling couples who pound the ballroom floor like pinballs, searching for vulnerable



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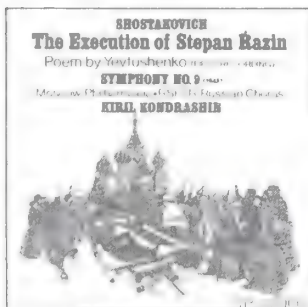
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PERFORMING ARTS

and trusting couples to ram and, perhaps, sink.

3. Fantasists: These couples carry with them a prideful look and an idealized image of what they look like on the dance floor. When it's swing time, they think they look like Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. When it's waltz time, they think they're Franz Josef and his Empress. They are sometimes terrorists, too. Especially active during dances like the Lindy or the polka.

4. Onlookers: They come either to watch or nap.

5. Exhibitionists: Couples whose dancing is highlighted by special effects, such as heel kicking or backbends, whatever the tempo. Almost always these couples wear startling outfits, such as, for example, a woman in her sixties in a psychedelic mini-dress while her partner, in his seventies, parades stiff-legged in white ducks, navy blazer, and sunglasses.

6. Naturals: Couples who are born to dance.

Every Thursday night, the naturals rule Roseland's dance floor when the weekly talent contests are held. Four couples at a time go out on the floor, the women in bright dresses that billow as they dance, the men in tuxedos, a huge identifying number hanging down their backs from their necks.

"They're mostly husbands and wives," a lady said. "It's not a bad reason to get married. I mean, it's better than many."

Four judges, picked from Roseland patrons, sit on each side of the ballroom floor and score the performances by points. The categories of scoring, in order of importance, are posture and appearance, rhythm and tempo, execution, and variety. About thirty couples enter the contest on any one night, coming from as far away as Pennsylvania and upper New York state. Contestants from New Jersey and Connecticut are commonplace. Some have professional coaches to help them rehearse their performance, and some, it is said, pay their coaches as much as three hundred dollars to create the choreography. In Roseland contests, on Thursday night, mothers have been known to compete with their own daughters.

"Watch number ten," a lady said. "We know them. Look at her hair.

She's gorgeous. Come on, number ten, ten! Looka, looka! These people all they know is dancing. Number twelve is good, too, but the dress is too long. You see?"

Four couples have the floor to themselves. They are dancing a tango. Everyone uses his hands, his arms, gracefully making curlicues in the air. One very young couple from Stamford, Connecticut, never look at each other during their performance, or, for that matter, at anyone else. They swoop elegantly around the nearly empty platform, gazing transfixed over each other's shoulders at the floor, however the rhythm deceives them. In the end, the team that had accumulated fourteen points wins the contest. But it is close. There are two teams with thirteen points each and the fourth has twelve.

"May we have the applause, please?" the master of ceremonies asks.

The crowd applauds more enthusiastically than at Tuesday night showtime. Then they go back to minding themselves.

"One year," a gentleman said in *big* magazine, *Life*, *Look*, and *here* and took pictures on a Thursday afternoon. At the first click, all the married men ran off the dance floor. Me, too. I've been coming here for eight years on Thursday to meet my wife and my wife still doesn't know me."

"Every Thursday," a lady said, "my husband goes fishing and drops me here first. We have twenty-two grandchildren. I hear music I have to go. I won a trophy once for dancing on a ship. I get all the good partners. I have the same repartee for every one who asks me to dance. They say, 'You're looking for a fella?' and I say, 'No, because I don't dance with girls.' I see a man over there is seventy-eight years old. He's a sport. Lots of happy sports."

On Roseland's maple floor, couples may glide, or shuffle, walk, dip, spin, bounce, twirl and sometimes dangerously combine two or three styles at once. Some even try occasional tap dance. What they get is a look of constant bliss on the room floor, whatever miseries they may bear away from it. They lose their real selves and find—or at least other—ones for the moment. When they dance, they are all the time. It is a kind of instant solution.

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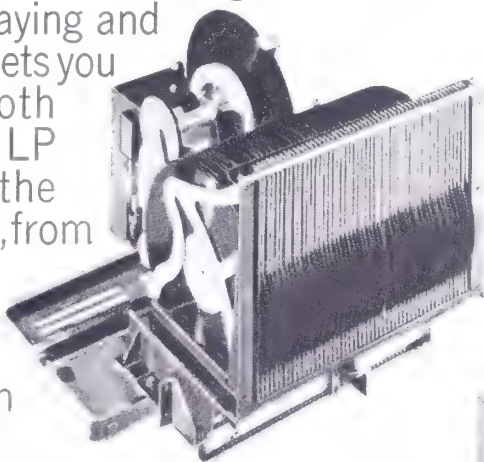
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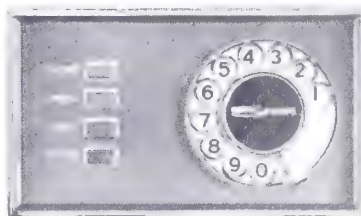
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Music in the Round by Discs

HEROIC PIANISTS

An anniversary in music that has gone largely unmarked is that of the Spanish composer Enrique Granados, who was born in 1867. It is true that his work is somewhat restricted. He lives today mostly by virtue of a glorious set of piano pieces named *Goyescas*, which recently were recorded by Alicia De Larrocha, along with another collection named *Escenas Romanticas* (Epic 6065, mono; 165, stereo; both 2 discs). De Larrocha is playing the complete *Goyescas* in December in Carnegie Hall; one of the very few testimonials in this country to the composer's memory. Otherwise Granados composed a now-forgotten opera, *Goyescas*, which he based on the set of piano pieces; a handful of beautiful songs; other material which may or may not be of interest, and there is no way of knowing until we hear it.

When he died, he was on his way to being not only the big man of Spanish music but one of the important composers in Europe. Around the turn of the century, many internationally famous pianists took up some of his charming pieces, especially the one named *Playera*. Considerably fewer took up the cause of the *Goyescas*, for this was music of supreme technical difficulty, and ranks with the *Iberia* of Albeniz in complexity of figuration and rhythm. A good pianist can learn a piece like *Playera* in a few hours. But any one of the *Goyescas* will take months. Nevertheless, when the suite came out in 1911, it was immediately recognized for what it is: music of imagination, power, color, and personality. When Granados turned it into an opera, he saw it through its world premiere at the Metropolitan Opera in 1916. This resulted in his death. On the way home his ship, the *Sussex*, was torpedoed by a U-boat. Granados drowned. The story is that he was safe, in a lifeboat, when he saw his

wife struggling in the water. He went over the side to save her, and both were lost.

Granados said that his suite was inspired by Goya paintings; hence the name. Of the six pieces, the first four are of extraordinary beauty. Melodies seem to last forever. They wind and wind and wind. The last two pieces drag a bit. Granados used Spanish-derived harmonies with a faintly French flavor, but the rhythms are Spanish all the way through. As for the piano style, he did owe a bit to Albeniz, and probably just as much to the now-forgotten piano music of Leopold Godowsky. It was Godowsky who had carried the Liszt style to a new contrapuntal method—not Bachian counterpoint, but a counterpoint in which inner voices were constantly being juggled around. Granados must have been a very good pianist. The writing in *Goyescas* is conceived idiomatically in terms of the instrument.

Young Player with Authority

Escenas Romanticas shows a lighter side of the composer, though the music is a long way from being salon music. None of these is heard very often. They are not as effective as the *Goyescas*, and much more reserved than the many salon pieces which made the composer so popular in his day. But they deserve listening. And how De Larrocha plays this music! She is a marvel. They say she has a small hand, but that does not stop her from taking the wide stretches in *Goyescas* with no apparent strain. She has strength, fire, color, and wonderful rhythm. This lady is a great pianist, and never in my experience have I heard *Goyescas* played with such authority, such color, such an instinct for turning a phrase.

De Larrocha has something very few of today's younger pianists have.

Call it poise, confidence, maturity: what you will. As she plays, there is a feeling of inevitability, of phrase linked to phrase to provide a perfect whole. A pianist like John Brownie has fingers as infallible as those of De Larrocha, but his fingers do not make equivalent music. Browning has just come out with a disc of Beethoven's *A flat Sonata* (Op. 110) and the Schumann *Symphonic Etude* (RCA Victor LM 2963, mono; LS 2963, stereo). Unlike De Larrocha but like so many of the young school, Browning does not seem to be able to hold a work together. While his agile fingers can run fast, everything is fine. As soon as he feels he has to "interpret," his limitations show up. Then he becomes mannered and artificial. He adds unnecessary little touches of color; his ritards are just a shade too obvious; his accentuations often do not make sense. At the end of the Beethoven one wonders he has any sensitivity at all. Certainly, the way he bangs out the left-hand octaves in the fugue of Op. 110 is no testimony to a patrician musician's mind. The playing here is actually brutal. And in the Schumann his playing is all on the surface. There is little depth to the tone, there are few ideas of his own, and all we get is a glib run-through. Gary Graffman, another American pianist, also has recently recorded the *Symphonic Etudes* (Columbia 6378, mono; 6978, stereo). This performance differs from Browning's in that there is no effort at color at all. Graffman goes doggedly along, taking every repeat, making the music an exercise in determination. The performance is note-perfect and incredibly dull.

Rubinstein Dominates

Fortunately we still have the old-timers, and among the oldest of the old-timers currently in action is Artur Rubinstein. The man is amazing. About eighty years old, he still plays with the vigor of a young man. Nor does he confine himself to the solo literature. His concerto repertoire equals that of anybody around, and he loves to play chamber music. It is chamber music that he is heard in his most recent disc.

Not long ago he heard the Guarneri Quartet. The Guarneri Quartet is an offshoot of the Marlboro Music Festival.

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val. Arnold Steinhardt, John Dalley, Michael Tree, and David Soyer, each an important string player, had been making music at Marlboro under the direction of Rudolf Serkin and Pablo Casals. About three years ago they decided to pool their resources. When they gave their first concerts under the name of the Guarneri Quartet (not one of them, apparently, owns a Guarnerius, but somebody suggested the name and they took it) the music world reacted with yells of praise. Not since the Juilliard Quartet had come along, in the early 1950s, was there such excitement in the world of chamber music. And the Guarneri Quartet deserves most of the praise. It is a perfectly tooled group, as technically accomplished as any living foursome. It also is a string quartet in the modern style: objective, inclining toward fast tempos, literal in its approach, triumphant in modern music, a little noncommittal in the romantics.

Rubinstein decided this was just the group for him. He wanted to record some of the chamber music he had made years ago. The first of the series is a recording of the Brahms **Piano Quintet in F minor** (Victor LM 2971, mono; LSC 2971, stereo). Naturally the veteran Rubinstein would be the dominating force. The members of the quartet take his tempos. They could do a lot worse. Rubinstein knows this music as few do. He brings to it a romantic surge that may disturb those weaned in the Schnabel tradition, but the music can take it. The Guarneri Quartet ap-

proaches the score with equal musicality. Indeed, the close-up recording makes the Quintet sound like a big piano concerto. It's all very exciting. Rubinstein has expressed a desire to follow this with the Schuman Quintet, and with the piano quartets of Brahms and Fauré. None of his previous recordings of those works is available any longer.

Why Records Were Invented

Another old-timer: Serkin, who recorded the Brahms **Piano Concerto No. 2** for what must be the third time. On this occasion he collaborates with the Cleveland Symphony conducted by George Szell (Columbia 6367, mono; 6967, stereo). Early along, Serkin made a career with this concerto, and the years have but broadened his conception. This is a heroic performance that sounds even more heroic than it is, thanks to the recording engineers. Everything is brilliant, close-up, detailed, and after a while a feeling of discomfort enters. Audio fatigue occurs. Nevertheless the playing of the pianist and the conducting of Szell are the authentic grand scale. It should be mentioned that seldom is the cello solo of the third movement been played so beautifully. The Brahms B flat has received great interpretations on records, but it is hard to think of one in which all the participants seem to have such a grasp of the score. It is for performances like this that records were invented.

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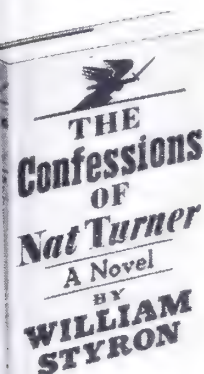
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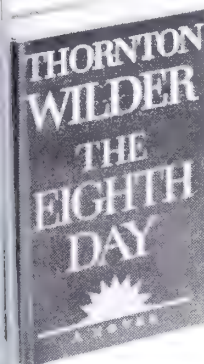
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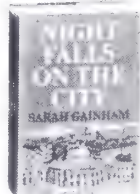
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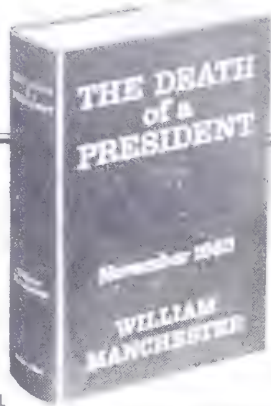
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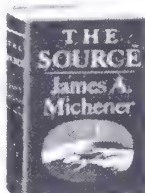
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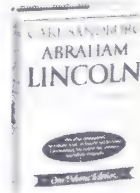
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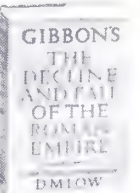
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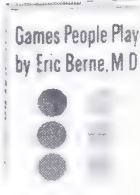
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Letters

Bombs over Vietnam

As Mr. Fischer describes the corrosive effect of the Vietnam war ["The Easy Chair: Stop the Bombing?", October] he practically defines the conditions under which his impartial panel could never be brought together. . . . A panel of Americans that would judge the Vietnam war impartially now would be about as easy to get together as a jury in 1963 that would have given a fair verdict to Lee Harvey Oswald.

If Mr. Fischer has in mind a group that will weigh all aspects of the Vietnam war (and not just answer the hard-nosed questions that he enumerates, not one of which has anything to do with moral or even legal issues), his nominees should include distinguished Europeans, Asians, Africans, and South Americans. This panel of course we already have. It is called the United Nations, and it is located within walking distance of Mr. Fischer's office.

DWIGHT BOLINGER
Belmont, Mass.

John Fischer mentioned that some people think that Johnson and Rusk might not really want negotiations, "presumably because they are wicked or stupid, or both."

It does happen to be my view that Johnson and Rusk do not want negotiations, but certainly not because they are wicked or stupid. I believe that Johnson and Rusk do not want negotiations because the South Vietnamese government is not capable of maintaining itself in power without the presence of American troops. . . . Johnson and Rusk thought that time would work to their advantage so they discouraged any chance for negotiations in the past. They were waiting for the elections in South Vietnam to make that government more acceptable in the eyes of the Vietnamese people. Apparently this has not happened, as the Buddhists and students

are already demonstrating. . . . The government of South Vietnam is as unpopular as ever. No wonder Johnson and Rusk are unwilling to stop the bombing.

JOHNNY WH
Tempe, Ariz.

Mr. John Fischer seems to accept the thesis that the United States has a legitimate "right" to wage war in Vietnam. When the Administration convinces me of this, I might be willing to listen to arguments for and against the bombing. Until that time, assisting Mr. Johnson to "shift course with the least political disadvantage" is a disservice to the future of the country and its sick policy in Southeast Asia.

C. T. CUMMINGS
Los Angeles.

I believe, just as John Fischer does, that Johnson and Rusk really want negotiations in Vietnam. It is quite true that this war is Johnson's greatest political liability.

The problem is that they wish to negotiate only on their own terms. Nowhere in the world, except in the United States, does the ordinary citizen believe that the policy of this administration is to withdraw from under the best conceivable circumstances. What we are striving for in South Vietnam is what we got in South Korea: a permanent division of an ethnically homogeneous population and a permanent presence of American troops and power in Asia. Citizens believe that the military (and their political cohorts) will withdraw from an enclave in

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where we have spent billions on and airstrips which can be used by an industrially advanced country. Even Mr. Fischer cannot claim such massive investment has anything to do with Vietnam or its people. . . .

HAROLD J. BIEN
West Covina

John Fischer makes no effort to fit the bombing into the overall context of our participation in the war. . . . The existence of a greater evil is not comforting to those who experience the lesser one, and his opinion does not seem to be fortified by the attempted portrayal of our administration as one carving a path between two irresponsible and unacceptable extremes. . . . Our traditions are meaningless if we cannot differentiate between those who feel that the end justifies the means and those who are revolted by the use of other means as means for the accomplishment of our ends.

RICHARD T. . .
Bronx,

Over and Under The

In her reply to Mr. Lippmann [in the dialogue *Between the Generations*, October] Miss Rita Dershowitz' claim that "experiences [which] are qualitatively different from those of my generation and perhaps even different from anything which has gone before" in her statement of "fact [*sic*] that old values don't hold true any longer are significant only in confirming the thought that the babes of 1967 cannot know their history. The assertion that the new generation has discovered a new world with new values, new ethics, new learning, new ways of thinking, new wisdom, new judgments, new dimensions, new experiences, new assumptions is really delightfully naïve. . . .

If Miss Dershowitz really wishes to observe the "excitement of being young" when "old values don't hold true any longer," she might contrast the years 1890 to 1920 as contrasted with the years 1920 to 1950. No contrast between the 1930s and the 1960s, for example, can begin to compare with the revolution of ideas between the Victorian Era and the years following World Wars I and II. However, is it really the va-



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which have changed? The "old values" of love, and courage, and loyalty, and integrity, of joy in living, of decency and tolerance, of self-fulfillment for ourselves and others are no more true today than they have been always. If the synthesis is different and the wisdom to understand and apply them is greater, it is because the spirit of discovery—of exploration—of reaching out for new frontiers, is characteristic of the brave of each generation. . . .

HOWARD B. GILL
American University
Washington, D.C.

I need the generation gap. It may be bad sociology, but I want to believe that it exists, that in my country young people are splitting off, in large numbers and in fundamental ways, from older people. . . . For the gap means we are stepping back from, and often out of, "the system" in which our elders almost unanimously live. The step back and maybe out is necessary; partly because much of the system is worse than useless and deserves to be abandoned; partly because its very complexity and pervasiveness makes it seem, when viewed solely from inside, to be natural and essential to survival and decent living. And this curtails the inventing and trying out of really different patterns of doing things: which of our political science departments, who give "participatory democracy" scarcely a passing scoff, could ever have invented the political concept of "flower power"?

When a person finds a way, subtle or blatant, to declare at least temporary independence of the system to get over the temptation to dependence and rebellion against dependence, he can begin to discover what he can do for himself and what (if anything)

the system can do for him and the he wants to live.

My guess is that Walter Mann's advice, that we look to our elders not for knowledge but for wisdom will then turn out to be upside down. Our elders are well-equipped to use knowledge, to instruct us in how to run the remarkable machines they invented them; to tell us how to program a computer, how to build a mechanical heart, perhaps how to control human heredity. But the wisdom the ability to live more humanely among, and because of, the machine—that, I expect, is precisely what we have to work out for ourselves.

KENNETH W. . .
Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . I should like to submit that the "generation gap" should not be understood entirely in terms of the difference between two distinct generations. The real generation gap is the difference between youthful idealism and mature reflection; and this can take place within one's own life. In *Everybody's Magazine* (1912), Walter Lippmann sounded every bit as astute as today's youth when he wrote: "We have a world bursting with ideas, new plans, and new hopes. The world was never so young as it is today, so impatient of old and established things. Men feel they can make their own fate instead of letting fate make them." A half-century later, he wrote in one of his "Today and Tomorrow" columns the following: "Spiritual unease has been felt, examined, and discussed all over the Western World. The malady is caused, I believe, by the impact of science upon religious certainty and of technological progress upon the settled order of family, class, and community. Insofar as the symptoms are not due to the nature of man, they are the pain

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LETTERS

recent freedom to which Western are not yet adapted and adapted."

my estimation, nothing shows so naturally as the contrast between the two expressions of fifty years' duration that the real generation exists within us, not between us. The gap is only filled by living it. A century from now Rita Dershwill understand what Mr. Lippman meant by wisdom.

FREDERICK H. SCHAPSMEIER
Assoc. Prof. of History
Wisconsin State University
Oshkosh, Wis.

When Doctors Disagree

am forced to comment on the excesses in Dr. Oliver Cope's article "Future of Medical Education" [ber] for the following reasons: (1) They represent controversial in which even expert opinion differ. (2) They misinform the and, thus, can only serve to embarrass the physician in practice. (3) alternate methods which Dr.

Cope recommends for the correction of the surgical conditions which he mentions would not be generally acceptable to a committee of his peers. (4) To present them to an uninformed public in such an abbreviated form can only serve to create serious anxiety in the minds of thousands of persons who are suffering from one of the diseases or else imagine that they are. . . .

Dr. Cope urges the use of irradiation for carcinoma of the breast in lieu of surgery. Surely he must realize the enormous emotional impact which his opinion will have on the thousands of women whose lives have been prolonged by surgery not to mention those who are currently following medical recommendations in the national effort to detect and treat early breast cancer. His comment that a "less mutilating treatment using modern high-voltage irradiation is as good and quite likely better" may well be true *in toto* or in selected cases, but the place to advocate a change of attitude on the part of the medical profession is in the classroom, the scientific

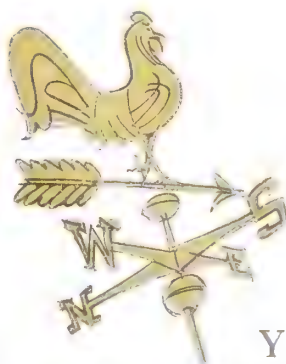
meeting, the professional journal, but not in a lay literary publication. . . .

ARTHUR W. FRISCH, M.D.
Prof., U. of Oregon Medical School
Portland, Ore.

As a medical student going into psychiatry, I was at times appalled by the tedium and downright irrelevance of much of the curriculum to our future careers. Those students going into other fields, be it internal medicine, gynecology, or basic research, felt much the same.

It has been even more distressing, however, to observe the resistance of medical faculty to suggestions for *any* significant change. This intransigence may be understandable considering the enormous risks involved in such educational upheaval. It is inexcusable, however, when every passing year of medical progress diminishes the relevance of the outmoded medical education system to what it purports to teach.

JASON E. MONDALE
Intern, Boston City Hospital
Boston, Mass.



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LETTERS

The Law and Its Critics

If David T. Bazelon ["Clients Against Lawyers," September] practiced law as his characterizations of the profession indicate, I am sorry for him. If he has imbued his law students with his apparent philosophy, I would not recommend one of them for employment by any lawyer I know. . . .

He indicates that the lawyer is a "son of a bitch." There are sons of bitches among the brethren, to be sure, but that subspecies abounds to an equal or greater extent in business and among the professions generally. . . .

His statement that there are two categories of lawyers, client-men and those who do the work, and that there is a "wholly needful division of labor" between them cannot have been based upon the functioning of many law firms, at least as I have known them. Some lawyers are better business get-

ters than others, to be sure, but the topflight practitioner "handles" the client and does his legal work, of course with the help of associates.

He states that "The Law is what lawyers do." Of course his declaration is cryptic enough for laboring enigmas. But the law is so much more than community needs, social pressures, give-and-take as legislation is enacted, occasional judges who have ceased to be aware of great traditions. The law moves. And most lawyers move with it. But the influence of individual lawyers is less than conclusive. Mr. Bazelon's article seems sneer, to disparage, to manufacture denigrating myths. Perhaps he is attempting to demonstrate that, despite the passing of the law's shadow across his brow, he is wholly an intellectual liberal: pure, shining, sadistic.

A. J. G. PRIOR
U. of Va. School of Law
Charlottesville, Va.



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The Easy Chair by John Fischer

CHRISTMAS LIST

A special holiday remembrance for the following people, who have done something out of the ordinary during the past year to earn the gratitude—or at least the bemused attention—of their fellow citizens:

1. To Elihu Root, Jr., distinguished lawyer, soldier, and civic leader, for painting the lushest nudes ever produced by an octogenarian amateur artist.

Somehow, in the interstices of an extremely busy career, he taught himself to paint with the same precise skill he brought to yacht racing or the drafting of a brief; but he had no interest in such ephemeral fads as abstract expressionism. To him the one subject of ageless interest was naked women—whom he rendered with a combination of realism and gallant imagination that made *Playboy's* pin-ups seem demure in comparison, and Rubens' girls bovine. Never publicly exhibited, so far as I know, his large oils gained considerable underground fame through private showings at the New York Bar Association and his own club. He continued to turn them out, with zest, until shortly before his death last August at the age of eighty-six.

At that same club one recent afternoon two elderly gentlemen sat at a window watching the five o'clock parade of secretaries streaming out of the nearby office buildings. "Can you remember," one of them asked, "when you used to go out with pretty girls like that?"

"Yes," his companion answered after some thought. "Yes, I can remember. But I can't remember why."

Mr. Root never had any difficulty remembering why.

2. To ten-year-old Robert Butler of Hartford, Connecticut, for showing what really good education can mean to a Negro youngster.

He is one of the 225 pupils from the inner city elementary schools who took part in an experimental project sponsored by the state Department of Education. Every school day for two years they were taken by bus to thirty-three classrooms in predominantly white schools of Hartford's prosperous suburbs. One morning Bobby missed his bus—and promptly decided to walk to his adopted school in Manchester eleven miles away. He arrived about noon, after stopping once to rake leaves so he could earn enough money to take a bus the rest of the way. (The man who hired him listened to his story and then drove Bobby on to the school.)

The results of the busing experiment haven't been finally added up—but most of the students taking part seem to have profited from it. Like Bobby, they are trying harder; daily attendance has averaged better than 90 per cent.

3. And to another ten-year-old, Michelle Goldberg of Cincinnati, who probably is the youngest operator of a children's book department anywhere in the country.

When her parents opened their Pages and Prints Bookstore in downtown Cincinnati three years ago, they couldn't afford baby-sitters, so Michelle spent most of her out-of-school hours with them in the shop. Before long she had read all the children's books in stock, plus a good many of those in the public library; and she began to absorb the book seller's trade by a kind of osmosis. Customers who

came in for juvenile titles soon began to turn to her for advice—and if they brought a youngster along, Michelle would read to him from a book of his own until she found out what he liked. Meanwhile she learned to handle a cash register, write order cards, and look up titles in the standard publishers' reference books.

Now she has learned the rudiments of a profession, at an age when other girls are still preoccupied with ribbons; and she has demonstrated once more—that the quickest way to turn a child into an omnivorous reader is to surround him with books and with people who are interested in them.

4. For an engaging new theory of cooking, slavery, and the fall of the Roman empire, to Dr. S. C. Gilfillan, geneticist and sociologist of San Monica, California.

Lead poisoning, according to Gilfillan, killed off most of the Roman ruling class and damaged the bodies of Commodus, Nero, and all the other mad emperors. Such poisoning became common, he points out, about 150 B.C., after the wealthy Romans began to use Greek prisoners of war as their household servants. These slaves brought with them the Greek custom of using lead-lined pots for cooking, especially for warming wine and concentrating honey and grape sugar—the sweeteners most popular at the time. Nobody realized that food cooked in such utensils became highly toxic—although the Greek upper classes probably had been decimated by the same slow-acting poison a few generations earlier. Alexander the Great, for example, quite possibly died of lead poisoning rather than of alcoholism.



"Tell me where the really good opals are,"

Elaine Cooper asked the Wallaroo.

"I'll tell you nothing," muttered the Roo. "Go find 'em yourself."

rude Roo's challenge was ac-
ed. Miss Cooper scoured Australia,
i, Thailand, Iran, and just about
where else in search of opals and
rare gems.

fact, when this was written, she
hadn't returned. (Do you think
trying to tell us something?)

do, however, keep receiving
packages from her all the time.
h is good. In one was the ex-

quisite opal shown below. We've just
finished crafting this classic brooch.
(Which can also be worn as a ring or
as a pendant.) It is one of the finest
blue-green opals we've seen in some
time. Price upon request.

The jolly Koala Bear to the right is
a most unusual fellow. Pay absolutely
no attention to that silly nonsense
about Koalas and eucalyptus leaves.
He can't stand eucalyptus leaves. A

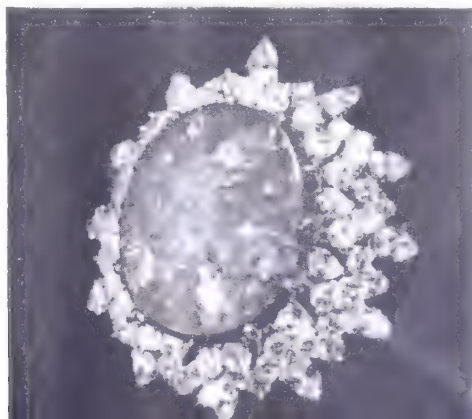
little paté and a glass or two of
champagne will do just fine. In 18
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If you think he's upside down, please
remember upside down is right side up
where he comes from. Wear either hor-
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Writing in the *Journal of Occupational Medicine*, Dr. Gilfillan notes that fashionable Roman matrons began to drink wine at about the same time they acquired Greek cooks; and that they soon began to show the classic symptoms of lead poisoning—sterility, miscarriages, and heavy child mortality. Their surviving children often suffered permanent mental impairment. As a consequence, he estimates, the aristocracy lost about three-quarters of its members in each generation. As evidence he cites both census statistics and the heavy deposits of lead found in bones taken from the more splendid Roman tombs of the period.

The poor people, meanwhile, were spared—because they cooked in earthenware pots, and couldn't afford to drink much wine in any case. Moreover, they did not use the lead water pipes and lead-based cosmetics which the wealthier classes enjoyed. "The brightest and winsomest from the poorer class" did occasionally climb to positions of power and wealth—whereupon they too fell victim to the rich man's scourge. The result, Dr. Gilfillan argues, was a systematic extinction of the ablest people in the Roman world. He does not, however, draw any conclusions about later

cultures which might have poisoned themselves—with tobacco, air pollution, radioactive fallout, or whatever—without realizing what they were doing.

5. *For another report on social decadence, possibly of more immediate relevance to America, to Dr. Otto Koenig of Vienna.*

He was curious about what would happen to a flock of birds if they were supplied with every luxury they could possibly want. To find out, he selected a colony of Tunisian cattle egrets, birds which normally have to hustle hard for a living and which have developed a fairly disciplined, tightly-structured social pattern. As soon as Dr. Koenig gave them all the food, water, and nesting material they could use, this pattern fell apart.

Once they no longer had to forage, the birds began to use up their surplus energy in abnormal sexual behavior. Some established harems; others experimented with incest, rape, and other exotic enterprises. Young egrets turned hippy. Instead of becoming independent at the usual age, they remained parasitical, letting their parents and grandparents feed them even after they were fully grown.

6. *Speaking of social patterns, a melancholy salute is due to the people who make Clorox, since they are—unwittingly—responsible for the only significant technological change in lobster fishing since the invention of the gasoline engine.*

As everyone who has sailed New England waters knows, the lobstermen trap their quarry in wooden cages, baited with fish scraps and fitted with a funnel-shaped entry made of netting. These so-called "pots" are lowered to the bottom in some 25 to 40 feet of water, in hope that a lobster—who is both awkward and not very bright—will crawl through the entry and be unable to find his way out. After setting out twenty or thirty pots, the lobsterman sails home; and next day—or next week—he pulls them up to see what, if anything, may be inside.

From time immemorial the lobstermen have marked the location of their pots by hitching them to floats, usually lengths of four-by-four timber. Each fisherman carved and painted his floats in a distinctive pattern, some of which were passed on from father to son over generations; and making these floats became a minor folk art, which helped relieve the tedium of their long New England winters.

But not any more. The lobstermen have found that a plastic Clorox bottle, marked with a quick dab of paint, makes an excellent float—so that you are now more likely to find an old-fashioned wooden float in an antique shop than in the coastal waters.

Fortunately a related social pattern still persists. As always, it is considered very bad form indeed to pull up the pots or tamper with the floats of another professional lobsterman. (This taboo, however, does not apply to the tackle of an amateur who has no traditional rights to fish in a particular stretch of water; if he sets out a pot, he very probably will find next day that the float has been cut adrift—whether it is a Clorox bottle or the mostly carefully carved wood.)

7. *To John I. Hasselblad, colorful Denver real-estate man, for a change of heart almost as dramatic as St. Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus.*

Like most realtors everywhere, Mr. Hasselblad had been for years a fier



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opponent of any civil-rights legislation which would let Negro families move into white neighborhoods. A former president of the Denver Board of Realtors, he had led the fight against Colorado's open-housing law, predicting that it would lead to riots, rebellion, and "the eventual breakdown of all our precious freedoms."

Nevertheless the law passed—and after working under it for two years, Mr. Hasselblad now admits that he was all wrong. Indeed, he is urging the enactment of similar laws throughout the country in defiance of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, of which he is a director. He points out that more than fifteen hundred Negro families have moved into formerly all-white neighborhoods in the Denver area, but that the expected fall in real-estate values just hasn't happened. "We find that the real-estate industry has not been hurt," he said, and that the law has had "amazing public acceptance"—bringing about "a healthier climate in human relations." It may be significant that Denver, up to this writing, has had no race riots.

8. *To Lloyd House, for contributing a delicious grace note of humor to the nation's discussion of civil rights.*

The first Indian ever to serve in the Arizona legislature, he opposed a smog-abatement bill on grounds that it would discriminate against his people, by forbidding them to send up smoke signals.

9. *For its own delicious brand of smoke, to McArthur's Smokehouse of Millerton, New York.*

In that upstate village McArthur's has revived the almost-forgotten art of curing ham, bacon, and chipped beef with the smoke of green hickory chips. This process was one of the few contributions that our pioneering forefathers made to gastronomy. In recent generations, alas, it has been almost entirely replaced by cheaper and quicker methods of chemical curing developed by the big packing companies, with the result that many Americans have never tasted a properly smoked piece of meat. Those who have generally find its flavor irresistible; witness the success of McArthur's (no relation to the general) which is now shipping its products throughout the country, and occasion-

ally overseas. (It is a mystery why the antipoverty agencies have not sponsored dozens of such small enterprises in Appalachia, a region where farm-smoked ham was once famous, but is now about as scarce as beluga caviar.)

10. *To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sweeney of Syosset, Long Island, proprietors of another enterprise which ought to be duplicated throughout the country.*

Lollipop Farm, twenty-seven miles from New York City, was started by the Sweeneys to give city children a chance to see how farm animals live—an exciting experience for those hundreds of thousands of Manhattan youngsters who have never seen a chicken or lamb outside a butcher shop. For a fifty-cent admission fee, they can get acquainted with the Sweeny cows, sheep, ponies, a donkey, pigs, and an assortment of live poultry; and in the spring visitors are invited to cuddle newborn calves and bottle-feed kids, which may well be the most enchanting of infant creatures.

Mr. Sweeny got the idea for Lollipop Farm from the children's zoo in Bronx Park, which he designed when he was working there in 1940. For a fraction of one per cent of what it is now spending on farm subsidies, the Department of Agriculture could set up a few dozen such children's farms on the outskirts of every metropolis, and run daily buses to them from the slums—thus producing a considerable tonnage of delight, one agricultural commodity which is not yet in surplus.

11. *For one of the rarest feats in literature, to Allan R. Talbot of New Haven. He has written a book on municipal politics—a subject ordinarily regarded as stupefyingly dull—which is both literate and far more engrossing than most novels.*

The Mayor's Game is the story of Richard Lee, a poor Irish boy who became Mayor of New Haven, Connecticut, and in his seven consecutive terms rebuilt the city, set a new benchmark for creative and imaginative politics, and won a reputation as one of the country's most effective municipal executives. It begins like a classic, corny Horatio Alger tale: how Honest Dick worked his way through high school at any job he could get—

errand boy, pin boy, professional pallbearer—and then went to work as a reporter covering the city hall. There he got interested in politics and at the age of twenty-three began *His Rise to Fame* by running for alderman, and winning. He continued to make a living, on the side, as a press agent for the local Chamber of Commerce and later for Yale University. (Since he had no time for college, Lee was especially touched when Yale gave him an honorary degree.)

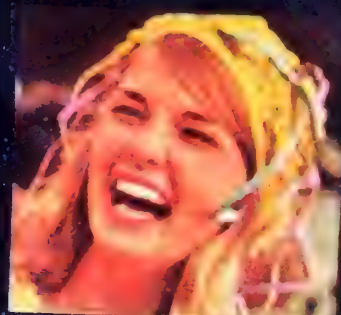
Twice Lee ran for Mayor, and lost—the second time by only two votes out of some seventy thousand cast. Was he downhearted? Well, frankly, yes. In fact he decided to give up politics. At this point the story moves away from the Horatio Alger pattern and begins to get really interesting.

For Lee, in the shock of defeat, took a fresh look at both himself and his city. He saw that New Haven was dying, like many another old New England factory town—its industries moving away, its slums spreading, its schools obsolete, its center growing steadily shabbier and more choked with traffic. He also realized that his two campaigns had been conducted in a routine throw-the-rascals-out fashion, with almost no attention to the real problems of the city. Lee found himself with a cause—"the rebirth of New Haven"—and a hankering to try again.

The heart of Talbot's book is what happened after Lee won his first term as Mayor in 1953—how he launched the nation's first big-scale urban renewal effort, plus its first poverty program (financed in the beginning with Ford Foundation money). Perhaps more important, he injected a strong dose of adrenalin into a body politic which was, fifteen years ago, almost paralyzed with discouragement and alienation. Lee showed the citizens of New Haven—and several academic generations at Yale—that politics could be an exciting, honorable, and socially useful profession; and he demonstrated, in defiance of the cultural existential despair now fashionable among many intellectuals, just how much a single individual can do to shape both his environment and the course of his own life.

12. *Lest our souls get cloyed with an overdose of seasonal good will, might do well to remember J. George*

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Stewart and the new atrocity he is committing on Capitol Hill.

The so-called architect of the Capitol, Mr. Stewart is no architect at all. He is an elderly engineer with a taste which petrified about 1910, and a unique talent for politicking the more able chairmen of Congressional committees. This combination has given him a dictatorial voice in deciding what gets built on the most important public site in Washington—authority he has used with the disastrous aesthetic results so evident in the new Senate Office Building, the Wyburn Building, and the remodeled front of the Capitol itself. This he brought forth his plans for his latest (and, God willing, last) architectural catastrophe: the Madison Memorial annex to the Library of Congress.

Like Mr. Stewart's earlier works, it will be a monstrously expensive, ugly structure in the worst of the classic tradition, gussied up with a few modernistic clichés. It will look like a dazzling white warehouse which, in Ada Louise Huxtable's phrase, is "totally and tragically out of character with its neighbors and times."

If you send a Christmas card to a Congressman, you might add a postscript asking why he let Mr. Stewart do away with yet another such outgrowth, at our expense. Probably it is too late to stop the Madison Memorial. Enough protest might possibly stall further defacements of Capitol Hill.

A similar rueful greeting to the New York Central Railroad, for corporate shortsightedness.

The railroad has announced plans to erect a 15-story skyscraper on top of Grand Central Station, thus aiming a double whack at poor, battered New York City. Not only would the building deface one of the last remnants of the city's architectural heritage. It also would add disastrously to the congestion in what already is the most congested neighborhood of the country's most congested polis.

When it put the Pan Am Building on the adjoining site a few years ago, the railroad committed a first-class mistake—as Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., pointed out in the May 1960 issue of *Time*. In the short run, no doubt,

the Pan Am Building and its proposed companion look like money-makers for their landlord. But in the long run they are bound to hurt the New York Central, along with everybody else in the city, by making Manhattan still less fit for human habitation, still less efficient as a place to do business. You might think the railroad is deliberately trying to drive even more business firms out of the city, as it already has driven away much of its own commuter traffic.

14. By way of happy contrast, a loud cheer for William M. Roth of San Francisco, and his associated group of businessmen, for proving that it is possible to make money and make a community more livable at the same time.

Along with the architectural firm of Wurster, Bernardi and Emmons, and Lawrence Halprin & Associates, landscape architects, they are responsible for the latest civic treasure in the Bay Area: Ghirardelli Square. By remodeling the handsome stone-and-brick buildings of a pioneer chocolate factory, and supplementing them with clusters of skillfully designed shops, they have preserved a historic monument and created an oasis of gaiety in a once-bleak neighborhood.

The center of the development is a hillside plaza, on four levels, full of greenery, inviting nooks and stairways, comfortable benches, and an ingratiating little fountain. Around it are balconies where you can have a drink at umbrella-shaded tables with a view of the bay; several excellent restaurants; florist shops, art galleries, boutiques, and the like; and, best of all, the old chocolate factory still in partial operation. One wing has been set up to demonstrate the ancient process of converting cacao beans into candy bars—complete with the old stone grinders, mixing vats, roasters, rivers of molten chocolate, advertising posters of seventy years ago, and a pervading, mouth-watering smell. Adjoining this display is a candy shop and soda fountain, nearly always crowded with joyous youngsters.

If you can't have Christmas dinner at home, Ghirardelli Square might well be the next most cheerful place to go. May it be a merry time for Mr. Roth and for all the visitors who will be touched by the warm gift of his imagination.



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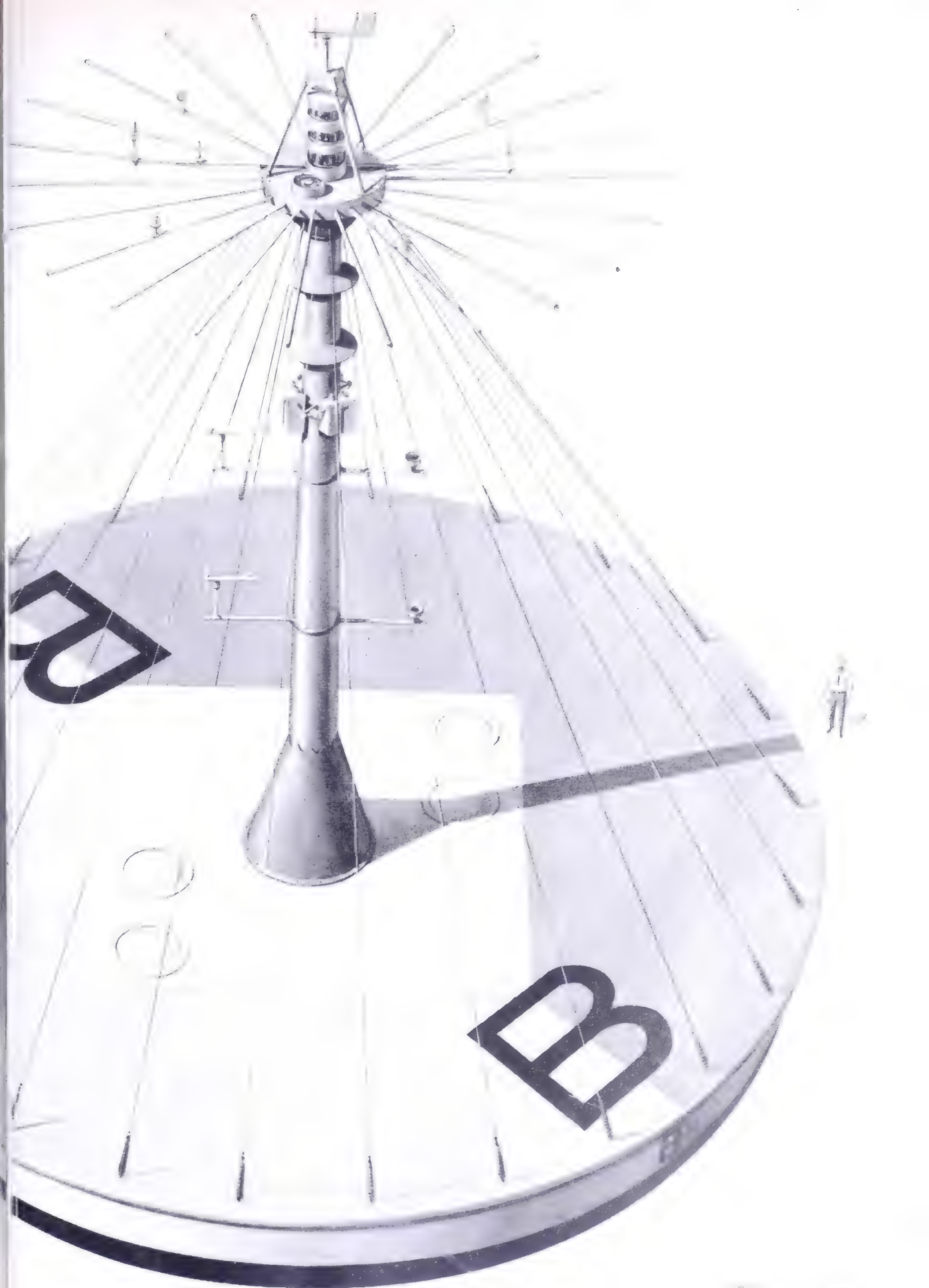
This monster buoy is an unmanned seagoing "weather bureau." Like all major systems, it started with a requirement.

Its requirement is to stay in place in the deepest part of the sea regardless of storms and currents; collect information from the atmosphere, the surface and the depths; and send all this data regularly back to land. Into the 40-foot diameter hull go a data acquisition system, electronic, power and transmission equipment, and a propane-powered generator system with two-year supply of fuel. Attached to the buoy and its mooring line will be 100 sensors.

The contractor for such a total system must, first of all, *understand* the requirement. He must be able to design, and develop, and procure, and integrate whatever is necessary to build the total product that meets the requirement. His ultimate responsibility is to deliver a complete system that will work as it should when it must.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS



After Hours *by Russell Lynes*

GENTLEMAN'S GAME

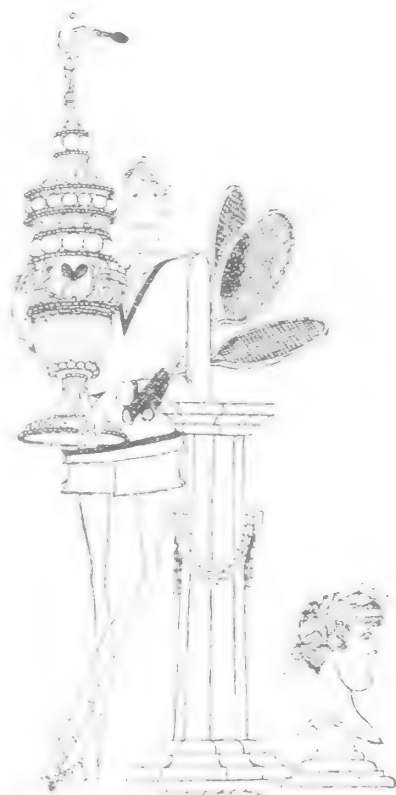
People who live on the Eastern Seaboard are likely to think that the National Singles Championships which are held early in September at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, New York, chop off the official tennis season the way the World Series chops off baseball. They come after a series of tournaments during the summer that has included among others the French championships at the Racing Club in Paris, the English championships at Wimbledon, and a series of tournaments in Newport, Southampton, and the national doubles at Longwood. But for the players who lead the world in "amateur tennis" Forest Hills represents only a major, though not *the* major, stop in their rounds. Tournaments that engage the best tennis talent in the world happen all year long—in Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, and both indoors and outdoors here in this country.

Like most tennis enthusiasts I play more than I watch, but I have often wondered how a tournament like the Nationals is run, and I asked J. Clarence Davies, Jr., deputy referee of the tournament this year and the new treasurer of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, to escort me behind the scenes, which he enthusiastically and efficiently did.

On the second day of the tournament I was standing in the marquee at the Stadium with Mr. Davies when John Newcombe came in to play his first-round match. Newcombe had won Wimbledon earlier in the season, and he was seeded number one at Forest Hills. Mr. Davies introduced us.

"How's your back?" I asked. "I hear it's been giving you trouble."

"No," he said in Australian, "it's



my leg. It's a pinched nerve in my back, but it's my leg that bothered me."

He rubbed his right thigh.

"Is it all right now?" Mr. Davies asked.

"I had a hit this morning," Newcombe said, "and I didn't feel a thing."

After Newcombe went on the court, Mr. Davies said to me, "You look puzzled. He had a hit doesn't mean that he *got* hit. It's the Australian way of saying that he had a rally with someone to warm up."

Mr. Davies, who is a real-estate man, a two-star general in the Air Force Reserve, and a member of the

Landmarks Preservation Commission in New York, used to play tennis well enough to take part in national championships. Now in his early fifties, he is one of the large, enthusiastic crowd that makes the tournament at Forest Hills work.

"It takes more than four hundred people to put this show on," he said.

These four hundred do not include the players. There are one hundred and twenty-one committee members all of whom belong to the West Side Tennis Club, comprising twelve committees which, in a manner of speaking, grease the skids so that the players slide into the right slots at the right times with the right equipment. There are, Mr. Davies told me, "about two hundred and thirty linesmen, umpires and eighty ball boys. It takes twenty men with rollers, markers, sod tampers, and other gadgets to take care of the finely turf of the courts, and there are security guards and ushers and ticket takers. These are the only professionals the tournament is rather more a feat in the membership of its operators than of its players, though heresy to say so.

"We start getting ready for next year's tournament," Mr. Davies complained, "the minute this one is over. Let me show you what goes on behind the marquee."

The marquee, a long yellow and striped tent that closes the horse-shoe of the Stadium, is the nerve center of the tournament, and the brain in charge of the nervous system is the Referee. This year it was Mr. Johnson, a large man with a square face, white hair, and an air of authority.

"Once the first ball is hit,"



IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS
A BOTTLE OF
CHRISTMAS SHERRY
WOULD LAST
TO THANKSGIVING.

People just don't have the respect they used to for a bottle of sherry.

Instead of keeping the sherry in its traditional spot toward the back of the liquor cabinet, just to the left of the bottle of kumiss that Uncle Jack brought back from his Mongolian trip, people are opening it, serving it, even drinking it.

It's getting so a bottle of La Ina cocktail sherry is a common sight right out in the open.

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But nowadays La Ina is what a lot of people are drinking instead of a drink.

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If this keeps up, a bottle of Christmas sherry may not last to Christmas.

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Davies explained, "all decisions are the Referee's."

He decides whether a player should be disqualified, for example, if he doesn't turn up precisely on time for his scheduled match. He determines which matches will be played in the Stadium, which on the "Grandstand" court, the "Fieldstand" court, or the Field courts, of which there are thirteen, all continually busy in the early rounds of the tournament.

"You realize," Mr. Davies said, "that this isn't just one tournament; it's five tournaments—in addition to the men's singles, there's women's singles, men thirty-five to forty-five, senior men's, forty-five and older, and senior women's."

Behind the front row of boxes (in which seats for the full eleven days of the tournament cost \$100) the marquee is divided into segments by wooden railings. One segment is the Referee's headquarters, where there is a battery of telephones with a couple of volunteers to man them. These phones are connected with the "Sun Deck" on the second floor of the clubhouse, which is just about as far away as one can get and still be at the West Side Tennis Club. It is to the Sun Deck that the male players report to find out when their matches are scheduled and on what courts. Another phone connects with the women's locker room, from which female contestants are dispatched.

Mr. Johnson said to me, "If there are any questions I can answer, don't hesitate to ask me."

I suggested that he must be a pretty busy man, and he replied, "It's like being the captain of a ship. It takes a lot to get it away from the pier and a lot to get it landed, but it pretty much runs on its own once it gets going."

Next to the Referee's pen is another about the same size from which umpires and linesmen, who sit in still another pen next to it, are dispatched to the courts on which they are to serve. The umpire is provided with two sets of name cards (each card a couple of feet long) with the names of the contestants of the match, one set for the master scoreboard just outside the marquee and one for the court where the match is played.

"Where do you get the umpires and linesmen?" I asked Mr. Davies.

"No problem," he said, "they come from all over, from as far as the West Coast. They come for the honor of it and for the love of the game. They get nothing. They pay their own way; they pay their own hotel bills. They're recommended by their regional associations [of the United States Lawn Tennis Association] who qualify them. I say they get nothing. They get a few free drinks and an occasional free meal, and, of course, they get abuse from the spectators from morning to night."

"What about the ball boys?" I asked.

"You know," he said, "all that's changed. It used to be considered an honor to be a ball boy at the Nationals and kids clamored to be allowed to do it. They came from tennis clubs, sons of members, from private schools, from all over. Now we have to beat the bushes for them and we pay them eighty cents an hour. It takes a good many months to train them. Perhaps you'd like to see how the operation at the Sun Deck at the club works."

The terrace of the clubhouse, a sort of 1910 Tudor mansion, was crowded. Famous tennis faces, looking rather older than one remembered them, were engaged in earnest conversation; girls in tennis dresses (the miniskirt is at home on a tennis court) gazed up at young men in tennis clothes carrying sheafs of rackets. It was any clubhouse during tournament week only a little more so.

The Sun Deck opens out of a second-floor room with a bar where a group of men waiting to play their matches and a few old-timers were watching a baseball game on television. On the Sun Deck behind a green railing several men were looking out over the courts through field glasses.

"It's five-three in the third set on twelve," one of the men said. "They ought to be off there in a few minutes."

Mr. Davies introduced me to Mr. DeWitt Davis, who was in charge of the Sun Deck operations. Behind Mr. Davis was a large white-board on which was written "Order of Play" with black crayon and below it hastily printed pairs of names and court numbers. Matches that had been completed that day were crossed out with a large X, and in the upper right of the board was the legend: PLAYERS

BE READY TO PLAY EARLY TO HEAVY SCHEDULE. Next to the house wall was a counter with five phones on it, connecting with marquee, with the men's and women's locker room, with the umpires' linesmen's booth and the pen where the ball boys are corralled next to the Stadium.

"The remarkable thing about tournament," Mr. Davis said, "is we're all volunteers, and it's up to us that we act as much like professionals as we do. What would you like to know?"

"I'd just like to watch," I said. "Help yourself," he said.

He introduced me to a young man dressed and ready to play, who was leaning against the parapet. He said I was from *Harper's* and the man smiled and said, "I'm a bum." He was Clark Graebner, only United States player who had seeded in the men's singles and who had turned out, the second American to reach the finals at Forest Hills. Tony Trabert won it in 1950, the last chance I had met the finalists in a tournament within a few minutes.

"Perhaps you'd like this," Mr. Davis said and gave me several sheets from a loose-leaf notebook. They were headed "Sun Deck Operations": "... keeping matches going smoothly and following others quickly on twenty or so courts at the same time," the first sheet "does require conscientious effort and the application of persistent industry..."

There followed specific instructions which would seem to cover every conceivable exigency—missing players, missing water jugs, missing balls, what to do if "during play the field courts . . . the courts are getting out of hand" (and "the admissions committee should be notified")—but there are things that cannot be anticipated that require "persistent ingenuity." There were, after all, 229 players signed up for the several tournaments (the total number, 128, was for the men's singles; 78 women played in the women's singles), which means approximately 110 matches or better than a hundred scheduled opportunities for miscalculation, misunderstanding, mishap. Mr. Davis and his colleagues on the operations committee were cool in the face of these possibilities.

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AFTER HOURS

relations; I don't get it.") When girls in their pink (*sic*) sneakers off the center courts with their k (*sic*) rackets, Mr. Davies sat me under an awning at the end of marquee just below the loud-speaker control booth, and brought several of his friends who were serving in official capacities to fill me in. The match in progress was between Rael Osuna, the Mexican who was champion in 1963, and the Australian, Ken Davidson, who was going to become the new tennis "pro" at Wimbledon this autumn. No one whom I saw the tournament played with the ease, deftness of touch, and good humor of Osuna, though Davidson beat him in five sets.

Through two of the sets Werner Bruchlos, a member of the Operations Committee who that day was in charge of the marquee operations, sat next to me. He is the president of the company that publishes *The American Banker* magazine. (He told me he is thinking of buying one of the new steel rackets which were used in a number of the tournament play—though he already has nine rackets in his locker. I would guess that Bruchlos is in his middle sixties.) It's up to our committee to get the players on the courts. You have to keep one eye on each player," he said; they vanish in the wink of an eye. We had to see that they have towels, a cooler, salt tablets, orange juice, and Coke. Osuna always wants late bars at the last minute, for a last-minute bit of energy. I don't know why he can't remember to get them."

He laughed affectionately; it was apparent that Osuna was a player of whom he was fond.

You have to be sure that the boys have a change of clothes and that they report on time. Between the third and fourth sets if the players are to rest and change they have to be on the court exactly ten minutes from the time they leave."

Daniel H. Manfredi, in charge of the Medical Service Committee, told me that his regular job is physician to the athletes at Columbia University.

"I almost had a delivery in the third month the other day," he said, "a five-months pregnancy. We're pretty well equipped for almost any-



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MATTERS OF STYLE

Authorities in the capital make much out of the cut of a man's clothes and hair, his sentence structure, and the time he leaves a party.

Baggy Trousers

In the midst of a talk to the nation's bankers this fall, Senator Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire pleaded for Americans to let up in their personal criticism of President Johnson, who, says the Senator, has "an incredibly cruel and demanding office." It's true he has; but it's also true that at least some of the criticism is intended for his own good—if that's any comfort.

Some time back, for instance, the Fashion Foundation of America elected the President to a third term on its rolls of America's "best-dressed men." Mr. Johnson headed up the category of statesmen. Had it not been for the constructive criticism of a warm admirer, the President might have naively accepted the Foundation's nomination at face value, and gone right on wearing the same old suits, serenely thinking he was the glass of fashion. But his journalistic friend, Miss Betty Beale of the *Washington Star*, who is an authority on style in the Washington social world, and a frequent guest at the White House, got her message across with the following comment:

"Privately expressed on the Washington party circuit is the opinion that President Johnson could immediately improve his image at least 50 per cent if he got rid of the baggy trousers, padded shoulders, and loose coats that he wears. One reason that Hubert Humphrey's popularity has recently soared, say some, is because he donned the new trim, slim, chic look. It made a new man of him. Had Jack Kennedy worn baggy trousers

and loose fitting coats, he would not have had anything like the appeal that he did have."

There have been no official White House communiqués about any change of tailors, but the general impression is that the President is nevertheless looking a little trimmer these days. It is not likely that an entire generation will copy his style, in either clothes or haircuts, as was the case with John F. Kennedy, but Johnson has his followers. Over at the State Department, for instance, the LBJ haircut is reportedly selling extremely well. One reason for this is that Steve Martini, the barber who occasionally looks after Johnson's locks, operates from Room B-233 in the State Department building. Martini has other shops, but according to Mike Causey, pinch-hitting for Jerry Klutz as the Federal Diarist of the *Washington Post*, State is "considered the place for government workers who want a Johnsonian look." Part of the thrill of getting clipped at State, Causey notes, "is that it is so hard to get into the building. Just being inside makes people feel important. Some kind of pass, a prior clearance at the guard desk, is required of nearly everyone except the Secretary of State." The word around the federal haircut circuit is that another group wants to lure Martini away from Foggy Bottom, but the barber, who also used to attend President Eisenhower, seems to be content where he is. His customers say he doesn't want to spread himself too thin.

Another capital diarist, Don MacLean of the *New York Times*, has raised doubts

about the hairline of Senator Robert Kennedy. For years now, he says, "Kennedy has been cultivating an image as the candidate for those who think young. At age forty-two, the oldest living teen-ager. But it depends on one thing—the fact of Kennedy's mop. A bald Bobby Kennedy would be in big trouble politically with young voters, boys and girls; they would desert him in droves for other candidates with whom they could more easily identify. In light of this, and his Presidential ambitions, Kennedy's forelocks take on an importance." MacLean ends by asking, "Is it possible Bobby Kennedy is wearing a toupee now?" He put the question to an expert, who said, "He might be. Notice how he allows his hair to fall down over his forehead. That might be to cover the faint toupee line in the forehead. That's always a dead giveaway for wigs—the wigmakers have never figured a way around it. Generally, I advise a client to let his hair fall down in the front. Another indication is when a man's hair always seems the same length." Despite these speculations, however, *Harper's* Washington correspondent can authoritatively report that the Kennedy thatch is absolutely authentic, and looks good for decades to come.

Former publisher of the "Norfolk Virginian Sun," Mr. Fritchey writes a column for the Newsday and keeps track of Washington trends for "Harper's." During Stevenson's years at the U.N., he was director of the U.S. Mission's Office of Public Affairs.

We Swiss have no coal, oil, tin, iron, nickel, copper, zinc or sulphur. But we're rich in natural resources.



If we dug up all our mountains, we couldn't expect to find anything more than some great rocks and a few more. Still, we're rich. We're people dedicated to hard work and the pursuit of perfection.

Now maybe that sounds pretentious. But it isn't really. You see, every Swiss adult—no matter what his occupation—takes great pride in fine craftsmanship. And every Swiss child inherits our centuries-old tradition of excellence.

We're not sure how this tradition got started. But we can guess. Eking out a living in a rugged country like ours must have encouraged a sense of thrift and a concern for excellence.

When the industrial revolution hit Europe, this concern for excellence was its own reward. The quality of Swiss products enabled us to compete with far bigger, richer coun-

tries for world markets.

Today we still compete in world markets—and our share is increasing. That's because the excellence of our cheeses, chocolates, airlines, banks, watches, trains and hostels is now well established. And, of course, because we Swiss have a lot more of our greatest natural resource: People dedicated to hard work and fine craftsmanship.

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

Mussed-Up Language

Style will always preoccupy Washington, especially style in the usage of English. All of the departments and agencies are sensitive to spelling, syntax, grammar, etc. The Agency for International Development has particularly stringent standards, as a literate young lady recently discovered soon after she applied to AID for a typing and clerical job. She received a letter from AID saying it could give her no "encouagment" because her qualifications were not up to other candidates "includng their training, experience and genceral background." She was thanked, however, for "receival" of her papers. The young lady passed the letter on to Missouri Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan, who in turn relayed it to William S. Gaud, the administrator of AID, with the observation, "If I had been rejected for a typing position, a letter of this kind, I think I would be puzzled."

The foreign-aid agency is, of course, linked to the State Department, and State is always trying to polish its literary style. In the hope of improving its communication with the public (especially through correspondence), the following memo was sent to division chiefs:

... It has become increasingly apparent that the sophisticated, legalistic and prolix prose sometimes employed in intragovernmental communications is predictably inappropriate in replying to relatively simple questions from the general public, who has little experience with or tolerance for such language.

A useful check on the readability of prose is [the] Fog Index. It is based on the length of words and sentences. The Fog Index of the first paragraph above, is 23, well above the grade 12 student level, 17. The Fog Index of this paragraph is 9, slightly lower than that of *Time* magazine. Our intention will be to replace the former with the latter.

Over at the Defense Department, though, the problem is not the writing but the editing. When Pentagon officials testify before Congressional committees in executive sessions, they reserve the right to edit the transcript before it is released to the public for publication. This kind of censorship produces some strange results.

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

Ayari, Bardawil, Gomes, Häyrén, Imbert, Sidek

people in this country or any other country who seek employment and can't find it are tragic figures. Our particular contribution to the solution of the problem is to offer jobs. Holders, however, expect payment for their work. This is possible only to the extent that our products are wanted at prices customers are willing to pay. Last year the arrangement worked out well enough to create Kodak jobs for some 1000 more people around the world. Many of these differ in appearance and other respects from the folks in the house across the way from your house, whoever you are. Nor are they all Americans, or want to be. Among the non-Americans:



Elias Ayari, member of the Luo Tribe, citizen of Kenya, native of Kisumu where he made Standard VIII at Ramba Intermediate School, skilled employee of Kodak (East Africa) Limited. After your next camera safari drop off your 126 cartridges at one of the many photo dealers in Nairobi who offer Kodak's Color Photofinishing Service. You will like the quality of the KODACOLOR Prints from the electronic color printer he operates. It is considerably more complex than the black-and-white darkroom equipment with which he learned photographic technology before becoming a Kodak man in October, 1966.



Miss Odette Bardawil, already promoted from telephone operator at Kodak (Near East) Inc. to secretary for an executive. Evenings find her at a course in English literature at Beirut's American Language Center. At Adventists High School, her alma mater, Arabic and English get equal emphasis.



José Fernandes Gomes, salesman who joined Kodak Brasileira at São Paulo in October last year and is proud to have already sold two automatic x-ray processing machines, aside from other products. Not only does he sell the processing machines, but he also installs them and sees to it that they keep turning out highest-quality radiographs at a speed such that the radiologists need not keep the crowds waiting as long as before at the Clínica Roaldo Amundsen Koehler in Curitiba and the Clínica Dr. José Silva Villela in Araçatuba.



Kaarlo Häyrén, who last year changed his profession from the chemistry of aniline dyes, high polymers, and edible oils to a new career with Kodak Oy, our Finnish name that is bursting far beyond an identification with family snapshots. He is busy feeding all kinds of professional photographic materials into scientific, industrial, and government activities of his country as well as into its studios (portrait, movie, and TV). His present career really had its start when his home town of Viipuri became Soviet territory and he turned his thoughts at 18 to learning how to process his own color film.



Christian Imbert, chemical engineer who finds himself at 27 responsible for quality control of the polyester that Kodak-Pathé started manufacturing for film base last year at Chalon-sur-Saône, a town 200 miles southeast of Paris which had been better known for the magnificent vineyards which surround it. Despite the substantial investment we have already made in the plant, most of its 200-acre expanse looks as though it were still available for rugby, a sport that greatly interests M. Imbert.



Mohammed Sidek bin Mohammed Nor, driver of Kodak (Malaya) Limited trucks in and around Kuala Lumpur, formerly peon (which means general messenger) at Headquarters of the 17th Gurkha Division in Seremban, capital of one of the 11 states of West Malaysia. Where other members of our Malay staff have an average of six children—one with 13—Sidek and his wife have only one to lavish affection on.

In the interests of solvent customers and mild air

Defenders of air pollution are now scarcer than foes of motherhood or friends of sin. Something will doubtless be done about automotive fumes. Furthermore, attention is turned to how you pollute the air when you paint your dwelling and all that solvent evaporates. As a maker of solvents we feel involved. We sympathize with our paint-and-lacquer-manufacturing customers, with the regulatory authorities, and with the innocent public, which includes us too. The issues are not only ethically and economically complex but also chemically so.

On the roof of the laboratory of the National Center for Air Pollution Control in Cincinnati, plastic containers of air are exposed to the sun. The air in the boxes has been loaded with about the number of parts per million of various olefins and aldehydes that might be encountered in a vicinity where people are earning a livelihood, maintaining their possessions, or just strolling in the park. A bit of the energy in the sunlight is trapped to initiate a series of chemical interactions, and it winds up as oxidizing power in certain compounds that may or may not make the eyes smart and the vegetation suffer.

From earlier studies of these phenomena, regulations have gone into effect in Los Angeles County, limiting the sale and use of solvents that can store sunlight and release it unpleasantly. Living up to the Los Angeles rule in less populous regions brings on its benefits a little sooner. In helping work out equally effective replacement formulas with minimum rise in cost, our competitive instinct has forced us to outperform competitors in service to our solvent customers—even when necessary to include competitors' solvents in our suggestions!

Meanwhile, the reception room is full



The physician is one figure, the businessman another.

As businessmen beyond denying, we ourselves are best acquainted with those physicians—radiologists—who have dedicated their minds and eyes to the use of x-rays. They buy our x-ray film. They buy a lot of it. Since x-ray film isn't the cheapest stuff to manufacture properly and since proper x-ray equipment costs what it does, the radiologist who scorns economics may find his attention regrettably diverted from his patients. So, though our service to him is

basically through the technology we deliver, he and we and the hospital administrators talk business.

Result: All over the country machines we make to process x-ray film in 90 seconds are being installed. "Waiting for the x-rays" is becoming less of a stock phrase, and the costly x-ray generating equipment need spend less time idle. At the expense of some damage to older traditions, some principles common in industrial management come into play, but a population of doctors that falls far short of rising with the general population manages to provide it with far more effective medical care than might be expected.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

was demonstrated when the Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, and Senator John McClellan engaged in a sharp clash during a committee hearing on the controversial TFX plane.

When the transcript had been gone over, presumably to protect security, this is what one exchange looked like:

McClellan—"You have in this I believe a request for (deleted) F-111B production planes, is that correct?"

McNamara—"You said (deleted). I thought it was (deleted)."

McClellan—"I think it is (deleted) but if you say (deleted), whatever you say."

McNamara—"I believe it is (deleted)."

To the general public, this dialogue may leave something to be desired, but on Capitol Hill it wouldn't raise

an eyebrow. Anyhow, Senator McClellan is sure Secretary McNamara is all wrong about the TFX no matter what (deleted) he says about it.

Party Going

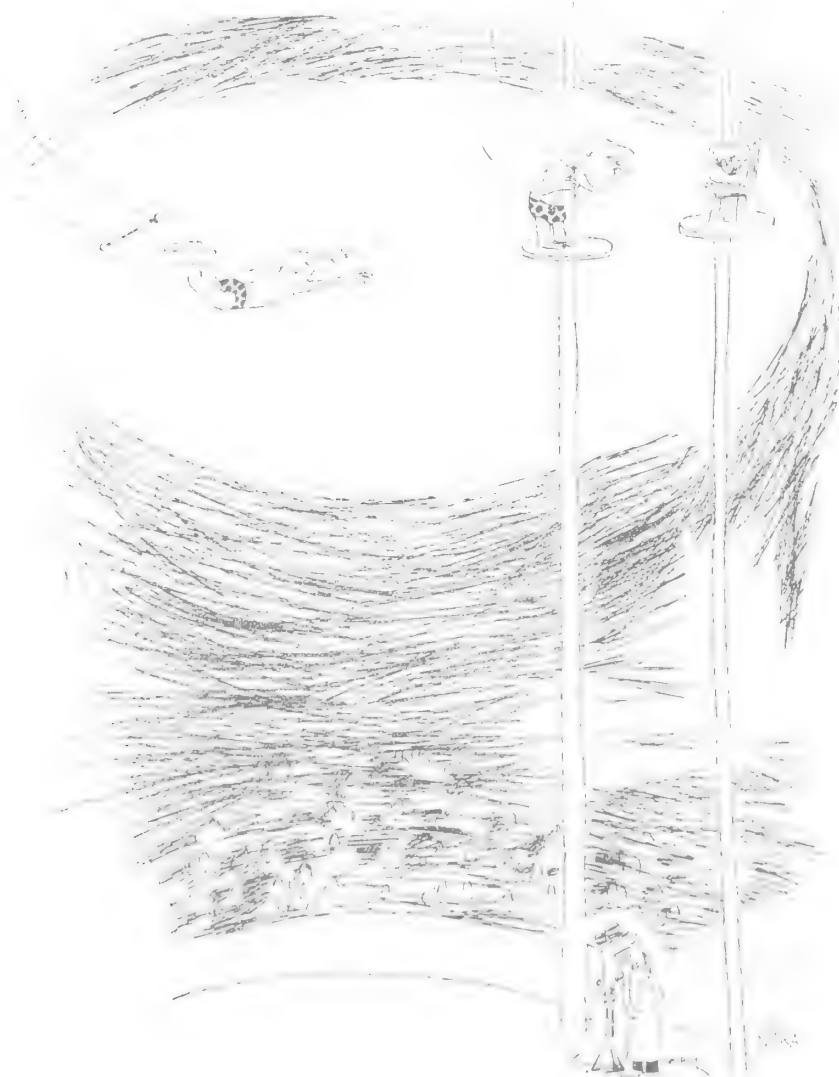
One of the busiest facilities on Capitol Hill is its expanding television and radio operation. Some of the Senators and Representatives who never have to worry about being reelected (a limited group) don't bother to make use of this facility, but most of the members now regularly exploit it to the full, for it enables them to reach large numbers of their constituents at nominal cost. They simply go to the Congressional studios, tape a show, and send it back home for free exposure on various local radio and tele-

vision stations. What could be better? Some of the more enterprising members try to produce interesting tapes by luring prominent guests on the shows, and by news-making interviews with leading officials of the Administration. Quite a few scoops have been developed this way. In any case it is a cheap and effective device for year-around campaigning. Incumbents have so many advantages these days, it is a wonder they are ever defeated for reelection.

Perhaps the best-known show of this type is the "Joe and Hugh" production, starring Pennsylvania's two Senators, Democrat Joseph S. Clark and Republican Hugh Scott. Instead of doing individual shows like the rest of their colleagues, Clark and Scott decided a joint appearance, built around discussion and debate from rival points of view, would make for more provocative broadcasts. The experiment worked so well that the program is now in its eighth year. Since both are well-mannered men, they are not rude to each other, but the banter can be crisp at times. In one recent exchange, Clark said, "You always were the capitalist from Pennsylvania." Unperturbed, Scott replied, "I know. And *you* are the millionaire." The very liberal Clark, incidentally, is a millionaire, and the reason Scott knew it is that Clark is one of the few Senators who have voluntarily disclosed their financial worth. He would like everybody in Congress to do likewise.

On one broadcast they wandered from politics and on to the Washington social scene. Clark said he preferred embassy parties. "You go into dinner at 8:30," he said, "and whoever sits to the right of the hostess has to get up and leave by 10:45 or 11 P.M. So you get a good night's sleep." Scott pointed out, however, that the departure of the guest of honor does not necessarily mean the party is over. "If he's having fun, whoever the ranking guest is," Scott said, "he comes in the back door afterward after the other people have left."

One of Washington's leading gossip gesses confirms that this sneaky practice does prevail, but that it is not confined to ambassadors from the Far and Middle East countries, who are used to dining between ten and midnight, and are just working up their appetite when the other guests are falling asleep.





We Indians do not like strangers. That is why we have so many friends.

You are in a silk shop in Madras. The proprietor, after showing your wife a new sari, expresses a desire to talk with you about America. "Stay for tea. I have a thousand questions to ask. It may be years before you are back in Madras again."

On the way to Agra, your driver speaks of his mother-in-law. "Ah, there is a gifted woman. She has a voice that can shatter glass. And frequently does." You laugh and talk the trip away and when you arrive in Agra hear her say: "How long will you stay in India? Stay another week and come to my nephew's wedding. The poor

chap is getting married Saturday."

Languishing on your houseboat in Kashmir, a flower vendor paddles alongside. "A dozen roses, sir?" You have no need of roses. "Have you need of conversation, sir?" Indeed you have. *When will the almond trees be in bloom?* "In about another week, sir. Then the willows will turn green. And the snows in the upper reaches start to melt. Would you like me to show you around Srinagar, sir? I will do it for the pleasure of your company."

Such happenings are not uncommon in our country. A foreigner is not destined to remain a foreigner for long. Why this is so we are hard pressed to explain. But the reason does not matter. You will be welcome, that is what matters.

If you would like to know more about India, complete the lines below and mail them to us. We will send you a colorful, 50-page booklet filled with useful travel information. There is no charge, dear friends.

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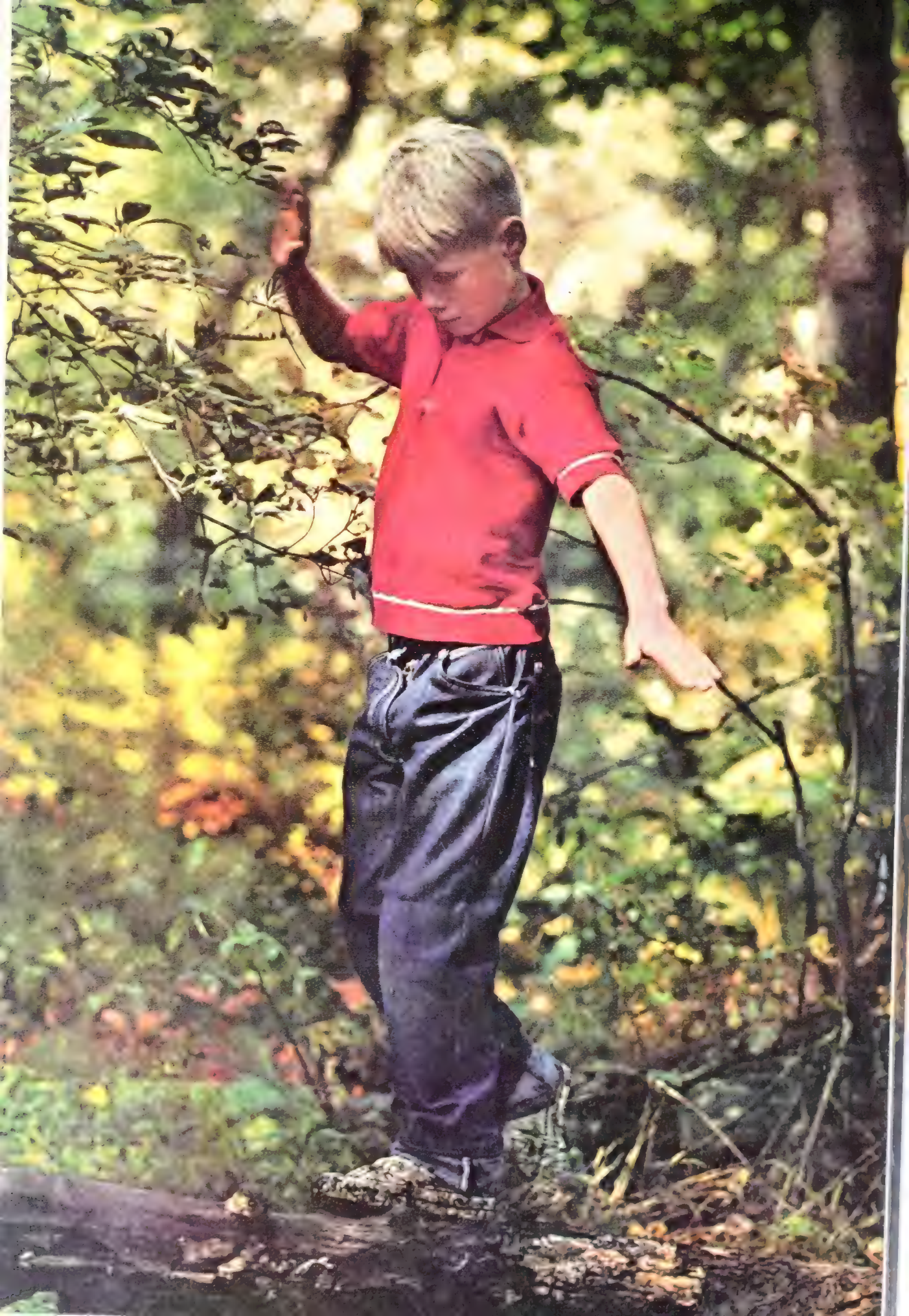
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India



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Harper's

magazine

David Halberstam

RETURN TO VIETNAM

The reporter who won the Pulitzer in 1964 for his brilliant dispatches tells why this bewildering war will not be won.

One of the great exports of South Vietnam has always been American optimism, but this time I thought when I returned that it would be at least tempered; there would be an end of illusion, a knowledge perhaps of just how dark the tunnel really is. But we flew into Tan Son Nhut and the scenes were familiar: the jetliner waiting too long on the tarmac, its air conditioning off, then the waiting room with the American AID men come out to welcome their new arrivals and steer them past all the waiting Vietnamese at immigration. Finally I got through customs and Mert Perry, an old friend, five years here and one of the very best reporters in town, met me and assured me I was wrong: the illusions still exist. When you pay \$30 billion a year you buy at least a fair share of illusions.

We drove downtown and checked into the American press office. Perry introduced me to Barry Zorthian, the chief press officer. While we were talking, Perry asked Zorthian: "Say, Barry, what's all this crap Komer [the chief of pacification, rank of Ambassador, six photos of Lyndon Johnson on his office wall] is putting out about the war being over in six months?"

Zorthian is a real pro, a very tough operator,

and I think he has many changes of speed for different reporters. For people like Perry and me he didn't want that kind of optimism, he wanted it more controlled, an optimism that recognizes all the problems but triumphs anyway. "I don't think Bob said that . . .," he began.

"No, goddamnit," Perry said. "He's told it to a couple friends of mine. Different friends. Six months."

Zorthian began again: "Well, what I think Bob meant is that the conventional war phase would be over in six months, you know. They've got one good campaign in them."

That night a group of us, experienced reporters here, went out to a restaurant in Cholon. The subject of the Komer-Zorthian quotes came up. Everyone boggled, and reminisced about the last campaign and its lineal antecedents: the *dernier quart d'heure* [for the French] . . . the corner being turned . . . home by Christmas 1965. Then one of the group picked up the inevitable box of toothpicks always in the Vietnamese restaurants and spilled them all over the table. "Each toothpick," he said, "represents one French or American spokesman who over the last twenty-one years has said they have one last campaign in them."

I have never been a dove or a hawk—few reporters who have spent any length of time here are. When I was here in 1962 and 1963 I belonged to a group of reporters who thought the war was worth winning but who doubted the effectiveness of the fight against the enemy and sensed the seed of failure in our own efforts. That group was roundly attacked by American officialdom for being too pessimistic, but in retrospect I think the great sin was that we were not pessimistic enough.

More than three years later, I still think the enemy is a real one. I think the evidence is more complete than ever that Hanoi has controlled this war since 1957, but now I doubt our capacity to win. The important things in talking about Vietnam now are: Can the war be won? Do we have the resources to win, and can we really afford these resources? People here now are talking about reorganizing the Vietnamese Army, just as they did six years ago. But it is very late here, the fabric is strained at home now, and what guarantee is there that the Vietnamese Army can be reorganized, or that it will make any difference? Can you have a fine young army in a rotting society?

The morality of this war has always been mutually ugly. We are waging a very tough war, and the enemy has waged a tough war on its own people since 1945, when Vo Nguyen Giap systematically murdered hundreds of non-Communist nationalists so that the choice for Vietnamese would be the Vietminh or the French. So the questions have become more pragmatic than moral. "The only difference between Richard Russell and me," Senator Fulbright is reported to have said recently, "is that he thinks the war can be won." Or as Senator Symington said of both Fulbright and Russell, "They went into the woods separately and came out holding hands."

So is the war being won?

The answer is yes it is, and no it isn't. On those occasions when we can use our massive power, those rare instances when our main force units find their main force units, our power is decisive, and there is more often than not a victory.* Similarly

The exception to this would be the area near the Demilitarized Zone, where we have repeated French mistakes and placed Marines in static outposts within artillery range of the North Vietnamese. There the Marines are taking a terrible pounding and quite heavy casualties from the enemy with very little hope of the situation changing. In effect we are giving away one of our greatest advantages—our mobility—and committing them, for they usually lack artillery. It is a sad repeat of history. Worse, the U. S. seems paralyzed by its own mistakes. Recently Westmoreland told *Time* Magazine Con Thien was a "Dienbienphu in reverse."

in those areas which we choose to saturate with American troops, the Vietcong must move back, and in that specially protected, hothouse atmosphere a kind of pacification takes place. But the sense one finally gets is of the fragility of the situation rather than the permanence. It may be that to a particular American general, five months into his twelve months' tour, the progress of the war in his zone is a final and concrete entity, but to an experienced Indochina hand there is more hesitance. Progress at a given moment is a fleeting experience unless it is brought about by the deep-rooted desire of the Vietnamese peasants themselves. That is why I am so pessimistic, for the other war, the nation building, helping the Vietnamese to help themselves, has not changed.

There is no doubt that the arrival of half a million Americans here has brought considerable military progress to Vietnam. In 1965 the Arvin (Vietnamese Army) had been defeated and the country was the Vietcong's to take. The Americans instead came and have fought well. Even General Westmoreland's critics—and their number is increasing—praise him for the way he imposed a growing American commitment on a very weak base, maneuvered his troops, and staved off defeat.

Nor is there any doubt of the massive power we have accumulated here. The mind boggles at the firepower an infantry company possesses. If anything we may have too much firepower, and with it there may be too much of a tendency not to come to grips with the more subtle problems of the war. The Vietcong and the regular North Vietnamese units have been hurt, and at times hurt badly, although it would be a great mistake to underestimate, as Westerners traditionally have, the enemy's resilience and durability, his ability to recover from his wounds, and his *passion* to keep coming.

The Americans here talk a good deal about rooting out the Vietcong infrastructure, the invisible shadow government which is the Communist key to local success. Yet it is frankly admitted that the infrastructure has barely been touched. Thus while the enemy has lost bodies, it has not lost its apparatus, which is a very important distinction. Hence the real power of the Vietcong has not been affected.

The escalation of the war has escalated the pressure the Vietcong are putting on the population. They no longer have the luxury of working side by side with the peasants in the field, nor do they have the Ngo Dinh Diem government to help them with their own recruiting as in the old days. The VC are inflicting higher taxes on the population, recruiting boys at younger and younger ages. A

friend of mine who has always been a dissenter from official optimism feels that the most striking change in the last two years has been the weakening of the Vietcong. "In 1963 and 1964 they controlled fifty per cent of the population, and they did it while being liked," he said, "and now they are down to about twenty-five. The important thing, of course, is that the South Vietnamese government has not been able to move into the vacuum, there's been no real government pickup. But there's no doubt of the problems the VC face—a couple of years ago if I were a young Vietnamese boy I'd have gone with the VC, but now it's different. They're putting a lot of pressure on the population too. They've lost some of their mystique."

(It should be noted that this has been done at a very high price to the Vietnamese peasants. In the Delta, for instance, the Vietcong has been hurt, but not by an aggressive Vietnamese Army searching out and waiting at night for VC units, but rather by constant bombing and shelling of those villages not controlled by the government, so that finally life becomes unbearable. The people either drift out of the villages toward government-controlled areas, or sleep at night, not in their huts, but in the paddies themselves to escape the shelling. Thus they no longer welcome the Vietcong into their villages, and when they come into the government areas, they say, yes, we understand why you are shelling us, yes, we know it's the Vietcong's fault; but I have my doubts about what they really feel and what the final political outcome of this will be. In the past, methods such as this have come back to haunt us.)

Yet for that reason our task seems immense. If the mythmakers with the fine speeches—a Vietnamese war which can finally only be won by Vietnamese—are right, and I think they are, then anyone with a serious knowledge of this country must be more pessimistic than ever. For the easy way of building a nation is to rally behind a popular national figure. There was one rare chance when Diem fell and Duong Van Minh, the one truly popular figure in the South, took over. That missed chance is a landmark. Now if anything effective is going to be done, it will be the hard way.

David Halberstam is author of "The Making of a Quagmire," a reporter's book about Vietnam, and of a forthcoming novel set in Vietnam, "One Very Hot Day" (to be published in January by Houghton Mifflin; a Literary Guild selection). He has been a correspondent for the "New York Times" in Southeast Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe, and is now a contributing editor of "Harper's."

The society is rotten, tired, and numb. It no longer cares. Twenty-one years of the war, of first the French and then Diem, have weakened the Vietnamese deeply. The sons are more corrupt than the fathers. The few patriots increasingly withdraw from the society and the struggle. The fine young men do not want to die in the U Minh forest; they want to drive their Hondas, get their draft deferments, and sit in the cafés. We are not building a nation.



II

Before I came back I was assured again and again by people who had been in Vietnam more recently that I would never recognize it, that it was not the same country. The American presence was so great. And yes, there is Cam Ranh Bay, and the endless Long Binh military complex outside Saigon, trucks, generators, barracks, helicopters as far as the eye can see. There is American television, and one sees American troops still in combat gear watching *Combat*, and a blonde weather girl pointing at the map of the U. S. and saying "Los Angeles is clear and sunny . . .," and most Vietnamese seem to have Batman T-shirts for their kids. And there is a strip of bars in Bien Hoa so long that one American there calls it Tijuana East, with sign after sign offering CAR WASH. (The Vietnamese are ingenious that way. One friend of mine has a song which goes, "Baby, won't you wash my car.") All these are signs of Americanization, but what finally struck me was how little had really changed here.

For it is the essential problems of this society that have not changed. They are the same problems, virtually insoluble, caused by the same terrible historical truths. The government of Vietnam is largely meaningless to its citizens. The rare good province chief or district chief is talked about avidly in the American Mission. (Perhaps Romney was sent to see him.) Yet it is a fact of life that

most province and district chiefs are corrupt and incompetent. There is talk of improvement in the Vietnamese Army, yet it is widely known that the Arvin is still poorly led and barely motivated. Its officers represent a microcosm of existing privilege in Vietnam. It does not change, perhaps because it cannot change and let in new blood—but unless it does it is dooming itself to its own defeat.

The pacification program, known periodically as The Other War, heir apparent to a long line of programs tried, programs vaunted, programs praised, programs failed—*agrovilles*, strategic hamlets, spreading oil slicks, national priority areas—is a study in the past. At very best there is creeping pacification. Pacification, of course, is always difficult. The social and political problems which the Americans can avoid when they simply are fighting the war and killing VC suddenly reappear when we try to create something here.

There are Americans here who have become over the past five or six years good but bitter diagnosticians. They know the reasons the programs have failed in the past, and the best of them fear the same failures rising again out of the same causes. They are angry but powerless. The ones in the field are angry at the Americans in Saigon; Saigon does not get them any leverage. Perhaps Saigon is angry at the top Vietnamese, and privately shares the frustration of the field.

Yet the pressure from Washington is greater than ever, pressure which produces the optimism, coonskins, yes, coonskins, to be hunted and tacked to walls, and the sooner the better. Progress is reported here as certain as the tide, and the tide comes in each day at the exact hour of the daily press briefing.

The third day I was here I went to a briefing by a high pacification official. He began by saying that Quang Ngai province was going to be the success story of 1967, and to mark his words: *Quang Ngai*. Even as he was talking the Vietcong were walking into Quang Ngai and freeing twelve hundred prisoners from the jail there. He was saying *this* pacification program, his pacification program, was different from the other pacification programs, because this time we had the *resources*.

I thought to myself, My God man, didn't they tell you about the strategic hamlet program, how the province chiefs used to choke to death on resources, how they were afraid to stand out on the little airstrips for fear of being buried alive by resources tumbling out of the sky: barbed wire, bricks, pigs, rat killers, pig fatteners, mosquito killers, snow plows? In those days I talked with

one British expert on Malaya, and he said there was one thing which bothered him about this war: too much in the way of resources, too many material goods. He had never seen so much gear in his life, stuff going to rust and rot, being black-marketed, creating all the wrong attitudes in the Vietnamese.

The day after the briefing I was with one of the rural pacification workers, a competent American professional who had spent four years here. He recounted his past year: more of the same Vietnamese apathy, American indifference to his pleas, faking of provincial operations, increased corruption by his Vietnamese counterpart, resources not reaching their destination, his counterpart's interest in his own building business.

The American had documented it all, handed in his report, and for a brief time the job of his Vietnamese counterpart was in the balance, and then he was given it back. "I'm going to stay in this country until I see that son of a bitch in jail," the American said. "Pacification," he said, "what the hell is pacification? You find it." Then he added: "We are losing. We are going to lose. We deserve to lose."

III

There is a reason for all these problems. It is not simple happenstance, although some Americans here think it is. One knowledgeable American colonel thinks it is just bad luck catching up with the Americans: we had fine commanders and leaders in World War II and Korea, and now we have fallen short in *American* leadership. If only Westy or Taylor or Lodge had been a real leader, had really put the blowtorch to old Ky, made him get with our program and stay with it, things would be different.

There is much subsurface criticism of Westmoreland here, particularly among experienced Americans, because they feel in large part he has abdicated his responsibilities with the Vietnamese. The job was just too tough, and so he preferred to work with the Americans, which was natural enough. Push an American button and an American jumps; push a Vietnamese button and then push it again. And then again.

Certainly Westmoreland accepts too much at face value what the Vietnamese say they are doing and he is too eager to impress on reporters his own debatable view of the quality of Vietnamese troops. But at this late hour he cannot make the Vietnamese do what they really don't want to do. And so because the Americans were easier to work with and because the problems were so immediate—imminent defeat—he worked with the Americans and

the situation of the Vietnamese military remained unchanged.

But the frustrations go so very deep. They are the product of the colonial era and the divisions brought about by the French-Indochina war, and to a much lesser degree the Diem era, both of which saw the destruction of anti-Communist nationalism. We are prisoners of that time now, more than we know. All of our failings, I think, are traced back to then. The enemy has had a revolution, and we, failing to have one, have tried to compensate for it piecemeal. But we have never really changed the order of the society. Rather, our presence, despite our words and our good intentions, has tended to confirm and strengthen the existing order.

The French-Indochina war divided this country in a more important way than the separation at the seventeenth parallel. In the process of driving the French out of Vietnam, the Vietminh—Communist led and Communist dominated—captured the nationalism of the country. They drove the white man out and they appealed to the highest aspirations of the best young Vietnamese of a whole generation. There was no choice; it was French or Vietminh. If later some of these same Vietnamese became disillusioned because of the dominance of the Communists, the apparatus and the system survived.

The Communists had not only driven out the French, and developed a new and cunning type of warfare, they had also brought the best men in their ranks to the fore. They offered hopes to the peasants, they released something latent and very powerful in the country, and they broke down petty divisions until finally that which united them was stronger than that which divided them.

One of the most telling stories from the first Indochina war is recounted in Jean Lartéguy's *The Centurions*. A French officer by the name of Glatigny, just overrun and defeated at Dienbienphu, sees his enemy counterpart for the first time:

No canvas shoes on his feet and his toes wriggled voluptuously in the warm mud of the shelter. Glatigny's reaction was that of a regular officer. He could not believe that this *nhu que* squatting on his haunches and smoking foul tobacco was, like him, a battalion commander with the same rank and the same responsibilities as his own. This was one of the officers of the 308th Division, the best unit in the People's Army. It was this peasant from the paddy fields who had beaten him, Glatigny, the descendant of one of the great military dynasties of the West, for whom war was a profession and the only purpose in life. . . .



The other day I interviewed a Vietnamese lieutenant colonel who had recently defected. He came from a stock slightly above that of peasant. His father had been something of a low-level medicine man. Although he had been a Vietminh since 1945, he had spoken with a slightly different accent and dressed a little better than some of the others at first, and though he excelled in combat he was sure that his lack of true peasant origin had been held a little against him—perhaps if he had been a pure peasant! he said, he would be a general now. . . .

Equally important in these years was what happened on our side. Our Vietnamese, by and large, had fought under the French. The enemy had revolutionaries; we had functionaries with functionary mentalities. Our high officers were former French corporals.

Things which divided men below the seventeenth parallel were far more powerful than the things which united them. The nearest enemy was the real one; the Communists were an enemy, but they were distant, and there were the French and then the Americans to hold them off.

Under Diem and for a long time afterwards no book could be published here which told at all about any Vietnamese struggle against the French. To this day, despite the talk of revolution, a Vietnamese who collaborated with the French can get a job with the Americans or his own government much more easily than anyone who had fought against the French but had become disillusioned. The Americans push hard for a Chieu Hoi center for defectors, but they admit privately it is almost impossible to integrate any

ranking defector into the open society here on anything above a cab-driver level. The Army in the South, rather than having any national purpose, is riddled with intrigues and divisions.

I talked with another high-level defector, a major, and asked what he could do if given an Arvin battalion. "I could command a division in North Vietnam," he answered. "I have the ability to do that. But a platoon here, even a squad, I could not do that. What can you do? They have no purpose."

But if the troubles go back to the French, we can no longer blame them. When I was here in 1962 there was a tendency to blame everything on the French legacy of training, of tactics, of civil service. Now, however, we have been here long enough on our own. The French are a vanishing scapegoat.

Near Danang not too long ago one of the foremost figures of American television was talking to a tough little French female photographer. He started talking about an area where he saw some improvement since his last visit. No, she quickly disabused him, it was not good in that area, it was getting worse. So he discussed another area. Again she disabused him. Finally he raised his eyes to the sky and said, "Well, I guess the only answer then is to give the whole country back to the French." "No, no, monsieur," she said. "You sleep in your own shit."

One of the smartest Americans in the Embassy, spelling out the progress the Americans had made here since 1965—the dead VC, the improved security in certain areas—told me, "The VC are hurting and they're licking their wounds, real hurts and real wounds this time. This time we're really getting to them. The trouble is that every single thing that's taking place here is directly attributable to the presence of half a million Americans."

Was there anything local that was viable? I asked him.

"No," he said, "I don't think so. We can go into an area and improve the security. Pacify if you want to call it that. But then pull the American boots out of the area and it would go Red in a week."

IV

Recently the American Mission, realizing that among the longest suffering people in this country were the Arvin veterans, decided to do something to improve their morale and at the same perhaps improve the society. The Mission decided to offer 120 four-year scholarships to colleges in the United States for deserving veterans, with a full

English-language course thrown in. It was a widely praised idea in Mission circles, and no one really minded that it came from the Americans and not the Vietnamese. And the Vietnamese were enthusiastic.

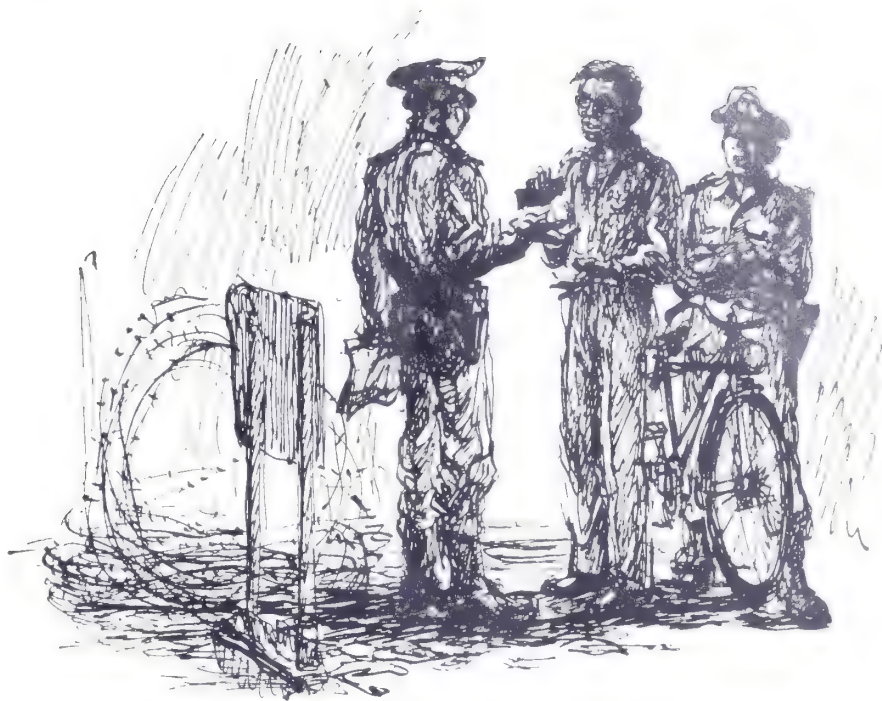
The idea was taken to the Ministry of Education, which shortly presented the Americans with a list of 120 deserving veterans. Just by chance someone at the Mission checked out the list—Americans are learning to do that these days—and found that any relationship between those nominated and veterans was purely coincidental. All 120 were simply brothers, cousins, friends, creditors, debtors of people in the ministry.

Then the Americans went to veterans' groups themselves and advertised in the newspapers. Eventually the deserving recipients were found and chosen, and off they went to America. The Mission congratulated itself, both on the idea, and on catching the fake list, and it was not until several weeks later that someone found out that each veteran had been forced to pay a bribe of 40,000 piastres (six months' pay at the very least) in order to get his passport so he could leave.

This corruption works from the top down, from the corps commander selling everything in his area, the corruption of venality, to the poor school-teacher making only 1,400 piastres a month, selling questions and answers to exams to all of her students, making an additional 8,000 piastres a month—all to offset the terrible inflation, the corruption of survival. It is very bad and getting worse. Each day in the Vietnamese government and the Vietnamese Army it is a little more likely that if a position is any good it must be bought.

We have created a new class here, at a time when men are supposed to go out and die for their country. We are rewarding all the wrong values, the grafters, the black marketeers, the 20 per centers. There are some in the American Mission who believe that worrying about Asian corruption is naive, that it is traditional, but I do not think this is true. One of the reasons for the success of the other side has been its relative lack of corruption. The corruption here has long since² passed the marginal phase and now dominates and indeed paralyzes the society. Unless it is checked and checked quickly and ruthlessly it is impossible to win this war.

²Corruption has always been a problem here, as has American indifference to it. In 1963, when Marine Major General Victor Krulak was assigned by President Kennedy to find out whether or not the war was being won, he sent the American military command here a questionnaire with about sixty questions. One was: "Is there government corruption?" The answer: "To our knowledge there is not."



Thieu and Ky are reportedly not corrupt, but they are propped up by men who are rank with corruption. They can fire one or two generals or province chiefs for corruption (usually men not of their cliques—who have been a little too blatant, or no longer useful) but although they talk articulately to the American Ambassador about what a serious problem it is, they have shown neither the capacity nor the desire to stop it or punish it. Perhaps this is because it goes beyond individuals into the system.

Cao Van Vien, chief of staff of the Vietnamese armed forces, a favorite of the Americans, and his wife, Madame Vien, are deeply involved in the system. In the resort city of Vung Tau, Madame Vien has exploited government land holdings and developed buildings which she rents to Americans at a total profit of 400,000 piastres, roughly \$3,000, a month. In addition she has considerable property in Saigon, and manipulates government land on the Bien Hoa highway.

Recently a young American, a Vietnamese language officer, was with her and some local officials in Vung Tau. She was giving orders on how the distributorship for San Miguel beer would be handled. "What was so amazing," he said later, "was not the extent of her financial interest, which was very considerable, but the *flagrancy* of it—the absolute indifference to what we thought. She knew I spoke Vietnamese and she simply did not give a damn." (One high Mission official, when asked about her, said, "Well, she has been quite forceful and successful in her real-estate dealings.")

The province chief of Bien Hoa province, a former airborne officer, is a protégé of Vien's. Bien Hoa is one of the most profitable provinces in the country for graft because the Americans at the Long Binh base use it for relaxation. The Americans there have tried to get the province chief on graft charges several times, but Vien has intervened for him. The Americans are now convinced that Madame Vien is sharing in the Bien Hoa profits.

But Vien is one of the better ones. The corps commanders are the worst, particularly in Two, Three, and Four Corps (there is too much fighting these days in the first corps area, near the Demilitarized Zone, for very much profiteering). They have become the new warlords of Vietnam, holding a certain balance of power which in the past has supported, or not supported, the government in Saigon. They buy and sell almost everything conceivable and a few things which are inconceivable.

They sell the province and district chiefs' jobs: up to three million piastres for a province chief's job; one million or more for a district chief's job, plus of course a monthly kickback, varying from 10,000 piastres a month to 10 per cent of the chief's budget. A division commander's job may cost as much as five million piastres.

The profits vary. Smaller fry make money off what are known here as ghost soldiers, the 30 per cent of a unit roll which does not exist—dead or

never existed—but for which the commander still draws money. But the bigger men make the real money off the new construction wave. Everything that is built has its take, an immense percentage. Nothing can be done without bribery, and the bribes go to the highest officials in the region.

Then there are the vast amounts of material brought in by the Americans. The docks become a gold mine, as do the bars which the Americans frequent. One corps commander is the opium king. In the Delta there is massive taxation on the rice harvest, which slips out illegally to Cambodia while Vietnam imports most of its rice. Along the Cambodian border there is a thriving two-way illicit traffic—rice and beer going out, food, fish, and clothes coming in.

A division commander like Nguyen Van Minh in the 21st Division (lower Delta) will make an agreement at rice harvest time to share the profits on collected taxes with absentee landlords and thereupon launch operations for that purpose. He will share also in the profits of outgoing charcoal and of trucking beer and supplies into the area. Minh is the prototype of the new Vietnamese officer. He is very popular with the Americans, speaks good English, knows American staff styles, and is on the surface quite cooperative. In Saigon among the Americans his division is considered a good one. But in the area, provincial advisers who are not directly in his chain of command feel that he is vastly overrated and that his division does not pursue the Vietcong all that actively.

The province chiefs make theirs in construction (faked sealed bids, with Americans there to watch the surface honesty—one province chief even created his own proxy building company) and local smuggling. In Kien Phong and Chau Doc provinces, district chiefs along the border are so wealthy that they have to kick back at least 50,000 piastres a month to their superiors. The price for certifying that Cambodian fish is indigenous Vietnamese fish is two piastres a kilo, and since as much as 20,000 kilos may enter a day, the profits are very handsome indeed.

In Bien Hoa typical of those provinces where there are large numbers of Americans, bars are big business: at Tet alone the province chief has made an estimated 10 million piastres from the bars. He gets an estimated kickback of 10,000 piastres a month from each bar and he periodically extorts more by threatening to open new ones. The Americans have documented his corruption, but so far he has managed to stay in power.

And this works down. The assistants to these men, assistant province chiefs and district chiefs, buy their jobs and then make the payoffs back by

selling positions under them. The assistant district chief for security sells police jobs and the police get their smaller payoffs at resource checkpoints or working the bars. Finally everyone is selling something: 5,000 piastre bribes to get a driver's license, 20,000 piastres to get a Honda out of the docks, 6,000 piastres to get a free place on a military aircraft, 50,000 piastres to get permission to have a job with the Americans.

Someone both honest and capable like General Nguyen Duc Thang, head of revolutionary development, is almost overwhelmed by this cynicism. He is trying to run an honest program, and corruption has become his favorite subject with visitors. An able Vietnamese friend of mine was offered a province in the Delta to run. He went there for a month and was told at the end of the month to kick in. He asked where he would find the money. That is your problem, the corps commander said. He immediately asked to be relieved. "It is very bad," he said. "If you are not one of them you become a threat to them and very dangerous." The handful of Americans who are fighting the massive corruption are numbed by the problem now. One of them told me, "You fight like hell to get someone removed and most times you fail and you just make it worse than ever. And then on the occasions when you win, why hell they give you someone just as bad who's a little more careful about it. I mean he's been warned about you, that you're a little smarter than the other long noses, and the guy you had relieved why they promote him."

There was for a time earlier this year an American Mission committee on corruption, but it met three times and has not met in six months. The problem is so delicate that it can only be handled by the very highest Americans, and indeed it is so delicate even there that it may not be discussed in the blunt and strong terms which it demands. A real attack on it, and real punishment, have yet to come, and there lingers among fair-minded Americans here a good deal of doubt that the government has either the desire or the capacity to take strong steps.

Right now there is some talk about a military reorganization which would strip the corps commanders of their power, and make the provincial chiefs responsible to the central government. If so, it would be a significant step. But as with many other things that are being talked of here, the reform has not come. The Ky government in the past has been more notable for words than deeds.

I have described this at length not just because the corruption is so serious and so corroding, but also because there is a new and growing Mission

view of the war, a view which I think is the product of frustration in pacification and other nation-building programs. It says, in effect: military power will not win the war alone, and though the government is weak and indeed frequently venal, and Arvin is a myth, we Americans are doing so many things, so much gear is going into so many places, that relentlessly, almost in spite of ourselves, we are producing results.

"We are smothering them into victory," one very high official said. The failure of the past, this official added, was not just weak people and a weak policy, although that is now acknowledged. It was a lack of resources: 15,000 Americans and a half billion dollars a year simply weren't enough.

This is a philosophy that is at times quite well argued here, and it has the advantage of admitting the weakness of our Vietnamese. But I am not so sure: the failures of the past were deeply tied not so much to lack of resources—we always had more

helicopters than the enemy—but to lack of leadership, motivation, unity. I am not sure but that the more resources we feed into this country, the more we weaken the fiber and the more we corrode our own Vietnamese.

VI

We flew over the southern part of Long An province. My guide, an experienced American here, pointed down to the strange scene: deserted pathways leading nowhere, mud paths leading up to shacks which barely existed, a few deserted huts still left. "You know what that is?" he asked. I shook my head.

"Strategic hamlets," he said. "All that's left. You can see the outlines of where they used to be, where they built up the mud for paths. Part of the scenic beauty of Long An. Vacant since November 3, 1963, the first day the new government said they could all go; they left. I'm not even sure they



waited that long. Those that we controlled, that is, and that was damn few enough. Mass desertion. Funny people, they preferred their ancestors' ashes to our barbed wire."

I looked down and he was right, there they were. One could still see the traces of the paths, neatly laid out, neatly eroding, and it all came back to me, the visits to Long An, and the other provinces, the hamlet program, the *key* to success, making the population turn on the enemy, all those fine charts showing that we were way ahead of schedule, only X hamlets programed and 3X completed.

In 1963 when Washington's confidence about the hamlets mounted and doubts mounted in the field, a young American civilian named Earl Young came down to take over Long An as province representative. Long An was allegedly almost completely government controlled; Young was appalled and quickly told Saigon that 80 per cent of Long An was VC controlled, and the war was virtually over in it. It was a report which jarred Saigon's sensitivities, and as a reward for this Paul Reveremanship a two-star American general tried to have Young fired.

Long An is not exactly typical; its problems are more serious, but they are not much more serious than other areas. If we cannot make real progress in Long An, then we cannot win this country. The area touches on the Plain of Reeds on the west, a traditional VC bastion, and it has a long history of VC influence and government stupidity. Part of the population, says one American, does not have a Vietcong infrastructure. It is actually a Vietcong society, more than three generations of it.

What is astounding about Long An is that it sits just south of Saigon, virtually a suburb—500,000 people in a very rich province. It sat there and always got its resources, through 1963, but never got any more than some very distant province. Ambassador Lodge, having saved Earl Young his job, was unsettled by the idea of the VC controlling what amounted to his backyard. He made Long An a priority area. The 25th Arvin division was brought down from the coastal region, and two of its regiments placed there with much heralding and exclamation. (There is still much exclamation about the 25th, not only that it may be the worst division in the Army, but the worst in any army.) But resources did not arrive, local officials were lethargic and unsure of their standing, and the 1964 priority failed to succeed.

Later in 1964 and 1965 Long An became a *hop tac* area, the spreading of oil slicks out from Saigon, the gradual driving back of the enemy. One American who was there said, "We knew what we wanted to do, but we couldn't get them to do it.

There would be agreement, this was a priority operation and this or that program would be done, and they would nod and say yes, and then nothing would happen. You ask me why, I don't know why. If I had known why, I'd have been able to do something. So you'd send the word up to Saigon, and the top Americans there would say, 'Yes, look, we just talked to the Vietnamese about that problem and they're taking care of it—it's all okay.' And of course not a damn thing would happen."

In 1965, still almost completely Vietcong controlled, still squeezing Saigon, Long An was dubbed a National Priority Area. One American told me, "I don't know what happened to all the other national priority areas, but we couldn't cut it there. It was the same old goddamn story. You could tell the story of this country from Long An, like a dying man seeing his whole life flash before him. Their battalion commanders, peasants from the area who had everything to gain and nothing to lose if the VC won, had a rainbow waiting in this war. And up against them our little Arvin officers all from the upper or middle class, holding those damn baccalaureates, hating Long An a hell of a lot more than I ever did, with nothing to gain if there was a victory and a damn lot to lose down here, not wanting a bit to get wounded. So they tore us up when we went out. Most of the time the division advisers would be reporting how many operations they were on and all these things they were doing, and the troops wouldn't be doing anything at all, just sitting around and letting the VC have it free."

The National Priority Area never got off the ground there; Long An remained a particularly ugly sore. By late 1966 it remained as bad as ever (no American troops set foot there until September 1966) until by American estimates the VC controlled the entire rural province at night and all but 5 per cent during the daytime. Bridges were out, ferries were out, yet another try was made.

American troops were sent into the area and Colonel Sam Wilson, then Lodge's Mission coordinator, left his high Saigon post to try and oversee all operations there. He was somewhat appalled by what he found: "The province chiefs and the district chiefs do things for the people as if it were some form of largess. If a district chief wants to build a marketplace it doesn't really matter whether the village wants it or needs it—that's what it gets." But the Wilson experiment, started with the best of intentions, floundered too. There was always some doubt over just how much control he had over the American military; and the Vietnamese military was always divided between

the province chief's wishes and the division commander's whims. Finally neither high nor low goals were reached.

Now, in late 1967, Long An is somewhat better. There is what one American who knows the past failures calls "marginal improvement or even better under difficult conditions." A brigade and a half of American troops, in addition to two Vietnamese regiments, are operating there. The Americans, working the difficult terrain, are paying a high price, but have hurt the tough Vietcong battalions in the area. Latest intelligence is that these battalions are at about 60 per cent strength, which means that they are still quite effective fighting forces. Security is somewhat better and some areas have been opened up.

But the local officials are no better, the Arvin forces are as bad as ever, and knowledgeable Americans speak of progress in muted tones, knowing it can vanish the next day. In addition, the Americans here—as elsewhere in the Delta—are wary of areas where they think local forces have reached an accommodation with the enemy. One Vietnamese described it to me in Long An: "They sit there and make their gentlemen's agreements. The VC let our people know when they want to move and not too much happens. If the boss comes down from Tan An, the local commander lets the VC know and the province chief arrives. So everyone walks around freely and the chief tells the local man what a fine commander he is."

Long An is at least without illusions.

VII

One of the smaller wars in Vietnam these days is the one taking place between the American military command and the American reporters over that most time-honored subject, the quality of the Vietnamese Army. To the military they are constantly improving. To the reporters, nothing has changed. There is the same vast discrepancy between their statistics and their actual performances.

The other day an American officer from Three Corps, the area right above Saigon, was brought in to brief reporters on the Arvin units in his area. The briefing was standard: the officer pa-



tiently and politely went through his line about better leadership, better motivation, better morale. But the area is close to Saigon and most reporters have friends there; they listened in obvious disbelief. After the officer finished his briefing and was moving toward the door, one veteran reporter caught him, and asked what could really be done to shape Arvin up. "Fire all three goddamn division commanders and two-thirds of the regimental commanders," he said, and walked out the door.

Yet there are some here who claim that we have one last chance in Vietnam. The history of Vietnam in recent years has been littered with last chances. One follows another faithfully. But, say men whose judgment I have respected in the past, this is another: we have all the material and we have just had an election, and perhaps now all the mistakes can be corrected. President Thieu will have the power he lacked before and we can get him to do these things which all his predecessors have failed to do. Thieu can use power; he can crush the little warlords.

Perhaps so, but one senses in Thieu a clever operator who will play it close to his vest. His ability to perform these late miracles is questionable. Give him six months, one very high American says. But what is it going to be at the end of it? Something dramatic—or just more statistics and briefings?

There are a few good things happening, friends of mine in our Mission say. At this writing, the National Assembly elections are stirring feelings never stirred here before. They are touching basic regional and factional feelings in this pluralistic society—and for the first time giving people a sense of representation in the government. These developments are certainly to be encouraged, for they might be the one thing which could save us in a political showdown with the Communists. But, otherwise, they amount to a very small plus in a very tired country.

They say also that there are changes within the Mission; the real dissenters are getting a better hearing in Mission councils than ever before. Yet there is little in what the Mission says, or thinks, to support this hope. I fear for the dissenters in the months ahead as the pressure for results intensifies; for that kind of pressure does not want to hear dissent or complicated answers. It wants reams of prepared statistical documents, and it most surely will get them.

VIII

And the alternate solutions?

Putting American and Vietnamese troops together into joint units, thereby improving the morale of the Vietnamese—where tried so far in this country it has worked. . . . Giving the Americans complete command of Vietnamese forces, and giving them good American leadership. . . . Forgetting about the Vietnamese and bringing out one million more American troops and do the job right.

But instead I have a sense that we are once again coming to a dead end in Indochina. We have in the past narrowly staved off defeat several times in the South. In 1954 at Geneva, in 1956 with Diem, in 1961 with the Taylor report and the beginning of the American buildup, in 1965 with the commitment of American combat troops. Each time we have averted defeat and grabbed victory out of the hands of Hanoi, but in doing it, we have always been forced to up the price of the game; we have increased the stakes, so that now we stand with the present frustrating situation, neither victory nor defeat, a half-million troops, a heavy bombing program, with the military wanting

more troops and more bombing. Yet meanwhile we are more aware than ever of the frustrations of that particular war and of the strains that a commitment of half a million men places on our own society at home.

Or perhaps all the very best critics, such as the late Bernard Fall, will be proven wrong: you *can* gain a military victory without any decent political basis. You can simply grind out a terribly punishing war, year after year, using that immense American firepower, crushing the enemy and a good deal of the population, until finally there has been so much death and destruction that the enemy will stumble out of the forest, as stunned and numb as the rest of the Vietnamese people.

What would become of the country in this case I do not know. It could happen, but I doubt it. For though the highest Americans here have talked in terms of victory through a war of punishment and attrition, I have my doubts that we can win in a war of attrition. Attrition, after all, is not just a physical thing, it is a psychological state as well, and I wonder if they will fold first. Rather, the war is to them an immediate thing; it is their highest priority, their most important commitment, like the Israelis viewing the Arabs; they see it in terms of *survival*, while we are far away. We have our other fronts, other commitments, other priorities. We talk about this as a war of our national security, but we treat it as a war of luxury. Nothing shows this more than the casual way the war has been reported from Saigon to Washington, the willingness to pass on gentle fallacies instead of hard and cold truths. The general who tried to have Earl Young removed would, I am sure, give a very accurate report to Washington if the Vietcong were moving north from San Diego.

Perhaps. Perhaps. I do not think we are winning, and the reasons seem to me to be so basic that while I would like to believe my friends that there is a last chance opening up again in Vietnam, it seems to me a frail hope indeed. I do not think we are winning in any true sense, nor do I see any signs we are about to win. That is why this is such a sad story to write, for I share that special affection for the Vietnamese, and I would like to write that though the price is heavy, it is worth it. I do not think our Vietnamese can win their half of the war, nor do I think we can win it for them. I think finally we will end up lowering our sights, encouraging our Vietnamese to talk to their Vietnamese, hoping somehow they can settle what we cannot. That is what this country longs for right now, and it may well be that even if we stay here another five years, it is all we will end up with anyway.

Norman Podhoretz

MAKING IT: THE BRUTAL BARGAIN

The opening chapter from his long-awaited and already controversial autobiography. This is an account of a young Brooklyn Jew's first confrontation with the abrasive issue of class.

One of the longest journeys in the world is the journey from Brooklyn to Manhattan—or at least from certain neighborhoods in Brooklyn to certain parts of Manhattan. I have made that journey, but it is not from the experience of having made it that I know how very great the distance is, for I started on the road many years before I realized what I was doing, and by the time I did realize it I was for all practical purposes already there. At so imperceptible a pace did I travel, and with so little awareness, that I never felt footsore or out of breath or weary at the thought of how far I still had to go. Yet whenever anyone who has remained back there where I started—remained not physically but socially and culturally, for the neighborhood is now a Negro ghetto and the Jews who have “remained” in it mostly reside in the less affluent areas of Long Island—whenever anyone like that happens into the world in which I now live with such perfect ease, I can see that in his eyes I have become a fully acculturated citizen of a country as foreign to him as China and infinitely more frightening.

That country is sometimes called the upper middle class; and indeed I am a member of that class, less by virtue of my income than by virtue of the way my speech is accented, the way I dress, the way I furnish my home, the way I entertain and am entertained, the way I educate my children—the way, quite simply, I look and I live. It appalls

me to think what an immense transformation I had to work on myself in order to become what I have become: if I had known what I was doing I would surely not have been able to do it, I would surely not have wanted to. No wonder the choice had to be blind; there was a kind of treason in it—treason toward my family, treason toward my friends. In choosing the road I chose, I was pronouncing a judgment upon them, and the fact that they themselves concurred in the judgment makes the whole thing sadder but no less cruel.

When I say that the choice was blind, I mean that I was never aware—obviously not as a small child, certainly not as an adolescent, and not even as a young man already writing for publication and working on the staff of an important intellectual magazine in New York—how inextricably my “noblest” ambitions were tied to the vulgar desire to rise above the class into which I was born; nor did I understand to what an astonishing extent these ambitions were shaped and defined by the standards and values and tastes of the class into which I did not know I wanted to move. It is not that I was or am a social climber as that term is commonly used. High society interests me, if at all, only as a curiosity; I do not wish to be a member of it; and in any case, it is not, as I have learned from a small experience of contact with the very rich and fashionable, my “scene.” Yet precisely because social climbing is not one of my vices (unless what might be called celebrity climbing, which very definitely is one of my vices, can be considered the contemporary variant of social climbing), I think there may be more than a

merely personal significance in the fact that class has played so large a part both in my life and in my career.

But whether or not the significance is there, I feel certain that my long-time blindness to the part class was playing in my life was not altogether idiosyncratic. "Privilege," Robert L. Heilbroner has shrewdly observed in *The Limits of American Capitalism*, "is not an attribute we are accustomed to stress when we consider the construction of *our* social order." For a variety of reasons, says Heilbroner, "privilege under capitalism is much less 'visible,' especially to the favored groups, than privilege under other systems" like feudalism. This "invisibility" extends in America to class as well.

No one, of course, is so naïve as to believe that America is a classless society or that the force of egalitarianism—powerful as it has been in some respects—has ever been powerful enough to wipe out class distinctions altogether. There was a moment during the 1950s, to be sure, when social thought hovered on the brink of saying that the country had to all intents and purposes become a wholly middle-class society. But the emergence of the civil-rights movement in the 1960s and the concomitant discovery of the poor—to whom, in helping to discover them, Michael Harrington interestingly enough applied, in *The Other America*, the very word ("invisible") that Heilbroner later used with reference to the rich—has put at least a temporary end to that kind of talk. And yet if class has become visible again, it is only in its grossest outlines—mainly, that is, in terms of income levels—and to the degree that manners and style of life are perceived as relevant at all, it is generally in the crudest of terms. There is something in us, it would seem, which resists the idea of class. Even our novelists, working in a genre for which class has traditionally been a supreme reality, are largely indifferent to it—which is to say, blind to its importance as a factor in the life of the individual.

In my own case, the blindness to class always expressed itself in an outright and very often belligerent refusal to believe that it had anything to do with me at all. I no longer remember when or in what form I first discovered that there was such a thing as class, but whenever it was and whatever form the discovery took, it could only have coincided with the recognition that criteria existed by which I and everyone I knew were stamped as inferior: we were in the *lower* class. This was not a proposition I was willing to accept, and my way of not accepting it was to dismiss the whole idea of class as a prissy triviality.

Given the fact that I had literary ambitions even as a small boy, it was inevitable that the issue of class would sooner or later arise for me with a sharpness it would never acquire for most of my friends. But given the fact also that I was on the whole very happy to be growing up where I was, that I was fiercely patriotic about Brownsville (the spawning ground of so many famous athletes and gangsters), and that I felt genuinely patronizing toward other neighborhoods (especially the "better" ones like Crown Heights and East Flatbush which seemed by comparison colorless and unexciting)—given the fact, in other words, that I was not, for all that I wrote poetry and read books, an "alienated" boy dreaming of escape, my confrontation with the issue of class would probably have come later rather than sooner if not for an English teacher in high school who decided that I was a gem in the rough and took it upon herself to polish me to as high a sheen as she could manage and I would permit.

I resisted—far less effectively, I can see now, than I then thought, though even then I knew that she was wearing me down far more than I would ever give her the satisfaction of admitting. Famous throughout the school for her altogether outspoken snobbery, which stopped short by only a hair (and sometimes did not stop short at all) of an old-fashioned kind of patrician anti-Semitism, Mrs. K. was also famous for being an extremely good teacher; indeed, I am sure that she saw no distinction between the hopeless task of teaching the proper use of English to the young Jewish barbarians whom fate had so unkindly deposited into her charge and the equally hopeless task of teaching them the proper "manners." (There were as many young Negro barbarians in her charge as Jewish ones, but I doubt that she could ever bring herself to pay very much attention to them. As she never hesitated to make clear, it was punishment enough for a woman of her background—her family was old-Brooklyn and, she would have us understand, extremely distinguished—to have fallen among the sons of East European immigrant Jews.)

For three years, from the age of thirteen to the age of sixteen, I was her special pet, though that word is scarcely adequate to suggest the intensity of the relationship which developed between us. It was a relationship right out of *The Corn Is Green*, which may, for all I know, have served as her model; at any rate, her objective was much the same as the Welsh teacher's in that play: she was determined that I should win a scholarship to Harvard. But whereas (an irony much to the point here) the problem the teacher had in *The*

Corn Is Green with her coal-miner pupil in the traditional class society of Edwardian England was strictly academic, Mrs. K.'s problem with me in the putatively egalitarian society of New Deal America was strictly social. My grades were very high and would obviously remain so, but what would they avail me if I continued to go about looking and sounding like a "filthy little slum child" (the epithet she would invariably hurl at me whenever we had an argument about "manners")?

Childless herself, she worked on me like a dementedly ambitious mother with a somewhat recalcitrant son; married to a solemn and elderly man (she was then in her early forties or thereabouts), she treated me like a cruelly ungrateful adolescent lover on whom she had humiliatingly bestowed her favors. She flirted with me and flattered me, she scolded me and insulted me. Slum child, filthy little slum child, so beautiful a mind and so vulgar a personality, so exquisite in sensibility and so coarse in manner. What would she do with me, what would become of me if I persisted out of stubbornness and perversity in the disgusting ways they had taught me at home and on the streets?

To her the most offensive of these ways was the style in which I dressed: a T-shirt, tightly pegged pants and a red satin jacket with the legend "Cherokees, S.A.C." (social-athletic club) stitched in large white letters across the back. This was bad enough, but when on certain days I would appear in school wearing, as a particular ceremonial occasion required, a suit and tie, the sight of those immense padded shoulders and my white-on-white shirt would drive her to even greater heights of contempt and even lower depths of loving despair than usual. *Slum child, filthy little slum child*. I was beyond saving; I deserved no better than to wind up with all the other horrible little Jewboys in the gutter (by which she meant Brooklyn College). If only I would listen to her, the whole world could be mine: I could win a scholarship to Harvard, I could get to know the best people, I could grow up into a life of elegance and refinement and taste. Why was I so stupid as not to understand?

II

In those days it was very unusual, and possibly even against the rules, for teachers in public high schools to associate with their students after hours. Nevertheless, Mrs. K. sometimes invited me to her home, a beautiful old brownstone located in what was perhaps the only section in the whole

of Brooklyn fashionable enough to be intimidating. I would read her my poems and she would tell me about her family, about the schools she had gone to, about Vassar, about writers she had met, while her husband, of whom I was frightened to death and who to my utter astonishment turned out to be Jewish (but not, as Mrs. K. quite unnecessarily hastened to inform me, *my* kind of Jewish), sat stiffly and silently in an armchair across the room squinting at his newspaper through the first pince-nez I had ever seen outside the movies. He spoke to me but once, and that was after I had read Mrs. K. my tearful editorial for the school newspaper on the death of Roosevelt—an effusion which provoked him into a full five-minute harangue whose blasphemous contents would certainly have shocked me into insensibility if I had not been even more shocked to discover that he actually had a voice.

But Mrs. K. not only had me to her house; she also—what was even more unusual—took me out a few times, to the Frick Gallery and the Metropolitan Museum, and once to the theater, where we saw a dramatization of *The Late George Apley*, a play I imagine she deliberately chose with the not wholly mistaken idea that it would impress upon me the glories of aristocratic Boston.

One of our excursions into Manhattan I remember with particular vividness because she used it to bring the struggle between us to rather a dramatic head. The familiar argument began this time on the subway. Why, knowing that we would be spending the afternoon together "in public," had I come to school that morning improperly dressed? (I was, as usual, wearing my red satin club jacket over a white T-shirt.) She realized, of course, that I owned only one suit (this said not in compassion but in derision) and that my poor parents had, God only knew where, picked up the idea that it was too precious to be worn except at one of those bar mitzvahs I was always going to. Though why, if my parents were so worried about clothes, they had permitted me to buy a suit which made me look like a young hoodlum, she found it very difficult to imagine. Still, much as she would have been embarrassed to be seen in public with a boy whose parents allowed him to wear a zoot suit, she would have been somewhat less embarrassed than she was now by the ridiculous costume I had on. Had I no consideration for

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her? Had I no consideration for myself? Did I want everyone who laid eyes on me to think that I was nothing but an ill-bred little slum child?

My standard ploy in these arguments was to take the position that such things were of no concern to me: I was a poet and I had more important matters to think about than clothes. Besides, I would feel silly coming to school on an ordinary day dressed in a suit. Did Mrs. K. want me to look like one of those "creeps" from Crown Heights who were all going to become doctors? This was usually an effective counter, since Mrs. K. despised her middle-class Jewish students even more than she did the "slum children," but probably because she was growing desperate at the thought of how I would strike a Harvard interviewer (it was my senior year), she did not respond according to form on that particular occasion.

"At least," she snapped, "they reflect well on their parents."

I was accustomed to her bantering gibes at my parents, and sensing, probably, that they arose out of jealousy, I was rarely troubled by them. But this one bothered me; it went beyond banter and I did not know how to deal with it. I remember flushing, but I cannot remember what if anything I said in protest. It was the beginning of a very bad afternoon for both of us.

We had been heading for the Museum of Modern Art, but as we got off the subway, Mrs. K. announced that she had changed her mind about the museum. She was going to show me something else instead, just down the street on Fifth Avenue. This mysterious "something else" to which we proceeded in silence turned out to be the college department of an expensive clothing store, De Pinna. I do not exaggerate when I say that an actual physical dread seized me as I followed her into the store. I had never been inside such a store; it was not a store, it was enemy territory, every inch of it mined with humiliations. "I am," Mrs. K. declared in the coldest human voice I hope I shall ever hear, "going to buy you a suit that you will be able to wear at your Harvard interview." I had guessed, of course, that this was what she had in mind, and even at fifteen I understood what a fantastic act of aggression she was planning to commit against my parents and asking me to participate in. Oh no, I said in a panic (suddenly realizing that I *wanted* her to buy me that suit). I can't, my mother wouldn't like it. "You can tell her it's a birthday present. Or else I will tell her. If I tell her, I'm sure she won't object." The idea of Mrs. K. meeting my mother was more than I could bear: my mother, who spoke with a Yiddish accent and whom, until that sickening moment,

I had never known I was so ready to betray.

To my immense relief and my equally immense disappointment, we left the store, finally, without buying a suit, but it was not to be the end of clothing or "manners" for me that day—not yet. There was still the ordeal of a restaurant to go through. Where I came from, people rarely ate in restaurants, not so much because most of them were too poor to afford such a luxury—although most of them certainly were—as because eating in restaurants was not regarded as a luxury at all; it was, rather, a necessity to which bachelors were pitifully condemned. A home-cooked meal was assumed to be better than anything one could possibly get in a restaurant, and considering the class of restaurants in question (they were really diners or luncheonettes), the assumption was probably correct. In the case of my own family, myself included until my late teens, the business of going to restaurants was complicated by the fact that we observed the Jewish dietary laws, and except in certain neighborhoods, few places could be found which served kosher food; in midtown Manhattan in the 1940s, I believe there were only two and both were relatively expensive. All this is by way of explaining why I had had so little experience of restaurants up to the age of fifteen and why I grew apprehensive once more when Mrs. K. decided after we left De Pinna that we should have something to eat.

The restaurant she chose was not at all an elegant one—I have, like a criminal, revisited it since—but it seemed very elegant indeed to me: enemy territory again, and this time a mine exploded in my face the minute I set foot through the door. The hostess was very sorry, but she could not seat the young gentleman without a coat and tie. If the lady wished, however, something could be arranged. The lady (visibly pleased by this unexpected—or was it expected?—object lesson) did wish, and the so recently defiant but by now utterly docile young gentleman was forthwith divested of his so recently beloved but by now thoroughly loathsome red satin jacket and provided with a much oversized white waiter's coat and a tie—which, there being no collar to a T-shirt, had to be worn around his bare neck. Thus attired, and with his face supplying the touch of red which had moments earlier been supplied by his jacket, he was led into the dining room, there to be taught the importance of proper table manners through the same pedagogic instrumentality that had worked so well in impressing him with the importance of proper dress.

Like any other pedagogic technique, however, humiliation has its limits, and Mrs. K. was to make



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no further progress with it that day. For I had had enough, and I was not about to risk stepping on another mine. Knowing she would subject me to still more ridicule if I made a point of my revulsion at the prospect of eating non-kosher food, I resolved to let her order for me and then to feign lack of appetite or possibly even illness when the meal was served. She did order—duck for both of us, undoubtedly because it would be a hard dish for me to manage without using my fingers.

The two portions came in deep oval-shaped dishes, swimming in a brown sauce and each with a sprig of parsley sitting on top. I had not the faintest idea of what to do—should the food be eaten directly from the oval dish or not?—nor which of the many implements on the table to do it with. But remembering that Mrs. K. herself had once advised me to watch my hostess in such a situation and then to do exactly as she did, I sat perfectly still and waited for her to make the first move. Unfortunately, Mrs. K. also remembered having taught me that trick, and determined as she was that I should be given a lesson that would force me to mend my ways, she waited too. And so we both waited, chatting amiably, pretending not to notice the food while it sat there getting colder and colder by the minute. Thanks partly to the fact that I would probably have gagged on the duck if I had tried to eat it—dietary taboos are very powerful if one has been conditioned to them—I was prepared to wait forever. And, indeed, it was Mrs. K. who broke first.

“Why aren’t you eating?” she suddenly said after something like fifteen minutes had passed. “Aren’t you hungry?” Not very, I answered. “Well,” she said, “I think we’d better eat. The food is getting cold.” Whereupon, as I watched with great fascination, she deftly captured the sprig of parsley between the prongs of her serving fork, set it aside, took up her serving spoon and delicately used those two esoteric implements to transfer a piece of duck from the oval dish to her plate. I imitated the whole operation as best as I could, but not well enough to avoid splattering some partly congealed sauce onto my borrowed coat in the process. Still, things could have been worse, and having more or less successfully negotiated my way around that particular mine, I now had to cope with the problem of how to get out of eating the duck. But I need not have worried. Mrs. K. took one bite, pronounced it inedible (it must have been frozen by then), and called in quiet fury for the check.

Several months later, wearing an altered but respectably conservative suit which had been handed down to me in good condition by a bachelor

uncle, I presented myself on two different occasions before interviewers from Harvard and from the Pulitzer Scholarship Committee. Some months after that, Mrs. K. had her triumph: I won the Harvard scholarship on which her heart had been so passionately set. It was not, however, large enough to cover all expenses, and since my parents could not afford to make up the difference, I was unable to accept it. My parents felt wretched but not, I think, quite as wretched as Mrs. K. For a while it looked as though I would wind up in the “gutter” of Brooklyn College after all, but then the news arrived that I had also won a Pulitzer Scholarship which paid full tuition if used at Columbia, and a small stipend besides. Everyone was consoled, even Mrs. K. Columbia was at least in the Ivy League.

The last time I saw her was shortly before my graduation from Columbia and just after a story had appeared in the *Times* announcing that I had been awarded a fellowship which was to send me to Cambridge University. Mrs. K. had passionately wanted to see me in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but Cambridge, England, was even better. We met somewhere near Columbia for a drink, and her happiness over my fellowship, it seemed to me, was if anything exceeded by her delight at discovering that I now knew enough to know that the right thing to order in a cocktail lounge was a very dry martini with lemon peel, please.

III

Looking back now at the story of my relationship with Mrs. K. strictly in the context of the issue of class, what strikes me most sharply is the astonishing rudeness of this woman to whom “manners” were of such overriding concern. (This, as I have since had some occasion to notice, is a fairly common characteristic among members of the class to which she belonged.) Though she would not have admitted it, good manners to Mrs. K. meant only one thing: conformity to a highly stylized set of surface habits and fashions which she took, quite as a matter of course, to be superior to all other styles of social behavior. But in what did their superiority consist? Were her “good” manners derived from or conducive to a greater moral sensitivity than the “bad” manners I had learned at home and on the streets of Brownsville? I rather doubt it. The “crude” behavior of my own parents, for example, was then and is still marked by a tactfulness and a delicacy that Mrs. K. simply could not have approached. It is not that she was incapable of tact and delicacy; in certain moods she was (and manners

apart, she was an extraordinarily loving and generous woman). But such qualities were neither built into nor expressed by the system of manners under which she lived. She was fond of quoting Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman as a person who could be at ease in any company, yet if anything was clear about the manners she was trying to teach me, it was that they operated—not inadvertently but by deliberate design—to set one at ease *only* with others similarly trained and to cut one off altogether from those who were not.

While I would have been unable to formulate it in those terms at the time, I think I must have understood perfectly well what Mrs. K. was attempting to communicate with all her talk about manners; if I had not understood it so well, I would not have resisted so fiercely. She was saying that because I was a talented boy, a better class of people stood ready to admit me into their ranks. But only on one condition: I had to signify by my general deportment that I acknowledged them as *superior* to the class of people among whom I happened to have been born. That was the bargain—take it or leave it. In resisting Mrs. K. where “manners” were concerned—just as I was later to resist many others—I was expressing my refusal to have any part of so brutal a bargain.

But the joke was on me, for what I did not understand—not in the least then and not for a long time afterward—was that in matters having to do with “art” and “culture” (the “life of the mind,” as I learned to call it at Columbia), I was being offered the very same brutal bargain and accepting it with the wildest enthusiasm.

I have said that I did not, for all my bookishness, feel alienated as a boy, and this is certainly true. Far from dreaming of escape from Brownsville, I dreaded the thought of living anywhere else, and whenever my older sister, who hated the neighborhood, began begging my parents to move, it was invariably my howls of protest that kept them from giving in. For by the age of thirteen I had made it into the neighborhood big time, otherwise known as the Cherokees, S.A.C. It had by no means been easy for me, as a mediocre athlete and a notoriously good student, to win acceptance from a gang which prided itself mainly on its masculinity and its contempt for authority, but once this had been accomplished, down the drain went any reason I might earlier have had for thinking that life could be better in any other place. Not for nothing, then, did I wear that red satin jacket to school every day. It was my proudest possession, a badge of manly status, proving that I was not to be classified with the Crown

Heights “creeps,” even though my grades, like theirs, were high.

And yet, despite the Cherokees, it cannot be that I felt quite so securely at home in Brownsville as I remember thinking. The reason is that something extremely significant in this connection had happened to me by the time I first met Mrs. K.: without any conscious effort on my part, my speech had largely lost the characteristic neighborhood accent and was well on its way to becoming as neutrally American as I gather it now is.

Now whatever else may be involved in a non-deliberate change of accent, one thing is clear: it bespeaks a very high degree of detachment from the ethos of one's immediate surroundings. It is not a good ear alone, and perhaps not even a good ear at all, which enables a child to hear the difference between the way he and everyone else around him sound when they talk, and the way teachers and radio announcers—as it must have been in my case—sound. Most people, and especially most children, are entirely insensitive to such differences, which is why anyone who pays attention to these matters can, on the basis of a man's accent alone, often draw a reasonably accurate picture of his regional, social, and ethnic background. People who feel that they belong in their familiar surroundings—whether it be a place, a class, or a group—will invariably speak in the accent of those surroundings; in all likelihood, indeed, they will never have imagined any other possibility for themselves. Conversely, it is safe to assume that a person whose accent has undergone a radical change from childhood is a person who once had fantasies of escaping to some other world, whether or not they were ever realized.

But accent in America has more than a psychological or spiritual significance. “Her kerbstone English,” said Henry Higgins of Eliza Doolittle, “will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days.” Most Americans probably respond with a sense of amused democratic superiority to the idea of a society in which so trivial a thing as accent can keep a man down, and it is a good measure of our blindness to the pervasive operations of class that there has been so little consciousness of the fact that America itself is such a society. While the broadly regional accents—New England, Midwestern, Southern—enjoy more or less equal status and will not affect the economic or social chances of those who speak in them, the opposite is still surely true of any accent identifiably influenced by Yiddish, Italian, Polish, Spanish—that is, the languages of the major post-Civil War immigrant groups (among which may be included American-Irish). A man with such an accent will no longer

be confined, as once he would almost automatically have been, to the working class, but unless his life, both occupational and social, is lived strictly within the milieu in whose tone of voice he speaks, his accent will at the least operate as an obstacle to be overcome (if, for example, he is a school-teacher aspiring to be a principal), and at the most as an effective barrier to advancement (if, say, he is an engineer), let alone to entry into the governing elite of the country. (For better or worse, incidentally, these accents are not a temporary phenomenon destined to disappear with the passage of the generations, no more than ethnic consciousness itself is. I have heard third-generation American Jews of East European stock speaking with thicker accents than their parents.)

Clearly, then, while fancying myself altogether at home in the world into which I was born, I was not only more detached from it than I realized; I was also taking action—and of very fundamental kind—which would eventually make it possible for me to move into some other world. Yet I still did not recognize what I was doing—not in any such terms. My ambition was to be a great and famous poet, not to live in a different community, a different class, a different “world.” If I had a concrete image of what greatness would mean socially, it was probably based on the famous professional boxer from our block who had moved to a more prosperous neighborhood but still spent his leisure time hanging around the corner candy store and the local poolroom with his old friends among whom he could, of course, experience his fame far more sharply than he could have done among his newly acquired peers).

But to each career its own sociology. Boxers, unlike poets, do not undergo a cultural change in the process of becoming boxers, and if I was not brave enough or clever enough as a boy to see the distinction, others who knew me then were. “Ten years from now, you won’t even want to talk to me, you won’t even recognize me if you pass me on the street,” was the kind of comment frequently heard in my teens from women in the neighborhood, friends of my mother who were fond of me and nearly as proud as she was of the high grades I was getting in school and the prizes I was always winning. “That’s crazy, you must be kidding,” I would answer. They were not crazy and they were not kidding. They were simply better sociologists than I.

As, indeed, my mother herself was, for often in later years—after I had become a writer and an editor and was living only a subway ride away but in a style that was foreign to her and among people by whom she was intimidated—she would

gaze wistfully at this strange creature, her son, and murmur, “I should have made him for a dentist,” registering thereby her perception that whereas Jewish sons who grow up to be successes in certain occupations usually remain fixed in an accessible cultural ethos, sons who grow up into literary success are transformed almost beyond recognition and distanced almost beyond a mother’s reach. My mother wanted nothing so much as for me to be a success, to be respected and admired. But she did not imagine, I think, that she would only purchase the realization of her ambition at the price of my progressive estrangement from her and her ways. Perhaps it was my guilt at the first glimmerings of this knowledge which accounted for my repression of it and for the obstinacy of the struggle I waged over “manners” with Mrs. K.

For what seemed most of all to puzzle Mrs. K., who saw no distinction between taste in poetry and taste in clothes, was that I could see no connection between the two. Mrs. K. knew that a boy from Brownsville with a taste for Keats was not long for Brownsville, and moreover would in all probability end up in the social class to which she herself belonged. How could I have explained to her that I would only be able to leave Brownsville if I could maintain the illusion that my destination was a place in some mystical country of the spirit and not a place in the upper reaches of the American class structure?

Saint Paul, who was a Jew, conceived of salvation as a world in which there would be neither Jew nor Greek, and though he may well have been the first, he was very far from the last Jew to dream such a dream of transcendence—transcendence of the actual alternative categories with which reality so stingily presents us. Not to be Jewish, but not to be Christian either; not to be a worker, but not to be a boss either; not—if I may be forgiven for injecting this banality out of my own soul into so formidable a series of fantasies—to be a slum child but not to be a snob either. How could I have explained to Mrs. K. that wearing a suit from De Pinna would for me have been something like the social equivalent of a conversion to Christianity? And how could she have explained to me that there was no socially neutral ground to be found in the United States of America, and that a distaste for the surroundings in which I was bred, and ultimately (God forgive me) even for many of the people I loved—and so a new taste for other kinds of people—how could she have explained that all this was inexorably entailed in the logic of a taste for the poetry of Keats and the painting of Cézanne and the music of Mozart?



Dick Schaap

WHERE IS BILL MILLER?

Brenda, the friendly waitress in Jaeger's Restaurant on Main Street in the heart of Lockport, New York, heard the question and glanced up from the bacon and eggs she was serving. "Who's the most famous person in Lockport?" she repeated. She thought for half a minute. "Gee," she said, "I don't know."

"Is there anybody particularly famous in Lockport?" she was then asked.

Brenda shook her head. "Nobody that I can think of," she said.

"Anybody who ever did anything spectacular?"

Again Brenda shook her head. "I've only lived here fifteen years," she said.

Only three years ago, in the election of 1964, Congressman William E. Miller of Lockport, New York, missed becoming President of the United States by one heartbeat and 16 million votes.

Patrolman O'Neill, protecting the corner of Main and Market, pondered the question. "The most famous person in Lockport, huh?" he said. "I wouldn't know. I can't think of anybody."

Another Lockport cop, an older man named Wilson, cruised up to the corner of Main and Market on a motorcycle. "Hey," O'Neill called, "who's the most famous person in Lockport?"

"Me," said Wilson. He grinned, pleased with his joke. "You mean living?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well," said Wilson, serious now—"Clarence

Lewis, I guess." Clarence Lewis is the local historian of Lockport.

Only three years ago, more than 27 million Americans, more than 20,000 in each state, more than 2.2 million in New York State alone, indicated, by exercising their Constitutional privilege, that they wanted William E. Miller of Lockport, New York, to be the Vice President of the United States.

Mrs. Edward McGuire of the Lockport Chamber of Commerce greeted her visitor with a handful of pamphlets praising Lockport, "... on the historic Barge Canal ... 20 miles from Niagara Falls ... 20 miles from Buffalo ... 210 miles from Cleveland ... 350 miles from New York City ... " The most recent Chamber of Commerce brochure called Lockport "a thriving city of 26,000 ... a great place to live in a great state." A slightly older Chamber of Commerce brochure called Lockport "a thriving city of 28,000 ... a nice place to live in a great state." Some two thousand people had refused to have greatness thrust upon them.

"The most famous person in Lockport, I suppose," said Mrs. McGuire, "would be Sullivan Caverno."

She pointed to a passage in a Chamber of Commerce brochure. The passage read: "Sullivan Caverno, an early resident of Lockport, first conceived the idea of free higher education for the public, and established here the first 'Union' of

high school in the United States, and undoubtedly the world."

The Lockport Union School opened in the summer of 1848.

"And Governor Hunt," Mrs. McGuire added. "He lived right on Market Street. There's a sign in front of his old home."

Washington Hunt served as Governor of the State of New York in 1851 and 1852.

Neither Mrs. McGuire nor the Chamber of Commerce pamphlets bothered to mention the other celebrities produced by Lockport in the nineteenth century, such as Jonathan Bass, the ossified man, who, although his entire body turned to bone, lived until the age of sixty-two and was exhibited across the United States; or Signor Guillermo Antonio Farini, born William Hunt, the great rope walker; or Charlie Case, the great blackface comedian and monologist; or even the Seven Sutherland Sisters, whose hair reached to the floor, who toured with the Barnum and Bailey Circus and whose father, a retired farmer, became a manufacturer of hair-growing tonic.

"And then," Mrs. McGuire said, "there's Bill Miller."

Six months ago Bill Miller picked up the telephone in his handsome white clapboard house on Willow Street, a pleasant and shaded Lockport drive, and listened to his caller's request. "You want to come up here and do a story about me?" Miller said. "What do you want to know? If I'm still alive?"

The man who ran with Barry Goldwater, William Edward Miller, is definitely alive at the age of fifty-three, a trim and dapper little man, five feet, seven inches tall and 153 pounds. He lives in Lockport, the city in which he was born and raised, and he practices law in Buffalo. He is not haunted by memories of the days when he ran for Vice President. "I don't toss at night," he says, "thinking I cost Barry the election."

Politically he is dead, as dead as if he had never existed. Some people suspect that Bill Miller never did exist, that he was a figment of Barry Goldwater's imagination, that he was a name tossed on a ticket because the ticket would have looked strange with only one name upon it. If Bill Miller's name has slipped from the minds of many people in his native city, it never entered the minds of

most Americans, including the millions who voted for him. Stop twenty people on the street and ask each who is, or was, William Edward Miller, and if you find more than one who offers the correct answer, you will have struck a rich vein of political knowledge.

The Vice President traditionally holds an obscure position—"Ye can't be sint to jail f'r it," Mr. Dooley said, "but it's kind iv a disgrace... like writin' anonymous letters"—and the defeated candidate for Vice President occupies an even more lowly, more obscure position. Yet the facts do not quite uphold the legend of obscurity. There are four living ex-Vice Presidents—John Nance Garner, Harry S. Truman, Richard M. Nixon, and Lyndon B. Johnson—and not one of them, not even the nonagenarian Texan, is exactly unknown. There are also four living ex-Vice Presidential losers, and two of them—Earl Warren and Henry Cabot Lodge—remain vibrant contemporary figures; a third, John Sparkman, retains at least a fraction of his identity fifteen years after his defeat. The fourth is Bill Miller.

My Only Regret

Since 1960, all other candidates for President and Vice President have known that they will live on, no matter how they fare, in the chronicles of Theodore H. White. Yet in *The Making of the President 1964*, William Miller got exactly four mentions, only one of them more than a phrase long. He received one more mention than the Pedernales River, two more than Diosdado Macapagal, and three more than Ahasuerus, the old Persian king who married a nice Jewish girl.

Miller, it might be argued, was not destined for fame. He was born in a small wooden house on South Street, in Lockport, the only son of a one-time janitor at the Harrison Radiator Division of General Motors, and two years before he became the first Lockport citizen to bid for national office, the city tore down the house on South Street and replaced it with a parking lot, a reasonable measure of Lockport's faith in Bill Miller's future.

Miller and obscurity were never strangers. Even though he served as a Congressman from 1951 through 1964 and as Republican National Chairman from 1961 into 1964, his national reputation was limited. He was known almost solely to the students and players of politics, and to them mostly for his barbed tongue. E. Dent Lackey, who twice unsuccessfully challenged Miller for Congress and who is now Mayor of Niagara Falls, once called Miller "a political barracuda who will

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strike at anything that moves." Of Miller's *mots*, Goldwater said. "He drives Lyndon Johnson nuts." Miller's most notable needles were aimed at Averell Harriman ("He loused up Laos"), Pierre Salinger ("The thinking man's filter"), and Bobby Baker ("He's writing a book entitled *Somebody Up There Likes Me—Or At Least I Thought He Did*").

Now, in political retirement, half chosen and half enforced, Miller is still acid. His acidity is aimed at old foes, and tinged with bitterness. "My one regret, my only regret," he says, "is that I was a target for unfair attacks." He is not angry, he says, with Emmet John Hughes, the *Newsweek* columnist who labeled him singularly unfit for national office, but he remains furious with Drew Pearson for linking him, foully, he charges, with "jukebox interests." for conjuring up a Mafia image because he fought a bill that would have provided composers and artists with royalties each time a record was played in a jukebox. The Wurlitzer company was in his district, Miller says, and he was battling the bill at the instigation of the Wurlitzer employees, and to protect them as much as to protect the management. "Pearson was vicious," Miller says. "Unfairly vicious." He mentions other newspapermen he feels were unfairly vicious, and he smiles and he asks, innocently, "Why didn't they write about the eighteen draft deferments Hubert Humphrey requested and received during World War II? Why didn't they write about that?" And then, in the next breath,

Miller talks of how much he likes Humphrey personally, jokes of how they both now enjoy the enmity of Americans for Democratic Action, and tells of Humphrey's inviting him to Washington to sit in his chair for five minutes to get the feel of it. "I saw Humphrey at the Gridiron Dinner after the election," Miller says, "and he said, 'See it's not so bad for you. Look what they do to you when you win.'"

He has mellowed, yet his old conservative instincts linger. He slips into political discussions almost reluctantly; at first, he skirts the subject of the war in Vietnam. He would hate to comment, he says, "on a situation as fraught with peril as that one," particularly because he is not "privy to information available only to a few." Before he comments, he says, he would prefer to sit down with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and he forms the words "Joint Chiefs of Staff" as worshipfully as if he, a 1935 Notre Dame graduate, were reciting the names of the Four Horsemen of the Fighting Irish.

His old emotions force him forward. "I have one basic feeling," he says. "Johnson gets away with murder when he tries to foist on the American people the idea that he inherited the situation. The decision to commit American troops was Johnson's and Johnson's alone." Then Miller plunges deeper, skipping fiercely from isolationism to patriotism to jingoism. "The thing that annoys me," he says, "is that I will not send American boys to fight battles that should be fought by Asians. . . . Johnson

is attempting to win, which I think is right. You get total war once you commit one American soldier to die. . . . I think the Red Chinese are afraid of war with us. They may have nuclear weapons, but they certainly have no delivery system. If they gave us an excuse, we could bomb them out of existence even with conventional weapons. We could set them back one hundred years."

His heat soon subsides, and he eases back into his detached role. "I don't miss Washington at all. I don't miss politics. I never got a case of Potomac fever." Bill Miller, who was a politician from the top of his Homburg to the tip of his Italian shoes, actually is glad to be out of politics.

A graduate of Union University Law School in Albany, Miller served at Nuremberg at the close of World War II as an assistant prosecutor, and then became an assistant district



attorney in Niagara County not because of an abiding interest in politics or public service, but, admittedly, because he wanted the part-time job's \$3,300 yearly salary to supplement his income as a young lawyer.

He later ran for district attorney for basically the same reason. When Miller decided to campaign for Congress in 1950, he reasoned, accurately, that he could earn more money as a member of the House of Representatives than as a lawyer in Lockport. (Some critics have argued that Miller earned more than a Congressman should, but he has so often and so piously defended both his campaign contributions and his position as a director of the Lockport Felt Company that the debate now seems irrelevant.) And, finally, when in 1964 he announced that he would not run for reelection to Congress, he was motivated—more than by his obviously shrinking margins of victory—by a thoroughly characteristic belief that he could parlay his service as a Congressman and as Republican National Chairman into a financially more rewarding law practice in Buffalo.

No Betting on the Campaign

Now he seems to enjoy each aspect of his new life. It is a graceful and peaceful life, that of a family man, spiced only by membership in the Lockport Town and Country Club, the Buffalo Country Club and the Tuscarora Club, a haven for Lockport businessmen.

His house in Lockport, large but not awesome, is marked with a big "M" on the outside of the porch; in the den are many of his political mementos. Color campaign photos of Miller, his wife, and their older daughters dominate one wall; green, white, and black teak elephants stampede throughout the room, a huge one supporting an end table. Autographed photographs of Eisenhower, a picture of Barry Goldwater hoisting Bill Miller's arm in celebration of the nomination, and several political cartoons decorate the den and distinguish the residents from the rest of Lockport's population. But two prominently displayed signs seem typically Lockport. One says: "The Opinions Expressed by the Husband in This House Are Not Necessarily Those of the Management." And the other: "Weekend Guests: If we get to drinking Sunday afternoon and start insisting that you stay over until Tuesday, please remember—We Don't Mean It."

On a summer day, he rises before 9:00 A.M., eats a leisurely breakfast, roams his sprawling backyard, glancing at the towering poplar trees

and at his wife's emerging vegetable garden, then takes his younger daughter and son for a swimming lesson at the Lockport Country Club. "I like spending time with the little fellow," Miller says. "He's starting Little League baseball and we practice in the yard."

By noon, after a brief chat with his golf pro and a quick call to his office ("Nothing happening"), Miller reaches the musty Tuscarora Club for his almost daily game of "rum," an hour or more at seven-card rummy. He joins Lloyd Washburn, a real-estate man, and Don Kelsey, an optometrist, and Doug Patterson, a toy pocketbook manufacturer; all are fifteen years or more Miller's senior, all except Kelsey are retired, all have plenty of time to play cards. Washburn, Kelsey, and Patterson wear sports jackets and slacks just a trifle baggy; Miller's suit, a dark green with subdued brown stripes, fits perfectly, matched by dark green cuff links and dark green socks. Miller regularly earns his lunch money at the Tuscarora Club, ignoring Patterson's cheerful plea for good cards ("C'mon, help Dougie, help ol' Dougie"), enjoying the companionship of men who will never meet another former Vice Presidential candidate.

His opponents respect Miller's skill at the card table; he is an excellent bridge player and, during the 1964 campaign, won money frequently from the reporters traveling with him. When one unlucky reporter asked for a chance to get even with a bet on the election, Miller declined, explaining, according to Teddy White's source, that he might seem stupid, but that he wasn't crazy enough to bet on the outcome of the election.

Over lunch, a grilled cheese sandwich, Miller greets Peter Corson, the publisher of the Lockport *Union-Sun and Journal*, an old friend whose nominally independent paper supported every Republican Presidential candidate from Alf Landon through Richard Nixon. In 1964, faced with what it termed "an agonizing choice," Corson's newspaper editorialized, "Just a heartbeat away from the President, we would prefer to have a man of the caliber and ability of Rep. Miller . . . We wish we could vote for him without supporting his running mate, but that, of course, is impossible." The Lockport *Union-Sun and Journal* endorsed the Johnson-Humphrey ticket.

"When Bill heard about our editorial," Corson says, "he called me right away and said there were no hard feelings. I had been one of the first to know that Bill might be the Vice Presidential candidate. I was in Washington in '63, having dinner at the Miller home, and Bill was just back from a speaking tour out West. He said he had quite a

talk with Goldwater. Then he said, 'What would you think if I ran for Vice President next year?' I almost dropped my teeth."

From the Tuscarora Club, Miller drives his convertible, with the top down, to Buffalo, pausing for gas at a station adjoining a food stand called "Barry's Hamburgers." He stops for half an hour at the modest law offices of Miller, Marmelo, and Stenger, checks through his correspondence, saves the speaking requests, chuckles at a request for a donation from the Reverend Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and notes that his two partners have taken the day off. Only the firm's one junior associate, David Knoll, is working.

He arrives home in time for an afternoon cocktail on his terrace with his wife and a neighbor, Sally Lee, who accompanied the Millers during the 1964 campaign and who will never forget the day in Princeton when a heckler held up a poster proclaiming, "Lockport Felt Needs a Vice President." Sally Lee had turned angrily upon the Princeton undergraduate and had shouted, "Lockport Felt does not need a vice president. I'm the vice president of Lockport Felt." Sally Lee recalls the moment vividly, then mentions that, a few days ago, she was watching the television quiz show "Jeopardy," and a contestant flunked the question, "Who ran for Vice President with Barry Goldwater?"

An Eye on the Candidates

The conversation triggers Bill Miller's memory too. "I never thought we had a chance to win," he says. "I always felt the American people were in no mood to assassinate politically two Presidents in one year." Miller remembers that he was stunned by his own selection, that he thought Eisenhower would step in and secure Scranton the Vice-Presidential nomination ("I told Barry, 'You can do better than me'"), that he almost never got a chance to deliver a prepared speech ("I spent most of my time trying to tone down what Barry said"), that the campaign was ridiculously expensive ("We spent ten to twelve million and we couldn't have won no matter what we spent") and ridiculously grueling ("It wrecked Goldwater and me physically, which didn't matter—they could bury us—but the other guy still had to be President"), that the crowds everywhere he went were small but so noisily enthusiastic that his two elder daughters were deluded into believing that the Republican ticket would win ("Not me; I'm a pro").

He can still assess the potential Republican candidates with an amateur's detachment and a professional's eye. Rockefeller? "He seems to have the best chance to win. He's attractive to those a successful candidate must be attractive to. He has to keep saying that he won't run. He can't be a divisive influence." Nixon? "The worst thing for a politician is not to know when he's had it. Nixon should be content to be an elder statesman. If he runs, the Democrats should just buy a lot of TV time and keep showing that 1962 press conference of his and ask, 'Is this the sort of man you want at the controls of your country?'" Romney? "I just don't know where he stands." Reagan? "Not now." Percy? "If the others knock each other off, he could move in. He's playing it very smart."

He himself has no plans to become even slightly involved in the Republican sweepstakes. "If I did," he says, "people would say, 'Oh, no, not him again,' and they'd be right. I'm finished. I'm a golfer and a card player. I wouldn't run for the board of directors of the country club. By the time the convention meets next year, it'll be like I never ran for anything." Yet, fleetingly, a sudden wistful look comes into his eyes, and he recalls the magnitude of the opportunity he once had. "It comes to very few people," Bill Miller says, "to run for Vice President of the United States."

Only three years ago, for the first time in the history of the city, Lockport voted Democratic in a Presidential election. In a city where the registration runs three-to-one in favor of the Republicans, 7,500 people voted for Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, and 4,400 people voted for Barry Goldwater and the hometown boy, William Edward Miller.

The young sportswriter in the city room of the Lockport *Union-Sun and Journal* considered the question carefully. "The most famous person in Lockport?" he mused. "Oh, I'd say it would be the director of athletics at the high school."

A few desks away, another young man, a cub reporter, the son of an editorial writer for the Buffalo *Evening News*, tried to think of an answer. "Nationally famous?" he said.

"Yes."

"I've only been here a little while, but I'd have to say that there's nobody in Lockport nationally famous."

"How about Bill Miller?"

"Bill Miller?" he said. "Oh, yes, William Miller, William E. Miller. I forgot about him. That's funny. That's very funny." And the reporter laughed, easily and quietly, the natural laugh of a young man who still had the best of his career in front of him.

POEMS FROM MEMORY

by Louis Simpson

JAMAICA

Walls with striped awnings
That snap in the wind,
Sea-walls moving with reflections . . .

A coal-chute rattles,
A crane clanks,
Smoke drifts over the harbor.

At night when the sea-breeze rises
And the old rocking-chairs
Creak on the porch and mumble,

I'm waiting for Cristina.
Tonight they are playing *The Firefly* . . .
We're off to the Carib Theatre,

Running to the end of the lane,
Like the pihi, the bird
That has one wing only and flies in a couple.

Light ripples around the shoreline.
The lighted tram comes shining
And the line rings with emotion.

But the light shines through my hands.
My real life is not here,
It is leaving soon for America.

* * *

Tonight the streets are filled with sailors
From the battleship *Rodney*,
Lying offshore like a toy grown large.

Her turrets and guns seen in detail.
Tomorrow the ship will sail,
But tonight the rumshops go sailing.

Love, is it you?
The women who stand in doorways
Make a whispering sound.

Hand in hand as we pass
Through the street and motionless crowd,
A shadow is flitting.

They're dancing the John Canoe,
The dance of the man like a horse
And the man like a rooster in trousers.

To the beat of a gourd and a drum
The horse goes in a circle,
The feathers move backward and forward.

Make room! Let me look too!
My real life is not here.
I like those rhythmical sounds.



A NIGHT IN ODESSA

Grandfather puts down his tea-glass
And makes his excuses
And sets off, taking his umbrella.
The street lamps shine through a fog
And drunkards reel on the pavement.

One man clenches his fists in anger,
Another utters terrible sobs . . .
And women look on calmly.
They like those passionate sounds.
He walks on, grasping his umbrella.

His path lies near the forest.
Suddenly, a wolf leaps in the path,
Jaws dripping. The man strikes
With the point of his umbrella . . .
A howl, and the wolf has vanished.

Go on, grandfather, hop!
It takes brains to live here.
Not to be beaten and torn
Or to lie drunk in a ditch.
Hold on to your umbrella!

He's home. When he opens the door
His wife jumps up to greet him.
Her name is Ninotchka.
She is young and dark and slender,
Married only a month or so.

She hurries to get his supper.
But when she puts down the dish
She presses a hand to her side
And he sees that from her hand
Red drops of blood are falling.

John Corry

CARDINAL SPELLMAN AND NEW YORK POLITICS

"I never come up to expectations," the Cardinal says. But he is the most publicized prelate in America and his Chancery possibly the richest. How does he use political power?

Perhaps the unkindest thing ever said about Francis Cardinal Spellman was said by William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, who, on learning that his Auxiliary Bishop had been appointed Archbishop of New York, said, "Francis epitomizes what happens to a bookkeeper when you teach him how to read." This was truly unkind, but Cardinal O'Connell was truly seignorial, much more so, say, than Al Smith, who, recognizing a good thing, was among the first to welcome the new Archbishop to New York. For on that day in 1939 when Smith appeared at the Chancery of New York in the splendid uniform of a Papal Chamberlain, neither the country nor the Archdiocese, which was \$28 million in debt, was in particularly good shape. The times really did demand a priest who was something of a bookkeeper, and as Al Smith and the meanest block captain knew, something of a politician, too.

Politically, the Cardinal—he was created Cardinal in 1946—is conservative, regularly opposing reforms in the laws on birth control, divorce, and abortion, promulgating a sincere, but mindless, anti-Communism, and rather ignoring a rising horror in race relations, while within his See there are priests concerned with little else. An unofficial but reasonably accurate count shows that in the last eighteen years the Cardinal has mounted the pulpit in St. Patrick's Cathedral on only four occasions to talk of things that disturbed him; three times he spoke of the dangers of Communism; once he called for a boycott of dirty movies.

Over the years, the Cardinal has been a force in the practical politics of City Hall and Albany,

which might be expected, and in Washington and Saigon, which might not. It is, however, easy to exaggerate the Cardinal's influence, as I once did. I am sprung from what was once called the Ulster, or Protestant, Irish, and as a boy in Brooklyn I believed that the kids in the Catholic schools were beaten regularly by nuns and that all Catholics were more or less subservient to this fearsome kind of discipline. In time, I rejected both notions, but I suspect that many politicians cling to the latter, thus giving the Cardinal and the Chancery an authority they really do not possess. It is true that the Cardinal and the Archdiocese had a large voice in persuading the New York State Constitutional Convention last summer to propose repeal of the amendment prohibiting the use of state funds for parochial schools, but it is also true that, against the Cardinal's wishes, the state reformed its divorce law. Clinics that offer information on birth control are functioning in New York with federal funds and municipal blessings, and the state has begun at least to think about reforming its law on abortion. Moreover, liberals in the Church openly deplore the Cardinal's role in shaping American policy in Vietnam.

These are signs of the Cardinal's political power waning, just as there are signs of his ecclesiastic power waning. When Pius XII was in the Vatican, Cardinal Spellman was the most influential American prelate. Customarily, the Apostolic Delegate in each country recommends candidates for Bishop to the Pope, but there was a feeling in the American hierarchy that the Cardinal made his recommendations directly to Pius, and that more often

than not they were acted on. This, priests said, meant the "Spellmanization" of the American Church, with "Spellman boys" leaping to prominence all over the country. Among them were the reactionary James Francis Cardinal Cooke of Los Angeles, who was once Spellman's chancellor, and the almost equally conservative Bishop Bryan J. McEntegart of Brooklyn who once worked for him in Catholic Charities of New York.

The Cardinal is still the man to check with on the old issues, but in the post-John Church the new issues that exercise the clergy—priestly celibacy, ecumenism, all the things that have arisen since Vatican II—are the province of other men, notably Archbishop John Dearden of Detroit. Moreover, some of the wits on the Vatican's American desk in Rome have got to calling the Cardinal "Shirley Temple," which is meant as something less than a tribute.

The center of the Cardinal's temporal domain is his Chancery, or office, a marvelous old pile of stone which the Archdiocese shares with the publishing firm of Random House, facing the rear of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Madison Avenue, and outside of which the Police Department seems to post its freshest, most attractive cops.

The Archdiocese itself is made up of all New York City except the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, as well as the suburban and exurban counties of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, Rockland, Sullivan, and Ulster. It included, in its last official count, more than 1.8 million Catholics in a general population of nearly 5 million, and it had within its 4,717 square miles 403 parishes, 69 missions, 347 elementary schools, 99 high schools, fourteen general hospitals, five special hospitals, eight schools of nursing, ten homes for the aged, and thirteen institutions for infants, orphans and disturbed persons; these were administered by nearly 2,500 priests, 10,000 religious, and an uncounted number of lay persons. The operating cost for the Archdiocese is something in excess of \$150 million a year, and since the Cardinal's arrival it has spent more than \$500 million on construction alone.

The Archdiocese, in short, is a complex establishment, as much involved in this world as the next. Historically, it is the Archdiocese of the New York City Irish, and this has formed the Chancery and its Bishops, and together they have formed the politics of New York. The question is how they

have done this, and the answer is that nobody is quite sure, and that those who know something about it would rather not talk about it. Although politicians have called the Chancery the powerhouse for time out of mind, they tend to deny when questioned that they have even heard of it, and the Chancery is, in fact, one of the great unexamined institutions of the Western World, something like the Credit Bureau or the Central Intelligence Agency. Partly this is because Protestant and Jewish politicians, who do not wish to be thought of as anti-Catholic, decline to say unkind things about the Chancery, and partly it is because spokesmen for the Chancery tend to be defensive rather than enlightening. (Not long ago, a reporter for the New York Post, which seldom aligns itself with the Archdiocese on great issues, called the Chancery for information about a fast day. He did not get it, being told that he would only distort it.)

The Irish Mystique

Nonetheless, things do leak out occasionally. "The Cardinal's views seep down, but he really has much less political power than is generally thought," says a priest who was close to the Cardinal for many years. "The problem," says a prominent Jewish politician, "is that Spellman's thinking *doesn't* percolate down. I've done favors for the Church and the Cardinal has thanked me personally, but the Catholics in my district never hear about it." "Crap," says a prominent Democrat. "Nobody in this state can get a Democratic nomination unless he's acceptable to the Church. That means Spellman, and everybody knows it."

There is some truth in all these views, with more of it in the declaration that the Cardinal's views do seep down. In each administration at City Hall the Chancery has had at least one spokesman, or ambassador, charged with making the views known. The spokesmen, however, tend to operate in the shadows, and this is confusing. During the Wagner administration, some City Hall sages decided that an Irishman who was hanging around for no apparent reason was one of the Cardinal's men. A priest asked a monsignor at the Chancery about it, and the monsignor asked someone else. No one had ever heard of the Irishman.

The liberal and Protestant belief that the Church is monolithic has never been particularly true. The American episcopate has disagreed within itself on any number of things, and diocesan priests have disagreed with the episcopate, and everyone has disagreed with Rome. None of this, however,

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has stopped Bishops from occasional political excursions, and nowhere has this been more true than in New York. In 1841, Bishop John Hughes, annoyed because the state legislature declined to appropriate public funds to enable Catholics to establish their own schools, entered a ticket of his own in an election. Although this was a total failure, Daggy John (as one New York paper called him because of the cross in front of his signature) continued his public career. From pulpit and press he warned of liberalism, denounced the Hungarian rebel Kossuth before he visited New York, protested the use of the Protestant Bible in public schools, and even supported Pope Pius IX against the Garibaldians.

Hughes' style, if not his politics, became *passé* by the end of the nineteenth century. By then more than a third of New York's population was Irish-American and the city was regularly electing Catholic Irish Mayors, all Democrats, even though the Bishops tended to be Republicans. It was not until the Democrats denied Al Smith a second Presidential nomination in 1932 that sizable numbers of the Irish were to follow their Bishops into Republicanism.

When Cardinal Spellman arrived in New York, the days of Irish political suzerainty were over. An Italian Protestant who spoke Yiddish was Mayor, and another Italian was getting ready to take over Tammany Hall. What remained of Catholic-Irish power was a residue. It is a failing of the New York City Irish that they become misty-eyed over their own Irishness, and this, and a kind of sentimental egalitarianism had bred a familial feeling between the pols and the Archdiocese that created the illusion and sometimes the reality of Catholic power. Some of this power lingered on by default. New York's Jews, congenital liberals, were never very big in the old political clubhouses, and the city's Protestants had long since abdicated in practical politics. Boss Tweed was the last Protestant to build an organization; subsequent Protestant Mayors came and went as reformers, which meant they seldom outlasted their administrations. (Indeed, to this day, although the present Mayor of New York is a Protestant, neither party makes much effort to get the white Protestant vote.)

Sex and Patriotism

Spellman was not particularly well known when he arrived in New York. Moreover, unlike most of the American hierarchy, he did not *look* imposing. "I never come up to expectations," he

said, addressing himself to the thought that an Archbishop ought to look formidable. But before long he was the most publicized prelate in America, thanks to his friendship with Pope Pius XII, the economic importance of the New York Archdiocese in the American Church, and his gift for preaching a kind of moral ferocity, combining patriotism and virtue.

In 1941, for example, after the Legion of Decency had condemned the movie *Two-faced Woman* as "dangerous to public morals," the New York Chancery charged that "patriotic Americans . . . cannot countenance the sabotage of fundamental national defense, which is manifested by this increasing disposition to hack away at morality and to snipe at decency." A few years later, after persuading the Mayor to close down the city's burlesque houses, the Cardinal went on to denounce the depravity of the Broadway stage, which would, if it could, "drag the name of New York down to be synonymous with Sodom and Gomorrah." "What would happen if we tried to do something about it?" he asked the members of the Police Anchor Club. "We would be accused of censorship, accused by people who care nothing for the souls of children, who define anything as censorship that would destroy their right to drag down souls to Hell while the fathers of these girls and the husbands of these women are dying for freedom."

Years later, on his return from the Korean battlefields, he invoked the "dedicated and self-sacrificing men and women of our armed forces," and the "murder of helpless Hungarian peoples by cruel, barbaric Communists," to decry some "shocking news on the home front." The news was a film called *Baby Doll*. "It is the moral and patriotic duty of every loyal citizen to defend America not only from dangers which threaten our beloved country from beyond our boundaries," he said, "but also the dangers which confront us at home," which meant not seeing *Baby Doll*.

The Cardinal, of course, is supposed to speak with certainty on all things touching on the public morality. The trouble has been that his views have seldom been those of most New Yorkers. In the early 'fifties, for example, he ordered fifty-three Catholic welfare groups to leave the Welfare and Health Council of New York City because the Council had admitted the Planned Parenthood Federation to membership. The withdrawals very nearly destroyed the Council.

In statewide affairs the New York Bishops speak through the New York Catholic Welfare Committee, in which each diocese is represented by a priest and a lawyer. The committee, in turn,

is represented in the state capital by Charles J. Tobin, Jr., who files memos to legislators, visits them in their offices, and seldom appears on the floor of either the Assembly or the Senate.

Though the Church cannot command politicians as it once did, it still has visible influence in Albany. When the Legislature was considering liberalizing the state's law on abortion last year, the Bishops drafted a pastoral letter opposing the move which was read in every parish in the state. More imaginatively, Tobin saw to it that children in parochial schools sent postcards to legislators begging them to leave the law unchanged. The postcard blitz lasted only two weeks, whereupon the legislators' mail returned to its normal sentiment, which was that the law ought to be changed. Nonetheless, the postcards were marvelously effective. They reminded the politicians that the Church was capable of organizing itself. Perhaps more importantly, they stirred memories of all those earnest little school kids, which, if you were deeply touched by Mickey Rooney in *Boys Town*, is not a small thing.

Whatever the arguments for leaving the abortion law unchanged, and they were not without merit, they alone were not strong enough to have preserved it without the intercession of the Church. Not that this always works, or that the Bishops themselves are always of one mind. Consider the divorce law. For 179 years New York allowed only one cause for divorce: adultery. Then in 1966 the law was broadened to allow six. "What really got this divorce bill off the ground," says a liberal Democratic Assemblyman, "was a man named John—Pope John." Other politicians agree, and John may have damaged traditional Catholic power just as Roosevelt's New Deal weakened the old Democratic clubhouses. The Bishops admitted that some kind of divorce reform was coming, and some prominent Catholic laymen formed a committee in New York to support it. When the reform was voted, Tobin let it be known that the Catholic Welfare Committee could live with it.

There is not much evidence that Catholics today vote as a bloc. But politicians forever fear they might. They recall, for example, that Governor Herbert H. Lehman's plurality plummeted after he vetoed a bill that would have allowed parochial students to be bused at state expense. They remember too that a whip in the state Senate, a Catholic, once lost his supposedly safe seat after saying some kind things about birth control to the League of Women Voters.

If there is a Catholic vote in New York, it is held together, not by a man or a party, or even by the Church itself, but by what Catholics regard as

their legitimate interests. One such continuing issue has been aid to parochial schools. While it can be argued that improving the quality of education in parochial schools, particularly in ghetto areas, would benefit all New Yorkers, the Archdiocese seems to have convinced few people of it other than Catholics and, ostensibly, politicians. This failure is partly due to the rhetoric of the Archdiocese, which on this issue as on its pronouncements on Communism, is simple and sincere instead of convincing. The current battle over school aid began shortly after the election of John F. Kennedy as President. Even before the inaugural, Cardinal Spellman declared that "it is unthinkable that any American child should be denied the federal funds allowed to other children . . . because his parents chose for him God-centered education." The Catholic President, nonetheless, sponsored an education bill which did not allocate funds to parochial schools. The measure was killed in a House committee by the vote of a Catholic Democrat from New York.

The Blaine Blitz

Cardinal Spellman, meanwhile, was growing more insistent, and so was an organization called Citizens for Educational Freedom. CEF, which is nominally nonsectarian, but is overwhelmingly Catholic, raised the issue of parochial aid in a number of Democratic primaries. Parochial schools are precious to Catholics, who have suffered much for them, and who have supported both their own and the public schools. Still, they have seen the parochial schools grow increasingly desperate for funds. This year, for the first time since World War II, the Archdiocese of New York opened no new elementary schools. Moreover, its high schools were kept open only by running up a deficit of some \$1.8 million. To many thoughtful Catholics, the Constitutional Convention that met at Albany this year offered the last hope to save the system. In 1894, the constitution had written into it the so-called Blaine amendment, which prohibited the state from "directly or indirectly" helping any school in which religion is taught. The convention could erase the amendment in the new constitution.

Consequently, the full weight of the institutional Church was brought to bear, and Citizens for Educational Freedom even offered one advertising agency \$2 million to help combat Blaine. Nearly every parish leaflet in the Archdiocese carried exhortations against the amendment, and there were innumerable meetings of parish and parents'

groups. Since most of the delegates to the convention were practicing politicians, they listened. In a way, though, it was a case of overkill. The politicians were frightened to death. When the Committee on Public Education and Religious Liberty, or PEARL, which was organized to retain the Blaine amendment, asked elected officials in the state to declare their position on Blaine, fully 90 per cent of them declined to answer. In a news conference, the directors of PEARL, William Haddad, a Reform Democrat, and Percy Sutton, the Democratic borough president of Manhattan, charged that convention delegates had been threatened with political reprisals if they voted to retain Blaine, and told that they could "count on" the Catholic vote if they did not.

In fact, the political benefits of voting against Blaine were evident. After the convention opened, a closed-circuit television program was shown in every parish in the Archdiocese. Its stars were the delegates who pledged themselves to vote against Blaine, including Senator Jacob K. Javits, who was seen on tape, over and over again. "Jake," said a Democratic Congressman, "opened his campaign for reelection that day."

The convention killed the Blaine amendment by a vote of 131 to 50.

When the Cop Needs a Friend

The political muscle displayed in the Blaine battle was an extraordinary episode. More classically, the power of the Archdiocese has rested less on its ability to threaten or reward, than on the ethnic and cultural bonds between the voters and the Chancery. It is no secret, for instance, that the New York Police Department has long been an Irish Catholic preserve. New Yorkers joke about it, and may even mourn the passing of the tough Irish cop, who, of course, would not tolerate the random savagery found on their streets today.

There have always been Protestants on the force, but only a handful of Jews until 1940. Then a number of young Jewish college graduates took the Civil Service examinations and became policemen. In time these Jews, who sometimes called themselves the "Class of '40," rose through the ranks and were found in disproportionate numbers at the level of sergeant, lieutenant, and captain. Being Civil Service appointments, these posts were open to all. For a captain to rise to a deputy inspector, however, he had to "build a record," prove himself in a field command, and not just pass an examination. Few Jewish captains got field commands; more often they found

themselves in charge of, say, sign-painting details where they did not build records, and they did not rise to deputy inspector.

It is usual to attribute such a situation to the Archdiocese or to the senior police chaplains, who by tradition are Irish Catholics and men of considerable influence in the department. But it is more likely that the cops themselves preferred to see one of their own get the promotions and exerted influence through their own line organizations.

In other words, it is scarcely necessary for the Chancery to intervene when the feelings of its loyal family are deeply engaged. This was the case in the fall of 1966 when the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association led the battle against the Civilian Police Review Board.

The Board had been established to help repair the dismal relationship between Negroes and the police at a time when "police brutality" was a rallying cry for civil-rights groups. Whether or not the Board could have accomplished what its backers hoped is problematic. It is certain, however, that both sides saw the issue as a racial matter. Floyd McKissick, national director of CORE, said that if the Board were lost Negroes "would become aware of a climate of racism in the society that continues to deny and reject them." And certainly the opponents were appealing even if covertly to racism in an advertisement that showed a pretty white girl, alone and unprotected on the street at night, apparently in grave danger of rape. The Cardinal's support was desperately needed if the

MIN OR MEN?

It has been wrong to say *min* for *men* only for about a century. In England two hundred years ago it was fashionable to say *min*, *git*, *kittle* and *gineral*. Benjamin Franklin defended it, although Noah Webster opposed. In the end, Webster won. But *min* had landed in force in Virginia, and from there marched inland through the Deep South into Texas, with a prong turning north into Oklahoma and southern Kansas, where you may be told that "those *min* are feedin' too *miny* *hins* in one *pin*." Since sound changes travel in pairs, people who changed *-en* to *-in* should and usually do change *-in* to *-en*, and so will speak of writing "with *pin* and *enk*," or complain that all those *hins* in that *pin* "don't *git* enough to *drenk*," or say that, in church, they enjoy "*sengen*' *hems*."

William L. White, publisher of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*.

Board were to survive a November referendum, but to the discomfort of a good many parish priests he was silent. Consequently, the Lindsay administration offered the Archdiocese a package: the Mayor would save St. Francis Hospital, a Catholic institution in the Bronx that was in deep financial trouble and ready to close, by incorporating some of its activities into a nearby municipal hospital; in return the Cardinal would support the Civilian Police Review Board.

The Cardinal, however, rejected the offer. "I never make political deals," he told another Catholic prelate, thereby badly confusing the man, but not so much that he did not understand the Cardinal's motives. "It's this way," he said. "When Spelly thinks of the cops he thinks of the Police Anchor Glee Club, the PAL and communion breakfasts. He doesn't dislike Negroes. He just likes cops."

Confrontation at Hyde Park

Though his public intervention might have helped the Review Board, the Cardinal has not been notably successful on the few occasions when he became visibly involved in politics. The most celebrated instance was his argument with Eleanor Roosevelt in 1949. Then, as now, the Cardinal was urging that "auxiliary services," such as bus service, medical assistance, and nonreligious textbooks, be given to parochial as well as public schools. Mrs. Roosevelt, who thought otherwise, observed in her newspaper columns, that "the controversy brought about by the request made by Francis Cardinal Spellman that Catholic schools should share in federal aid forces upon the citizens of the country the kind of decision that is going to be very difficult to make."

The Cardinal responded with a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, deploring her "personal attack" on him, and asking, "But why, I wonder, do you repeatedly plead causes that are anti-Catholic? Even if you cannot find it within your heart to defend the rights of innocent little children and heroic, helpless men like Cardinal Martyr Mindszenty, can you not have the charity not to cast upon them still another stone? . . . Your record of anti-Catholicism stands for all to see . . . documents of discrimination unworthy of an American mother!"

Up to this time there had been little criticism of the Cardinal. But now important editors and politicians, including Governor Herbert Lehman, said that the Cardinal was behaving badly toward Mrs. Roosevelt, and a little foolishly, too, since Mrs. Roosevelt had at least championed Cardinal

Mindszenty. In her reply to the Cardinal Mrs. Roosevelt denied any prejudice against the Church and said:

"I assure you that I have no sense of being an 'unworthy American mother.' The final judgment, my dear Cardinal Spellman, of the worthiness of all human beings is in the hands of God."

That seemed to be it. But then the word was passed—from whom no one can say—that Catholic politicians would not favor the nomination of Governor Lehman, a close Roosevelt friend, for U. S. Senator. There followed a series of diplomatic exchanges—engineered by Democratic national chairman Ed Flynn—between the Cardinal and Mrs. Roosevelt, culminating in a confrontation at Hyde Park. By then Mrs. Roosevelt had agreed to say publicly that she recognized the Cardinal's arguments but that she would continue to oppose aid to parochial schools. The Cardinal disagreed, but amiably. Mrs. Roosevelt's parting words to the Cardinal are said to have been these:

"Sir, before you go, let me say something. There are rumors that you are opposed to Governor Lehman. My feeling is that if the figures show that the Catholic vote has gone appreciably against Lehman, it will make it impossible for any Catholic to get elected in this state for many years to come, because a lot of liberals, Jews and Protestants, will be very resentful."

"Oh, Mrs. Roosevelt," the Cardinal replied, "I'm not opposed to Governor Lehman. I'll get in touch with Ed Flynn as soon as he returns to town."

Presumably he did, since Governor Lehman subsequently won a seat in the Senate. What lingered longest in public memory however, was the Cardinal's characterizing Mrs. Roosevelt's behavior as "unworthy of an American mother." Not long ago a curious priest asked the Cardinal about the episode. He cocked his head and said a little sadly that the whole thing was unfortunate, but that he had acted as a priest. Besides, he said, "I never said she was an unworthy American mother. I said her actions were unworthy of an American mother."

Entangled in Vietnam

If Cardinal Spellman can become agitated where the parochial schools or obscene movies are involved, his truest zeal is reserved for Communism, which he has likened to a "wild beast of the forest," thereby winning applause at police communion breakfasts and invective from Moscow. Secure in his conviction, the Cardinal has dabbled in international affairs, particularly in Vietnam.

In the early nineteen-fifties, he became acquainted with Ngo Dinh Diem, who lived for a while at the Maryknoll Seminary in New York. Diem's brother, Bishop Thuc, was known in the American hierarchy, and Diem soon commended himself to the Cardinal, thus establishing him as a certified anti-Communist. This was important to the American government at home, for this was the time of Senator Joseph McCarthy, with whom the Cardinal enjoyed a happy relationship. Abroad, American foreign policy demanded that an anti-Communist nationalist succeed Bao Dai, the former Emperor who had been installed by the French as chief of state.

Bao summoned Diem to be Premier of South Vietnam in the summer of 1954. President Eisenhower, however, seemed not particularly eager to shore up the fragile new regime, until political voices began to speak at home. Among the loudest was Cardinal Spellman's. A month after the settlement at Geneva between the French and Communist Viet Minh, the Cardinal addressed the American Legion Convention, saying, "If Geneva and what was agreed upon there means anything at all it means . . . taps for the buried hopes of freedom in Southeast Asia, taps for newly betrayed millions of Indochinese who must now learn the awful facts of slavery from their eager Communist masters. Now the devilish techniques of brainwashing, forced confessions, and rigged trials have a new locale for their exercise." Then, after warning of the danger of becoming "serfs and slaves to Red rulers' godless goons," he added that "Americans must not be lulled into sleep by indifference nor be beguiled by the prospect of peaceful coexistence with the Communists."

Shortly thereafter, the Cardinal went to Vietnam to deliver the first check to the Catholic Relief Services and to once again show his support for Diem. At this time, however, other Americans, among them General Lawton Collins, Eisenhower's special ambassador to Saigon, were growing disenchanted with the new Premier. The CIA still believed in him, but something more seemed needed to sway the President. The Cardinal helped to find it.

The International Rescue Committee, an organization that aided refugees from Communism, established an office in Vietnam under a former Austrian Socialist, Joseph Buttinger. In early 1955, when U.S. support for the Premier seemed to be wavering, Buttinger returned to this country,

found his way to Cardinal Spellman, and warned him of Diem's difficulties. Spellman, in turn, put him in touch with Joseph P. Kennedy, and Kennedy introduced him to Senator Mike Mansfield and at least one State Department official. (Senator John F. Kennedy was out of town; Buttinger talked to an assistant.) Meanwhile, the Cardinal was arranging meetings for Buttinger with editors at the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, *Time*, and *Life*. Two days after the meeting with the *Times*, in fact, that influential paper carried an editorial favorable to a strong policy in Vietnam.

Soon afterwards there came into being the American Friends of Vietnam, which listed as its founders a mixed bag of liberals and conservatives, among them Senator Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah. The Friends lobbied for Diem. One member of its executive committee, the head of the Catholic Relief Services, was considered Cardinal Spellman's man.

In the first two years of Diem's regime, U.S. aid to the refugees from North Vietnam, most of whom were Catholic, was channeled through the Catholic Relief Services. Diem himself relied heavily on these Catholic refugees to staff his government, which was perhaps natural since they were all anti-Communists. A problem, however, was that Diem's Catholicism was always closer to Torquemada's than Pope John's, and that Catholics were a distinct minority in a nation of Buddhists. (The Catholic Relief Services is still operating in Vietnam, where its largest single program is to furnish militia soldiers and their dependents with food and clothing. Recently, *Ave Maria*, a Catholic weekly, said that the program was "all tangled up with politics" and was intended to substitute for a raise in pay that the militia, or Popular Forces, had failed to receive. *Ave Maria* urged American Catholics to send their donations elsewhere.)

Applause and Laughs

Jean Lacouture, in *Vietnam: Between Two Truces*, says that by 1960 Cardinal Spellman was meeting with leaders of the Vietnamese opposition to Diem. Still, throughout the 'fifties the Cardinal continued to back the Premier. When Diem visited New York in 1957, Bishop Joseph Flannelly said in a sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral that "the entire world acclaimed him when this God-fearing, anti-Communist, and courageous statesman saved Vietnam."

See pamphlet report by Robert Scheer, published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions: *How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam* (Santa Barbara, California, 1965).

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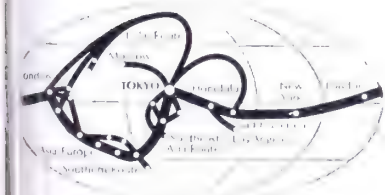
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As a rule, politicians on whom the Chancery looks kindly do not get such direct endorsements. But one way in which the Cardinal makes his views known is in the choice and sequence of speakers at the annual \$100 a plate Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner. The proceeds go to the Cardinal's pet charities, particularly St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan, which has received nearly \$4 million since the dinners were started in 1945. Most politicians not being noticeably altruistic, the assumption is that something other than goodness attracts them to the dinners, and the assumption is that it is the Cardinal. Traditionally, the Mayor of New York City and the Governor of the state both speak at the dinner which is held about a month before election day. Other speakers are heard in order of ascending esteem, with the Cardinal's favorites coming up last.

Thus, in 1948, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican Presidential candidate, was the main speaker, rather than President Truman. Four years later, it was General Eisenhower, not Adlai E. Stevenson, and in 1956 it was Vice President Nixon. Throughout the 1950s, military speakers at the dinners warned against any Soviet peace offensive. In October 1955, when the Friends of Vietnam were first arising, General Maxwell D. Taylor, the Army Chief of Staff, appeared to say that "we must give a great deal of attention to the dangers of small wars," which, of course, we did. (The Cardinal followed him with a warning against the "expression of peaceful purpose" by Communists.)

John F. Kennedy first appeared at a dinner in 1959. The main speaker that year, however, was Governor Rockefeller, who was generally considered secure in the Chancery's affection. Since it was possible that Kennedy and Rockefeller would be rival Presidential candidates the next year, the dinner attracted more than passing attention, but when it was over it was agreed that Kennedy, in nine minutes, had been more impressive than Rockefeller in twenty-one. The next year, in what was thought to be a gesture of neutrality, the Cardinal invited both Kennedy and Nixon. Kennedy got more laughs; Nixon got the applause.

Lovable Anachronism

Of late, there have been fewer political pronouncements from the Chancery, and the ties that once bound it to City Hall have loosened. A competent guess would be that Catholics, who make up slightly less than half the city population, fill less than half the administrative jobs in the

city government. They are holding their own, and then some, only in the judiciary and the legislative branch. Furthermore, while the Chancery could once be prodigal with its power in practical politics, it now seems restrained. Campaign workers will still distribute leaflets for candidates outside churches on Sunday, and whether they are shooed away or not will still depend on the favor the candidate commands in the Bishop's office. Still, this is small beer compared to the time when a monsignor stood up at a Tammany leader's funeral and read Jimmy Walker out of the Democratic party, or when the secretary to Patrick Cardinal Hayes would tell reporters that the Cardinal himself had ordered the police to break up a meeting on birth control at Town Hall.

Until the last decade, the New York judiciary was overwhelmingly Catholic. Mayor Wagner, himself a Catholic, was the first to consult Protestant and Jewish groups on judicial appointments, despite the fact that a spokesman for the Chancery was one of his golf partners. But even then, a word from the Chancery was regarded as a key to the bench—one reason for the habitual generosity of Jewish politicians to the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Fund.

In practical politics the old chain of command to the powerhouse has grown fuzzy. Not long ago, a Democratic leader approached the Chancery for help in obtaining a judgeship for a constituent, an active Catholic layman. He was given no aid, he says, and was told that the Chancery just did not want to get involved.

At about the same time, an Italian Catholic in the city government was conducting an investigation into a Catholic welfare institution. He was approached by an Irish Catholic, a former officeholder close to the Chancery, and advised to drop the investigation. He couldn't, he was told, get anywhere in city government without the Church's support. When the Irish Catholic was questioned later, he said that he had been acting on his own, that he had only been giving some "fatherly advice," and that he had not even spoken to the Chancery about the matter. The Italian Catholic is not sure that this is true. He thinks the Chancery is somehow involved.

Whether he is right or wrong, it is almost certain that Cardinal Spellman, along with the system he represents, is an anachronism. And there is something sad about this, because the Cardinal represents an orderly world that no longer exists and because his virtues, the small generousities and random kindnesses for which he is famous, are virtues of the New York Irish. And they, I think, are declining, too.

Louis Kampf

THE SCANDAL OF LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP

The study of literature has always served to enliven the sense of both past and future. But today the graduate schools are transforming it into a means of safe and dull accommodation to the present.

Of the death of academic literary study as a serious enterprise few seem to be aware. Yet in spite of appearances to the contrary, it is a fact. Well, almost: for the illusion of life lingers. As one looks at the body, it wriggles and twitches with a nervousness which simulates voluntary action. A closer examination reveals an army of vermin in frantic deployment; creatures scurrying about and multiplying with lewd abandon; all feeding on the corpse while the whole grows uncontrollably.

Matthew Arnold's once-cogent argument for the usefulness of academies comes to mind, now burdened with the pathos of its irrelevance. An English academy, Arnold suggested, might set a standard of intelligence and significance for literature and scholarship; as supreme arbiter, it would put a wholesome check on the indiscriminate expressions of critical caprice. Alas, rather than manning the dikes, our academies have released a flood of literary solvent (one cannot call it criticism) which promises to dissolve whatever standards we have managed to retain.

In what spirit is one to react? How many literary academics, I wonder, are trying to keep their sanity by hiding behind a mask of irony? how many by arming themselves with a corrosive cynicism? There is always the possibility of total withdrawal. But that is surely to defeat the possibilities of intellect at the source. Or, for an exhilarating moment, one considers the combative

good humor of Alexander Pope taking on Grub Street. But what are the combined efforts of a few pathetic eighteenth-century hacks as against the relentless mass production of even one high-powered English department? The enemy has grown; furthermore, he is different; nor is any of us much like Alexander Pope.

Given the oppressive lack of intelligence characteristic of so much literary scholarship, it is difficult to work up much concern for its fate in the academy. Leafing through *Literary History & Literary Criticism: Acta of the Ninth Congress of the International Federation for Modern Languages & Literature* (New York, New York University Press, 1965)—a task whose performance nothing less than a Calvinistic adherence to duty could command—can result only in an overwhelming desire to throw every towel in sight into the nearest chairman's office, to simply give up. Here are dozens of papers, and commentaries on those papers, read at a gathering of the world's most famous literary scholars; nearly all the important names are to be found in the volume's table of contents; yet there is almost nothing worth reading—never mind arguing with—in its many pages.

The Hollow Men

Unhappily, these excrescences emitted by the corpse of literary scholarship cannot be dumped aside as an irrelevance. They pile up in all places, stifling the desperate gasps of any living voice; they corrupt the language, sully our scholarly ideals, and thus give our critical vocabulary a hol-

low and meaningless ring. Early in the game, any graduate student learns that the literary academic's master task is the surveillance of other academics' articles. The most memorable paper I have ever heard delivered in a graduate seminar was returned to its author with the admonition that he include a survey of the relevant scholarship, if he wished to have his work published. The moral was clear: the scholar's responsibility is not to the literary work, not to history, not to his culture or (God forbid) to life, but to other scholarship.

Still, one must care. Higher education is, in a most concrete way, at the center of our lives. If nothing else, it assigns those of us concerned with it our place in the social hierarchy; beyond this, it creates possibilities, whether these are for a measure of intellectual self-fulfillment or the planning of nuclear annihilation. (The academic origins of the student sit-ins are of exemplary significance: at least some students, if not many of their teachers, grasped the opportunities, and responsibilities, created by scholarship and intellect.)

Our difficulties do not stem from the much-publicized conflict between teaching and research. Was Thorstein Veblen a more effective teacher in the classrooms or at his desk? Would anyone really prefer Edmund Wilson to spend more time conducting seminars? The issue is not one of dedication to our teaching, or the amount of time and effort we expend on it, but of *what* we teach, and to *what end*. Is literature really a proper field for professional study? Is it a field at all? a skill? Are there any general laws literary scholarship is attempting to discover? It is difficult to see how a graduate student's career would differ measurably if he were encouraged to devote himself to teaching rather than to scholarship. Would such a change in emphasis really work a transformation in his fundamental intellectual concerns? His time would still be spent in training other potential scholars; in putting undergraduates through mechanical drills in literary explication; and in further stuffing his own head with dead facts. His goal for scholarly education would still involve some parody of the professional demand that the student "know"—mysterious phrase—"his field."

Not too many years ago, filled with the expectations of my recent arrival at a prominent Eastern university, I attended the semester's first meeting

of its Graduate English Club. The speaker, an eminent and elderly scholar, drawing on the wisdom of his years, was to advise the young on the perplexities of a career—on their way of life. His words were an invitation to opportunism: be nice; do not get involved in politics; write only short and solid articles at first; throw modest parties; avoid intellectual aggressiveness—do all these things dutifully and the blessings of tenure await you as a well-earned reward. The students responded by asking many questions about the relative comforts of Western, Southern, and Eastern universities, on the advisability of inviting the chairman to dinner, on the prestige of various journals, even on the career value of curriculum planning. Of literature, ideas, or one's mission as an academic there was no mention.

My reaction at the time—a kind of incoherent hate for the merchants of this "sellout"—has since been tempered. Those graduate students had, in truth, nothing to sell. Looking at similar groups today, I tend, more appropriately, to feel regret. Regret, because the pressures of the educational system, from grammar school onward, have so limited the students' sense of their own possibilities; have, in fact, taught them not to take their own role—the use of their intellect—seriously. Any prospective academic knows that literature is of interest only as it offers an opportunity for personal display, only as it becomes the means to a career.

Hamlet in the System

Yet such petty careerism is not merely the visible sign of private ambitions; nor is it simply the expression of any individual's intellectual failures; more ominously, it is the mechanism through which our society has learned to exploit its men of learning. Capitalism's relentless rationalization depends on the organization of an effective bureaucracy. Bureaucrats must be trained at an ever-increasing rate as the economy expands and rationalization becomes more complex, and to maintain our social equilibrium, this must be accomplished without apparent violation of received traditions, without injury being done to cherished ideologies. For the sake of order the culture must be kept intact. We need more technologists and experts, and to perform their assigned tasks they must be convinced that they are serving the interests of Western Civilization and Freedom. Thus they must all study their Shakespeare. It is the chief task of literary academics to assure fledgling bureaucrats that those strange lines

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from *Hamlet* have something to do (mysteriously) with the functions they are to serve.

To avoid collapse the American economy must expand. This imperative has become part of the national creed, an ideology so deeply embedded that it affects almost every aspect of our lives. Surely it has shaped the objectives of academic literary studies. If English departments are to keep their place in the national consensus, they must perpetuate the myth of liberal education; if they are to expand with the rest of the economy, they must convince those in power that our future functionaries need literary training—whether the objective be to improve their job efficiency, to beautify their souls, or more effectively to fight Communism. Inspiring this swelling mass of functionaries with the beauties of poetry requires yet other functionaries: doctors of English. As our overseas markets expand, so do our English departments; the more Vietnams, the more endowed chairs. For the young whose temperaments incline them toward culture rather than technology the academic hierarchy has become a new area for “making it,” both economically and socially. The professional goals they strive to achieve have become an internalization of the New Frontier; they are an organic component of the expansionist ideology we refer to as the Great Society.

In the quickening process of self-enlargement the literary academy absorbs all new cultural phenomena and finds the appropriate organizational slot for all poetic eruptions. The profession—and its official institutional expression, the Modern Language Association (MLA)—has taken some of literature's more playful children to its bosom. But in enfolding them it has rationalized—and thus neutralized—the danger of their play. They too have become commodities: the more outrageous their games, the higher their price on the market.

There is no apparent limit to the academy's capacity for accommodating and rapidly institutionalizing not merely innovations, but even the most intemperate onslaughts against the Establishment. Lest some backward English department falter in absorbing the latest cultural events, the MLA will lend both material and moral support by organizing the appropriate discussion sections, by publishing official journals and newsletters, and by assuring us of the national, even transcendent importance of the task. By now someone must surely be teaching a graduate seminar on Ken Kesey, perhaps in the form of a psychedelic be-in.

One might be impressed by the sheer volume of the literary academy's activity: surely so much work, so many papers, so many monographs and

pamphlets are a sign of robust health. But it is this very bustle which confuses, which leads one to ask just what the objectives of the profession are. Are we doing anything more than gathering facts and making random comments upon them? What philosophical end do we have in mind? What truth?

The Absence of Dialogue

The scandal of literary scholarship is its lack of philosophy, its blissful ignorance of ideas. The National Endowment for the Humanities' largest award this year was made for the establishment of “a computer-stored bibliography in American studies.” Even in a field where knowledge is cumulative this would be a laughable piece of hack-work; in literature it defeats even one's capacity for the cynical snicker.

This “mad-dog empiricism” (so named by the philosopher Jerrold Katz) is most clearly revealed in the objective the academy commonly sets for the writing of literary history: the reduction of historical narrative to an inventory of facts emptied of explanatory hypotheses. Now historical explanation, by demanding that we formulate ideas about the past, links us to the dead and brings their work into our lives. But such philosophical (or simply human) concerns seem to serve no professional end. To provide scholars with time-saving machinery, to prepare students for examinations—these solid objectives are best served by some version of data processing.

But the most innocent pedantries may be turned to political use. Literary history deprived of ideas and judgments is the servant of the status quo. Dead facts create no dialogue; and since the past is not permitted to speak to us, we are deprived of continuity—that is, of the possibility for rational development. In refusing to explain the historical roots of current literature we relinquish the possibility of criticizing our own performance; since this leaves us with no grounds for action, we capitulate in the face of meaningless events.

The function of poetry, Matthew Arnold once said, is to criticize life. Surely criticism should do no less. If we follow Arnold's counsel, we shall begin by allowing the classics to judge our present experience; in turn, by arguing with them in self-defense we shall make judgments upon them. What does this have to do with present-day academic criticism? Or with the way we teach our classes? We explicate, analyze structures, examine genres—but ask no questions about a given work's role in anyone's life. Our methods create the mere

illusion of critical procedure, for they are harmless; they affect no one.

If the academy is to participate in the proper performance of criticism's task—if it is to confront students with the full force of our best ideas—it will have to do so as part of a communal effort. Departments of literature will have to look on themselves as members of an intellectual community, as part of a front dedicated to the human ends of poetry—to men's desire for the true, the good, and the beautiful. Their critical function will be to expose the enemies of literature with the light of reason and to destroy them with the passion of moral concern. Attendance at almost any academic literary event will show how far removed these ideals are from actuality. During the discussion following a lecture it is most important to display one's erudition; genteel banter is wanted rather than criticism; and to argue constitutes a bad breach of manners. Ordinarily, there is nothing much to argue about in any case.

Professors of literature seem to have little sense of identity as literary intellectuals. Consequently, we relate to each other not as members of an intellectual community but as fellow bureaucrats. Worse, we are not joined to students in terms of our common work nor do they follow us as intellectual disciples. They are our trainees and, at best, we become their paternalistic protectors helping them to get fellowships and jobs. Woe to the student who takes an idea, rather than his

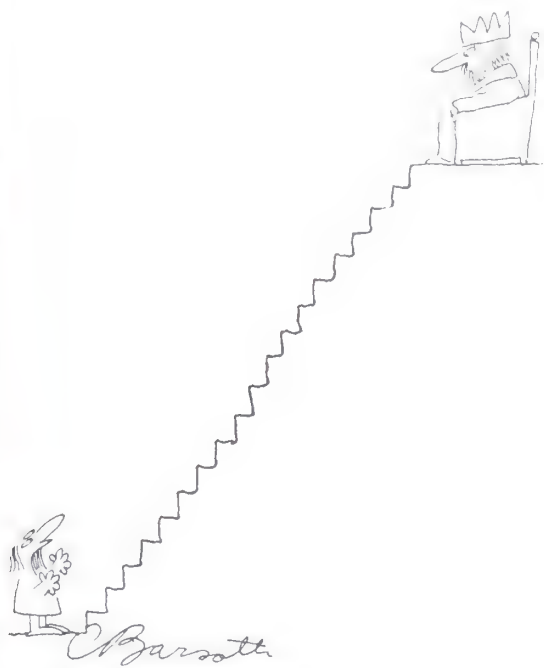
career, seriously; he should know that self-interest is the oil which greases the wheels of a competitive system.

The end of the academic pursuit is advancement in one's office. All communal, educational, and intellectual objectives are subsidiary to the need for individual achievement. Consequently, professors of literature often display an almost pathological fear of criticism: rather than being taken as an intellectual challenge, it is taken as a threat to one's career. This fear reflects, furthermore, a vague suspicion that there is little justification for perpetuating our academic field. No one really wants the boat rocked. Thus our curricular changes are rarely more than rearrangements of old staples, new ways of slicing a crumbling cake; their objective is, more often than not, to turn out more Ph.D.s with greater dispatch.

At Home in the Hierarchy

More fundamentally, the fear of criticism is one aspect of the literary academy's natural conservatism. It pictures itself as the preserver of tradition, the repository of values; its ready acceptance of the past allows it painlessly to absorb the present. The slavish adherence to traditions which have hardened into ideological masks allows us to ignore our students' most basic questions: Why is literature a good? Why is its study required? To most scholars the challenge is, in any case, irrelevant: they dutifully perform their bureaucratic task like any other; it is one way of making a living. The college president's lofty, and oft-repeated, speech about the social importance of the humanities, the spiritual values of literature, is simply icing on the cake; it gets swallowed with everything else.

Yet these pieties need to be challenged. What relevance has the physicist's love of Marcel Proust to his work on missiles? If the love were real, he would, I assume, stop working on them. We are the inheritors of an educational ideal intended for the training of elites. The notion of a well-rounded education presupposes that the study of humane letters prepares those who are to rule or administer (somehow) for their intended tasks. This ideological relic—it has no relation to any reality I know—allows us the comfortable pretense that the functionaries we train receive an education which makes them whole, humane, and enlightened. Even graduate students in Industrial Management are exposed to Melville. And how can the man who loves *Moby Dick* be a capitalist hyena?



"I said, there's grumbling that you are getting out of touch with the people!"

If the critique of academic literary studies is to be rigorous, it must rest on a thorough analysis of the university's role in America's social and economic system. To my knowledge, no such analysis exists. Without it we are reduced to making unsystematic criticisms of curricula and educational techniques. The move beyond such trivia requires a determination of how developments in the academy relate to developments in society, what relevance educational ideology has to social fact. At that point, perhaps, we shall be clear on what forces have lulled us into the quiet acceptance of intellectual and moral treason. How this analysis should proceed, I am uncertain. But surely it must begin with the recognition that the university is a servant of the economy, that its institutional function is to contribute to the technological triumphs of capitalism. In this process departments of literature are as deeply involved as departments of industrial management.

Given the lack of both a proper critical analysis and an intellectual community, the choice of strategies for opposing the system becomes highly problematic. Those wishing to effect the needed radical change will have to organize themselves into a vanguard. Effectiveness will depend on their union of purpose, on their capacity to transcend—not necessarily give up—capricious privacies. For the literary intellectual, individualism being a major dogma of his creed, this involves the most difficult of commitments. Yet we must all begin to understand that a totally self-centered individualism is not necessarily a sign of heroism or nobility; it may, in fact, serve as a mask for the depredations of our competitive system. The narcissistic obsession of modern literature for the self, the critical cant concerning the tragic isolation of the individual—these are notions which tie our hands and keep us from the communion necessary for meaningful action.

Another illusion of individualism is a belief in the efficacy of the charismatic teacher. One cannot be a great teacher in an evil system. To dazzle students with the brilliance of one's performance and do no more is to submit to the status quo; excelling independently, without a concerted program for change, diminishes the possible impact of one's efforts; indeed, those concerned primarily with the fulfillment of their egos guarantee the inconsequence of their ideas. Academic intellectuals have yet to learn that their independence is limited by their place in the social and economic hierarchy. They do not, as Matthew Arnold has misleadingly taught them, transcend the class system nor do they reconcile oppositions by expressing their "best selves." The very nature of the

university, as I have said, demands that they play economic and social roles. Many have chosen to be inconspicuous members of the middle class; some have climbed to the upper reaches of the technocratic elite. Yet are we not, after all, wage earners? intellectual workers? In perverting the use of literature has the academy not alienated us from our work? In spite of our affluence are we not exploited? To understand this much is to prepare oneself for opposition. If he is to be true to his literary calling, to the honest demands of his work, the critic's function in the university will be the rather unacademic one of courting conflict.

Passion and Objectivity

How will the commitment to struggle affect the scholar's dedication to independent scholarship? This notion, the idea of objectivity itself, is never an absolute; the pressures of the historical moment invariably shape its meaning. For a scholarly contributor to Diderot's *Encyclopedia* independent scholarship was a freeing notion, a challenge to the authorities and, therefore, an instrument for social change. But there may be circumstances under which the notion becomes an excuse for accepting the status quo, a means for justifying our own empty response to the demands of literature, or an instrument for hiding our social fears. Today the idea of independent scholarship is a mask for the commercial activities of the academic bureaucracy; it permits us to bow, in good conscience, to the impersonal demands of the office. If literary scholarship is to have an effect it must be committed to an end. Of such a commitment we are all afraid lest we lose our precious independence. Yet the energies of our passionate commitment may be necessary for creating the possibility of objectivity and free thought.

Commitment to what? Surely not to imprinting a static literary tradition on the minds of victims trapped in a classroom, nor to instilling in them a servile admiration for the glories of the past. Our devotion to criticism demands a willingness to destroy received dogmas, to rid ourselves of the deadening burden of history: such "antihumanist" activity may be the going price for a study of literature which can affect our lives. Dangerous as it is, we may have to accept some student's honest feeling that, for example, Milton's use of pastoral in "Lycidas" is a foolish irrelevance. To answer this charge in the usual way, with an appeal to the tradition of pastoral, is merely to lull the student into a bland acceptance of authority; it will hardly lead him to reflections on the meaning

of death. Again, it may be necessary to illustrate that the quiet honesty of "Tintern Abbey" hides a lie about the morality of nature; that our passive acceptance of the poem's seductive authority may keep us from seeing ourselves, the world, and, indeed, "Tintern Abbey" as they really are.

Having accustomed ourselves to the critical task of questioning—even destroying—a part of the past, having broken our chains, just how do we make the study of literature meaningful to our lives? how is it to affect the world? If we cannot turn literary visions into reality, we must at least see them as expressions of profound personal and social needs. Lest its remaining traces of life be destroyed, the study of literature must not become a haven for refugees from the pressures of the moment. There is, for example, an urgent need to explore the demands which democratization makes on the very concept of a literary culture. What poetic visions are to speak to this situation? We must propose answers and make choices if literature is to be more than a minor diversion and its appreciation more than an exercise in archaeology. The study of literature must begin with an exploration of our social needs.

This imperative was a point of departure for the great critics of the nineteenth century, their destination being the reformation of culture itself. They at least knew that a disinterested love of beauty could exist only in a fitting social context—a context the critic might have to create. The moral seems clear: for my students to react fully to *The Dunciad*—to feel the cultural tragedy implicit in the victory of Grub Street and the goddess Dulness—it may be more important for them to consult Marx's work on the cultural effects of capitalism than Aubrey Williams' useful study of the poem's literary context; the former will channel their aesthetic perceptions into social understanding and (perhaps) action; the latter, into literary analysis.

But here we have crossed the unofficial bounds of academic scholarship. A department of English has its functions, a committed intellectual has his: how is the latter to work as an activist while performing his academic task? Are the two not subversive of each other? There do appear to be possibilities, however faint, of working outward from the academic setting. I say this with no great confidence; clearly it might be a convenient rationalization for my own situation, for my own fears. I find it frightening to consider that the staggering concentration of intellect at the universities, the large degree of academic freedom we have attained, and the seemingly boundless resources placed in our hands—that all these should be irrele-

vant to the best ideas and most beautiful visions expressed by our literature. This may indeed be the case. Perhaps all significant intellectual agitation will have to originate outside the academy. But those of us on the inside must surely make the attempt. Literature as an instrument of agitation: the idea seems fatuous, even old-fashioned; it sounds too much like a manifesto from the old *Masses*. Again: Why teach literature at all? Only this time imagine the question being asked by a student radical. My answer: Because you and I are concerned with freedom.

Vague? Obviously, but I can see few better ways of exploring the idea of human freedom than in contemplating the fate of literary work. No two people, no two epochs or civilizations, have ever made the same use of a poem. Yet its meanings (its sensuous and intellectual qualities) persist. The poem demands that we react to a specific text—yet somehow in our own way. Shaping its meaning to our own desires, we help make its fate; doing so, we not only explore the limits of free thought but learn how to make conscious use of the past. In this realm, at least, we are not the slaves of raw facts, uncontrollable events, or immutable logic, but stand in equal partnership with the creations of other men. The literary scholar's far from trivial task is to act as broker in the partnership. For this the academy may be an amenable setting.

The panorama of literature lies in the scholar's full view. It is more than a collection of words framed by the limits of his visual perception: it is history. And history is full of beautiful subversive possibilities. Their exploitation demands daring, intellectual rigor, and ultimately commitment to the possibilities of freedom. By its very nature, in spite of our academic merchants, literature is not a commodity, but the sign of a creative act which expresses personal, social, and historical needs. As such it constantly undermines the status quo.

That the schools regard the teaching of literature as a necessity points to society's feelings of guilt: literary visions are a constant reminder of its failures. Academics must exploit these feelings; they must keep touching the raw nerve. Our probes may not sunder humanity's chains, they may not directly transform our national life. Nor will they stop the butchery in Vietnam. Yet they remind our students of human possibilities, of the reality of feelings, of both horror and beauty. The raw nerve we touch is, finally, our own. The pain is a fitting reminder of the scholar's need to be human, of the need to transform not only his students but himself. Here at least is a beginning.



THE RECRUITMENT

A Story by Charles Gaines

He was dreaming when Bailey called him at dawn. In the dream there was something wrong: he was confused, hurried; someone was looking at him with hard final eyes, saying, "Goddammit, Bo, can't you do anything right?"

"I'm sorry," he said down to the gray patio, "I'll be down in a minute." He dressed quickly, still hurried by the dream. Bailey was slumped against the stone railing of the patio, chewing tobacco, his face blank. "I'm sorry, Bailey," he said again. "I won't do it anymore."

They were through with the work in the vegetable garden by nine o'clock. The sun was already hot and they sat in the shade of the cow barn and drank from the quart milk bottle Bailey kept there full of over-sweetened lemonade. Bo leaned against the barn, his shirt off, swirling the liquid, watching the pieces of lemon tissue float and disappear.

"I'd go if I could. They won't take me on account o' my feet," said Bailey. Bailey had webbed toes. His father and both his brothers had them, too. He showed them to Bo one afternoon this summer, unlacing his boots and peeling back the socks as if he were revealing something very special and fine. He kept cotton wadding between them and his boots and even then they hurt him when he walked long.

"I'd go too, Bailey, but they want people to stay in college." Bo's voice was low. He had learned the

night before from his father that his cousin Hugh had refused to go back to college and had joined the Army, but Bo didn't mention this.

"Stay in college! When there's Japs and Germans killin' our boys everywhere you read? I wish to God I could go." Bailey turned quickly and spat tobacco juice, then turned his head back again slowly.

Bo swirled the lemonade against the big milk bottle. When he felt Bailey about to rise, he said loudly, "Say, Bailey, you know what Devereux said when they asked him if he needed anything after the Japs attacked Wake?" Bailey, standing above him, said nothing. "He said, 'Yeah, send us more Japs!'"

In the summer, sunlight was everywhere through the house. It started in Mrs. Blake's morning room and in Maude's bedroom above it and moved south and west through Judge Blake's room and Bo's; and downstairs through the tall windows, from the breakfast patio on the east side of the house it fell across the broad white kitchen and flowered walls of the dining room, gleaming everywhere on polished English furniture and brass. In the morning it floated fine and diffuse, and seemed impacted and dry in the afternoon as it shoved against the lead glass and dusty books in the old room upstairs and against the velvet covered fur-

niture, the tapestries and paintings in the living room. Finally, outside to the west in afternoon, it lay scattered on the wooden floor of the roofed pavilion, exhausted by the vines and clumps of bamboo that clutched this detached circular porch with its swings and urns and the wooden merry-go-round animals that stood at intervals within it gazing down on the valley, the town, from this, the very peak of the mountain.

All day the sunlight and air pouring in through the tall leaded windows of the house created an atmosphere Wesley loved. He glided and hummed through the house on these days with his girl's face fixed in a smile, the sleeves of one of the Judge's old Brooks Brothers' shirts rolled to his elbows, and a folded paper sack on his head—dusting, straightening, effortlessly leaving behind him an order arranged not just by his neat, womanish, almost white hands, but by his joy: a whole, fastidious well-being, visible on the surface of his face on days like today.

And for the first three hours the house was his alone. Harold, the driver, dropped off the other two servants at nine o'clock and then drove the Judge downtown. Wesley could tolerate these day servants—a frail, hunched old cook and her daughter. He could even be helpful to them. But for the other of the Judge's employees, the hulking, redfaced, tobacco-chewing farmer called Bailey, Wesley had only contempt. He was more white than Wesley, but Bailey was uneducated trash. Wesley himself, one quarter white, had been given two years of college by Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Blake's mother, with whom he had lived from the time he was ten (when she hired him to dig up nut grass with a screwdriver from her garden) until he was presented to Caroline and the Judge as a wedding present. As his hands patted the new butter into oval shapes, Wesley planned exactly what he would say to this man who would come walking heavily up the rear drive any minute to eat and to stain Wesley's gleaming back porch with his dirt and tobacco.

Dressed in a soft white coat, Wesley had served the family lunch on the pavilion. As always, while passing the dishes and standing behind the Judge as he ate, he had watched these people, listened to their conversation and joined it under his breath.

At the head of the glass and wrought-iron table sat Judge Blake, a small man with delicate bones, whose dress and general appearance grew more rumpled every year but whose face middle age had so tightened and defined that its lines and angles, beautiful to Wesley, had become as crisp as those of a crumpled piece of vellum. He rose from his chair when Caroline walked onto the pavilion and

again five minutes later for Bo. Bo had changed his shirt and he carried a copy of the morning newspaper.

"You're late," the Judge said.

"Bailey and I were in the pasture." Bo seated himself and began leafing through the paper. "The RAF fired Düsseldorf with two-ton bombs," he said.

"Your mother and I would like your company." Bo dropped the paper to the floor. "Did you check the cows?"

"They won't calve for another week. We were in the front pasture putting out new salt and they were all back in the woods."

"Check them this afternoon," said the Judge.

Mrs. Blake placed a portion of fruit salad on Bo's plate. No matter how hot the day she always looked cool. Her arms were powdered and the bracelets on her wrists made cool dry noises. Wesley loved to watch her. She wore a soft-colored summer dress and sat very straight at the table. "Maude called from town, Bo," she said. "She got the new administrative job at Shades Valley. She'll have a double load next year—the office work and teaching."

Bo had interrupted her. "What sense does teaching make when there's a war going on? Why not just teach everyone to fight?" And right there Wesley felt the unpleasantness coming. He knew Bo was glad his sister had got the new job; that he had said this to provoke the father. "Right, Bo. Right."

"No. Everybody can't fight. And the war won't last forever."

"You fought," said Bo.

"Yes."

"And you think I should fight. And Bailey thinks I should fight." He thinks *what*? Wesley said, almost aloud.

"Eat your lunch, Bo," said his mother. "Nobody wants to fight."

Passing hot rolls for the second time he stopped at Bo's side. He bent and whispered something in the boy's ear—a confidential smiling gesture. Bo stared for a moment at his plate, blushing.

Mrs. Blake shook the bracelets on her wrist to break the silence. "Marie Anne is dead."

"Who?" asked the Judge.

"The Dowager Grand Duchess of Luxembourg," said Bo. Then, grabbing at his paper, he said

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"Excuse me, Mama," and walked off the pavilion.

Now just let him go, Wesley had assured the back of the Judge's head. Wesley had decided what to do.

"**G**ood afternoon, Mr. Bailey," he said, whisking the aluminum tray of butter cakes into the refrigerator. Bailey grunted, shuffling on the stone steps for a moment, half cleaning his boots, then pushed through the screen door and sat at the table. Wesley put a plate of black-eyed peas and pork chops, hot from the oven, in front of him and said, "Hea's yo' lovely lunch," a phrase he offered Bailey every day along with the plate. Then he sat, smiling broadly, on a stool at the other end of the table. Bailey looked up from the plate. Wesley had always gone back to the kitchen after giving him his food.

"Whaddya want?" said Bailey.

The Negro grinned at him. Bailey's surprise was in the middle of turning into anger when Wesley said: "Now Mr. Bailey, I know you to be a kind man and I know you loves Mr. Bo dearly as I do—who raised him. An' tha's why I *know* you don't want him over in Gumann or them Soloman Islands where all those boys is gettin' killed an' lonesome." Wesley was talking rapidly through a grin so fixed it was almost a grimace, and Bailey, shocked beyond understanding what the little Negro was saying, stared cow-like back at him, his mouth open, his hands lying like two big chunks of earth by his untouched plate.

"You *knows* how sweet an' lovely an' educated this fambly is. Why, this the finest fambly in Alabama you workin' for—look at 'em, all gov'nors an' judges an' wealthy men." There was something unearthly in Wesley's face now that even Bailey, stunned as he was, could see, and he found himself fixing on it, fascinated with the outward growth of a sharp unnatural rage beneath Wesley's puffy benevolent features. "An' that Bo's gonna be the finest of all. *Yes* he is. If you educated and refined, there is no doors closed to you. I didn' raise that boy to see him do anythin' but what his heart desire—to live on this mountain an' go to his nice college in Virginia an' see pretty things all his life. So *please*, Bailey," calling him that for the first time, "please jes' teach him how to do farmin' an' don't talk to my boy no mo' about the waw."

And Bailey saw the face fall for an instant into exhaustion; then Wesley was pointing to his plate. "Yo' lunch gettin' cold," he said and hurried back into the kitchen.

All Bailey could do was sit there, his face blank, his thumbs hooked in the straps of his overalls.

And when finally he could move, it was not toward the kitchen, but out the screen doors, stumbling and then half-running toward the pavilion where he knew the Judge rested after lunch. When he came around the corner of the house he saw the Judge standing, hand on hip, watching the retreating figure of Wesley scuttle off toward the front of the house.

"Judge Blake!" he yelled, making for him as fast as his feet would let him, "Judge, I don't know what that nigger tol' you, but it's me or him, Judge—one of us gits off this place *today*." Tobacco juice was running down his chin and he made a swipe at it with his forearm, standing now in front of the Judge, ashamed by his approach and confused. So ashamed that his voice (he noticed it but could do nothing about it) kept trailing off in mid-sentence as he explained his version of what had happened ("when all I tol' him was *I'd* go if I was him") and so confused by the past ten minutes that when he had finished talking and the Judge said—"I've already told Wesley to apologize to you, Sam. He didn't have any right to talk to you that way. I told him to stay off the back porch from now on while you're eating and you don't have to see him except for that," and asked, "Now you don't want to take this thing any farther, do you Sam?"—Bailey could just scratch his boot around in the earth and say, naw, he reckoned not, and begin backing away toward the barn.

The Judge sat alone on the pavilion in a wicker armchair. The sounds of lunch dishes being cleared from the table behind him had stopped. His father would have known what to do about Bailey and Wesley. He would have settled it in his mind with one abrupt, final nod.

The mountain had been his for thirteen months, since he buried his father on its northern slope; and the first few of these months had been the most comfortable of his life. A full second growth of timber and the disappearance of all signs of clearing and building—all signs of intrusion—had allowed him to feel that the mountain and he had achieved the same quality of peace. But recently, an adolescent feeling of vulnerability had disturbed his comfort. His need to deliberate, weigh, the professionally-developed pity, seemed to have become just ways of being accessible.

And now there was the war—to which Bo could either go or refuse to go: he was in school and both he and the Judge knew that if it came to his being drafted out, his father could and would prevent it. But why did Bo not want to go? He was committed, God knows, to the ideology of a war against fascism and he was excited, or seemed to

be, about war itself—that huge, deadly, glamorous pattern of events and responses that had thrilled the Judge into Europe in the last war and, in a less diluted form, had driven his grandfather into the dusty, bitter retreats of 1864 to fight for a cause he did not even believe in. . . . He rose from his chair, and from the railing of the pavilion stood looking over the wide sweeps of lawn, his back arched, his hands rubbing down the wrinkles in his suit.

Bo was an idealist. He wanted what young people wanted now, and what the Judge too, in one responsible part of his mind, wanted, or supposed he did—a world that would accommodate everyone. The Judge was very sure why this war was being fought: it was being fought to preserve the threatened average, and this was a good enough reason.

To hate part of what he knew was right was a division he had long tolerated in himself. He knew that social justice was an accommodation to averages and that the world was no longer any place for the pure selfhood, the defiant freedom that had lined his grandfather's face. Maybe it was the gradual wearing-away of that freedom—by the development of a, what? . . . social conscience? begun in his father, increased in himself, and maybe full grown in Bo—the loss of unrepressed personal force, that made his son, his home, his life seem so vulnerable, so . . . overripe. Yes. Because behind the silver and books and Georgian furniture it was a crude animal force, a way of doing things abruptly, freely, that had always operated the life here. He had seen his grandfather use it a thousand times. And his father. And maybe Bo did not or could not join this war because the residue of that force in him was still strong enough to interfere with the other—the self-limiting ideal. And the Judge knew that he would have to see Bo stand up and act or give in completely before he could feel anything like respect for him again.

He was tired. He had not decided what to do about Wesley . . . he could not decide as his father would have. When he turned, Caroline was standing before him. "I guess I'd better go," he said, looking at his watch.

"You don't really want him to go?"

"Who? No. I want him to do what he has to do," he answered. She looked tall and fresh facing him in his wrinkled suit. The constant calm on her face, the graying ash-blond hair, the cool lovely features. She never sweats, he thought.

"Well, he doesn't have to fight," she said.

"No. I've got to go."

"I know," she said, and brushed his cheek with a cool powdery kiss. "He won't have to go to war."

Bo knew exactly where she would be. They walked through the woods that flanked the pasture on the south to a small clearing. When the cow saw them she tried to get up and Bailey stood at the edge of the woods and calmed her with his voice until she stopped moving. "Her rear end is tore all to hell," he said. Beside her lay the still-born bull calf, its neck bent back so far that the small ears touched its back. The teeth and hooves and the white part of the hide were very clean and bright. It was the finest-looking calf Bo had ever seen, a huge calf with beautiful markings. "Goddammit, I *told* him," Bailey seemed to be talking to the cow. "That bull was too big." His voice was soft but his face was raw and enraged; the anger Bo had noticed in him since lunch was suddenly all across his usually blank features. "We got to get her up."

The cow struggled again when he moved to her. The afterbirth lay across half the calf's shoulder and was spread in front of the cow like a purple shawl, ragged where she had eaten it. Bailey moved it out of her way with his boot and talked gently, trying to coax her up. Bo could hear Bailey telling him something but he couldn't move. He stood looking at the calf, unable to make himself move. "I said get on her other flank," Bailey shouted. The cow was lurching, trying to get her feet beneath her and Bailey was hunched, straining on her side. Her face is so calm, Bo thought. "Bo!"

When he finally moved, the cow had fallen. She lay still, bleeding from the rear. Together they tried once more to lift her but the animal was exhausted. Bailey stood up, sweating and furious. "Go get the tractor."

"Let's try it once . . ."

"Go get the goddamn tractor." He turned, wiping his hands on his overalls.

Bo looked at the calf, at the dying cow, at Bailey. Bailey drew his hand across his face, streaking his nose with blood, and squatted by the cow. Bo knew he had finished talking now, that he would be silent, his big mouth chewing loosely, his eyes flat and final until whatever had to be done was done. Bo leaned over quickly and lifted the calf's head in his hand: the slickness had dried in the sun and the hair around its jaw was stiff and clean. The head felt cool against his hand.

After they had pulled the cow to her feet with the tractor and led her stumbling and bleeding to the barn, Bo called the vet and Bailey tried to slow the bleeding with de-horning powder. Then they waited in the barn. Bo felt sick and wanted to sit, but Bailey was standing, even the cow was standing, so he stood. "Why did it happen?"

"Yo' daddy bred her to that Whitcomb bull in Newmerkle an' he was too big for her." Bailey looked off into the hay loft.

"That was a beautiful calf," Bo said and immediately regretted it. This was Laura Green, Bailey's favorite of the nine Jersey cows. Bailey didn't care about the calf. "Bailey," he said, "listen, I'm sorry I didn't get over to her quick enough back there." Bailey looked into the loft and said nothing. "I just couldn't move. It was the way that calf looked."

"Yeah," said Bailey, and spat yellow juice into an S across the concrete floor.

"What's the matter?"

"Your daddy's cow's tore up."

"No, I don't mean that," said Bo. "Something was wrong when you came back from lunch." Bailey walked over to a milking stall, his back to Bo.

"You want to talk some more about the Blitz?" Bo asked after awhile.

Bailey wheeled on him. "I don't wantta *ever* talk to you about Blitz or Philippines or *none* of that crap anymore. Go up an' talk to that nigger."

"What Negro?"

"That half-white *negro* up at the house. You go lying to that nigger about things I say." Bailey was trembling, his glance still in the loft.

Bo had seen him like this only once before. At the beginning of the summer he had made many mistakes with machinery and animals and Bailey had corrected them patiently until one afternoon when Bo left the lower half of the door to the milking barn unlatched and unwatched for a few minutes and a heifer the Judge had just bought wandered out of the strange barn and was nearly killed on the highway two or three hours later. Not when they finally found the animal, but as soon as Bo had found Bailey and told him the heifer was missing and why, the man had turned, shouting at Bo a question he had been repeating ever since with his eyes, and his face flooded with the same anger Bo saw there now.

"What does Wesley have to do . . ."

"Get on outta here, boy."

"Bailey!"

"Get outta here, you goddam nigger."

The rain clouds made dark come early. Bo stood at the bottom of the Carters' front yard beneath a group of hickory trees and watched the clouds rush for the few stars still visible in the north. Above him, Hugh Carter sat in a lawn chair on the patio, his skinny profile and an old studio easel outlined against the still clear northern sky.

Hugh was, he had decided, his last hope now. If

he wanted to, Hugh could tell him in a few quiet wry words what he should do and how to do it, or at least how he had done it: how he had got off this island.

He had known he was trapped since he left Bailey and the cow early this afternoon, pushing and running through the barn door out into the hot air, followed by Bailey's constant unspoken question. He had realized then, as the hot afternoon swelled around him, that he had been trapped here for seventeen years.

He had stopped running when he reached the pasture and had walked westward to the brow of the mountain overlooking the highway, and then south, keeping close to the edge.

"We ain't gonna let you leave, sweet boy. Eat that good lunch an' drink yo' buttermilk," Wesley had whispered to him. There were three glasses in front of everyone: water, sweetmilk, buttermilk. And a fingerbowl. He screwed his face around and spat. There was Chippendale, ormolu . . . horses bred from the best damn Tennessee walking horse in the state, his father said. The best.

It was bright on the mountain's edge—sun glinting off the tops of cars, off the glassy reservoir lying huge on the other side of the highway. The homes on the western ridge of the mountain made a lake of it, cutting trees and branches enough to let through a view of water, but no squat concrete buildings or black pipes. Wesley said drink yo' buttermilk. How could he pull machine guns into place on Guam or shoot down Zeros over China after soaking in buttermilk for seventeen years? God, he owned a silver-headed riding crop; he spent vacations at the Homestead. And men in basic training sat together on acres of toilets. His hands were soft. He couldn't do things.

He had reached the creek now and he turned east, walking along its bank back into the mountain, away from the highway.

He and Cullom had rented a cabin on the Maury River for next year. They wouldn't live in the fraternity house—too close, noisy, and on the river you heard only rapids, birds, and the sound of trees. Cullom would party out there, but that was all right. He would have a car. He would be a sophomore. He was through with the nasty part—the beanies, the dormitory, initiation. Next year he could walk through Lexington, or drive, withdrawn and mysterious—a thin philosophy major, but well dressed, who lived with another philosophy major in a cabin on the Maury. He would have his wines at the cabin. Buy capon in Staunton, and go to polo in Charlottesville with a silver flask for brandy and a dark-haired serious girl from Macon or Hollins who read Hegel. He squinted through

the cool dark shadows beneath the willows and water oaks, reminded of his own sweating, terrified face this morning before Bailey woke him. He was on Bataan. Around him were the diseased, dog-eating troops and he stood soft-looking against the ragged, brilliant landscape, incredibly dressed in a summer sports jacket. He was talking very fast to Wainwright himself. The gaunt, bearded General stared at the ground and would not look at him, but someone behind him whom he could not see was watching and saying in a soft hideous Southern voice: "Goddammit, Bo, can't you do anything right?"

As he examined his own dream face he thought of the calmer stronger ones of his father, his grandfather—a daguerreotype of his great-grandfather in a gray uniform with gold epaulets—and he stood for a long time on the quiet creek bank, as stunned by his heritage as the still-born calf.

There were lights on now in the living room and he could see Ellen and Hobart Carter on the sofa. Hugh had not heard him come up the hill; he was still slumped in the lawn chair, staring at the easel. Beside him on the flagstones were a palette and brushes.

"Hello, Hugh," he said.

His cousin turned a pale cheek without moving in the chair. "Well, hi, Bo." His voice was uninflected, slow: Bo knew he was still thinking about the painting on the easel. He had covered a small piece of masonite with the thick, bright colors of the flower garden that lay off to the right of the patio. With light, feathered brushstrokes he had painted in the stately scarlet calla lilies partially enclosing a rectangle of purple dahlias, red and yellow zinnias, and marigolds. It was a controlled but vivid and daring painting, and the green pure quality of the mountain air seemed to float within it. Hugh was going, in a few days, from doing this to war.

"How did you join the Army, Hugh?"

"Just went down and signed up."

"No, I mean how did you *do* it? What did your parents say?"

Hugh smiled. "They didn't mind."

Hugh would have been a junior next year at the University of Georgia. His major was painting and he was thought to be very good. His teachers and friends wanted him to enter the big jury shows and exhibitions, but Hugh never did. Of those things he liked he liked the mountain best, and he spent part of each day during his vacations learning its growths and seasons and moods by painting them. He disliked most of the people he knew, including Bo, but few of them knew it: his



ugly features, his gauntness, the way clothes lost their shape around him, and his gentleness, made people feel he must like them—that he would need to like them. Most of all he disliked his parents: his mother because she allowed alcohol to drown the part of her that would hate the cruel, soft person she now was, and his father because of the feminine aversion to anything unpleasant that made him believe the best way to help his wife was to avoid displeasing her; and so got drunk with her. They seemed unreal to Hugh. He didn't really believe them.

"I guess I'll join pretty soon," said Bo. He sat on the flagstones facing Hugh who did not answer him. "Which theater of the war do you like best?"

"Like best?"

"Listen, Hugh, why did you join?"

"I don't know exactly. Just a feeling I had in school last semester. A lot of the older guys and some of the teachers were going in."

It was beginning to rain very lightly and Bo felt a strange panic rising. "When do you leave?" he asked.

Hugh stood up, laid the painting gently on the ground and folded the easel. "Monday night," he said.

"Hugh, you know they've killed over fifty-thousand people in Britain now? They hit the ports mostly: Clydeside, Liverpool, Portsmouth. Oh, and hey, Hugh, listen to this: King George went up to visit this American installation, see, and when he was leaving this GI from Atlanta says: 'Y'all

RIDE IN

by Sidney Sulkín

Morning still, ripples the HUMBLE sign
to tinfoil.

Walter, leaning an ornithologist's ear
to the engine song,

hears a telltale cheep, I can tell.
I'll come at six for the bill.

Bo's eyes rush, blinding and
while I wait,
hung like a pickup sack at the edge of traffic,
striped in lattices of sound and light.

Gas smell blooms, a strong flower,
from the cogitating pump.
Busses sigh,
lay gastropodal stinks
on the softening asphalt.

Sealed cans of motor oil wink
in a cartier case.
A hood flaps yapping upward
like a morning bird
cawing.
The gas pump hums.
My pickup comes.

hurry back, y'Majesty.' " Hugh put his tubes of paint into a paper sack and looked strangely at Bo. It was almost dark now; they could not see each other very well. "Do you read much about the war?" asked Bo.

"No."

"Boy, I do. I've been learning all these facts, like how old Tojo is, and how many men went down with the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. Facts . . . you know, are things you can get your mind around. Hard things." He was on his feet now. "Look, why are you joining up if you don't know anything about what's going on?"

Hugh shrugged and picked up the rest of his things.

"Look Hugh, what the hell? I mean don't you know anything about this war, what we're doing over there? We're fighting against racial aristocracy. Don't you even know *why* we're fighting?"

"I know," said Hugh, looking straight at him for the first time. "I know. I don't know all those facts, but . . ."

"Then how do you know? You don't know any more than Bailey," Bo shouted. And Hugh smiled at him.

Hugh smiled and the discovery that his cousin

disliked him surged over Bo. He realized numbly as Hugh turned and walked off the patio that he could never ask him now what he had come to ask.

His father met him at the door about a half-hour later. Bo had stumbled across the dark mountain getting drenched with rain.

"Your mother was worried about your missing supper."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Go up and change your clothes. Then we can talk."

"All right," he said.

When he came back downstairs the Judge was in the living room, sitting deep in an armchair beneath the large portrait of Caroline's mother. The light above the picture was the only light in the room. The lady was dressed in a pink, 1880s tea gown. In front of her on a low table was a silver tea service and she had always looked to Bo to be asking some invisible companion to take more cream. Her portrait was a soft, alien touch, in the dark, masculine room.

Wesley had laid a tray on the coffee table; Bo sat on the sofa beside it but did not touch the food. He waited for his father to speak and when he did not they sat together silent for a long time.

"You lost a calf today," Bo said.

"I know," said the Judge.

"How?"

"Bailey came up this afternoon to tell me he was quitting."

"It wasn't his fault."

"Not because of the calf . . . he and Wesley had a run-in over you. I didn't fire him though. I guess I should have."

"Who? Fire who?"

"Wesley, dammit. I'm not going to fire either one of them. And I'm not letting Sam quit. Because I don't have to. They're not going to be around each other anymore. And you're not going to work with Bailey anymore."

"Why not?" asked Bo. He cared about that very much, but his voice sounded dead to him.

"Your mother thinks you ought to have a rest before you go back to school."

He fell sideways on the couch and cupped his face in both hands. "I'm not going back to school," he said. He knew the Judge was looking at him and he wondered vaguely if his father could see the terrible likeness Bo felt between himself and the painting above him. "I'm not going back," he said again. "And maybe they will draft me."

"All right," said his father. "Now sit up." His voice sounded tired and far away to Bo, but Bailey's untiring question was close behind him in the still room.

Donald M. Kaplan

FREUD AND HIS OWN PATIENTS

"In his therapeutic activities, which flash with character, there are awesome glimpses of his great purpose . . ."

When Sigmund Freud was in his middle thirties, his medical career began to take an alarming turn. This was in the early 1890s, years before his thinking attained that conceptual shape we call psychoanalysis. A gifted neuropsychiatrist of increasing reputation, Freud was becoming alienated from the professional community of Vienna. The personal advantages his brilliance had already achieved were beginning to slip away, at first into indifference, then derision. For a man approaching middle age and shouldering responsibility not only for his wife and children, but for his parents and sisters as well, the financial jeopardy was nerve-racking. That his professional plight was not the result of something suddenly bizarre or iconoclastic in his assertions about mental illness compounded his frustrations. Iconoclastic opinions were to damage his career much later, and when they did, he readily accepted it. At this point, his was a case of exasperating an establishment not yet prepared for reformation.

For example, Freud's early proposals about the sexual factor in the psychoneuroses were not sensational novelties. They were quite consistent with prevalent opinion. A relationship between the sexual life of patients and their nervous disorders was a suspicion widespread among medical practitioners of the time. Freud credited Charcot, one of his most esteemed teachers, with the remark referring to mental patients, "*Mais, dans des cas pareils c'est toujours la chose génitale, toujours, toujours, toujours*"—with such patients, it is always a matter of sex, always, always, always. It was Josef Breuer, physician to many luminaries of Viennese society, who said to Freud about a neurotic patient, "These things are always *secrets d'alcôve*"—questions involving the marriage bed. Another indelible reference to sex came from Professor Rudolf Chrobak, the most eminent gynecologist of Vienna. In connection with a woman he

sent to Freud for treatment, he recommended with cynical despair: "*Rx. Penis normalis dosim repetatur*"—the best medicine would be an ordinary penis, repeatedly.

Thus when Freud initially codified these ideas into a scientific position, it was not his originality that scandalized his colleagues. What was disturbing was something about Freud's character. As he commented years later, those notions that his colleagues casually flirted with, he married—and took the consequences. Indeed, genius without character is hopeless; for it is character that dares to carry ideas beyond the judgment of a given time and place, into the more risky tribunals of Destiny.

Naturally Freud's character—his almost naïve earnestness—found expression in his daily clinical practice, in his actual conduct with patients. In his therapeutic activities, which flash with character, there are awesome glimpses of his great purpose that have remained comparatively neglected in the dissemination of his thought.

Vienna abounded in so-called classically hysterical women, patients free of physical lesions but nevertheless given to fainting spells, shortness of breath, ill-temper, depression, amnesia, nausea, delusions, migraines, paralyses—the list could be extended to a full page. The male neurotics tended toward elaborate and incapacitating obsessions and compulsions. Theories about the psychoneuroses were far in advance of therapeutic techniques, not unlike the situation today with, say, cancer. To the Vienna medical society (which was one of the best in the world), hobbled as it was by an ignorance as to how to treat the psychoneuroses, neurotic patients were regarded as annoyances, malingerers, pests. Treatment consisted of talking, suggesting, and commanding the neurotic out of his symptoms. This failing, mild electric shock, rest cures, warm baths, and other techniques were called in, largely to emphasize the

doctor's determination that the patient get well. The doctor-patient relationship could be described as one of mutual harassment.

I have mentioned that Freud took quite seriously the business of sexuality. Another idea—somewhat less common, because it was more complex, was that neurosis had something to do with the lengths a patient had to go to avoid unsavory thoughts and memories of painful events. This Freud also took seriously, and he pronounced the idea in an italicized maxim in one of his earliest papers: "*Hysterical patients suffer principally from reminiscences.*" For the psychotherapy of neurosis, the consequences of this idea were extraordinary. It meant that the doctor should listen to his patient's verbal reports and try to locate the morbid feeling and ideas his neurotic symptoms replace. With typical plausibility, this is precisely what Freud did, for hours on end, day after day. But he not only listened to the nonsense of his patients; he began to demand that they amplify details that were obscure and incomplete. Inevitably, Freud was becoming, as David Riesman once called him, a "rate buster." Where all around him superficial dispatch prevailed, Freud found it necessary to prolong therapy to unheard-of lengths.

Like Philoctetes, Freud now possessed a wound and a bow, for which he was both shunned and sought. In practicing psychiatry, this means that you become one of the list of "extreme measures," and you are referred the most intractable cases. These days you would have to ransack your directory for a colleague who would take on the kind of case that routinely filled Freud's practice at the height of his physical powers. Yet in all his published accounts of treatment, there is not a breath of self-pity or self-aggrandizement.

Reason vs. Obsession

What was it like to be a patient of such a doctor? It has been said that Freud was a severe rationalist who reduced human vitalities to barren mechanics. But this is true only if pettiness is proof of passion. When a patient consulted Freud, he was in the presence of a man deeply involved in an enterprise larger than the patient and larger than Freud. It was the absence of personal pettiness in the situation he created that liberated the patient's secrets. There was nothing a patient could tell this man that he couldn't find a proper niche for in the human design. He could walk through nightmares and humanize all demons. He was the passionate enemy of every fear that made freedom of thought less than an absolute prin-

ciple. Though he staked everything on the power of reason, the scheme that reason served could have occurred only to a man of transcendental sensibilities.

All of this springs to life in the case histories that appear now and again in the long shelf of Freud's writings. The Rat Man case—we shall learn momentarily the reason for this grisly appellation—comes to mind first, because I can't imagine another psychiatrist in practice at that time who, upon hearing the complaints of the Rat Man, would not have come forth promptly with the well-meaning voice of conventional reassurance and thereby blown the case.

The Rat Man (this is his nickname among analysts; "Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis" is his original name) was a young law student who had recently done military training, and consulted Freud in connection with proliferating obsessions. Their grip upon him could be regulated only by the patient's performing nonsensical acts, which were consuming years of his life. Typical was an irresistible urge to interrupt his studying at a given hour in the evening and retire to a downstairs vestibule where he had to expose his genitals in a mirror while thinking about his deceased father. Many of his compulsions were not so easily carried out, and some demanded exhausting restraint, as when, for example, it occurred to the patient that to remove a jinx from a particular person he was fond of, he would have to slit his own throat with a razor.

Other compulsions existed as far back as the patient could remember, and previous therapy had failed to ameliorate his suffering. What drove the Rat Man into further treatment at the moment was an especially maddening incident involving a fellow army officer. He sought Freud in particular having chanced upon Freud's just-published *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. In the pages of that book he thought he recognized himself. This was shortly after the turn of the century, when Freud was wholly in disrepute, so that a patient's coming to Freud was a good indication of desperation.

A large part of the notes of the case is given over to the multitudinous details of the army incident that brought the patient to treatment. What

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was immediately helpful was Freud's unreserved interest in these details. Roughly, the patient had gotten it into his head that he owed a particular army officer a trifling sum of money for the delivery to the patient of a small package. However, the fact was that the patient owed the money to the postal clerk who had received the package and had advanced the COD charges. Though the patient was fully aware of this fact, he could not shake himself free of the compulsion to pay the money to the army officer instead. The package, incidentally, contained eyeglasses, a replacement for a pair the patient had lost on maneuvers. Knowing that the officer would think him crazy for insisting upon paying a debt that was not actually owed, the patient concocted devious plots to get the money into the officer's hands. As if this were not bad enough, these plots had to accommodate all sorts of ridiculous compulsive conditions. One, for example, was that the money had to be paid through a go-between, another officer. I shall forgo a recounting of the patient's final turmoil, which reached its climax on a train speeding back to town. The prospect of even suggesting the patient's agitated ruminations about switching train connections so that he could finally execute his compulsion sets my teeth on edge. Freud marked every detail without contention.

But very soon the patient's recital to Freud struck an obstacle. Before the patient could proceed with the further details of his obsessional debt, he had to bring into his story still another officer. This was the person who had wrongly told the patient which officer had laid out the money for the package. The patient knew the money was really owed to the postal clerk. Why, then, was this person's misinformation so compelling? The patient's attempt to dodge this matter evoked a great instance of Freud's singularity of purpose (but notice the gentility with which Freud exorcised a malignant thought).

On maneuvers, just before losing his eyeglasses, the patient had gotten into conversation with the officer now in question. This officer, the patient told Freud, began to describe a horrible torture used in the East . . . Here the patient broke off. He got up from the analytic sofa, unable to continue, and implored the doctor to spare him the report of the details. Freud assured him that the treatment was not designed to torment the patient. The patient roamed about the room, pleading. But the doctor could not grant something which was beyond his power. (The power was now in the idea and no longer in the man who had invented the idea.) "He might just as well ask me to give him the moon," Freud wrote. "I went on to say that I

would do all I could, nevertheless, to guess the full meaning of any hints he gave me. Was he perhaps thinking of impalement?" "No, not that—" the patient hesitated—"the criminal was tied up—a pot was turned upside-down on his buttocks—some rats were put into it—and they—bored their way in—" Into his anus, Freud completed the sentence. Whereupon a dam of reserve cracked, and a flood of rat fantasies poured forth, so upsetting that by the end of the session, the patient was calling Freud "Captain."

For months thereafter they sifted the patient's thoughts to try to find out how the idea of rats had acquired its overwhelming effect. They discovered, for example, a forgotten story of the patient's father who had been, during his own army service, a *spielratte*—a gambler—and had lost at cards small sums of money entrusted to him in his duties as a kind of quartermaster. The story mortified the patient, who held his father in impeccable esteem. And they happened upon a memory so vague the patient had to act it out with Freud to gain conviction about it. This memory had to do with his father's physical violence after the patient had (like a rat) bitten someone as a very young child. The patient couldn't reconcile the idea of this beating with the image of his father's gentility, until a point in treatment when the patient found himself moved to rebuke Freud bitterly but unaccountably, for he had grown immensely fond of Freud. What enforced the conviction about the memory was the fact that these verbal attacks on Freud could not be made from the analytic couch. The patient had to leap up and shout his abuse from across the room, thus avoiding the retaliatory thrashing he expected from Freud. Where else but from the example of his otherwise benevolent father could the patient have learned to defend himself against the absurd idea of Freud's punching him in the face? Piece by piece, the rat symbol was dismantled, and what conspired in its symptoms, conspired in other symptoms, which fell away under these auspices.

There is a final footnote, which Freud was moved to furnish for a 1923 printing of the case: "The patient's mental health was restored to him by the analysis which I have reported upon in these pages. Like so many other young men of value and promise, he perished in the Great War."

The Lady in the Alps

When he treated the Rat Man, Freud was already a mature and seasoned psychoanalytic therapist—the only one in the world. The case of

Katharina affords a glimpse of Freud when his intellectual and clinical enthusiasm estranged him professionally from his colleagues. The events took place around 1892.

We know about Katharina from an afternoon's consultation with Freud in a rather surprising setting. It was summer. Freud was on vacation in the Eastern Alps and one day happened into a mountaintop hotel to rest after a strenuous climb. Katharina was the young daughter of the landlady. When she learned from the visitor's book that Freud was a doctor, she approached him and asked for his help. She had "bad nerves." Freud noted that she was a robust, sulky-looking young lady, culturally rural, and that she spoke in a regional dialect. Her politeness and despondency overcame his reluctance to have his holiday intruded upon.

Her complaint, as she described it, was of a sort common in Freud's clinical experience. During the past two years, Katharina had suffered periodically from a syndrome of pressure on the chest with suffocating shortness of breath, nausea, and terror at the apparition of an anguished, unrecognizable face, a man's face. She would faint and have to be put to bed for several days. Anxiety hysteria, Freud mentally remarked, was obviously not limited to cosmopolitan society.

Two theories informed Freud's questioning of Katharina as she sat across from him at a secluded restaurant table. One theory involved the sexual factor, the other, the traumatic event itself. His technique at this time was—to be charitable—naïve: He told her he knew how her attacks had come on two years ago. She had seen something embarrassing that she would have preferred not to have seen. Katharina was stunned. It was a perfect hit.

Immediately, Katharina recalled that her first attack occurred two years ago, shortly after she happened to see her father in bed with one of the maidservants. She caught the scene through the window of a ground-floor bedroom, but it was too dark to make out exactly what they were doing or whether they were clothed or not. Katharina lost her breath, reeled against the wall and several days later went to bed with her first full-blown hysterical attack.

A mind less ardent than Freud's might have stopped here, with this gratifying confirmation of his sense of things. But Katharina's reaction really confirmed very little. Why exactly the pressure on her chest? Why not some other symptom? And whose face appeared in the apparitions? Her father's? But, then, why was it anguished, when the scene involved the father in an act of pleasure?

Not least, why did the scene have the effect it did? Such reactions as Katharina's are not inevitable.

Direct questioning about these matters got them nowhere, though Katharina was getting caught up in the spirit of the inquiry. At the height of their frustrations, Freud made a grand appeal to a fresh agency—the mind's own lawfulness. "I told her to go on and tell me whatever occurred to her, in the confident expectation that she would think of precisely what I needed to explain the case."

At first Katharina rambled on about her present circumstances but soon gravitated toward several earlier incidents. They were not very remote in time, and they had to do with her father's unsuccessful sexual advances toward her. The first proved very much to the point. It contains every element of her syndrome:

Katharina was fourteen when she went on a particular overnight trip with her father. They shared the same room but slept, of course, in different beds. In the middle of night, Katharina awoke suddenly, shocked to find her father in bed with her, his body pressing against her. She rushed to the doorway, nauseous and breathless. "What are you up to!" she remonstrated. "Go on, you silly girl, keep still. You don't know how nice it is." Katharina threatened to take refuge in the hallway, at which her father soured his face and returned to bed. Katharina also returned to bed and slept the night through unmolested.

As for the sight of her father in bed with the maidservant, Freud was able to show her that her reaction was not so much to that but to the memories that the sight stirred up in her. The more recent scene, in short, was charged with her memories.

"She was like someone transformed," Freud observed. "The sulky, unhappy face had grown lively, her eyes were bright, she was lightened and exalted."

Freud left his card in the event that she needed more help. Evidently she never felt the need, for he never saw her again.

I might add that his incident of a single consultation was not an isolated one. Throughout much of his life Freud kept open his noon hour for single consultations. Quite often he gave very significant help in a single hour, without recommending a long course of formal psychoanalysis, which spells the lie to the myth that Freud believed everyone ought to undergo analysis. Indeed, from various accounts we know that Freud treated the conductor Bruno Walter in a single consultation, when Walter became panicky about not being able to conduct with an almost paralyzed arm. Walter recounts in his autobiography how

Freud examined his arm and concluded hysteria.

"But I can't move my arm," Walter objected.

"Try it at any rate," Freud urged.

"And what if I should have to stop conducting?"

"You won't have to stop."

"Can I take upon myself the responsibility of possibly upsetting a performance?"

Freud puffed his cigar. "I'll take the responsibility."

Walter conducted beautifully.

Of course, Freud never suggested that such encounters substituted for psychoanalysis. Theodor Reik has a letter from Freud concerning Reik's inquiry about Freud's four-hour consultation with Gustav Mahler in 1910. Mahler apparently benefited immensely, but, as Freud put it in the letter: "It was as if you would dig a single shaft through a mysterious building."

A Failure with Dora

Did Freud ever mishandle the clinical situation? He was sufficiently secure in the knowledge of his powers to confess his limitations, but even these are full of instruction.

The case of Dora has been a subject of lively dispute. Anticipating future criticism, Freud did attempt to acquit himself in regard to the outcome of the case. But he had obvious doubts. The story is this:

Dora was a mature eighteen-year-old young lady, bright and vivacious. An hysteric with migraines, nervous coughing, fainting spells, irritability, she had run through a succession of doctors in a short span of years. Finally she planted a histrionic suicide note on her family that drove them to their wits' end, and they dragged her off to Freud "to talk some sense into her." Her emotional blackmailing and tyranny were evident to Freud almost at once. (She got increasingly better at these things in the course of her long life. She nagged her husband literally to death. Her attending physician at her own deathbed in New York some dozen years ago referred to her as one of the most repulsive individuals he had ever come across.)

However, the story she related to Freud was very poignant. For years, she told Freud, her father had been carrying on an affair with a close friend of the family. Dora's mother, incidentally, was a *hausfrau* whose days were spent covering and uncovering the furniture in a constant battle against dirt. Her father made no bones about his infidelity. But much worse, when Dora developed into a lovely adolescent of fourteen, her father

began to encourage an affair between Dora and his mistress's husband in the hope of buying off the husband's interference. The husband—I have always thought him a rather decent, though pathetic, fellow—read the father's encouragements gladly and began to ply Dora with gifts and attention. As this charade went on, the husband could contain himself no longer; how much Dora must have provoked this was beyond her awareness. He trapped Dora in a hallway and mauled her passionately. She threw him aside and fled. Shortly thereafter she had her first hysterical attack. And so began her series of high-strung bouts with Viennese psychiatry.

Dora told Freud these things with outraged righteousness and demanded Freud's cooperation in her wish for vengeance. Freud believed the facts of Dora's story. But many hold that he made his first mistake in attempting to analyze her straight off, a doomed undertaking with a patient thoroughly consumed by the merits of her immediate crisis, as Dora was. While she wanted Freud to agree that her symptoms were the appropriate reactions to her father's infamous conduct, Freud wanted her to see how she participated, unwittingly but nevertheless actively, in her own victimization. It was as though Freud took his vehicle for a bulldozer. With Dora, he was driving it right into a mountain.

The "analysis" lasted three months. During this time Freud exercised his finest ingenuity in proving to Dora how her symptoms were her self-punitive moral judgments on her own unconscious envy of her father's mistress and on her actual erotic desires for the man who finally forced himself upon her in the hallway. As with her would-be lover, Dora's cooperation with Freud was a setup. She produced astonishing confirmations in her dreams and mental associations, which aroused Freud's therapeutic hopes and theoretical interests. At the peak of his involvement, and at what he deemed the brink of her cure, Dora cut him down. This was the cunning moment her vindictiveness chose for the cool opening remark of what was to be her last session. "Do you know that I am here for the last time today?" Freud recovered in a wink. When had she come to this resolve, was all he asked. She had made up her mind two weeks ago—which drew her thoughts, with Freud's continued collaboration, to a particular incident involving the dismissal of a governess. Like an unwanted servant, Freud had been put on two weeks' notice.

I have suggested one possibility of error, that Dora was simply in no condition to be analyzed. She may have needed perhaps years of weaning

from her narcissism in preparation for analysis.

Another possibility of error was Freud's neglect of the "transference." Dora had succeeded in repeating in the analytic situation what she had done with her aroused pursuer in the hallway. Freud should have known that she was bound to do this and should have taken interpretive steps to prevent it before it got out of hand. Was he too involved at the time in his personal scientific curiosities? Or was he just no good with petulant women?

Erik H. Erikson, among others, has argued that Dora, who was merely eighteen at the time of treatment, was entitled to Freud's support and commiseration, that a sense of fidelity is as much an unconditional right of the adolescent as food is of the infant. Was Freud's analytic neutrality too harsh? Freud's own conclusion leaves this question moot: "Might I perhaps have kept the girl under my treatment if I myself had acted a part? If I had exaggerated the importance to me of her staying on, and had shown a warm personal interest in her . . . ? I do not know. . . . In spite of every theoretical interest and every endeavor to be of assistance as a physician, I keep the fact in mind that there must be some limits set to the extent to which psychological influence may be used, and I respect as one of these limits the patient's own will and understanding."

What a discrepancy between this ethic and the hucksterism of some activities of today's psychiatric movement, where the public can find just about anything it wants, so long as the fee can be met. Dora did return to Freud fifteen months later, "to finish her story and ask for help once more." Goodness knows, Freud needed the fee. "But one glance at her face was enough to tell me that she was not in earnest over her request." They talked. She spoke of her gains and setbacks. At the end of her hour Freud sent her on her way. Should he have taken her back? It has been reported that in Dora's subsequent life, first in Paris, then in America, she never missed a chance to aver, with bashful pride, that she was the Dora of Freud's famous "Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria." Her three months with Freud may have been the only experience with unimpeachable integrity in her long, unhappy life.

Money. The prosperous psychoanalyst is a nepotist. But Freud constantly found it hard to make ends meet. At first there was his falling out of favor, his "splendid isolation," as he called it. Afterwards he was still too busy with the theory and practice of psychoanalysis to make any real money out of his international reputation. In 1924 McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* offered Freud an

open price—any amount—to cover the Leopold-Loeb trial in Chicago. Freud turned this down, as he had turned down a similar offer from the Hearst empire, which included a chartered ocean liner all to himself. When Freud's nephew Edward L. Bernays eagerly wrote to him from New York about the possibility of a \$5,000 advance and vast sales for a brief autobiography, Freud was appalled, though not without good humor, at the very idea of getting "a hitherto decent man to commit such an outrageous act for \$5,000." He added: "Temptation would begin for me at a sum a hundred times as great and even then the offer would be rejected after half an hour."

In renouncing such opportunities, Freud often cited his health, which was very bad during the latter span of his life. But this was never the crucial reason because, despite his physical discomfort—he had cancer—and the wear and tear of advancing years, his output was unflagging. The truth was that he didn't have forever to insure the future of psychoanalysis, and he knew that this would be best accomplished by his technical writing and teaching, activities that kept him respectably poor. For example, he did write a brief autobiography not long after his nephew's overture, but he wrote it for a technical rather than commercial publisher, and received a pittance for it. His own Psychoanalytic Press, whose original editions are now treasures, continued to take every spare dollar. He was once upset for months over a consultation with a renowned oral surgeon who was passing through Vienna, because the fee he paid the man had been earmarked for the Press.

Thus Freud lived mainly from his daily labor with patients. He averaged between seven and ten cases a day, each patient attending six sessions a week. Later the number of sessions was established at five a week to make time for an extra student Freud had inadvertently permitted to come to Vienna, when his schedule was actually full. At the height of his fame in the 1920s, Freud's fees were \$20 per session for regular patients and \$10 for students undergoing training analyses; in New York, his former students were already getting \$25 a session. Royalty and celebrities paid him more, but there were always too many students in his practice for this to make much difference financially. He was forever mortgaging his present for the future. By and large, these students went on to redeem his great sacrifice. A handful survive. In their sixties and seventies, their contributions are worthy of an army of workers.

The mystique that shrouds the analytic fee is not Freud's legacy. Nowhere did he claim that the

analytic cure depended upon a painful financial sacrifice by the patient. Freud counseled a straightforward attitude about money, as he did about sex. The fee is the analyst's livelihood. It benefits the analyst, not the patient. So long as the analyst receives his wages from some source, there is no evidence that free treatment is less effective than costly treatment. Karl Menninger has underscored this simplicity. He has written that the best source of money for analysis is a dormant savings account.

What would Freud do with those who came with little means, with those whose "dormant savings accounts" and gainful employment were wiped out by Europe's periodic depressions and political upheavals? His students tell how he was always pestering them to find time for indigent patients. They would have turned down the request of a do-gooder, a sentimental charity-monger. But Freud's character instilled in the merest project a sense of great enterprise.

Indeed, at this writing there is an aged man in Vienna, the only direct representative of Freud in the city that was the birthplace and one-time capital of psychoanalysis, for psychoanalysis perished there with the Nazi occupation. A former patient of Freud's, this man is called the Wolfman because his treatment centered on the analysis of a dream of a tree full of white wolves. The treatment became Freud's masterpiece in clinical exposition, and the Wolfman sometimes grants appointments to analytic students who continue to research his case. The Wolfman earns his bare living as a writer of sorts.

The point is that he was Russian nobility when he came to Freud. Incapacitated, he settled with his entourage in Vienna to undergo what he now refers to as his "cure with the Professor." After several years, the Bolshevik revolution destroyed his holdings. Overnight he became a destitute refugee. Freud carried him for years thereafter with no hopes of financial repayment. When the Wolfman later required further treatment, Freud thought it better for his case to continue with a woman analyst. He prevailed upon and secured a gifted British analyst for his patient, who was still living from hand to mouth. Until he no longer needed it, the Wolfman continued to receive the very best treatment.

It is no insult either to myself or to my colleagues to observe that our attempts at such gestures, which to Freud had all the grace of lifelong manners, invariably come to grief in anxiety and resentment. The gap between Freud's practices and ours is not cited in order to humiliate but to reveal the challenges we have still to meet,

THE NUDE SWIM

by Anne Sexton

On the southwest side of Capri
we found a little unknown grotto
where no people were and we
entered it completely
and let our bodies lose all
their loneliness.

All the fish in us
had gotten out.
The real fish did not mind.
We did not disturb their personal life.
We calmly trailed over them
and under them, shedding
air bubbles, little white
balloons that drifted up
into the sun by the boat
where the Italian boatman slept
with his hat over his face.

Water so clear you could
read a book through it.
Water so buoyant you could
float on your elbow.
I lay on it like a divan.
I lay on it just like
Matisse's *Red Odalisque*.
Water was my strange flower.
One must picture a woman
without a toga or a scarf
on a couch as deep as a tomb.

The walls of that grotto
were everycolor blue and
you said, "Look! Your eyes
are seacolor. Look! Your eyes
are skycolor." And my eyes
shut down as if they were
suddenly ashamed.

challenges generated not by his genius so much as by his vision and character.

That we have gone beyond Freud is a figment, unless the windy evangelism of our latter-day psychiatry is an advance on his eagerness to surpass easy solutions to tragic problems. Nor is the adventurism prevalent today what he really meant by versatility in psychotherapy. Beyond Freud? On the contrary. Benjamin Nelson has put it exactly: "Too few years are left in the present century to exhaust the dimensions of his message or to approximate the substance of his hopes."

And that tiresome cliché: "Freud was a brilliant theoretician, but not a very good doctor." Not a very good doctor? Compared to whom?

Lives: Heroic, Psychotic, and Shabby

by Justin Kaplan

Tolstoy, by Henri Troyat. Translated by Nancy Amphoux. Doubleday, \$7.95.

Pulitzer, by W. A. Swanberg. Scribner, \$8.95.

Conan Doyle, by Pierre Nordon. Translated by Frances Partridge. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95.

Monet, by Charles Merrill Mount. Simon and Schuster, \$10.

Henri Troyat's *Tolstoy* arrives in this country under such favoring signs that one is superstitiously disposed to be a little anxious about it. Troyat is a distinguished man of letters who was educated, and now lives, in France (he is a member of the French Academy), but he was born Lev Tarassov in Moscow in 1911, and he has had a lifelong dedication to Russian history and literature. He has written biographies of Dostoevski and Pushkin and a cycle of historical novels in the tradition of *War and Peace*. The subject of his new book is all that the most overreaching writer could ask for, a magnificent life, eighty-two years of it, which cries out for a magnificent biography. So it is a relief and a delight to report that *Tolstoy* is nothing less than a triumph, a brilliant biography which grapples with the whole of that epic, riven life and which in doing so demonstrates the possibilities of biography as a branch of imaginative literature. For Troyat writes neither as a moralist nor as a polemicist nor as a scholar obediently assembling what he hopes will be the definitive account; Troyat's materials are vast, but he is in command of them. The hand of the psychologist-storyteller is evident throughout this biography, which is massive but from which hardly one of its 768 pages could be

From the start Troyat enters imaginatively and compassionately into the inner trials of his subject. Orphaned at nine, educated by aunts, the young Tolstoy was vain, self-hating, and indecisive. He read law at the university, but his heart was not in it. He loved the social whirl of the cities and became a dandy and a snob who cared principally about the values of being, as he said, "*comme il faut*"—in all this there are only occa-

sional intimations of Tolstoy the ascetic, pilgrim, and self-created monk. Like the hero of *The Cossacks* he decides to seek a new and better life serving with the army in the Caucasus. Soon he is back leading the life of "a drawing-room officer" and is gently in debt, because he cannot stop gambling no matter where he is. The bitter emblem of this Slavic (so it seems) compulsion, as M. Troyat tells the story, was Tolstoy's bi-

FOR THE NEW YEAR

The editors of *Harper's* are pleased to announce that, beginning with our January 1968 number, the magazine will carry a regular book column written, in alternate issues, by Irving Howe and William Styron.

Irving Howe is one of America's most distinguished critics and intellectuals. He has written extensively, not only about literature, both American and European, but about politics, history, and a whole range of contemporary social problems. He is the author of more than ten books, among them *William Faulkner: A Critical Study*, *Politics and the Novel: A Critical History of the American Communist Party* (with Lewis Coser); *A World More Attractive*; *Thomas Hardy*; and most recently *Steady Work: Essays in the Politics of Democratic Radicalism*. He has contributed essays and reviews to many magazines, and is the editor of *Daedalus*.

Mr. Howe was born in 1920 in New York City and received his bachelor's degree from the City College of New York in 1940. He has

taught English at Brandeis and Stanford, and is at present Professor of English at Hunter College of the City University of New York.

William Styron is the author of one of this decade's most important books, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*—a section of which was published in our September 1967 issue. Mr. Styron's first novel, *Lie Down in Darkness* (1951), immediately established its author as a significant voice in American letters. Following that, he wrote *The Long March* (1953) and *Set This House on Fire* (1960).

Born in Newport News, Virginia, in 1925, Mr. Styron received his bachelor's degree from Duke University in 1947, and was a Fellow of the American Academy in Rome in 1953. In 1953 he also became an advisory editor of *Paris Review*. He resides in Roxbury, Connecticut.

Mr. Howe's first column will appear in January and Mr. Styron's in February.

Katherine Gauss Jackson will continue to write her own column, "Books in Brief."

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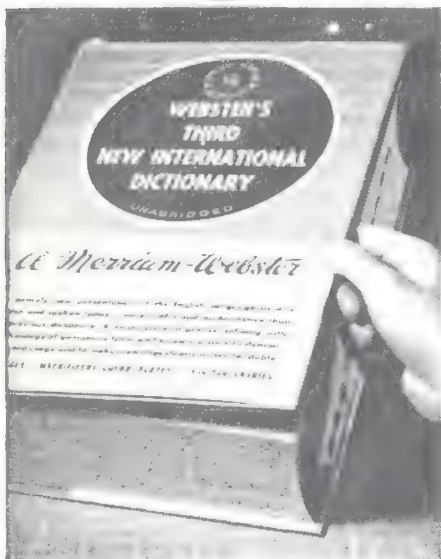
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place, the wooden house at Yasnaya Polyana. In order to raise cash he sold it when he was twenty-six to a neighbor, who dismantled it board by board and carted it away.

A few months before this divestment Tolstoy had asked himself, "What am I?" The answer he gave was, a penniless junior officer without a trade, talent, or future. "ugly, awkward, untidy, and socially uncouth... in other words, a boor." Yet he had already published *Childhood*, a highly individual memoir in which he asserted a confident, though flickering, definition of himself as a writer; in Troyat's account, what flickers is not Tolstoy's confidence in himself as a writer but his respect for writing. "I had the impression," Tolstoy said of *Childhood*, "that nobody before me had ever felt or expressed the wonderful poetry of that age." Troyat says that the young Tolstoy refused "to see people and things in terms of others before him" and characterizes him as an innovator, a realist, and a psychologist who had no patience with the conventional way of telling a story. He built up his characters by "little touches scattered about as the action progressed," little details, trivial mannerisms and expressions into which much (his critics said too much) meaning could be read.

This is the method Troyat himself uses so successfully. He avoids introductions which are really conclusions; he avoids simplistic theories and neat explanations. He is fascinated by the act and the experience in themselves, by the plasticity and complexity of Tolstoy's makeup, and he constantly reveals Tolstoy in the flux of relationships and abrasions. And so we see the heresiarch preaching sexual abstinence but coveting his wife, to her disgust as well as his. On their silver wedding anniversary she was too embarrassed to tell her children that she was pregnant once again; the family celebration prompts Tolstoy to sum up his married life in one laconic sentence, "It could have been better." He abhorred slavery, but Troyat shows him using his serfs as currency to pay off his debts. Tolstoy falls back into what he calls "a deplorable habit" and flogs one of his serfs; later he begs the man's forgiveness, presses three rubles into his hand, leaves him utterly bewildered.

Over and over again Troyat dram-

atizes Tolstoy's passion for painting himself into moral and ethical corners. For example, Tolstoy sees a mosquito on the head of his chief disciple Chertkov, and kills it; Chertkov then reproaches him for betraying the Tolstoyan creed of reverence for all forms of life. His bowl of peasant soup has to be served to him by a butler and a footman. The last year of his life are torn by a horrendous struggle over property and literary rights between Countess Tolstoy, who wanted him to act for the good of his family, and Chertkov, who "wanted him to act for the good of his soul. And from these conflicts, some of them ludicrous, some ghoulish and melodramatic, some deeply moving, Tolstoy emerges as a figure of Lear like passions and simplicities.

As Troyat sees it, there is justice on both sides of the tormented Tolstoy marriage: on both sides there are threats of suicide and running away, hysteria, jealousy, the fear of insanity. Troyat follows in considerable detail the almost parallel relationship of Tolstoy and Turgenev. Tolstoy both loves him and despises him, accuses him of being a dandy who is addicted to chatter instead of convictions, and one terrible evening he falls asleep as Turgenev is reading to him from the manuscript of *Fathers and Sons*. And yet in Turgenev, and in practically everyone who knew him, he inspires forgiveness and admiration. "I write to you chiefly to tell you how happy I am to have been your contemporary," Turgenev wrote from his deathbed: "My friend, return to literature." As M. Troyat tells it, the whole story, literary and social, domestic and public, can only be described as Tolstoyan.

There should, of course, be something like a twelve-meter formula for biography by which what a book lacks in displacement it can make up in substance. To say that Joseph Pulitzer, the subject of W. A. Swanberg's fine book, is no Tolstoy is to be even more unfair to Swanberg than it is to Pulitzer. This new biography, a companion piece to Swanberg's *Charles Hays*

Mr. Kaplan won the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award for his book "Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain," published by Simon and Schuster in 1966. He is now working on a biography of Lincoln Steubens.

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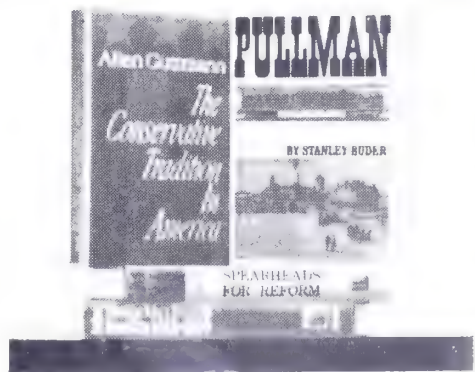
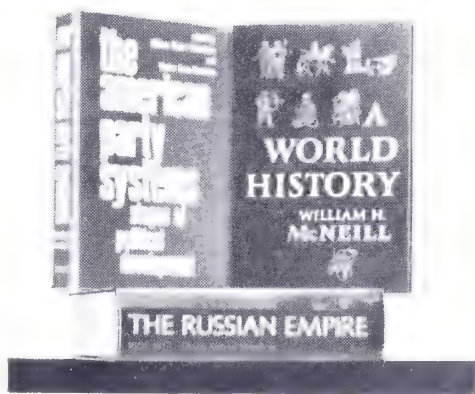
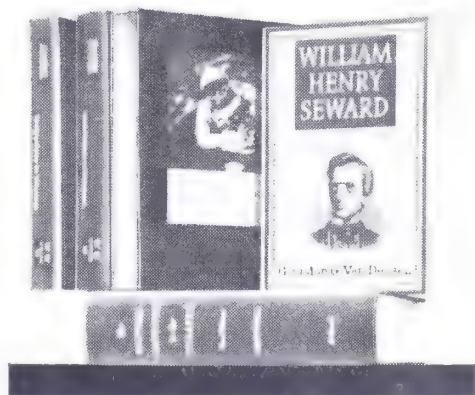
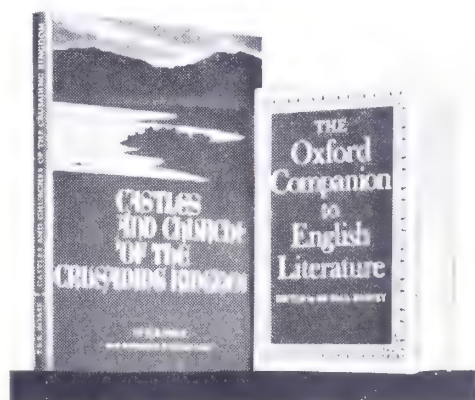
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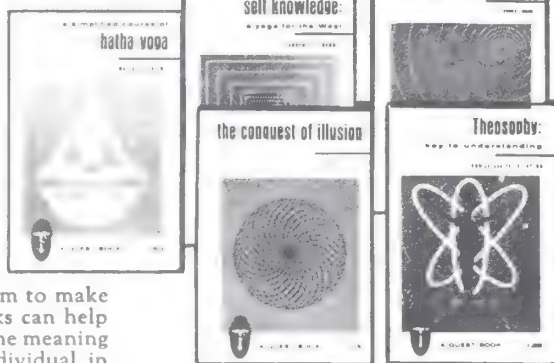
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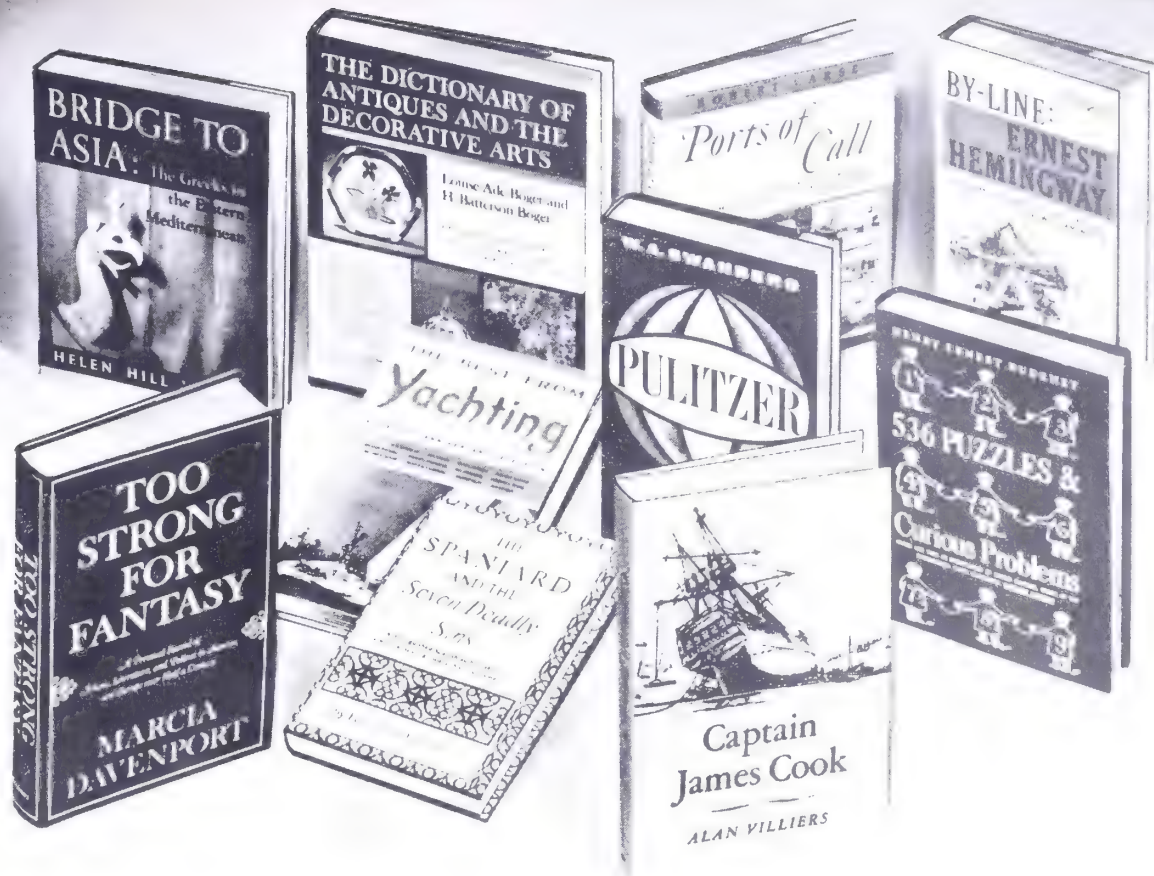
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Now we have Mr. Swanberg count of the sulphurous Pulitzer took ordinary, non-swear word made them into sandwiches like degoddampendent") scrambling way to the top and then discov that what he needed in order t alive was isolation, darkness, silence, and such artificial work absolute monarchies as his *Liberty*. At the age of forty h ferred from nervous exhaustion gressive blindness, asthma, inse depression, an obsession with s (which was to express itself in vate code book of some 20,000 to "a serious, if undiagnosed, p isis," and from a phobic react noise, especially of the mechn and chewing sort. Despite this, zer ("Andes," in his secret cod his *World* (both "Senior" and ior") fought a bloody and m minded war against Hearst ("Cs and his *Journal* ("Geranium" remained conspicuously faithf program of crusades, liberalis reform (this fidelity being the equivalent of Pulitzer's che promotional principle — "the thread of continuous policy" Swanberg says Pulitzer had "a lomanic belief in himself as a for public good." The biograp vivid and crammed with anecd may not be Mr. Swanberg's fa Pulitzer himself still does no across as a wholly believable being. Apparently he wasn't.

In *Conan Doyle*, Pierre Nord is a professor of English at tl versity of Nantes, tackles one most doggedly English of se ties: Doyle was an Empire man though he came to the defens Roger Casement, a sportsma er, cricketer, cyclist, ballooni motor-car rallyist), and a cel of English history in a se

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only moderately rewarding romance which Nordon argues—unconvincingly, it must be said—are Doyle's most important and enduring work. Nordon obviously sympathizes with Conan Doyle who felt that Sherlock Holmes had victimized him and that he was a deeply serious writer who was public compelled him to perform the same frustrating detective tricks over and over again; he had to do Boileau imitations when he really wanted to play Hamlet. Unfortunately, instead of letting Doyle speak and act for himself, Nordon lectures and exhorts, scolds and points, and in general tends to be more concerned with clairvoyance of the subject for his own than giving Doyle his head. Published nearly twenty years ago, John Dieckmann Carr's book about Doyle used basically the same archive materials and seems much more illuminating and persuasive.

A comparable difficulty in stance affects Charles Merrill Mount's biography of Claude Monet (his name was originally Oscar). Mount is excellent when he deals with painterly problems, with the aesthetic (and economic) climate from which Impressionism sprang, and especially with the politics and day-to-day operations of the Salon. But his narrative is often contorted, sometimes contradictory, and it is riddled with clichés: when someone is describing a "burly, puffing Englishman" should not be surprised to hear him "a cool British reply." But seriously, Mr. Mount, who has done a number of documents concerning Monet's first marriage which severely damaging to any vestige of image of a sweet old man, seems determined to demonstrate his disapproval and to sound more like Vasari than Vasari. He describes Monet as a "coward" whose bourgeois existence with his first wife was "morally reprehensible" and "by," whose philosophy was "foundly distasteful," whose behavior on various occasions was "characteristically repellent," "grisly," and "fiendish," and so on. One final point is that the author and, what is to the point, his readers, become increasingly disassociated from Monet. It is hardly likely that Mr. Mount's peculiar approach would work in a biography of Bluebeard.

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Through the Bamboo Curtain with Staughton and Tom

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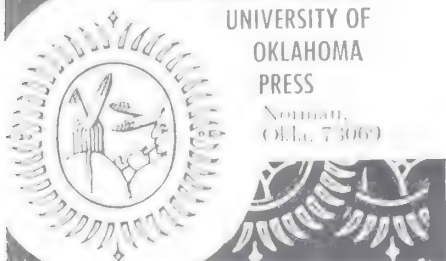
The Other Side, by Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden. New American Library, \$5.

Staughton, Herbert, and Tom one night sailed off in a wooden shoe. . . They sailed and sailed until they came to *The Other Side*, and this is the story of what they were told and what they were shown and what (in a manner of speaking) they thought after they got there. Their book is written in the third person, and only first names are used, for the boys are Great Chums. Herbert is Herbert Aptheker, by trade "a leading theoretician of the American Communist Party"; Staughton, of course, is Staughton Lynd, an Assistant Professor of History at Yale and a mighty paladin of the allegedly New Left; Thomas Hayden, a founding father of Students for a Democratic Society, while temperamentally incapable of playing Sancho Panza, is at least Robin to Staughton's Batman—for Staughton and Tom are fearless fighters for Good and against Evil and, luckily, never have any trouble in telling one from the other. Herbert did not help Staughton and Tom write the book, perhaps for fear that someone might question its objectivity. Fortunately, Staughton and Tom, though the terms of North Vietnam's invitation to Herbert specified that his fellow travelers must be "non-Communist,"

turned out to be virtuosi in their work. They must hold all American world records for swallowing propaganda releases.

They give, indeed, every sign of dishing propaganda, of savoring it voluptuously, as a cat savors catnip. After listening to a harangue by a representative of the Vietcong, composed of clichés of Communist politics, phrased in the commonplace of the Maoist *Schimpfflexikon*, and requiring a good hour to deliver, they describe the doubleplusgood diktator who recited it as "this queer man." A very large part of the book is in fact, no more than direct quotation or paraphrase of standard Communist propaganda of the Chinese and North Vietnamese subspecies, connected by occasional paragraphs of gloss, usual

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THE NEW BOOKS

of the "How true!" variety. Even handouts may be to an uncertain extent adulterated with truth. But the book presents no new facts, nor even new falsehoods; as an elucidation of a complex, tangled, obscure tragedy it is useless. Worse, it makes very dull reading.

Staughton and Tom were told and apparently believed, to select a very few gems from their collection, that these eleven-year-olds have decided "absolutely support the people in Vietnam," on the basis of meetings and school discussions, "as free and wholesome as any we know in America"; that food is the same for everyone in China (somehow, Chairman Mao doesn't look it); that Chinese factory workers design electric clocks better than foreign models by relying on Mao's *On Practice*; that criticism is richer in China, unless, of course, it becomes "obstruction." They believe that Peking is "stunning"—not the use of such relics of the deplorable past as the Winter and Summer palaces, but because of the new state of affairs overlooking "grounds where thousands upon thousands can gather in rallies." (It may be noted in passing that such words as "stunning" and "wholesome" are characteristic of the Staughton-Tom style, which has a touch of Sunday School, ladies' page, or.) They believe that the United States is ruled by monopolists; that the Chinese monopolists invaded South Vietnam in order to add it to the other American colonies; and that the American standard of living is maintained by exploiting these colonies. They believe that a North Vietnamese leader who throws himself on a mine (made?) to save his comrades does so because of superior morale and political education. If they knew that the leaders of the United States have done the same thing, they would probably attribute it to fanatical zeal to maximize the profits of General Motors.

Messrs. Lynd and Hayden are not only devoid of the critical faculty, they are not quite such fools, for example, as to ignore totally the consid-

Professor at Yale Law School, Mr. [Name] has also served as General Counsel to the Department of the [Name].

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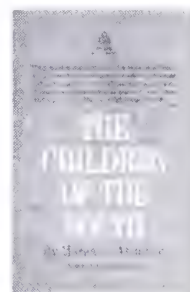
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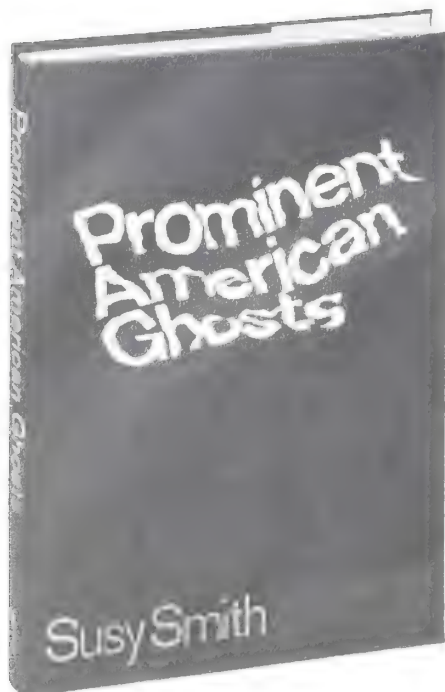
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erable body of evidence that the Ho government carried out in North Vietnam an "elimination" first of landlords, then of "rich" peasants, then of ordinary peasant proprietors, which was quite on the Stalin scale. They notice that "First Amendment liberties [do not] thrive in North Vietnam." Neither do they ignore the evidence that the Vietcong has systematically and deliberately killed civilians who opposed them and frequently the families of such misguided persons as well. They have dealt with these unpleasant facts partly by minimizing them, but also by writing an apology for violence (when employed by Communists) which is acute, closely reasoned, and often persuasive. They fail to remark that many of their arguments also justify the use of counterviolence by anti-Communists.

When the authors view their own country, however, their critical sense evaporates. If they see clearly many things which really are wrong with the United States, they see many more that are not. The peculiar nature of their criticism is illustrated by the flat pronouncement that "freedom is lacking" in this country. ("Freedom is Slavery," ran the slogan over the Ministry of Truth.) "Freedom," as I understand the word, means that considerable luxury, Staughton Lynd. What he and Hayden think it means, apparently, is obedience to the law of God, as revealed to His servants and friends, Staughton and Thomas. It is not a novel concept.

The Other Side, in sum, is of no help whatever in understanding the facts—let alone the rights and wrongs—of the confused and bloody tragedy with which it purports to deal. It cannot for a moment be compared with Bernard Fall's books or Susan Sheehan's recent *Ten Vietnamese*. Its real interest lies in the light which it throws on its authors. They are highly educated and probably intelligent men. They are surely good men, full of yearning to improve humanity by making it more like themselves. What their book shows is the facility of the descent to their particular Avernus: how easily idealism fades into crankiness, generous hatred of injustice into smug sanctimoniousness, independence of spirit into the slightly ridiculous.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Valentino and Hitchcock

by Robert Hatch

Hitchcock, by François Truffaut
Simon & Schuster, \$8.95.

Valentino, by Irving Shulman. Tri-
lent, \$6.95.

It is easy enough to say what Valentino wanted from life: he wanted to be thought a swell. Chopping weeds among the ornamental beds on the Long Island estate of Cornelius Bliss, he aspired to the flattering clothes, the captivating manners, the discreet perfumes of conspicuous wealth. What Hitchcock has wanted is not so easily determined. Obviously, he has bestirred himself to make spectacularly successful movies; on his own testimony, Hitchcock's fingers have fairly itched for the public pulse. But behind the desire to be rich and celebrated, a tic common enough to be dull, what else? Oddly enough, the rotund and somewhat finicky director of spine-tingling pastimes seemingly wants to be thought sinister.

Of the two books, Truffaut's *Hitchcock* is measurably the more interesting and immeasurably the more appetizing. It is one of those currently vogueish interviews in which two men converse somewhat laboriously, and it seems rather loudly, for the benefit of an eavesdropping public; in which the questioner is forced repeatedly to tell his subject facts about himself ("In several respects this picture [*Rope*] is a milestone in your career. For one thing you produced it; for another, it was your first color film; and, finally, it represented an enormous technical challenge") which, if you didn't understand the journalistic motive, would suggest that the great man had gone dotty. It is probably a quick way to get a book done (tape recorders now being so unobtrusive), but the result is undeniably skeletal.

Even so, the Truffaut-Hitchcock encounter is ingratiating, primarily because Truffaut's enthusiasm for his

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of the heart . . .

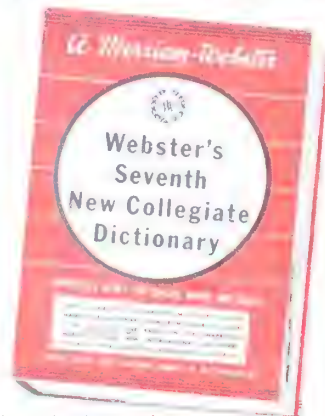


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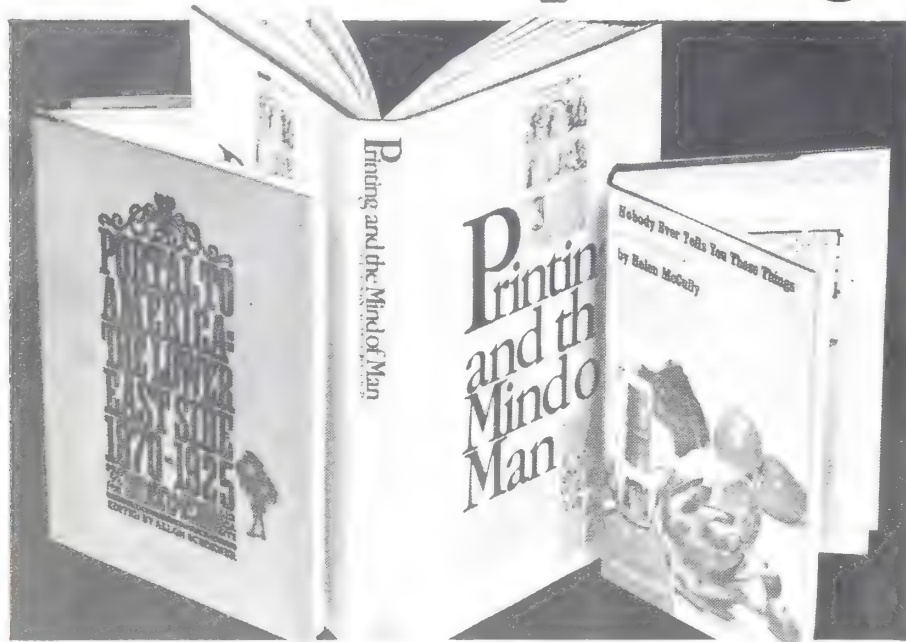
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THE NEW BOOKS

elder's work is contagious. I would have expected the admiration to be more tongue-in-cheek, given the ironic, almost sleight-of-hand use Truffaut makes in his own films of Hitchcock's bag of tricks. But behind the tricks, of course, lies a consummate technique: an economy, a clarity, an elegant solution to the most recalcitrant cinematic problems that the young Frenchman relishes and from which he has richly gained.

And Hitchcock is endlessly fascinating on the subject of how his films are carpentered. No one weighs with more finesse the ingredients of suspense, or can speak more eloquently of angles, distances, cuts, and timing. One need not be a film buff to become engrossed in this sophisticated show talk. But as to why his films are made — what they are intended to be or do — silence. Truffaut keeps urging motifs and Hitchcock keeps falling back on expertise: on the need for a star hero on the deplorable absence of a French actor for this part, on the unwanted intrusion of violins in that sequence. The motive, always, is to fill the house.

That, of course, is show business, and Hitchcock has never pretended to be in any other. But he maintains rigorously the role of brisk, cold-blooded manipulator, that one recalls the broad streak of ham running through his public personality. At most the only subjective comment he permits himself in this long conversation is a repeated confession that he is morbidly afraid of the police. Hitchcock the master plotter — it is indeed a little sinister. Actually, he is too intelligent for that sort of foolery, but he was ever a kiddier.

Valentino never kidded; he lacked the wits for it. He emerges in Irvin Shulman's book as a gentle, confused buffoon, desperately trying to coin his wealth into happiness and to snatch some dignity from his position as a world symbol of improbable passion. (Like every other commodity, sex appeal is marketed today to the youngest possible age-group, and it is almost impossible to appreciate the impact this meagerly endowed Italian peasant had on the middle-aged male libido.) Valentino's life was partly sordid and entirely disastrous. He married a succession of harp-

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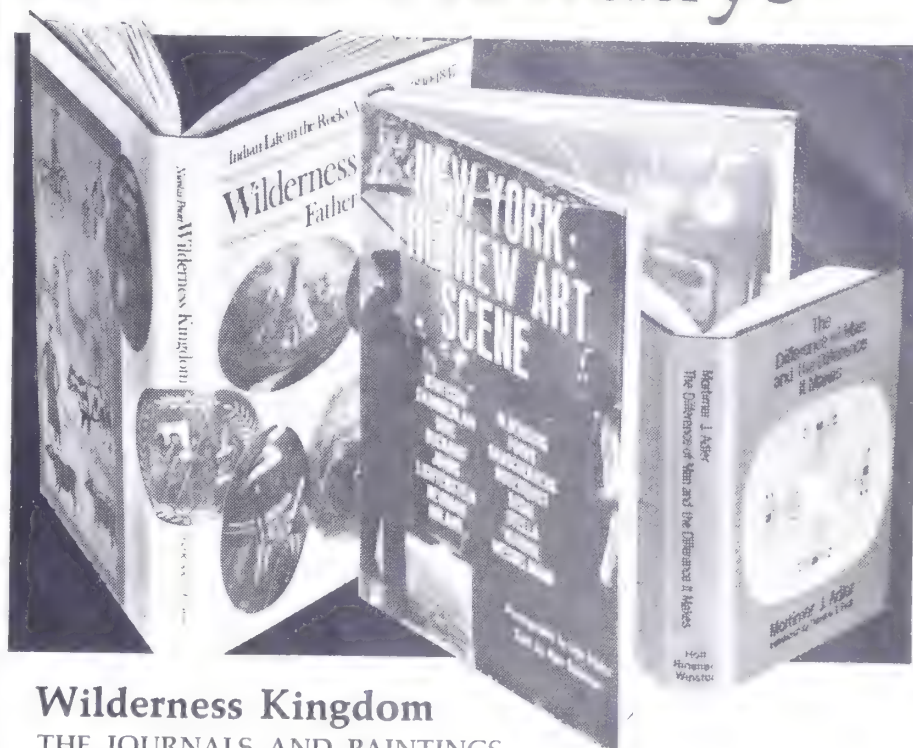
Mr. Hatch is a film critic and executive editor of "The Nation."

THE NEW BOOKS

ught bitterly with the industry, squandered money like a neglected child, wrote unspeakably sentimental verse, and died young. His career was undoubtedly relevant to the psyche of the period (his sensational popularity did not stem from the excellence of his acting or the power of his vehicles), but what the relevance was Shulman does not sift from his cache of anecdotes and court proceedings. Indeed, he cannot spin the life to a full-length book: the first third of the text is an account of the public successes that attended Valentino's career, and the last third specifies the cults, soothsayers, vigil keepers, and souvenir collectors who for a time kept his wan memory green.

It reads here as a pitiful, pointless fable, which Shulman makes no more palatable by writing in a style of mushy journalese that is like sand in the teeth.

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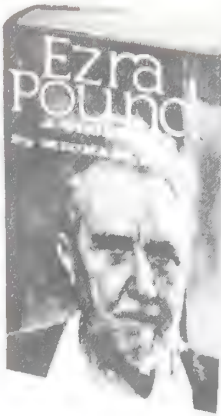
**BOOKS
IN
BRIEF**

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

ught in That Music, by Seymour Epstein.

I had thought I couldn't read one more novel about Jewish families in the Bronx. But from the very first chapter this story does catch one up with its magical music—the rich music made by the lives of people who love and respect each other but who are at the same time passionately and proudly intent on being their individual selves. Most of it takes place in the year just before the outbreak of World War II and though that nostalgia adds a poignant dimension one feels that these people and their problems would be just as real under other circumstances. Jonas, the teen-age protagonist, lives with his father and older sister, who has stood in the protective position of a mother to him since the death of their real mother when he was small. It is a very par-

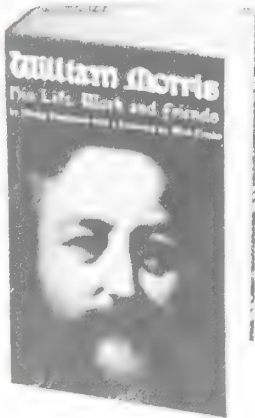


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ticular and close *ménage à trois* and the sadness of its inevitable disintegration parallels the changes going on in the world enough to make Jones feel the breakup with a kind of desperation. His own vivid and sexy love affair with another man's wife, and the problems of his friend, Ira, come to a climax in that same cataclysmic year and, with his enlistment in the Air Force, put a final period to the closely circled life they've led. Yet the book is thoroughly upbeat, full of dear and often funny people whom the author evidently likes, and it is all as satisfying as its title. Mr. Epstein is the author of *Pillar of Salt* and *Lead*. Viking, \$5.95

A Horse's Head, by Evan Hunter.

A marvelously wacky tale, not nearly as remote from life as its outrageous plot and zany dialogue would make you think. Moving around this story of a man whisked off the street in front of Klein's on Union Square into a black limousine to be shipped to Rome in a coffin, are people one cares about, laughs at, and becomes thoroughly involved with. And oh my, the chases, the encounters, the lovely willing ladies, the improbable conversations along the way. At one point our gambler hero is trying to get information in a subway from (not-so-lovely) lady token-seller about the subway's Lost and Found:

"Yes?" she said without looking up.
"I called them and there was no answer."

"Who?" she said.

"The Lost Property Office."

"That's right," she said, "they're closed on Saturdays."

"Oh," he said. "Well, what am I supposed to do about my shopping bag?"

"Go fight City Hall," she said, and continued piling tokens.

"Thank you," he said.

"Don't mention it," she answered.

As the contents of that shopping bag are the half-million-dollar nub of the story, this off-hand conversation gets to be what you might call hysterically funny. By the author, odd enough, of *The Blackboard Jungle*. Delacorte, \$4.95

No Place for an Angel, by Elizabeth Spencer.

The author of *Fire in the Morning* and *Light in the Piazza*, working on

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ry large canvas, writes this time Catherine, a Texas-born woman married to and passionately in love with her childhood sweetheart but unwillingly to live with the person he has become. Indeed his charming devilry occasionally drives her literally mad. . . . No place for an angel. This is only one facet of an enormously complicated story which goes from Texas to Washington, to Rome, to New York, a small town in Massachusetts, and involves a large cast of characters all of whom are important to the story and whose fates are woven into the pattern in minute interwoven detail. The angel comes and goes too—as when a sculptor says to one of the important women in the cast, “I started an angel yesterday,” and she answers, “Angels don’t belong in America. . . . You should have done it in Rome.” So it isn’t just Catherine who can’t live in the politically and otherwise corrupt world of her husband in Washington, but other symbols of idealism have no place in our corrupt philosophy either. If the embroidery of the end seems to this reader to get a little fine to follow, the resolution too carefully worked out, the separate sections are excellent narrative, good stories in themselves.

McGraw-Hill, \$5.95

Nonfiction

Private Disgrace: Lizzie Borden Daylight, by Victoria Lincoln.

I have read a great deal about Lizzie Borden and her trial. I’ve known the layout of that boxlike little house, I quite a lot, I thought, about what went on there that fatal morning of August 4, 1892. But the novelist author of *February Hill*, who grew up “on my own street” from Lizzie Borden in Fall River and whose parents were the friends of many of the people involved in the trial—lawyers, doctors, etc.—has put the strange and perennially absorbing story in a new light, put life into the oddly dull cast of characters, and immensely clarified the possible motives. Her discovery

Ms. Jackson's reviews appear regularly in these columns. She was co-editor with Hiram Haydn of the collected writings of her father—Christian Gauss—and she is on the board of directors of Freedom House.

Three gifts already gratefully received by the critics.



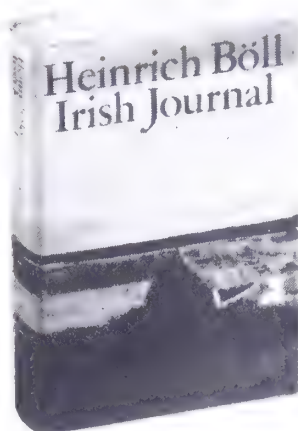
“A superb novel” Eudora Welty

NO PLACE FOR AN ANGEL
by Elizabeth Spencer

Author of *Light in the Piazza*

“Nothing she has done is as good as *No Place for an Angel*. With the most delicate touch imaginable, Miss Spencer has given us a strong, solid story about real people in a real world . . . bewildering and bewitching.” Granville Hicks in *Saturday Review*

“Her achievement as a prose stylist is matched by few of her contemporaries.” Carlos Baker in *The N.Y. Times Book Review*. \$5.95

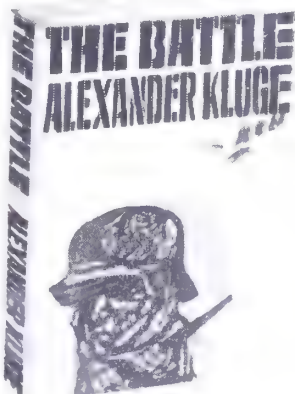


“Beguiling . . . unique.”
The New Yorker

IRISH JOURNAL
by Heinrich Böll

Author of *The Clown*

Heinrich Böll, one of postwar Germany's most important novelists, offers an enchanting, tender journal of his travels through Ireland. It will, says author Sean O'Faolain in *The N.Y. Times Book Review*, “give equal pleasure to both -philes and -phobes,” which should take care of everybody on your gift list. \$4.95



“Put Kluge in a class with Böll and Günter Grass.” *Book World*

THE BATTLE

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Author of *Attendance List for a Funeral*

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COMING IN HARPER'S



James Joyce

PAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED STUDY OF LOVE

One of the most astonishing literary discoveries of recent years was the notebook manuscript, *Giacomo Joyce*, written by James Joyce in Trieste over a half-century ago. The entire work will be brought out by Viking Press in a book, with Introduction and Notes by Richard Ellmann, on January 1, 1968. An excerpt from *Giacomo Joyce* will appear in the January *Harper's*.

Mr. Ellmann writes:

"James Joyce wrote it at that stage of his life when he was completing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and was beginning *Ulysses*. The manuscript was left by Joyce in Trieste and was saved from loss by his brother Stanislaus. . . . *Giacomo Joyce* displays its hero's erotic commotion over a girl pupil to whom he was teaching English. . . . In the course of these shifting perspectives, Joyce unfolds the paradigm of unsatisfied love as it takes hold of the no longer young."

And...

The Odds on the Republicans, by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Morrisania: Where Doctors Meet the People, by Marion K. Sanders

Portraits of the Vietcong, by David Halberstam

The New Morality, by Henry David Aiken

and use of new material on "the Swansea house"; her study of newly understood aspects of epilepsy and migraine; her knowledge of the mores and speech of the New England mill town; and her novelist's skill add depth and immediacy to the story of the double murder of Andre Borden and his second wife, Abby.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the book is the author's speculation as to how the verdict might have gone if there had not been an all-male jury. As a townswoman of approximately the same era, who understands not only the terms of reference in feminine dress (a "wrapper," for instance, was not a lounging robe; it was a kind of matching blouse and skirt) but the current customs of feminine hygiene, as well as the workings of the feminine mind in general, she does make one wonder what a few discerning women on the jury might have done to the final outcome. And her analysis of the character of Lizzie and others in her household is stunning:

Those who knew her best and spoiled these limitations, ambitions, mechanisms, of self-defeat have often seemed to me to be describing themselves—and my own early girlhood—when they spoke of her. She was Fall River, a term of wide application; in this sense you might say that Emma Bovary, too, was Fall River. I know this much of her and it is not enough.

She hated her stepmother with long, concentrated, dedicated hatred. She loved money to spend as much as her father loved money to keep. She wrote the dullest letters that ever spilled from the pen of a woman in copybook hand as empty of life as the words it set down. Mr. Jennings racked her with awful weeping in the Second District Court of Fall River. And on the day of her acquittal, she triumphed and laughed.

I have unraveled only minor mysteries. The central mystery still stands. Lizzie is like her own eyes, so hugely open, so transparently pale and so utterly uncommunicative.

Miss Lincoln, one feels, has nevertheless communicated a great deal for her and for all small American mill towns at the turn of the century too.

Putnam, \$6.95

My Own River Kwai, by Pierre Boulle.

The author of that moving and ex-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ing novel about Allied prisoners of World War II in a Japanese prison camp in Indochina (*Bridge Over the River Kwai*) here retells his own adventures working underground for Free French in that part of the world. At the beginning of the war he was a rubber planter near Kuala Lumpur in Malaya. His one thought shared with other French exiles—to get back to France. How they didn't, and the adventures that overtook them as they were shifted to Siam, Cochin China, Annam, Laos, Singapore, and over the Burma Road to China itself before his final big adventure floating on a raft down the river to Hanoi, are the subject of the book. Perhaps it is the diary form, suggesting immediacy and not delivering it, perhaps it is the insistent awareness of the present war that makes this seem so long ago and far away as to be almost irrelevant. One knows, of course, that that war was indeed the first stages of this one, but Mr. Boulle's charming narrative it almost as if he were trying to spare his feelings, even in the worst parts, saying, "See, it wasn't so bad." Perhaps recollecting them a quarter-century later in Paris a brave man would make light of those adventures. But geography alone—Saigon, Hanoi, Mekong Delta—and the same name people refuse to be merely a background for tales of another war even when told by an obviously gallant gentleman. Vanguard, \$5.95

Variety for Christmas

Brey Beardsley, by Brian Reade. Here in one volume is presented the most complete collection yet offered of the graphic work of the brilliant young English artist who died in 1897 at the age of twenty-five. Besides the reproductions of his work, there is an introduction by John Rothenstein and 1000 words of biographical and analytical material by Mr. Reade, assistant keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum, who was responsible for the Beardsley exhibition in London in 1966 and who brought it to the Gallery of Modern Art early this year.

Viking Studio book, \$16.95

Portal to America: The Lower East Side 1870-1925, edited by Allan Hoener.

Mr. Schoener was in charge of the



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$12.95

The Revealing Eye: Personalities of the 1920's in Photographs, by Nicholas Muray. Text by Paul Gallico.

This is the kind of book that has perennial attraction. Here are the great names of a great decade, sports, politics, theater, movies, the arts, photographed by the Hungarian-born Mr. Muray, who was not only master of his art (his work appears regularly in *Vanity Fair* and *Harper's Bazaar*) but was an internationally famous fencer with foil, épée, and sabre. Mr. Muray was the host of parties at his home in Greenwich Village to which all the great appeared thronged. Paul Gallico, the photographer's contemporary, who started out as sports editor of the *Day News*, is now so well known for his stories and novels as to need no further introduction.

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The Shorebirds of North America, Gardner D. Stout, editor. Text by Peter Matthiessen. Paintings by Robert Verity Clem. Species accounts by Ralph S. Palmer.

The above information speaks for itself if one knows that Gardner Stout is chairman of the executive committee of the National Audubon Society. Robert Clem has spent a lifetime painting birds in their natural habitats, Peter Matthiessen, naturalist and explorer, is also a distinguished



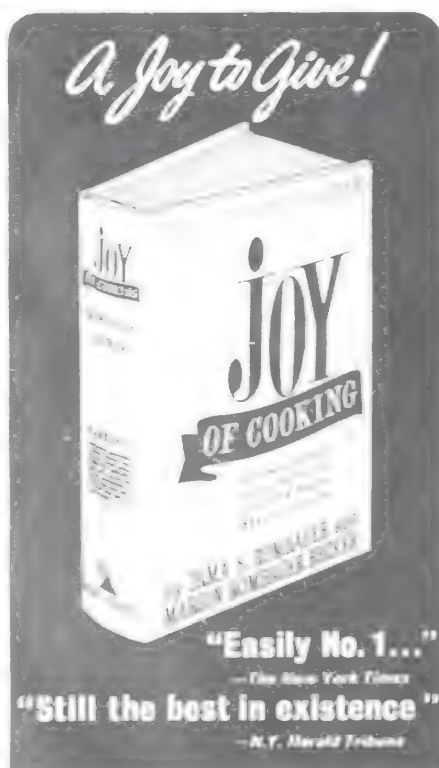
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Johnson, W. H. Hudson, the
relax and to learn... She writes

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

novelist, and Ralph Palmer is a professional zoologist specializing in the birds and mammals of North America. For very special bird watchers on the Christmas list.

Viking, \$22.50

Touchdown! by George Sullivan.

The subtitle of this book is: Picture History of the American Football League. It is a picture history with text narrative telling how two young Texas millionaires, refused a franchise by the National Football League, started their own league, which after a disastrous beginning forged ahead to great success and, in 1966, to merger with the NFL.

Putnam, \$9.95

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A Christmas Story, by Katherine Anne Porter. Illustrated by Ben Shahn.

A touching story of how Miss Porter once explained Christmas to a much-loved niece who died more than fifty years ago when she was six, and of how they bought her mother a Christmas present. Mr. Shahn's drawings, of course, underline its poignancy.

Delacorte, \$2.95

The Story of Silent Night, by Paul Gallico.

A half-factual, half-fictional story of Joseph Mohr and Franz Gruber, poet and composer respectively, of the well-known Christmas hymn. Mr. Gallico says, "This is a story where truth is already touched by legend and research is colored by imagination."

Crown, \$1.95

Merry Christmas: Legends and Traditions in Many Lands. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Joan Berg.

Golden Press, \$1

Santa Go Home: A Case History for Parents, by Ogden Nash. Embellished by Robert Osborn.

That merry old elf psychiatrically dissected—not to say drawn and quartered—out of usual character but not at all out of recognition. And Mr. Osborn's embellishments are both freewheeling and handsome. I particularly like a quiet little drawing of Santa's birthplace, "in Myra, an Asia Minor town." Little, Brown, \$4.95 []



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NEW FILMS: ADULTERY, MURDER, AND A BIG REVOLUTION



In an essay released to the press shortly before the fifth New York Film Festival opened late in September, the Festival's program director, Richard Roud, put up an argument for plotless movies. "... [T]he reproach most often slung at the New Cinema," he wrote, "is that it can't tell stories; that there is never enough plot; and that what there is is dramatically incoherent at best, arbitrary at worst. ... I am afraid that the clamor for plot is related to the sad fact that films are still relegated to an inferior position in the arts ..."

Mr. Roud has missed the point. I think, although with that last statement he has let the cat out of the bag. It is only bad films that are relegated to an inferior position in the arts and it matters little whether they are Old, Middle-aged, or New Cinema. A lousy movie is a lousy movie.

The fact is that of the six films I saw at the Festival at least half were, if anything, overloaded with plot; and they were without exception the less important half. No one could reproach them for a lack of incidents. What we really clamor for when we see them, and others like them, is not plot but the substance of life, the "story" that naturally reveals itself when essential things happen in dramatic form. When film makers forget this, they may become momentarily famous for the skill of their photography or the quality of their color or even for their public pronouncements, but their work will surely disappear eventually into a graveyard of aesthetic misadventures.

Harper's Magazine, December 1967

In Jonas Cornell's Swedish film *Hugs and Kisses*, for example, three more or less attractive young people go through the motions of light-headed sexual amorality. A married couple invites the husband's friend, a novelist who is broke, to share their flat with them. He moves in and begins to act as valet-butler. Soon he finds himself a girl, and she too joins the ménage, only to be thrown out by the wife, who is jealous. Soon, the guest takes over the husband's role, displaces him in bed, and the story ends.

This is, of course, familiar Pinter territory (with Ionesco and Bergman landscapes on the horizon). The dialogue is spoken in stammers and starts. An air of mystery trails each character. Something essential always seems about to take place, and never does. The problem in *Hugs and Kisses* is simple: the characters have no life outside the frame of each scene. Nothing happened to them before the film opens; nothing will happen to them when it is over. They exist only in the director's imagination as tenuous projections designed to beguile the viewer. At moments they do, mildly. The wife likes to stand in front of a full-length mirror and admire herself in the nude, and her husband is an unlikely, handsome haberdasher who is able to squeeze out a crocodile tear at will. But in the end they all go up like a wisp of fitful smoke.

Bo Widerberg's *Elvira Madigan*—another Swedish work shown at the Festival—has enough plot for two

movies. A young Army officer deserts from the cavalry to run away with tightrope walker. (An hour after the movie opens we finally learn that he has also deserted a wife and two children.) They settle down at an idyllic Baltic resort during the off-season but before long their identities are discovered and they are forced to flee. An old cavalry buddy finds them (they happen to beach their rowboat at the precise riverbank spot the friend, standing upon) and reveals that the officer's wife has tried to kill herself from despair. Again the couple flees. Their money runs out. They begin to go hungry; mutual reproach is followed by reconciliation. Finally there is a murder.

Murder. Adultery. Flight. Starvation. Yet, with all these monumental themes at hand, the end of *Elvira Madigan* leaves the peculiar feeling that nothing at all has happened. The hero and heroine are simply two beautiful ciphers sleepwalking their way through life, mindless, sweetly naïve tepid projections again of an excessively romantic view of life. Watching their love affair disintegrate is like watching two sawdust dolls come apart slowly apart. Their misery is tediously their pain merely mimicked.

Mr. Widerberg has set *Elvira*

Mr. Kotlowitz, managing editor of "Harper's," was formerly on the staff of "Show" and an editor of the Pocket Books anthology "Discovery." His first article in this magazine (October 1959) was "Mr. Balanchine Builds Ballet."

PERFORMING ARTS

ligan in an incredibly beautiful
ld of sun-dappled leaves and blue-
k skies, bewitching beaches, soft
es, misty landscapes. The color is
geous. Cushioning all the lyrical
ts of lovemaking is the slow move-
nt of Mozart's 21st piano concerto.
s another of Mr. Widerberg's un-
ngs that Mozart turns out to be too
ch for him. Every time the viewer
at last compelled to pay attention
the long, muted, sad melody, the
nd track is cut—always at the
cial musical moment. It is both in-
sitive and an affectation. The two
ng lovers are no match for Mozart
her, even though Pia Degermark
l Thommy Berggren, who play
m, try nobly to capture a sense of
gency as their story sluggishly un-
ds.

oth *Hugs and Kisses* and *Elvira
udigan* are directors' pictures. So
s Jerzy Skolimowski's *Le Départ*.
t in a curious way the only real
ng to be remembered from all three
the personal attractiveness of their
ung performers. This is especially
ne of *Le Départ*, in which Jean-
erre Leaud (who was the boy in *The
0 Blows*) gives a performance of
zzling brio as a scrappy young hair-
esser hung up on his infatuation
r sports cars. The movie includes a
rhaps unique scene of surprising
xual aggression that takes place
hind the wheel of one of Monsieur
eaud's sports cars, as well as a de-
ghtful moment at an automobile
ow in which the hero and heroine
scover each other in a car that re-
lves slowly on a pedestal. But for
l its intermittent pleasures, the
art of *Le Départ* is as opaque as the
vo Swedish movies; again the char-
ters have no real identities, no past
nd no future anyone can believe in,
ven casually.

Roberto Rossellini's *The Rise of
ouis XIV* was another gorgeous Fes-
val entry, slow, impressive, careful,
n intelligent couturier's dream. It is
documentary-style reconstruction of
ne young Louis's life from the death
f his mentor, Cardinal Mazarin,
ntil the last stone is set in place at
ersailles, that human aviary in
hich Louis caged his nobles and fed
nem promises, gossip, and sweet-
eats to keep their minds off revolu-
on.

But since Louis's conflicts are all



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resolved when the film opens, and no one really has a chance of standing up to him, the film is almost non-existent in terms of drama. It is, however, nearly perfect as a chronicle and not without either irony or humor. Mazarin manages to die wittily as he faces the relentless questioning of a Churchman who is anxious to know the extent and plans for Mazarin's estate, reputedly the biggest in France. Later, there are quick, brilliant flashes when Louis decides to preoccupy his court with questions of fashion, both in dress and food.

But under the film's mass of detail about life at court, Rossellini has surprisingly little to say about his hero. At Mazarin's death, Louis took power, made his ambition public, and held on; that is the whole story. But through the accumulation of those details, Rossellini has created an intense surface reality that can pass, almost, for real life. Louis makes an appearance at court in a red and pink suit, walking on gold shoes, all of it surmounted by a headful of enormous fake brunet curls; his purpose is to keep the nobles busy imitating him. Louis's meat dish is brought to him enclosed in a silver salver, locked. His kitchen keeps a small battalion of cooks, chefs, busboys, and serving people occupied while at the entrance to the dining room, the head chef him-

self stands on a table passing approval upon each dish.

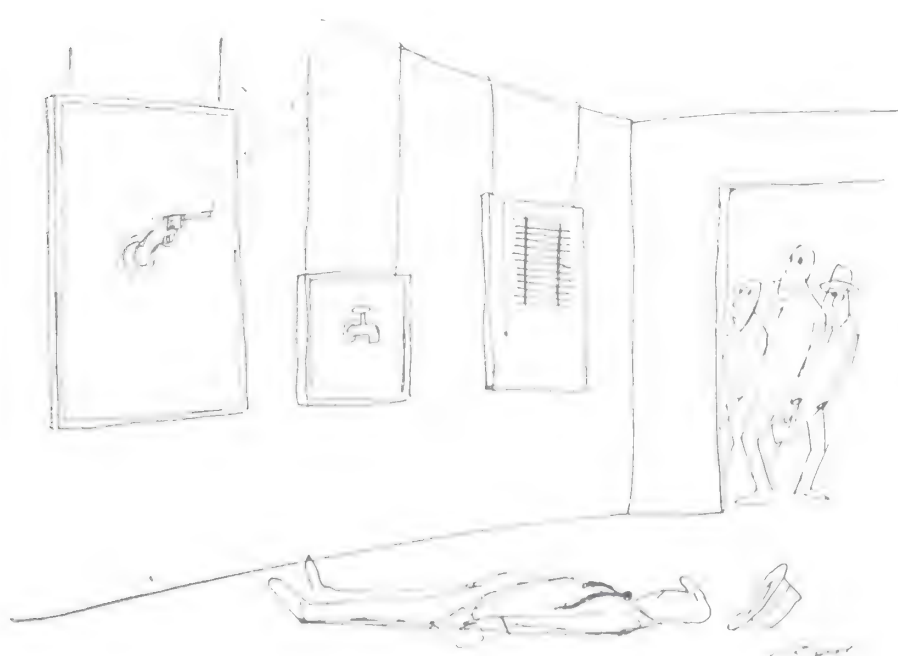
The cast is mainly amateur. Louis, for example, is played by a simple-faced unknown named Jean-Marie Patte. Monsieur Patte is short and stocky. He walks pigeon-toed. His Louis knows exactly what is in his head and how to make everyone around him understand it. Nothing irrelevant to the question of his power concerns him; that (and his mistresses) is his obsession. He reads in a book that the only things that men cannot face steadfastly are death and the sun. As Louis mulls that idea over, after a fourteen-course dinner which he has eaten alone in front of his entire court, recognition begins to flood his face and the movie ends.

Young Toerless, a West German production directed and written by Volker Schlöndorff from Robert Musil's novel, is a wholly exceptional film in which the quality of feeling is extremely pure. By pure, I mean that Mr. Schlöndorff has exploited neither his characters nor their narrative and has been entirely true to both. On the evidence of this one film, he would seem to be one of the most concentrated directors at work today; it was one of the chief pleasures of the Festival to come upon a vision as consistent and focused as this.

The story is set in an East Prussian boys' school run by a standard, stern turn-of-the-century faculty for the sons of rich Viennese. (The novel was published in 1906.) There the quiet adolescent Toerless becomes part of a trio whose only reason for existing is the continued torture of a plump weak student named Basini. Basini steals and is caught by Toerless and his friends Beineberg and Reiter. These two *echt Deutsch* bullies find Basini the perfect target for their own unresolved conflicts. Basini, in his part, is ready to degrade himself in any way in order to be accepted and forgiven the theft. Young Toerless, meanwhile, becomes the hypnotized observer of Basini's humiliation in the attic above the school dormitory.

As Toerless, Matthieu Carrière perfectly captures the fastidiousness of the emerging young philosopher-artist, who learns to act only slowly. Carrière is one of those handsome adolescents whose faces look entirely filled with themselves, yet he manages to define the character of Toerless with unusual subtlety. Toerless, of course, knows, will grow into a ruthless young man, attracted by abstraction and transcendent ideas and salvaged by intelligence and talent. Maria Seidowsky as Basini, on the other hand, looks like a fat eager rabbit. He is ordinary to the end, always the welcoming victim; the only judgment he makes of Beineberg, his chief torturer, is that he has bad breath.

Schlöndorff has photographed the barren black and white winter landscape of Prussia as though he were a great etcher. All the images heighten the personal drama of the boys: students suffocating a captured mouse with smoke, a worm being swallowed by a student eager for attention, a palsied old man at a local tavern, the crippled headmaster. Hans Werner Henze has composed a superb score, pithy as well as totally contemporary in style. Schlöndorff's one mistake, I think, is in trying to foreshadow too heavily the parallels between the East Prussian school and Nazi Germany that the story, of course, did not contain in Musil's original. But it is remarkably faithful in most other ways. Mr. Schlöndorff, God help him, has made in this day and age an almost perfectly self-contained work of art.



PERFORMING ARTS

"big" picture of the Festival was Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers*, and rightly. Using a mixed Italian and Algerian cast, Pontecorvo has made an account of the Algerian revolution against French colonialism which no real footage—that is, no actual films of the event—were incorporated. Yet the effect is of total and direct reality. Pontecorvo achieved what he tells us, by using natural light—special film stock (presumably of varying degrees of imperfection), by letting his camera shoot real life in real settings. Crucial to his purpose is the fact that his entire cast is unfamiliar to the audience. Each actor possesses an individuality and capacity for surprise unusual in movies.

While Pontecorvo has obvious sympathies with the Algerian nationalists, he has been careful to dramatize the ambiguities and dilemmas that lay at the center of the French position. One of the most interesting characters in the film is a French paratroop captain who must destroy the Algerian underground cell by cell. He is both single-minded and relentless. He is also plagued with a vital need for self-justification that does not for a moment interfere with his sense of duty. The Arabs, too, are complex men, even though in almost every instance we see them only as public figures whose lives have become enclosed by war and irrevocably changed by it. At no point does Pontecorvo attempt to "explain" his revolutionaries—or French leaders—with psychological expositions of their lives before the revolution. It is history that he is concerned with and it is history that he finally explains them all.

At the least of the power of this virtuosic movie comes from the way scenes in which the techniques of official and unofficial terrorism are cinematically illustrated. Tanks roll through urban streets while civilians are mowed out of their way. Troops enforce martial law, destroying property and hastily shooting the first movement targets in sight. A French official gives a cocktail party and on his way home blows up a section of the Arab quarter, as quietly planned. The tactics of terrorism, movies like *The Battle of Algiers*, tell us, are standard. Now, having also seen the violence of our own 1967 summer on film, we are learning to believe it.



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Music in the Round *by Discus*

OPERA: SIX ALL-TIME THRILLERS

A new "Wozzeck," and all those Italians in torrents of song.

Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* is one of the major operas of the twentieth century, and is an admitted masterpiece—admitted as such even by those who do not like the work—but it has not had much in the way of recording. For years the only available performance was the one conducted by Mitropoulos, and that dates back about two decades. Last year, however, an album of *Wozzeck* came from Deutsche Grammophon; and now comes one conducted by Pierre Boulez (CBS 32210001, mono; 32210002, stereo; both 2 discs).

The announcement of the Boulez recording had raised considerable expectation. Boulez is not only an important composer, but he is also a conductor who specializes in contemporary music, especially atonal and serial music. He is an authority on this subject, he had developed into a magnificent conductor, and the feeling was that his *Wozzeck* was going to be the definitive one. He leads the orchestra and chorus of the Paris National Opera, and the leading members of the cast are Walter Berry (*Wozzeck*), Albert Werkenmeier (*Captain*), Isabel Strauss (*Marie*), Carl Doench (*Doctor*), and Fritz Uhl (*Drum Major*).

But this turns out to be a *Wozzeck* different from the one that had been anticipated. Certainly it has its thrilling moments, and certainly Boulez demonstrates his mastery. He conceives of the opera as drama; and, thanks to the especially brilliant, close-up recording, the performance comes off stunningly. No living conductor, it is safe to say, is so close to the idiom. None can so clarify the texture, make the orchestra "sound," achieve such a combination of security and personality. Karl Böhm, who

conducts the previous album, is an experienced man who has been conducting *Wozzeck* for many years, but he simply does not begin to compare with Boulez in this repertory. Böhm is good, Boulez unforgettable.

It is in the singing that questions are raised. In his notes to the new album, Boulez explains that it is next to impossible to present a *Wozzeck* with the vocal lines as written. As the problem is insoluble, he writes, he has decided to adopt the dramatic (as opposed to vocal) solution, regretting that "I am unable to follow the exact pitch which is strictly marked." The problem lies in the *sprechstimme*. Berg's combination of song and speech asks the singers occasionally to produce unearthly high notes in a kind of falsetto. Boulez has discarded this. In doing so, he has discarded much of the unique expressionistic quality of the score. And therefore, while his interpretation is tremendously effective, with clarity, detail, and power, it simply is not the *Wozzeck* I know. It somehow sounds prettified, more like a play with incidental music. Thus the earlier Deutsche Grammophon album may be preferred.

The last few months have seen an unusual number of opera recordings. *Wozzeck* may be the most important and the most interesting, but it is to Verdi and Puccini that the buying public turns, and there are recordings of operas by both composers. Puccini comes off especially well, with albums of the seldom-heard *La Rondine* (RCA Victor LM 7048, mono; LSC 7048, stereo; both 2 discs); *Madama Butterfly* (Angel CL 3702, mono; SCL 3702, stereo; both 3 discs); and *Tosca* (London 1267, mono; 1267, stereo; both 2 discs).

La Rondine is a little charmer. It started out as a sort of Viennese operetta, which accounts for the large number of waltzes in it. Sentimental,

bitter-sweet, with a fluffy libretto; a large order of juicy Puccini melodies, it is by no means a negligible work. It is surprising that it has been done in New York for many years. On these discs it receives a performance. Anna Moffo sings the leading role of Magda and she ne before has been heard on records better advantage. She is a pure ly soprano, and the role, which lies p fectly for her voice, calls for p lyric singing. She sounds sweet appealing, and her singing here none of the forced, artificial qua that sometimes mars her work. Other singers, all good, are Dan Barioni, Mario Sereni, Graziella utti, and Piero De Palma. Franco Molinari-Pradelli leads the RCA I iana Orchestra and Chorus.

Each of the other two Puccini cordings has at least one thing usual about it. In *Madama Butter* it is the conductor, Sir John Barolli. He is one of today's podium erans, but for many years his n has been associated with orches rather than operatic work. Ind this appears to be the first opera has ever led on records. In the T set there also is something unusu Birgit Nilsson, the great Wagner soprano, in the title role.

The Barbirolli *Butterfly* greeted with raptures when it was leased in England, and one can why. Barbirolli directs the opera though he had been doing nothing for the last half-century. His interpretation is stylish, warm, relaxed and lively. More to the point, he w well with his singers, giving t plenty of leeway and breathing s without ever surrendering the l vestige of control. As for his there is the smooth, elegant C Bergonzi as Pinkerton. He is p ably the finest tenor in the Ita repertoire active today. His voice not have the power of Corelli's, b

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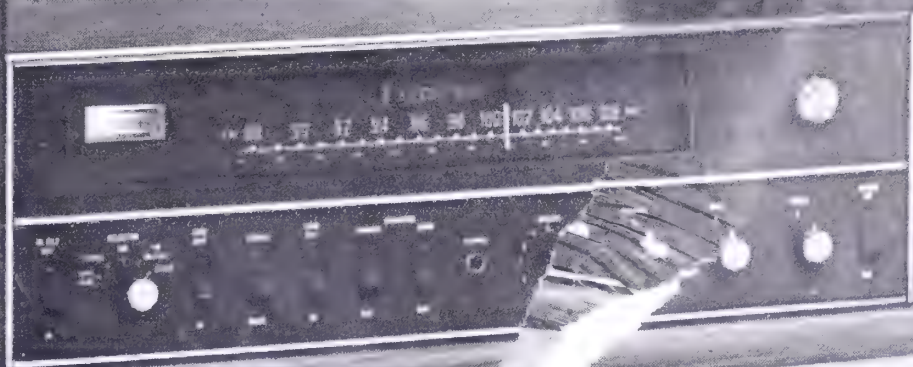
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

is a more supple and pleasing instrument, capable of infinitely more nuance. Bergonzi is the ideal recording singer. On stage, he is a stick, but on records one can sit back and revel in his ravishing lyricism. Renata Scotto is the Butterfly. Hers is flawed singing, but at least it is singing with character. She has trouble with top notes, and should never have tried the high D flat at Butterfly's entrance. And the high C at the end of the first-act duet is little more than a screech. On the other hand, her "Un bel dì" is believable and intense, and she puts more into the role than most sopranos do.

Nilsson as Tosca? Intelligent, vocally resplendent, sensitive, non-Italianate. Her voice lacks the vibrato of most Italian sopranos. But she sings the role, sings it from first note to last, with great, controlled floods of tone. It is very beautiful, and in its way completely convincing, even if the Italian buffs may sneer. Franco Corelli, the Cavaradossi, produces his expected big sound and even tries for a pianissimo or two, though with him the effect is unnatural. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who sings everything, is cast as Scarpia in this album. He goes about it like a *gauleiter*, and that is not as bad as it sounds, for that is exactly what Scarpia is. Lorin Maazel conducts with micrometer exactness.

The Verdi opera is *La Traviata* (RCA Victor LMSC 6180; 3 records), and in the title role is Montserrat Ca-

ballé, who opened the current Metropolitan Opera season as Violetta in this very opera. She has an interesting voice, pure and silvery, and with a great deal of authority. In a way she is a throwback to an earlier age. And yet she lacks the ultimate control of a Nilsson, and her singing suffers from some annoying little pitch deviations. Yet there are not many present-day singers in her class. The star of singing being what it is, Caballé's contribution is not to be disregarded. Bergonzi, singing beautifully, is the Alfredo; the talented young American, Sherrill Milnes, is the Germont (Milnes is one of the real "comers" on the scene), and Georges Prêtre conducts, sort of.

What a Cas

If you like Italian opera and are not too concerned with hi-fi, look into the Seraphim reissue (1136019, 2 discs, mono only) of *Andrea Chenier*. The recorded sound is dated, the conductor (Oliviero de Fabritiis) takes everything fast, the singers sort of blunder their way through—but what a cast, and what bulling! Beniamino Gigli, Maria Caniglia, Italo Tajo, Giuseppe Taddei, Gino Bechi, Giulietta Simionato—all stars, all at the peak of their career. The *Giordano* opera was recorded in 1941 and remains a timeless thriller. It generates more primal excitement than a cage full of monkeys with their tails tied together.



And
But
Also ...

Br. 2 disc: *Liedeslieder Waltzes* (Op. 52) by Franz Liszt. Morison, Marjorie Thomas, Richard Lewis, and Donald Bell, with Vronsky and Babin, duo-pianists. Seraphim 60033 (mono); S 60033 (stereo).

A low-priced reissue and a good one.

The vocal quartet is flawless, Vronsky and Babin play stylishly, and Brahms' pretty waltzes emerge with real character. An utterly charming disc.

Elgar: Cello Concerto. Jacqueline Pré and London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. Ar 36338 (mono); S 36338 (stereo).

Many believe this concerto to be Elgar's masterpiece. It is a beautiful, resonant, contemplative work, and gets better on each hearing, especially in so commanding a performance as this one. Unfortunately the reverse of the record contains silly encore pieces, and anybody who gets the Elgar will have put up with specious arrangements of music by Bach, de Falla, Bruch, and others. A shame.



